

Jeffrey's testimony

Hello there, my name is Jeffrey Wang, My parents came to faith when I was almost 1 year old, so I grew up in a Christian family. We attended the old DVCCC. I attended the children's sunday school led by 师母奶奶. From those Sundays were my first impression of God. He is a really nice person, also really strong.

My first real understanding of God was during a summer camp called Kingdom Rock. That was when I first heard about the gospel, the message of how we are all sinful creatures, and the prefect Jesus came to save us from our imperfections. After Kingdom Rock, I attended a few more summer camps every year, every time feeling just learning the same thing over and over again. I went to church, every week learning the same thing over and over again too. I sort of got bored of church and God, I thought it was the biggest waste of time, and I thought I already knew everything about God. He turned into someone that I needed when I was sick or hurt, even when I was sick or hurt I did not really trust that he could do anything. After being bored all the time at church, I stopped going in the middle of 8th grade. I would pretend to sleep in on Sunday mornings, just to avoid going to church. I would get into intense arguments and fights with my parents every week for the same reason.

The first step to my return to faith was CMC 2016, CMC is a really large retreat for Asian believers. I was struck by the messages and worship there. A lot of the sermons were about how we should not be lukewarm and fake Christians, that going to church and praying before meals isn't enough, that's when I realized that I didn't even go to church, and how important a church is to a Christian. During the last night of worship I remember telling myself, please forgive me God for being so sinful and ignorant of you, I want a personal relationship with you. I want to become closer. I promise to you that after this retreat, I will go to church every week. But my heart was still stubborn, and I didn't even go the first week after the retreat. That was just the first step, after that, sometimes on Sunday mornings, I would look at some Christian literature or listen to parts of some sermons on my own. I could feel there was a God, but I still didn't want to go to church. I didn't know anyone at church, except for Justin and David. David was in Singapore, so that did not help. I also knew Erin and Lilian, but they didn't really help. Sometimes I would tell myself on Saturday nights when I'm in bed that I will go to church the next day, but when I wake up the next morning, I would feel a strong dislike of the idea of going to church. I remember one day, Pastor Huang came over to my house and gave me a book. At first my heart told me that this was just another person trying to convince me to go to church. I started reading the book, the book wasn't anything special, but whenever I read the book, it reminded me that people at church still cared about me.

I went to China that summer, and the church that we used to go to was forced by the government to split into 4 different places for Sunday worship. I attended church on Sunday's there and was shook by the passion they had for God, how they still wanted to learn more about him even when they were persecuted. So after I came back to America, I gave church a try. The first week was really awkward for me, I didn't know anyone, just awkwardly smiled at people when they looked at me. The final step came from PBL. Right before summer break was PBL and Flood Philly sign ups. My mom kept bugging me about it time after time like she usually does, and after her continuous bugging, I decided that I would go to one of them so she would stop bugging me

about it, so I chose PBL. After I got together with my group on the first day, I thought this was going to be the worst week of my life. I am stuck with these weird people, except for Erin for a whole week. But after a day or two, I began to know them better, and started to like them. By the end of the week, it felt so hard to say goodbye. Friendships were not the only thing PBL gave me, the sermons were great too. I remember the first night's sermon was really personal, I felt the same feeling on the night of CMC. I promised to God again that I will continue going to church, this time I did not break my promise. After PBL, I have been attending church till now, and now here I am getting baptized.