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MY INITIATION — an initiation into a new life

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"Wherefore if any man is in Christ, he is a new creature: the old things are passed away: behold, they are become new." II Corin. 5:17

When a tiny seed is sown onto the ground, it seems to have been buried by the cold soil and swallowed by the winter chill. However, one day it may grow into a big tree under which you can get shelter from the sweltering heat of the sun.

I am going to tell of an experience which has brought new light to my life and has actually completely changed the course of it.

I was born in a Christian family. My parents were baptized in an Anglican church. At every Christmas, they brought me to church to receive a present. Besides, I studied in a primary school set up by the Methodist Church. For six years I read the Bible as one of my many subjects. Nevertheless, I didn't see that I needed a vivid faith.

It was the December of 1974. There was an evangelistic meeting held in the hall of Queen's College. That day, I happened to stay at school with a classmate. On passing the Hall to go home, my classmate met an acquainted Christian who invited us to join the meeting. Partly compelled and partly out of curiosity, we went in. The sermon was indeed very dull and hypnotizing. Now I can only remember one word out of the whole sermon "Love". Reaching the end, the pastor invited those who accepted Jesus Christ to come to the front. Strangely, I woke up after a nap and went out driven by an inexplicable force on hearing the invitation. A counsellor talked with me and asked me to come to church. I consented.

Half a year elapsed. I considered myself a Christian. I had tried to carry out Christian duties such as daily reading of the Bible. At that time, I was most familiar with the first few pages of the New Testament. It was because my attempt usually lasted for that length and I started once more after some time at the same place. I attended church meetings regularly. I was quite content with my Christian life.

The real turning point was the August of 1975. I was at home one afternoon. Everything went on as usual. Suddenly, I felt an urge to take up my Bible again. I remember that my heart seemed to be touched by a tenderness that I hadn't yet known. There came new light and new attitude. Every word of it spoke to me personally. The yearning grew stronger and stronger. Every day I spent at least two hours on studying it. God's love and my sins were clearly shown to me. Consequently, I accepted Jesus Christ as my Saviour.

The next crisis came in the Christmas that year. I was a person of intense love and hatred: I was inclined to indulge in anything I could get hold of. I loved reading, or, actually the pursuit of knowledge and on the other hand, I abandoned myself to my lust. But still I was always restless and I felt there was a constant yearning for something, something yet unknown to me. That afternoon I walked up and down in the sitting room. I caught sight of a pile of books. Suddenly an empty feeling of meaninglessness and helplessness overwhelmed me. I tried to evade it but the feeling was irresistible. I knelt on my knees and prayed to God. Immediately He filled my heart with serenity and peace. This empty feeling had gone forever. I recognized that living for God was the meaning of my life.

I have been a Christian for more than three years now and I have thought over my decision many times only to get my faith strengthened. He showed me His love and care daily and I experience His faithfulness. He changed my attitude of life completely. Finally, let me quote some verses which are often in my mind.

"One day you were searching for a better way.
I recommended Jesus. Trust in Him today.
He will give life meaning like no others can.
Come and travel with me to the promised land."