

My Experience as a Christian

I was a Christian before I came to Jurong Christian Church. However, an unfortunate incident with a member in my previous church had caused me to backslide from my faith. The incident (partly my fault) was like this:

I accidentally used a word that I didn't know had hurt my friend. After she told me about it, I thought we came to an understanding between us whereby she then felt ok. Regrettably, when my ex-cell leader asked about it and I mentioned that matter, the friend got furious. It stunned me to realize that she had actually not got over with it although we were hanging out together. The cell leader invited us to talk over the matter after church. I agreed on the condition that we were not going to quarrel; if we quarrel, then I would leave. So, it happened; but worse than I expected. During the talk after church, she hit me with her fist. I didn't return mine, although I was furious. Thereafter, I left.

I questioned my faith in God because of the happening and I asked myself, "Is this how a Christian is supposed to be?"

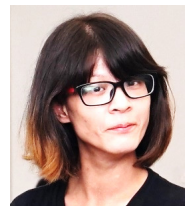
I also have problems with my marriage, and my job was a disaster. So, I felt hopeless. Sometimes, I felt like ending my own life, but didn't know how to.

It was then that I found a job as a laundry assistant when I met Peggy. She brought me to Jurong Christian Church. I attended this church for 3 weeks, then stopped because my remembrance of what I did to that friend whom I had hurt and what she did to me made me feel inappropriate for me to go to church. I still had my own issues (created by myself) that kept me thinking of ending my life. This time, I went to the window. However, I held back at the thought of how upset my family would be if I died just like that. I didn't really know what to do ... all I could do was to cry.

I cried every day and night, until I didn't want to cry anymore. I dwelled in fantasy by watching shows because if I were not to do that, I would still cry.

One Friday, Peggy called me to meet her for a chat. I went because I didn't want to be at home anymore. That was when I poured out all my feelings. I told Peggy everything and she prayed for me.

It was amazing that after Peggy prayed, I felt energized. I felt the presence of God with Peggy, and she followed me home. After reaching home, I went into my room and started praying. That week onwards, I returned to church. My life, and my relationship with my husband, started to change. My husband said that he could see the changes in me and liked my changes.



Praise be to God!

TRACY TENG