

My name is Lily Wang, and I was born into a Christian family, with both my father and my mother being believers already. I also have a brother who is three years older than me, Jeffrey. I have always gone to church with my family for nearly every Sunday, and being the “goodie two-shoe” in my family, I never objected, and never really gave it a second-thought about why I was going. I just went, without really knowing the real purpose; to me it was just “somewhere I had to go with my family on Sundays to learn about God”. It was part of my weekly routine to attend church, but it was never really part of me, and I never had a yearning desire to attend church myself. I knew most of the Bible stories, and I supposedly knew all the “right answers” to the Sunday school questions, but I never quite understood the true meaning behind all of that. During each summer, I also attended Christian summer camps, which I enjoyed very much, but I still felt that each repeated the exact same message over and over again. It wasn’t until I was in fifth grade did I really get to know and experience God. During the summer after fifth grade, I attended *Adventure Camp*, which I reluctantly signed up for with a friend. I had no desire to go to an unfamiliar camp while only knowing one person. But that very camp was where I received the Holy Spirit. Pastor Steve, who was preaching, delivered a really touching sermon about accepting Christ as your personal Savior. He talked again about how God sent his one and only son to die for our sins and how he paid all of our debts. He also told us that God loved us so much that he would have done the same if you were the only one living. That night I was really moved by the message, and I had a feeling that I never had before. I could really feel the Holy Spirit and eternal joy within me. It was a glorious feeling of a magnitude to which one cannot describe, and I felt like I was instantly renewed. And such a strong emotion of regret and guilt, yet the wonderful joy of knowing that I have been forgiven overcame me. Finally I felt what it was like to be reborn. Sudden understanding struck me, and I realized just how blind I have been for the past years. I suddenly understood everything my parents, Sunday school teachers, and pastors have been saying, and this time on a whole new level. CMC was another event that made a significant impact on my spiritual life. CMC is a huge retreat for Asian believers, and they hold it every three years. I made many new friends, and I could feel God’s presence wherever I went. After that, I was serious about building a personal relationship with God, and I did devotions every day. During the summer of sixth grade, I went to *Adventure Camp* again, and after that I wanted to get baptized. I wanted to announce that I was ready to live my life for Christ. This is why I decided to get baptized, and I hope that my life can shine for Christ from now on.