



GOD ANSWERS PRAYERS

real-life testimonies from 9am@SAC



F O R E W O R D

*Let this be written for a future generation,
that a people not yet created may praise the LORD.*

Ps 102:18 (NIV)

This year we celebrate our 21st birthday. We were born on 1st January 1989 in a pizza parlour. We were then the 9.30am Service of St Andrew's Cathedral, Singapore. Our name has changed – we are now the 9am Service. But we are the same. Some of our members have been in this congregation for 21 years. Some joined more recently. This book is our story. It is written that future generations may likewise praise the LORD, just as 9am@sac (as we are known) is giving glory to God through these real-life testimonies of answered prayer.

20TH JUNE 2010



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“THY HAND, O LORD, HATH GUIDED, THY FLOCK FROM AGE TO AGE ...”

Hymn by Edward Hayes Plumptre (1821-1891)

BY DS BESSIE LEE

It is not as though some initiative or clever planning shaped things. All these 21 years of the 9am Service, God has guided, He has provided and greatly blessed. Like a shepherd, He calls us and leads us.

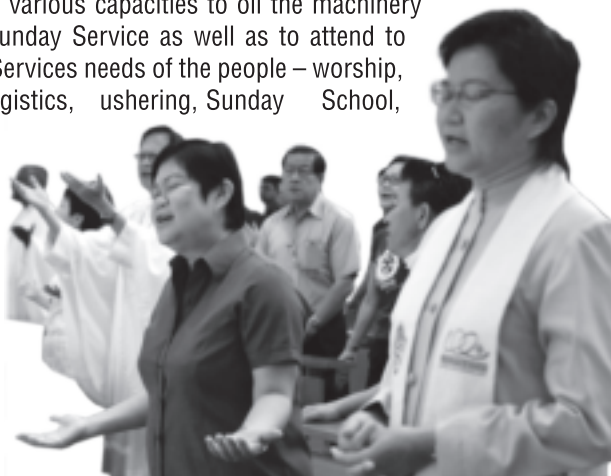
This Service was started in 1989 with one of the aims being to mobilise ordinary people for the good works of God. Through the years, many in the congregation have availed themselves to serving the Lord.



SERVING THE CHURCH

If not for the willing and cheerful commitments of the congregation members, the work of running a Service in a pizza parlour, a hotel discotheque, a Chinese restaurant, a concert hall and also a church worship hall, as well as ministering to a growing congregation, is just one massive headache. But God has called a large percentage of our members to

actively serve in various capacities to oil the machinery of the weekly Sunday Service as well as to attend to the in-between Services needs of the people – worship, media and logistics, ushering, Sunday School, intercessions, visiting the sick and house-bound, supporting marriages and families in





distress, wakes and funerals. In this, God blesses us with the ministry of the Body of Christ.

HELPING THE POOR

Over the years, God has also called people from this congregation to help the poor and needy.

Besides their committed and regular givings which sustain such work both in Singapore and abroad, a fair number of the humanitarian / community service works carried out by the Cathedral (eg. City Community Services and Project Khmer H.O.P.E.) were started and staffed by volunteers from this congregation. There are also individuals who have undertaken work among the poor and needy in countries which are clearly hostile to the Christian gospel. Today, God is still calling us to this good work.



PRESENTING THE GOSPEL

The concept of a Friendship Sunday was born in the early 1990s: the last Sunday of every month would be an opportunity for members to bring their non-Christian family members and friends to church. Our programme for that day would be to present the Christian faith to newcomers in a relevant way. The preacher delivered a simple sermon, members cooked and served breakfast before the Service and others, after hours of hard practice, put their creative talents in drama, song and dance into special items, all in the

effort to introduce Jesus Christ to the congregation. Members offered their talents and time and God blessed the efforts. It has been observed that there is usually an increased attendance and more readiness to respond to the message of Christ on these Sundays.



Especially during the years when our meetings were held in Victoria Concert Hall, the 9.30am Service was known for its annual Easter and Christmas concerts. These were times when the few among us who are very creative would write scripts and produce evangelistic plays and musicals. These concerts involved many members working together to reach people with the message of Christ. The concert hall was always packed; these significant Christian days were the high-points in our Service calendar.

LOOKING FOR A PLACE

In the early 2000s, when we were looking for a permanent venue

for our Service, we searched out many sites in Singapore, yet there was not one that seemed suitable. Who would have thought that the place would be right under our nose? Against the odds of being a national monument, the guidelines restricting additions to the existing Cathedral building were circumnavigated when the Urban Redevelopment Authority initiated a proposal for an extension to be built on our church grounds. There could not have been a better location – the Cathedral New Sanctuary, sitting at the confluence of Singapore’s Mass Rapid Transit lines and right along the main North Bridge Road, takes the church to the average person in the street.

I remember how the funds were raised for The Quiet Places Project (QPP). This project to build the extension (2 levels underground and 1 above, thus more than doubling the Cathedral’s gross floor area) to the existing church building was launched in April 2003 at a cost of \$12 million. By the time the building was completed and dedicated in November 2005, all the money needed for the work was raised. This was because God moved the hearts of the people to give generously and to apply their talent and time to many creative ways to raise the funds. Given the way it all unfolded, one can only marvel at the way God works – He had guided, provided and blessed.

So looking back, I would say that one of the great blessings of the 9am Service is that the people would always come forward to volunteer their services and to sacrifice their time and money. As Judges 5:9 says – “My heart is with the rulers of Israel who offered themselves willingly with the people. Bless the LORD!”



GOD'S MIRACULOUS PROVISION OF A HOME FOR THE 9AM SERVICE

BY DS JUNE TAN

The history of the 9am Service somewhat reflects the history of Israel. The Israelites were once without a home. They wandered 40 years in the wilderness before God led them to the Promised Land, Israel. In our case, when we were planning to launch the 9.30am Service on the first Sunday in 1989, which was 1st January, our first choice for a venue was the Cathedral. But it was impossible. There was no space available on a Sunday morning.



Worshipping in the VCH

So then we had to meet outside the Cathedral. First, we met in a pizza parlour, then in a hotel, then a Chinese restaurant, a school hall and in members' homes. But most of the time, our Service was held in the Victoria Concert Hall. It

was God's great blessing to us. But we knew we had to look for a permanent venue because at any time we could have been evicted from the VCH.

So then The Quiet Places Project was launched. The QPP was a project capped at S\$7 million, with the aim of buying a place of worship for the 9.30am Service. It was called QPP because it was to be a quiet place in the heart of a busy city. We searched for a long time, checking out many sites, including a cinema, a disco, a bowling alley, a garage and a furniture warehouse. But we could not find any suitable place. Every place that we saw simply did not feel right!

But the LORD provided two miracles. The first concerned the finances. Our church governing body, the Parochial Church Council, had set a target of \$2 million that had to be raised within one year. If we did not hit \$2 million within that time frame, the PCC would not grant approval to proceed with the QPP plans. We prayed, people gave generously and many 9.30am

members came up with creative ways to raise money. They baked cookies, made handicrafts and painted. But still we could not raise \$2 million and our one-year deadline was nearly up.

Then one day a church member asked to see my colleague, Ds Bessie Lee, who was in charge of the QPP. Bessie was actually reluctant to see her because Bessie was so busy. But she did agree and so this lady came to our office. In her quiet voice, the lady said she was pledging \$1 million to the project! Praise God! That was the money that was needed that very month to beat the deadline!

The second miracle was God's provision of the place. As I said, we had looked at many properties but could not find anything suitable. The idea of building in the Cathedral grounds was not a possibility at all because the Cathedral

is a national monument. You cannot change a national monument! But God worked a miracle and suddenly the URA granted us permission to build on our land! What happened was that the URA noticed that we had many containers in our grounds, which was said to be very unsightly. We said we needed the extra space. And after negotiating back and forth, the URA granted us permission to build! The final building cost (for an underground building) was \$12 million. But God continued to stir the hearts of people to give generously.

And so it was that after 16 years of wandering in our wilderness, the LORD gave us our home in the Cathedral New Sanctuary. Our first Sunday Service there on 27th Nov 2005 was such joy. Over 21 years ago, our first choice of a venue was the Cathedral. God answered that prayer! Praise Him.



In our permanent home, hallelujah!

GOD HAS TOUCHED THE LITTLE HEARTS OF MY CHILDREN

BY DORIS DE SOUZA

On 26 April last year Pastor Hambali Leonardi preached at the 9am Service on “Come Have Breakfast.” When he gave the altar call after his sermon, he invited everyone in the congregation, adults and also children, to respond. My son, Nathanael, was sitting in the creche area at the B1 lobby when he heard the altar call. I was very surprised when he told me he wanted to have Jesus in his life. I asked him again (to confirm that I did not hear him wrongly) whether he would like to go down to the front to receive Jesus as his Lord and Saviour. Nathanael happily and very surely said, ‘Yes!’

So I told my husband, Denis, about Nathanael’s request. Denis then brought Nathanael down to the ministry area in front while I, all teary and very touched, remained with our second child, Laura. The boy made a life-changing decision that day. He said the sinner’s prayer and received Jesus into his heart. When he returned to me, he was shaking, touched by the power of the Holy Spirit. Thank God for Pastor Hambali, who includes children in his preaching. Nathanael was just 4 years 3 months and 20 days old.



Through this incident both Denis and I realised how a little child could respond on his own will at such a young age.

Then on 28 Feb this year, Pastor Hambali again preached at the 9am Service. When he gave the ministry call, I felt that I should ask our daughter, Laura, if she wanted Jesus in her heart. She replied, ‘yes’ and also received Jesus as her personal Saviour that day. She was only 2 years 5 months and 21 days old! Thank God for His powerful Word, that touches even little hearts.

MY MUM GLOWING WITH JESUS

BY JOYCE WEE

My mum endured many years of my dad's infidelity. She suffered quietly and brought up the three of us – my elder sister, elder brother and myself. She worshipped idols for many years. When we were all married, and she was so upset with my dad, she finally moved to stay in a temple. She was so determined to move away from the family that she totally converted to become a temple nun. She shaved her head and wore the temple robes and shoes. She refused to come home. Instead, she stayed in the temple and worked as a cleaner.

In 2002 my husband and I became Christians. Praise GOD, my husband's childhood friend Gavin and his wife Jane brought us to Christ. We followed Gavin and joined the 9.30am Service



at VCH. We also joined Gavin's cell group. In the cell group we always prayed for the salvation of my whole family, including my mother and father.

In 2003, during the SARS period, my mum fell sick while staying in the temple. As she had high fever, the temple chief, for fear of SARS, called for an ambulance and sent her to Tan Tock Seng Hospital. She tested negative for SARS but had to be warded for five days for observation. While she was in hospital, my family and my cell group continued to pray to God for protection, and for her recovery and salvation. We also read the Bible to her.

She was eventually discharged from hospital and went home to stay. We continued to pray for her and read the Bible to her. During this time, God did amazing things. A few days later, Rev Maureen Onions was at the 9.30am Service preaching and conducting a course in our Cathedral. As I wanted to be with my mum, I asked her to come along. She began to feel the love, joy and peace of Jesus. She said that although she could not entirely understand what was preached in English (with my limited translation), she felt that her soul was lifted, and she wanted to hear more. Thank God, she was touched!

She followed me every night to the talks by Rev Onions. On the second night, when Rev Onions invited people to accept Jesus as their personal saviour, my mum stood up and accepted Christ!! Hallelujah!

God was surely doing amazing things in my mother's life. The Holy Spirit touched her. She asked me to help her to remove all the idol statues and related items from her house. We threw everything away. The Holy Spirit moved her to make a clean break.

She became a transformed person. She started to attend the Cathedral's Mandarin Senior Citizen Fellowship every Friday, and continued to feel God's love and the assurance of salvation. She worshipped at the Mandarin Service and was later baptised. Eventually her hair grew back, she put on weight, and looked rosy and healthy. She was glowing for the Lord Jesus. I thank God for this wonderful salvation that He has given to my mum.

That was not the end. God saved mum for a purpose. After she joined the Mandarin Congregation, they were amazed by her story, and they brought her to witness the grace and love of God to other churches, and many more lives were touched. Praise God forever.

CALL GEORGE, CALL GEORGE, CALL GEORGE

BY GEORGE TAY HOCK GUAN

My mum is a Roman Catholic and my dad is an idol worshipper. My brother and sisters are Christians. But as for me, I was just a Christian in name only. I had many Christian friends and they were kind people but I found them to be a pain in the neck. Why? Each time when I talked to them, they would always talk about Jesus Christ. I was tired of hearing the same name again and again.

In 1988 a Christian friend of mine, a storeman, came to my office and handed me a Christian book. After reading the book for only a few pages, I felt that someone was tugging my heart, such that I felt emotionally affected. Was that God that touched me? This tugging continued for a few days.

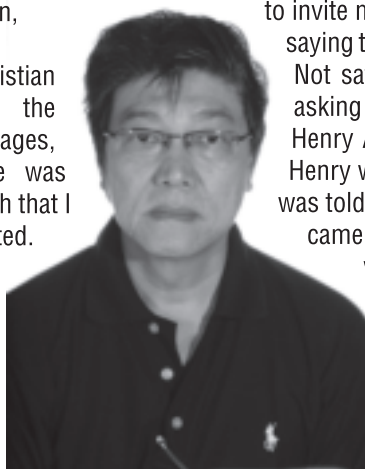
Then one day while in the office, I said to God that if

He was the one who touched me, then would He send someone to invite me to church? Then as I was walking out of the office for a moment, the same storeman friend saw me from afar and called out: "George, are you free to come to my church on this Sunday?" I asked, "Where is your church?" He said, "Serangoon." I paused for a moment to think because I lived far away from Serangoon.

When I returned to my office, I asked God if He was the one who sent my friend to invite me to Church. I heard a voice saying that it was only a coincidence.

Not satisfied, I challenged God by asking Him, "Why don't you get Henry Aw to invite me to church?" Henry was my ex-drinking partner. I was told by one of my friends that he came to know the Lord and that he was active in church. I had not seen Henry for more than three years.

When I asked God about Henry, it was on Wednesday. Then Thursday came and no



one called. Friday came and no one called. Then on Saturday after my lunch and while washing my dishes, I said to God, "God, tomorrow is Sunday and if Henry Aw does not call me I will not go to church". At 7pm sharp my phone rang and I rushed to the phone and lo and behold it was Henry Aw! At that moment I was so shocked that my voice got choked. Henry said "George, see you in church tomorrow morning at Victoria Concert Hall at 8am." Being a long lost friend, he went direct to the point and asked me to go to church. I did not know how to reply and I just simply said, "Ok, Henry I will meet you there at 8am." My intention of going there was not to go to church but to question Henry about why he called me.. Was this yet another coincidence?

When morning came, I rushed to the place looking for Henry. I saw him and his wife, Patricia, parking the car at the VCH. I rushed and greeted Henry and his wife, and I asked him why he called me. He said that while he was bathing, someone spoke continuously in his mind, saying, "call George, call George, call George." So he left the bathroom soaking wet and called to his wife: "Pat, Pat, do you have George's phone number?" Pat replied that it was so long ago that she last called me and she could not remember where she kept my phone number. However, they managed to find my number.

Since I was at the VCH, I followed Henry and Pat to the church Service. While the sermon was about to start, the "dam" burst within me. I cried uncontrollably and it just could not stop. That was the day that the Lord

touched me in His own special way. He melted my stony heart into a butter-like heart. I came back home crying and I told my dad about how Jesus touched me.

Lo and behold, my dad, an idol worshipper, believed everything that I told him. He said that when he did spiritual things, he knew that Jesus is higher than the spirits of this world that he worshipped. He said that, while meditating for the "Tanki" (medium), if the spirit did not possess the medium, he would ask if anyone in the audience was a Christian. If so, they should leave. I asked him why. He said that otherwise there would not be any manifestation. I was angry with him and said that if he knew that Jesus is almighty, why did he want to worship those spirits? My dad replied that it was his choice.

Then one day he told me that he wanted to receive Jesus as his Lord and personal saviour. He asked me to destroy all the photos of the idols and amulets (soaked with dried blood) in his cupboard. My elder brother helped me to destroy all these with prayer. At that moment I was shocked and then I took him to the church on Sunday at the VCH. He said the sinner's prayer. Since then, his life had been transformed.

My wife saw this spiritual journey of my life and how I had been transformed so much and so she believed in Jesus Christ. I did not have to preach to her but it is through this living testimony that she willingly received Jesus as her Lord and personal saviour. During the period that God touched me, I was crying for almost six continuous months. I thank God so much for His mercy and grace.

THE MIRACLE OF A CHANGED LIFE

BY BENJAMIN HO

I was born into a Taoist family and had been in this faith for 47 years before I became a Christian. My wife and her sister tried to get me to come to church since I had not been going to the temple for a period of time. Due to my wife's persistence I agreed, stressing that I would attend only once. However, from the worship to the sermon to the end of the Service, I felt so much at peace and spiritually contented.

From that Sunday onwards, I kept attending church and even when I was out of the country due to work, I would look for an English Service to attend. It was during one of these Services that God spoke to me through the preacher. At the end of the Service, the preacher asked if anyone wanted to be prayed for and I stood up. As he prayed, he was also talking to a young boy and then all of a sudden, he called out to "the gentleman in the last row wearing a white shirt" and said 'you are a young Christian and God has work for you.' He was actually talking to me. The preacher was from South Africa, I am from Singapore and that was the first time I was attending that worship Service in Balikpapan, Indonesia. How would he know that I was a young Christian in that congregation unless it was God who told him? After the Service I asked him to pray for me again.

I had many questions as a young Christian and so I read the Bible daily

to find the answers and later joined the baptism class, something which shocked my family as they never thought it possible that I would want to do so.

One year after I was baptised, my son got baptised as well and then my daughter was baptised in another church. I am still praying for another baptism in my family and I will continue to pray until God answers my prayers just as He did when I prayed for my son to be baptised.

God continues to change and mould me. In His grace, He has helped me to stop swearing and buying 4D bets. God sent a Christian subordinate who made it clear to me as to what I should not be doing and I have not sworn or bought 4D since. Through another colleague, God also taught me how to pray more for others.

God has always been by my side since I accepted Him as my Lord and Saviour. My work in the office has been smoother and my working environment has also improved. My family life is also better. To God be the glory.

Benjamin with his wife Jancy
and children Cassandra June
and Ignatius Ian



A PLACE TO CALL HOME

BY KAREN WAN

I have been a Christian since 1985 and was attending another church initially. When I knew Siew Faiy (now my husband) in 1993, he was a non-Christian, but he was willing to attend church with me. However, he did not understand the sermons at my former church because of the jargon used, so we started “church hunting”. As none of the churches we visited were suitable, I took up my sister’s recommendation and attended the 9am Service at St. Andrew’s Cathedral. We attended a couple of Services and felt very at home, and praise God, Siew Faiy accepted Christ within a month of our attending the 9am Service. We thank God for the simple yet practical sermons presented by Deaconesses June and Bessie and how the 9am Service has not only become our home but a source of support for our family.



MY PAINFUL EXPERIENCES OF THE PAST DREW ME CLOSER TO GOD

BY TEOH MENG WEE

I accepted Christ out of fear of death when I was 13 years old in a Vacation Bible School Camp. From that time until my university days, my knowledge of God and Jesus only stopped at the ten commandments. I was ignorant of my identity in Christ, and because of this I continued to sin, became caught up in worldly worries, and also suffered anxiety attacks. I dropped out of St Andrew's Junior College when I was 17 due to stress attacks. I studied at a polytechnic instead. Although I was far away from God, He helped me through my education and I subsequently made it into university.

My life sank to the lowest point when I was attached to Shanghai for a six-month immersion programme. Missing home and feeling lonely, I turned to alcohol. Even then, God sent His angels to protect

me and brought me to an International Service in a Shanghai church. People from over 50 countries joined hands to worship the Lord in that church, and one day I broke down (now thinking back it must have been the work of the Holy Spirit) and confessed my sins. When I returned to Singapore, I was seeking a church and my former roommate in Shanghai, who had also returned to Singapore, brought me to the then 9.30am Service at VCH. Even though I remembered the name "St Andrew's" from my JC days, and was reminded of painful memories, I felt comfortable and decided to accept my friend's invitation.

Since then, with the help of the Holy Spirit, the Cathedral's Christian Education Programme, and support from Joseph and Caroline Yong's cell group, I grew tremendously in my knowledge of God, the Lord Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit. In Christmas 2005 I was baptised and confirmed. By God's grace, I also graduated from university with a First Class Honours degree and secured a fantastic job. Thinking back, my painful experiences from the past only drew me closer to God and helped me to understand how His grace is made perfect in our weakness. I praise God for His continuous and perfect provisions in my life, and now I continually seek Him to use me to further His kingdom.

Meng Wee
with her
fiancé,
Simon



NOW IT WAS TIME FOR THE ACID TEST

BY JESSICA LIM-KWAN

My only sister accepted the Lord some 20 years ago, but had grown cold in her walk with our Lord over the years. We tried to bring her to different churches, but none brought a spark to her. But we knew that God's timing is important.

Last year my husband and I visited the 9am Service and felt immensely comfortable, especially with the sermons. We felt most of the speakers were well prepared, the contents well researched and they were delivered in a very easily understood format. We could identify with and benefit from most of it. We decided to stay and make the 9am Service our church. We then invited my sister to church one more time (to give it another try), praying hard that God would open her heart and rekindle the wonderful love that only Jesus can give. A miracle took

place: my sister not only enjoyed sitting through and listening to the sermons, but was also encouraged by them.

Now it was time for the acid test. Would she come on her own? One Sunday we had to miss church to participate in the Batam mission trip. Our prayer was that she would find the desire and courage to attend on her own. Upon our return, her first statement to us was, 'wow, you guys missed a good sermon last Sunday.' We were thrilled. We would gladly miss 10 sermons for her to gain one. (Anyway, 9am has a sermon taping service!)



DO NOT PLAY BASKETBALL TODAY

BY WONG SIEW FAI Y

I had a knee cap problem for years which caused me great pain whenever I engaged in sports, especially basketball. To minimise the pain, I would need a longer period of time to warm up before I could start playing. The following day after my sporting activity, I would not be able to walk properly as I would be limping because of the pain on my knee cap.

At the 9am Service one Sunday, there was healing ministry so I asked for prayer for my knee cap. The prayer was not answered immediately but I had faith that through continuous prayer, my knee would be healed.

Then one Sunday, while I was preparing to go for my basketball game, I heard a voice saying to me: "If you obey and trust in Me, do not go and play basketball today. Just for today, and your knee shall be healed." Not to play was something really difficult for me to do. I would play basketball without fail every week, rain or shine. Nevertheless, I decided to trust and obey God so I did not play basketball that Sunday.

The following Sunday, I was late for the basketball match and did not have time to warm up. I started to play aggressively but did not feel any pain at all. It did not occur to me that my knee was healed until one of my teammates asked me how my knee was as he observed that I was not experiencing my usual pain.

I then remembered the previous week's incident and told my teammate about how God had healed me by the power of our Lord Jesus!

From that Sunday onwards, I have continued to engage in sports but have not experienced any more pain on my knee cap. Of course, I can also kneel and pray painlessly!

Siew Faiy (left) with his buddies





YOU'RE THE REASON I SING

BY LINDA TAY

In January 2001 I attended the then-9.30am Service at VCH for the very first time with my two very young children and my domestic helper. With nothing but brokenness and hurt, I went, desperately searching for something to numb the pain inside me. I recalled vividly that one of the worship songs sung during the Service at that time was “The Power of Your Love.” The lyrics, accompanied by the beautiful music, ministered to me so much at that point that I was moved to tears.

“Lord I come to you, let my heart be changed, renewed...”

I needed my heart to be changed, renewed, and to be rid of all the hurt and pain. I hungered to know Him more and I needed His presence in my life. The Potter had begun His work in my life and that same year, I got baptised and confirmed. Subsequently, I joined the worship ministry and continued to serve for the next few years as a vocalist. The more I sang, the deeper I grew in love with Him; I was regaining my strength to move on with my life and to become the

child He wants me to be.

While I enjoyed serving in the ministry as a co-singer, I brushed aside opportunities to take up a leading role as I felt it was not time yet for me to do so. I also did not think I was qualified to take up that additional responsibility. However, in Nov 2007, God put a burden on my heart and not wanting to disobey Him, I finally decided to step out of my comfort zone and took up the worship leading role.

Since then, the enemy has not stopped trying to remind me that I am just not good enough, either technically or spiritually. But God never gave up on me. On 9 May 2010 He spoke to me through Ds June's sermon on “The Anointing,” about the painting of half an apple on a stage. Instinctively, I saw myself as that half apple on stage. The half apple symbolises our brokenness, which can still be displayed on the stage for others to see for the glory of God. So no matter how inadequate I feel inside or how broken my life has been, as long as I am willing, God can use me for His glory. He is able to take all of my life and make it into something beautiful. He is the reason I sing.

MY TWITCHING STOPPED

BY MARGARET KHO

For several years, my eye would twitch. I tended to associate problems that I faced with the constant twitching and therefore I felt uneasy very often. After a mission trip to Hainan in 2009, I began to pray very hard for God to stop the twitching and God answered my prayers. The twitching has stopped and I now have abundant joy and peace in my life. Praise the LORD!





MY PEACE I GIVE TO YOU

BY SIM TEOW LI

I began attending the Cathedral at the 9.30am Service in 2002. On one occasion Ds June asked those who wanted to have God's peace to stand up. I braced myself and stood up. Then she went on to pray for the peace of God to be upon us. It was Jesus' prayer for His disciples: Peace I leave with you. My peace I give to you; not as the world gives do I give to you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid (John 14:27).

Nothing much happened actually at that point of time. But some months later, I realised that whenever I met anything that greatly upset me, I was no longer caught in the disturbed state for very long. I seemed to recover from the anxiety and agitation fairly quickly. I noticed a real peace in my being. Just like the peace Jesus prayed for His disciples! Praise God for His faithfulness.

I PRAYED DAILY FOR GOD TO HEAL ME

BY REBEKAH LIM-BROWN

In May 2009 I was hospitalized for high fever, severe body aches and swelling in my feet. I had to consult several doctors before I was diagnosed as suffering from Chikungunya (an insect borne virus) fever. I was hospitalized for a week and discharged with a whole host of medication to treat joint inflammation, water retention and pain relief medication. The disease was known to be debilitating and the doctors had advised that given my age, I could take more than a year to fully recover from the illness.

I refused to be bound by the doctor's "pronouncement" of one year of pain and I prayed daily for God to heal me. Praise God, I could walk without any assistance after three months. There remained however some numbness in my fingers and a stiff ankle. On 25 April 2010, Ds June Tan had at ministry time announced that God was going to heal someone of an ankle problem and I responded after seeing that no one had come forward. My ankle was instantly healed and the numbness in my fingers disappeared. I was so well that I could join the Cathedral Women's Fellowship at its JB Retreat. And when we had three hours of free time on the last day of the retreat, I was delivered from impulsive shopping!



GOD HEALED MY LEFT EAR

BY BRENDA KOH



I had a hearing problem in my left ear. So one day at the 9.30am Service at the Victoria Concert Hall I went forward for prayer for healing. Ds June Tan prayed for me. Then I went to the lobby as usual after the Service. I was surprised. I thought: “Why so noisy today?” I did not realise that every week it was so noisy. I did not know I had been healed!

Then the next day, Monday, I went to work. The phone rang and, as usual, I answered with the phone to my left ear. Even though my left side was hard of hearing, it has always been my habit since my young days to put the phone to my left ear. As usual, I pressed the phone very hard and very close to my ear so that I could hear.

But that morning I got such a shock. The voice on the phone was blasting in my ear! I said: “O my goodness! It’s so loud and clear!” That’s when I knew for sure that I had been healed. Praise God!

IT WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL DAY OF MY LIFE

BY JOSEPH YONG

My father passed away when I was only eight years old and my mother raised my two siblings and me. She was very strict in our upbringing. I learnt many virtues from her – hard work, honesty, thrift, respect for elders, help for the needy and others. In many ways, I have learnt well. For example, I worked very hard, holding three jobs simultaneously and working seven days a week.

I can say that I have been rewarded. Having come from a financially difficult family background, my wife and I acquired the “Five Cs” of the typical Singaporean’s dream in our thirties. How did I view God all these years? I knew that God exists. I felt that as long as I behave myself, He will leave me alone. My

problem was that I focused on the good things in life and missed the best.

In late 2001 a fear gripped me. I could not explain but I just feared. When driving I feared having accidents. A journey that normally takes 20 minutes took me 40 minutes. When I walked on the road and saw a dog, I would freeze fearing that it would jump at me. I had to let the dog pass by first or take a detour. I was listless. When I was home, I wanted to go out and when I was out I wanted to be home.

Joseph, Caroline and their children – Jing Xuan, Hui Ting and Jin Li



Life was unbearable. I wanted to end it all but I also feared death and did not have the courage to end it.

Medically I was in depression and I sought medical help. The doctor could only help me to slow down the rate of deterioration. That was when I started to seek spiritual help. I tried meditation. I tried crystal healing. I dabbled with New Age but to no avail. A friend also brought me to church. One day when I was in a church, I turned behind and when the old lady who sat behind me smiled at me, I thought I saw a devil smiling at me. I was so fearful that I just ran out of the church and drove home. I was still shivering when I reached home.

A friend suggested that I come to the Cathedral and pray. I came and started to attend teachings regularly. The teachings included handling money, managing relationships and maintaining Christian values in our working environment. I began to take an interest in teachings and sermons. I used to think that Christianity is airy fairy and God is far away. I began to learn that Christianity is practical and God is with us.

But my illness did not get better. One day the doctor told me that he had done all he could for me. He could not increase the dosage of my medication as there might be side effects. I was desperate for help.

On 7 May 2002, after attending a teaching, “something” inside me told me to go forward and ask for help. A voice in me told me that it was my last chance and if I did not ask for help, I would be finished. I literally struggled to the altar. My body was trembling and my legs were so weak that I had to use my hands to support myself. But once I reached the altar, I felt fine. The trembling stopped and I stood comfortably and was very calm. I told the pastor of the fear that affected my life, my family and my work. I asked the pastor to pray for me and give me some advice. God spoke to me through the pastor, who said, “Good man, whenever you have fear, it is not from God, it is from His enemy. All you have to do is to love your God with all your heart, with all soul and all your strength and that is enough because our God is a good God.” As he spoke, the Holy Spirit manifested. At that point in time, I did not know anything about the Holy Spirit and had not read the Bible. I just felt a cool air blow into me from my head through my body, down to my feet and my goose pimples all over my body just stood up.

I did not know what had happened. But as I left the church and walked along the road, I realised that the world had changed.

That was the most beautiful day of my life. The flowers were so beautiful and colourful. The leaves were so green and bright. The images of the people and things I saw around me were all very clear and sharp. It was just like looking at a LCD screen. The sky was clear and the sun was glorious. As the afternoon sun shone on me, it was not the usual hot sweaty feeling but a warm and comfortable feeling. Everybody I met along the way smiled at me. There was unspeakable joy in me. What happened to the fear that had tormented me for months and drove me to the brink of death? It had just gone away. Praise be to God.

In John 3, Nicodemus sought our Lord as he wanted to be saved and be in the Kingdom of God. And Jesus told him in John 3:3 that “no one can enter the kingdom of God unless he is born of water and the Spirit”. As narrated above, when that cool air blew into me, I was born again as I received the Holy Spirit.

On the day of Pentecost in Acts, Peter spoke to the people. And after hearing Peter, they wanted to receive the Holy Spirit. And Peter told the people; “Repent and be baptised, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ for the forgiveness of your sins. And you will receive the gift of the Holy Spirit” (Act 2:38). I had always considered myself to be a “good” man and I asked God, “What have I done wrong that I need to repent? And God told me

that I had committed the greatest of all sins - not to acknowledge Him as my Heavenly Father. It is far worse than not acknowledging my earthly father. My act of going before the pastor and asking for help and guidance is in the heavenly realm an act of repentance and surrender of my life to Him.

Thereafter I got myself baptised and confirmed as a member of the Cathedral. I thank God for placing me in the 9am congregation where the teachings and care and guidance of the many brothers and sisters have helped me to learn and mature over the years. I know that I am saved for a reason and that is to give God all the glory. I pray that He will continue to give me more opportunities to give Him all praise and glory.



THE BLESSING OF FAMILY

BY FELICIA MA

Our family has been greatly blessed by God through the 9am Service and its preachers. Firstly, I met my husband, Mun Thoh, at the then FIGS (Friday Interest Groups) cell group, which Ds Bessie Lee and Ds June Tan formed in 1995. Even though Mun Thoh and I had been worshipping at the 9am Service for a couple of years, we had never met nor known each other until our time in FIGS. Through the gracious hand of God, He gently and in His perfect time, confirmed to us that we were made for each other, and sealed our strong friendship into a long term partnership. We got married in the church in 1999.

In 2001, we started praying for God to bless us with children. Many months went by without any outcome. We became anxious and asked God for His intervention. One Sunday during late 2001, God's servant, the late Rev Maureen Onions, invited couples who wanted to be blessed with children to go forward for prayer. We did not hesitate and went up for prayer immediately. When Rev Onions laid hands on me, I could feel a sense of warmth and a sense



of praise and gratitude in my heart and God telling me to praise Him and thank Him.

On that same day after Service, I was prompted by the Holy Spirit, and He reminded me of the story of how God blessed Abraham and Sarah. God revealed a name to me. I was a little mystified but nevertheless shared this with my husband. To my surprise, Mun Thoh was given another

name by the Holy Spirit. We did not fully comprehend why two names were given at that time, but kept praying in faith.

Six months later, we were both at the obstetrician clinic and were told we were expecting twins!! We were filled with immense joy and gave thanks to God for His miraculous intervention. God has a way of blessing us more than what we expect and in His perfect time, gave us two beautiful and healthy boys, Isaac and Isaiah (the two names that the Holy Spirit revealed to us). They were born in Dec 2002.

We would like to give thanks to God for His bountiful blessing, and indeed His ways are higher than our ways. God has taught us to pray in faith and we should trust Him to answer in His time and His way.

FOREVER GRATEFUL

BY CANDACE LAI

Stanley and I have been worshipping in St Andrew's Cathedral for the past 6 years. We were previously from different churches, but we decided to worship and attend the 9.30am Service in Victoria Concert Hall, in anticipation of our future life together.

We would like to give glory to God for the birth of our daughter. Stanley and I have been married since May 2007. We conceived our daughter in early 2009. One might think that a 2-year wait may not be a long one, but our testimony needs to be appreciated in the following context. God healed Stanley of life-threatening cancer in 2003. Over 5 months, Stanley underwent a punishing regime of chemotherapy. By the grace of God, he was completely cured of his illness, and returned to resume his legal career after 5 months. Yet at the back of our minds we knew that this rigorous treatment could have an adverse impact on our ability to have children. But God assured me that we would be able to have children.

One night, I was doing my quiet time and reading how God assured Hannah that she would conceive. Stanley and I were elated when we first found out that we were expecting, in March 2009.

Within the first week of our discovering the good news, our excitement was short-lived because our gynaecologist had advised that whilst I was pregnant, my HCG (human chorionic gonadotrophin) levels were not increasing in the way it should. HCG levels in a viable pregnancy typically double every 72 hours but my HCG level only went up from 35.1 μ g to 36.5 μ g. We were advised that this poor rate of increase could only lead to a miscarriage. Our gynaecologist told us that I had not yet suffered a miscarriage because of the medications that I was under at that time. The doctor was of the view that I should stop the medication since the pregnancy was unlikely to be a viable one.

Stanley and I were devastated but we wanted to wait and pray for another 2 days. After 2 days, my HCG levels miraculously went up to 54.3 μ g and whilst it had not doubled, our doctor was as surprised as we were at this inexplicable increase. He no longer talked about stopping the medication. Thereafter, Stanley and I have never looked back. We thank God for blessing us with such a wonderful daughter. For this reason, we are forever grateful, hence Ashley's Chinese name is 永恩.



GOD'S GIFT OF CHILDREN

BY BETTY HO

We want to thank God for His gift of children for us. We have two boys and truly, both are miracle provisions from God.

We were married in May 1995 and it was only 10 years later in September 2005 that our first son, Isaac, was born. Then God graciously granted our prayer to have another child, and our second son, Samuel, was born the following year in November 2006.

In the initial years of our marriage, we did not really try to have children. But by the time we really started trying, we were disappointed month after month and year after year. We saw doctors, changed doctors, went on medication, went through medical procedures, took Chinese herbs and so on. We were in our 30's, getting older and older each year, and felt that time was running out. Relatives and friends also wondered. We tried to pass off their questions why we still did not have children as light-heartedly as we could. We recall the many Chinese New Years, where greetings would include well wishes for us to have kids. But it seemed like just a wish. Each time we saw expecting women, or

knew of friends giving birth, or attended babies' first month or children's birthday celebrations, our own hearts secretly yearned and questioned.

Many times we asked if it was God's will for us not to have a child. We tried to reason that being childless did not mean that our lives could not be enriching, and that we could have more freedom and so on. We wondered when we should just give up. If God were to give us a sign and tell us having children was not His plan for us, we would have come to accept that and moved on. But we never heard God telling us that. None of our Christian siblings, friends, cell group members or pastors gave us word that we would not have children. In fact, everybody still continued praying, including ourselves.

But I was getting really tired and started to ask that if God did not grant me a child by age of 36, I would stop trying. In Jan 2004, I turned 36. But in the following month, I had to have a minor operation to remove an ovarian cyst. Then in November 2004, Roger also went for an operation to remove his gall bladder because of gallstones. We thanked God our physical bodies healed

well, but we thought perhaps it was God's will for us not to have children after all.

But God was truly gracious. We should not be giving God 'deadlines', but yet He did it for us. We discovered I was expecting on my 37th birthday on 30 Jan 2005! I was about 4 weeks pregnant then!

We realised it was all God's perfect timing for us. God knew best what was good for us and our family. He had waited for us to put our marriage right first, so that we were really ready to have children. We had been giving in to our own flesh. Our human weaknesses, pride, stubbornness and desires had prevented many issues in our marriage from being resolved. One major issue was that we could not agree on how to

manage our finances as a family. We also had problems in communication. These were important yet very sensitive topics which we tried to bury. Yet, many times, a simple comment or opinion by one of us, or a seemingly innocent situation would bring about very heated arguments. Each time we patched up, but issues remained unresolved.

We knew these issues were detrimental to our marriage, and resentment and mistrust for each other would creep in slowly. Yet we were trying to have children at the same time. There was so much stress in our marriage. But God knew and was merciful. He put in both our hearts that we need to seek help. In early 2004, we went for marriage counselling in church. This was



the turning point in our marriage. With the help of the pastors and under God's guidance, we finally opened our hearts to each other. Feelings and thoughts we buried were brought up and we faced them honestly. We confessed and cried our hearts out in those counselling sessions. Eventually we worked on our issues and reached an understanding and agreement in love. We reconciled and learned how to manage our differences. We concluded our marriage counselling in January 2005, and a week or two later, we discovered that I was expecting. God knew exactly when we were really ready to start a family and bring up children. How wonderful is our God!

ISAAC – OUR MIRACLE FIRST BORN

As mentioned, for years, we tried to conceive but were unsuccessful. Finally in August 2004, our doctor advised us to go on IVF. But I had no peace. I yearned to be blessed with a child, but felt I had no confidence in handling the stress of going through IVF. I had to hear clearly from God before I was willing to take that step

The doctor advised us to take time to think. With the doctor's agreement, we took a break from seeing him, and also stopped all medications and herbs.

After about half a year of break, God answered our prayers. Our child was conceived naturally! It was truly a gift from God! All glory and honour goes to Him!



We realized God had planned and even named this child for us long ago. Years before the conception, God had already given me the name 'Isaac,' meaning laughter, for our son. Yet through the disappointments, we doubted that we would ever have a child. Thank God for His faithfulness!

Isaac was born healthily and naturally in September 2005. He is now coming to 5 years old, developing very well in all ways. And indeed he has brought much rejoicing and laughter to our families!

SAMUEL – ANOTHER MIRACLE SON

Soon after Isaac was born, we prayed to God to have a second child, so that Isaac could have a sibling to share life's blessings and challenges with. We asked God not to let us wait too long, or we would be too old and tired, and any pregnancy would also be at a higher risk. God truly understood our needs, and answered our prayers to have a second child very quickly. Samuel was born 14 months after Isaac. How God loves us!

Yet this second pregnancy was not all blissful and without worry. But God used this pregnancy to strengthen our faith and our reliance on Him. To begin with, the discovery of the pregnancy was most unexpected. I was having slight bleeding problems for weeks, but thought it was nothing serious. Then I thought perhaps a cyst or fibroid might have grown in my



womb again. So I visited my gynecologist. From a scan, she suspected a polyp in the womb and suggested a minor procedure to remove it. But God gave us a wise doctor. She ordered a pregnancy test first. The results were positive! As reality set in and I was about to rejoice, I realised why the doctor was very grim. She told me not to be happy yet, as it was a case of a threatened abortion. I was alone at the clinic. I did not know whether to be happy or to cry. But God was taking care of everything.

I was then given injections and medication. The bleeding stopped and after two weeks of medical leave, I went back to teach in school. However, before the school day even ended that first day back to work, I bled again, this time quite badly. But God was in control, and had arranged timely help for us. I had a female colleague just there, free for the day. She could drive a manual car (not many people can these days), and she rushed me in our manual car to the clinic, where Roger was waiting. Roger and I were panicky for fear of a miscarriage. We thought we had lost our child. But God upheld and saved our baby. The doctor could still detect the baby's heartbeat! Thereafter, it was many weeks of injections, medication and medical leave. The bleeding subsided, but not totally, and was quite persistent.

Throughout the pregnancy, the gynecologist kept warning us that the pregnancy was unstable, and that the fetus may have abnormalities and was trying to abort itself. Then we had another scare when the placenta was found to have detached a little at the corner. To add on, I was also coughing persistently

for months.

We prayed and prayed, and many people prayed for us. But we were still worried whether the child was meant to be, or whether the child would be abnormal and become a life burden to our first child, Isaac. We just had to hold on to the little faith we had.

But God reassured Roger that this second child would be a healthy child. Roger even heard God scolding us for our shallow faith. It was a spiritual drilling – on one hand receiving assurances from God, yet on the other hand getting negative news and warnings about threatened abortion from the gynecologist during every visit. But God was kind and faithful. The bleeding finally stopped during the second trimester of the pregnancy. Later scans showed the baby to be growing normally, despite all odds.

Truly God took care of everything. Again, He named our child for us. When we started praying for a name for this baby, Roger heard God give him the name 'Samuel.' And the very next day during our Sunday Service, the intercessor made a special prayer for the young, and quoted from the book of Samuel in his prayer. That was the confirmation for his name!

And all glory be to God, Samuel was born naturally and healthily in November 2006. He was a whopping 3.96kg at birth! He will be 4 years old this year. Praise God, he has no abnormalities, and is growing very well too.

So once again, we thank and praise God for everything, for our marriage, for our children, for being in our lives, helping, leading and guiding us. And we will entrust our lives to God.

GOD IS WITH ME

BY FEDORA RAJ



I have been attending St. Andrew's Cathedral since I was born. I have also been attending Sunday school. I knew that God was with us but I just could not feel His presence. Not until...

25th of December 2008. I was in Primary 3 then. My relatives had come over for a Christmas celebration on Christmas Eve. We were enjoying ourselves when at about 11.45pm, my cousin, Tricia, my sister, Isabel, and I felt bored. So, we went to my bedroom to play.

We were playing when my sister felt bored and asked for another game. Innocently, I headed for my cabinet glass sliding door to look for more toys to entertain all of us. However, when I slid open my glass cabinet, to my horror, the whole glass door fell onto me. My sister and cousin moved back, and shouted for me to do the same. I was too stunned to react and the only thing that came to my mind was to pray and ask God to keep me safe. At that moment, I prayed to God to protect all of us from any injury. When my parents, brother and relatives heard the loud crash, they ran all the way up and got a fright of their lives. They were shocked to see the broken glass on the floor with many shards all over the place.

My mother and aunt brought us to the toilet to check if we were alright. My cousin and my sister managed to escape without a cut. However, God was with me and I 'escaped' with only a cut on my leg and some small cuts on my head. I had some small pieces of glass stuck to my hair and my mother and aunt helped me clear them off. However, the trauma did not end there I was leaning against the sink when all of a sudden, I turned very pale.

I felt so weak that I could barely talk. My mother told my sister to get a cup of water. I drank it and though it was just so painful to swallow it, I managed to drink it. I felt so much better after drinking it. Soon, I was back to normal. That night, before we went to sleep, we prayed to God and thanked Him for keeping me safe. From then on I knew that God is with us and I knew as I have felt His presence.



SAFETY IN A MILITARY COUP

BY LOKE WEI YING

I thank God for protecting me and my husband, Martin, and bringing us home safely from one of our overseas trips. We were in Bangkok attending a conference in September 2006 and on the last evening before our departure we were watching a movie in our hotel room. Suddenly, the TV programme stopped and was replaced by a black screen with some Thai words. We thought it was a temporary disruption but later realised that there was a military coup. After one hour, I found that all the Thai local TV channels were showing some documentaries about the Thai King. Other international channels like CNN and CNBC were not working. Finally I managed to get the Chinese News Station and BBC. To our surprise, the news reported that there was a military coup in Bangkok to oust the then prime minister Mr Thaksin Shinawatra, who was in New York at that time attending a UN General Assembly meeting. Some TV footage showed that there were armoured tanks surrounding the Parliament House.

The next morning my daughter Serene called me from Singapore and confirmed the news. There was indeed a military coup.

We feared for our safety and prayed to God for calm and wisdom, and decided that we should quickly check out and go to the airport to catch our flight. We were worried that just in case the situation got worse, with riots and curfew, we might not be able to even catch a taxi to get to the airport.

We reached the airport at 10am although our flight was at 4pm. After spending a very, very long time in the airport, we finally boarded the plane and got home safely. Thank God that it was a rather uneventful military coup. But I am not complaining!



GOD GAVE ME A VISION OF A SNAIL

BY BRENDA KOH

Last year when I was driving at the flyover that leads to the Tuas PIE, my car skidded in the light rain. My car banged the kerb on my left side and right side. When my car landed, I was facing the on-

coming traffic. It was a blind corner. I thought: "Surely a car will bang me."

I didn't know what to do. I didn't know if I should get out of the car. So I just cried out to God: "Please don't let any car bang me."

Then God gave me a vision of a snail. I realised that the car is the shell of the snail. So I must stay inside the car.

Then a car came in the opposite direction straight at me. But it was an old man, driving very slowly. He managed to stop right in front of my car and horned at me. Because his car was in front of me, other cars

coming could see the back of his car so

they would take the other lane. So I made a 3-point turn and drove to safety. God saved me.



GOD'S ANSWER TO MY DUBAI PUZZLE

BY MABEL SEOW

I work for a Japanese MNC in their Asia Pacific Headquarters (based in Singapore). About 3½ years ago, my husband received news that he would be posted to Dubai to work for 3 years. I was at a loss as to what I would do during these 3 years. I was sure that I did not want to do nothing for 3 years, and I was mindful that finding work in Dubai would not be easy and companies there do not pay Asians well either.

I approached my then boss to ask if I could be posted to Dubai as we did have a representative office there. This option was not available as the company was going to close the Dubai office. My husband and I prayed and asked God for directions with regards to my job.

God led me to ask if it was possible for me to continue with my current role by working from Dubai, given my job nature revolved around corresponding via emails and conference calls. Just 3 months prior to moving to Dubai, I had a new boss whom I had worked closely with in his previous capacity. And partly because of that relationship, I was able to convince him to allow me to work from home in Dubai for 6 months, albeit on a reduced

salary. In less than 6 months, the company was satisfied with my performance and my salary was restored to what it was before I left for Dubai.

I count this as a miracle because my employer is a conservative Japanese company and allowing an employee to work from home (which is overseas) is unheard of. God had also put in place my German boss who was supportive of such an arrangement. God's providence has really helped me survive the 3 years in the Middle East.



Mabel and husband, Tang Chilin, at the Faculty Club of Sultan Qaboo University. In the background is a dhow, the traditional boat used by the Omanis for fishing and transport.

DRAWING STRENGTH FOR MY WORK

BY LOKE WEI YING

I thank GOD that, through the 9.30am Service, I learnt that we live and work for GOD's purposes, and HE is our ultimate big boss in our work, our job. In my job, there have been many times where, through no fault of mine, things just happened and resulted in a lot of trouble. In the past, I would keep asking "Why me? Again? What have I done wrong? This is unfair!" But now, I am able to deal with such issues objectively, pray, give thanks that nothing worse has happened, and ultimately draw strength from HIM. Indeed, whenever I give honour to GOD and claim HIS victory, nothing worse would happen, and all the problems finally get solved. Hallelujah!



ABUNDANT BLESSINGS

BY GAVIN RAJ



OUR MARRIAGE

Jane and I got married in June 1992. Ours is a mixed marriage -- Indian and Chinese -- with a world of difference in culture and habits. Courting before marriage was fun but living together after marriage was challenging till we came to know our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, about 15 years ago. Ever since then our lives have changed so drastically for the better. We have since learnt to appreciate each other and now have 3 wonderful children, Hector (16 years old), Isabel (14 years old) and Fedora (11 years old).

OUR BUSINESS

We were blessed with a small pest management business which Jane and I ran successfully for about 14 years. Throughout the years God had been with us and we saw the business grow from a 4-staff operation to 172 staff as of the year 2007. We went through recessions, financial crises, challenges that were beyond human capabilities but yet God was with us to make sure we came out of it all well!

GOD'S PLAN FOR US

At the peak of our business in March 2007, we received a letter from a MNC (a global market leader in pest control) asking us if we were keen to sell our business to them. Thinking that this could be a gimmick to find out what our market share was, we ignored the letter. After a month or so we received another letter from the same company requesting us to reconsider the initial proposal. We ignored that too! Then came a final letter and this

time they asked us to respond by a stated date.

That very day during our prayers, we asked God if we should consider this offer. Jane and I did not hear God's reply. But I was searching the Bible to see if God would speak to me directly. While still searching, I noticed a birthday card that had been sent to me by the Cathedral's 9am Service. The card was in the last few pages of the Bible. I opened the card and saw the different names of our pastoral staff and their well wishes. I noticed that Ds Bessie Lee signed off by writing the reference, Gen 12:2. I referred to the Bible and the verse was: "And I will make of you a great nation, and I will bless you and make your name great, so that you will be a blessing." After reading that verse I felt peace in my heart and shared the confirmation with my wife.

So we wrote to the company expressing our interest in the sale. Then one day in mid-October 2007 Jane and I were sharing with our family how good God had been to us and how He had blessed bountifully. We also said it would be good if the MNC would offer us a certain sum of money. We named the exact amount.

Days passed and then one evening as we were heading back to our car after a dinner out, Jane took out an envelope addressed to us from the MNC. In that envelope was an offer to purchase our business at the exact amount we had wished for. The deal was finally closed at the price we had wanted. I was also offered a job to head the Singapore operations and I accepted the job.

PRAYER GROUP

I found out that my secretary and another key staff in my new company were Christians. The Holy Spirit guided me to form

a prayer group prior to starting our work in the morning. In mid-November 2007, the three of us started a prayer group to pray and intercede for the country, the company globally, staff, their family and our customers. Soon we had more Christian staff joining the prayer group and by November 2009 (when I left the organisation) we had about 10 to 15 Christians praying everyday. Glory to God!



DELIVERANCE AT WORK

BY ALICIA HOE

Sometime this year, I was facing a difficult situation at work with a manager at the office. This manager and I had to lead a group of young people to Japan for industry exposure, but due to the manager's busy schedule, I volunteered to take charge of the liaising between the tour agent and the team. However, this manager was unhappy with the price offered by the tour agent and wanted to change it notwithstanding that a formal agreement had been made.

Alicia (front row, second from left) with her cell group at a Christmas lunch



I remember very clearly that it was in the midst of this difficult situation at work that Ds June gave a sermon about spending intimate time with God, such as setting aside a day with the LORD or practising fasting to build a hunger in our spirit for God. After the church Service, I was moved in my spirit to go to the nearest Starbucks at Raffles City to seek Him. And once I settled down to read the Bible, God comforted me right there at the cafe with some verses from Isaiah 49 to 51 and gave me strength to face my challenging manager.

By the time the day came for us to meet with the tour agent, God had told me in a dream that I should speak the truth and that He will do the rest of the work. Praise God, the meeting went well and both parties were unable to argue despite the extreme positions they took. I thank God that He speaks to me all the time and intervened to help me in my times of trouble.

HOUSE HUNTING

BY WONG AI CHIAT

My husband and I sold our place in late 2006, hoping to move to a bigger house. But the timing was unfavourable for us as property prices started rocketing just after we sold our house.

We must have seen more than 50 houses in the same neighbourhood over the course of the next nine months but could not find a suitable place. Then just when we were making plans to rent, we chanced upon a property that met our liking and requirements, but the asking price was too high. We harboured little hope of being able to buy it. Nonetheless, we prayed about it with Proverbs 16:3 and Matthew 21:22.

Just over the weekend after our offer price was rejected, my husband's supervisor, who knew we were looking for a home, passed him a contact. The supervisor's friend had a sister who was intending to sell one of her many properties. More than just coincidental, it was the same house that we were interested in. Hence, we were able to negotiate directly with the owner and managed to bring down the price reasonably.

Within a week, we worked with the agent and concluded the transaction. I remembered vividly that during the week of negotiation on the price, I was in our church on Wednesday for a lunchtime Service. I was thinking about the loan that we would be taking up, which was higher than what I had intended. But I heard God say: "I am with you; what's there to be afraid of?"

When we first went to see the vacated house, we knew by the labels on the empty bookshelves that the previous family in this house was Christian. We retained the bookshelves during renovation, knowing that they will continue to hold books to be used for God's purpose. I know that God has a purpose for us in this house which He will reveal to us in His time. Thanks be to God!



Ai Chiat and her husband, Hoo Hin

EXPERIENCING GOD'S SACRIFICIAL LOVE

BY SOH KIM SENG



I attended church when I was young but stopped after secondary school. I thought of God as some powerful and divine Being who gave the Ten Commandments, loved a little and took offence when you lied, stole or cheated. God was also a helpful Being when you lost items and also granted special requests if you prayed hard enough. At times other than those, it was best to leave God alone. As I grew up, God became a distant thought to me.

Then in 1992, June and I got married and almost immediately, we planned to

start a family but sadly, June did not conceive.

One Sunday morning about three years into our married life, I suggested to June that we should attend church. Until today, I still do not know what triggered me to make this suggestion, but we started church hunting over the next two weekends and were led to the 9.30am Service at Victoria Concert Hall.

Later the same year, June finally conceived, but the pregnancy was eventful. There was a danger of losing the baby because his heartbeat was weak and the growth rate in the womb was irregular. Hospital stays were a common feature throughout this

pregnancy. But my precious firstborn, Nicholas, was delivered early one morning in July 1996.

The moment I laid eyes on Nicholas, my heart was overwhelmed with love for him. I was willing to even lose my own life to protect him. I had great plans and wanted the best of everything for him. Nicholas became my life. I would not want to give him up for anything in this world.

The first evening we brought Nicholas home and as I was about to lay him on the mattress, I began to cry and cry. I suddenly felt God's tremendous love for me realizing what God had done for me in giving up His Son to die for me. It was a turning point in my life. I could almost see God turning His face to me tenderly saying, "Kim Seng, it is for you that I put My Son on the Cross because I loved you."

As I began to seek God with all my heart and spend time daily with Him, God ceased to be the detached divine being but a loving father who desired a living relationship with me. When Nicholas was one year old, June's sister-in-law told June what she had kept in her heart – God had revealed to her in 1995 that should June return to church, God will bless her with children.

In 2002, my second son, Joshua, was born. The name, Joshua, was chosen by my 6-year-old Nicholas after we unsuccessfully explored many names starting with the letter N. On the day Joshua was born, my cell leader and mentor, Laurence Lim, called to ask the name of my newborn. I told him that it was Joshua and he remained silent for a while. Then he said that during his Quiet Time the night before, he had asked God for the name of my baby. And God told him it was Joshua!

WE SEE GOD'S GRACE IN OUR GIRLS

BY MICHAEL OOI

My family and I have been members of this congregation for about 9 years or so. When we first joined the 9.30am Service (as it was known then) at Victoria Concert Hall, our youngest girl was just 9 years old and the oldest 16 years of age. My wife and I settled in very quickly but it was a struggle for our daughters to start afresh with strangers. They were initially aloof and detached and oftentimes we wondered whether they were going to church Sunday after Sunday just out of a sense of duty to us. We were also concerned that they, being born of Christian parents, would have a faith that might not be personal but one which was “borrowed” of their parents.

But now as we look back over the last 9 years or so, we see God's faithfulness and grace—our 2 older girls are now in the Young Adults' Fellowship and the youngest is in LYNC. All of them are very much a part of the church, helping out in different ministries.

Family Holiday in Taipei



We attribute their growth in spiritual maturity to the pulpit ministry, the encouragement and exhortation of members of the church and most importantly, to our prayer answering God. Indeed, God's ways are higher than ours, and His timing is always perfect.

GOD SAVED MY MARRIAGE

BY PASSION FRUIT (A PSEUDONYM)

I thank God for His tremendous goodness to me and my family. He also saved my marriage. Many years ago, although I already had 3 children, there were constant quarrels between my husband and me. Due to work stress, children, sharing of responsibilities and issues with the in-laws, I was easily upset, and always blamed my husband. I harboured a lot of bitterness, hurt and hatred. It reached a point when another woman appeared and I was totally devastated. The affair came as a warning to both of us and we are so thankful to God that He was merciful. He stopped that affair very quickly.

However I still found myself holding on to the bitterness and hurt for many more years. My husband and I then joined the 9.30am Service. Through the Alpha courses, the teaching in 9.30am sermons, prayers, worship, Bible studies, Quiet Time and my cell group, I began to walk closer with God. He became very real to me. I realised that bitterness had blocked my walk with God and the flow of His love and blessing. I finally surrendered totally to Him and God became the driver and pilot of my life. I came to realise that by trusting and obeying, and giving thanks in everything, looking up rather than looking sideways, I received strength from HIM to deal with all issues. Amazingly, there were no more quarrels between us! Just praise! By the grace of God, my husband and I mended our relationship after joining the 9.30am Service. And you know what? It was because of “that woman” that we had to leave the Service that we were attending to join the 9.30am Service!

God has also changed my husband. He repented and God began to use him in many amazing ways.



I AM NOT ALONE

BY LAVENDER

(A pseudonym)

I thank God for His steadfast love. I thank God for being with me and my two children through my darkest times.

My spouse had strayed from the family and sinned against God. My family was struggling. But as I walked through all these years in the 9am Service, I know I was not alone – God walked with me. I have His promise that He will never leave me nor forsake me.

My problems have not gone away and I do not know when they will be over, but I know the timing is in God's hands. Through the teaching in church, encouragement and prayers from brothers and sisters in the 9am Service and God's Word, I have kept my faith and I have continued to run the race.

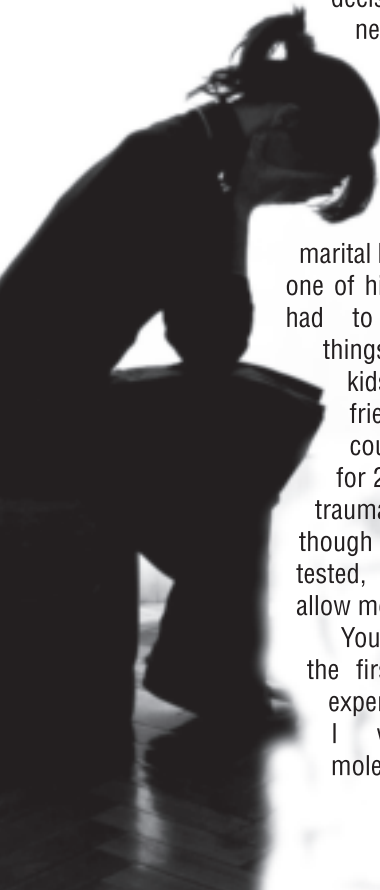
I thank God that my two children love God and people and are also involved in missions work to share God's love with others.



GOD HAS RESTORED MY LIFE

BY PURPLE LEWIS

(This is a pseudonym to protect the identity of the lady and her family)



I flew to Singapore with my husband 5 years ago on July 15, 2005. It was one of the most painful days in my life as I had to leave my kids and family in our home country. It was a most difficult

decision but it was necessary. My marriage was on the rocks after my husband confessed to an “extra-marital love affair” with one of his colleagues. I had to leave many things behind - my kids, my job, my friends and of course my home for 26 years. It was traumatic, but even though I was severely tested, God did not allow me to lose hope.

You see, it was not the first time that I experienced trauma. I was sexually molested as a child

by my own nanny. It started when I was 5 and ended when I was almost 15. Sadly, no one discovered this until I was around 18 years of age. She was a trusted helper in our family but it turned out that she was also confused and damaged just like many of us. Her confusion led her to do what she did to me for several years.

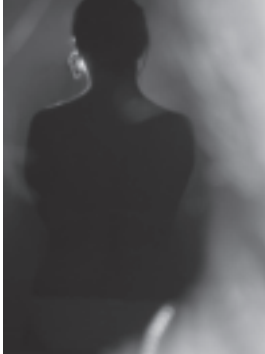
As a result of this childhood abuse, I grew up angry, proud, strong-willed and rebellious. My mother never understood why I was so difficult as a child. Because of this, they believed I was spoilt and bratty as my life seemed perfectly normal and in a lot of ways, privileged. I had a happy home. We were well off. My father, a kind and charming man, was at the top of his career. My mother was the “perfect homemaker.” I was the eldest and the “smartest.” I had two equally beautiful, talented and intelligent sisters. Well, at least, these were all the things we would hear about us. It may have seemed like a perfect world but it was not. Nevertheless, I made myself believe that I could rise above every challenge that came my way. I thought I pulled myself through the molestation on my own because I survived it for more than 14 years without telling anyone.

To make my life even more challenging, I was stricken with Meniere's Syndrome (a disorder of the inner ear marked by recurrent attacks of dizziness and deafness) when I was 13 years old. This disease caused me to collapse several times a day, and it greatly affected my academic and social life. In spite of all this, I convinced myself that I could survive this with my own strength.

When I started college, I was still struggling with Meniere's Syndrome as well as Post Traumatic Stress. To make things more complicated, I had two bad relationships. My first boyfriend was unfaithful. The second was emotionally unstable and verbally abusive. Again, as with the other adversities in my life I tried to rely on my own strength to see me through.

After these two bad experiences, I finally met the man whom I felt God had intended for me to share my life with. It was probably one of the happiest moments in my life and everything seemed perfect after I got married. Things were going well. I got into one of the top consulting companies, and was pregnant every consecutive year! Despite three challenging pregnancies and long absences from work, I was still promoted each year. We had everything that seemed to matter to us at that time. My husband and I were in love and the best of friends. Our babies were wonderful. We had stable well-paying jobs. I was ambitious and driven at work. We eventually bought our first home.

Unfortunately, happiness is short-



lived. I discovered my husband's extra-marital affair just two weeks after I gave birth to our youngest child. It was just a few days before Christmas in 2004. On Christmas Eve, my husband told me he was in love with another

woman. Two months exactly after that, I found out my own father was having an affair, which had been going on for more than 10 years! A month after the news about my father, my husband resigned from his job and went to Singapore to do some soul-searching. I was left to fend for our family, to wait and to hope. I had to be strong, as a mom, as a wife, as a daughter and as the eldest sister.

During this period, I cried out to the Lord everyday. I knew He could hear me, but I was proud and also very exhausted. I started to question my faith. Then I flew to Singapore in 2005. It was here in Singapore that I went into major depression. I had difficulties adjusting to my new job in Singapore. I was angry, bitter, scared and exhausted. I suffered a nervous breakdown just before the children were about to move to Singapore.

I had to resign from my job because I could not cope. My husband was left to work alone and provide for all of us here in Singapore. During my darkest times, I remember strange visions of a black man and a voice in my head that encouraged me to hurt myself. Sudden, overwhelming fear would just come and this intense fear would cause me to go into several panic attacks in a day. There were also physical symptoms. My entire body would stiffen to the extent that my



muscles ached all the time. I perspired a great deal.

I remember that during one of my worst attacks, I ran away and found myself in the Chinese Garden. It was on a Wednesday. I found this big rock in front of an old rubber tree, and sat there. A part of me was determined to end it all, but a bigger part of me knew that I should not lose hope. I cried for several hours under that tree. I literally cried out to God and sought His help.

After several hours in the Chinese Garden, I took the MRT, but had no idea where I was going. I could not stand the crowd in the train and I thought I would go into a panic attack so I alighted at City Hall station. God led me into St Andrew's Cathedral and I sat on the steps of the amphitheatre. I was so tired that I laid down on one of the benches and just started to cry uncontrollably.

By His grace, God intervened. One of the vergers found me and called a group of ladies who were having a group meeting only because there was a mistake in the invitation, confusing the dates. This group of ladies was actually supposed to meet on Thursday. The group came to me and prayed with me. The leader asked me if I wanted to be healed and I said "yes." The next thing I knew, I was right back at home with my family. The group leader and her good husband made it their mission to help us get back on our feet and return to God.

That couple took me to the 9am Service. In addition, they, along with other couples and individuals from the 9am congregation, constantly prayed with me and for me. This was God's gift of restoration to my life. He did not only restore my health and marriage but He also slowly led me and my family back to Him. Through His grace I was able to forgive and leave the past behind.

Since 2006, my family and I have been part of the 9am congregation. The cell group has also been such a blessing and these people have become our extended family here in Singapore.

Five years and counting, He is slowly revealing His purpose for me. My worth is no longer based on my career, my marriage, my children, my bank account, no, not even on others' opinions or my opinion of myself. But only on the Cross of Christ, on what He did at Calvary. There is no greater love than that. Though He slay me, yet will I hope in Him (Job 13:15).

YOU SEE ME THROUGH THE SEASONS

BY VERONICA WONG

I received Christ at the age of 10 when I was a student in St. Margaret's Primary School, which was under the chaplaincy of St. Andrew's Cathedral. Deaconesses Bessie and June were then the pastoral staff teaching the students at our weekly assembly sessions. I had also attended a couple of school camps organised by the Church which were then under the deaconesses' charge. At one of those camps, I received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. It was a very wonderful and unforgettable encounter with the Lord, and I received the gift of tongues shortly after the camp. After my PSLE exams, a group of my school-friends and I made an appointment to meet up with the Deaconesses in their office one day, as we had some questions on Christianity and on 'growing-up' to ask them. At the end of our meeting, Ds Bessie invited my friends and I to attend the inaugural 9.30am Sunday Service at Milano Pizza Parlour on the first Sunday in Jan 1989, which we did.

Veron (left) with her
parents and sister, Serene





It was a truly fascinating and refreshing experience for us as it was our first time at a charismatic church Service, and we had never seen anything like it before. The joyful and vibrant praise and worship sessions, the evident manifestations of the gifts of the Holy Spirit such as speaking and

singing in tongues and prophecies, together with the practical teaching of God's Word, as well as the warm fellowship of other brothers and sisters-in-Christ drew us to attend the 9.30am Service Sunday after Sunday. Through the 9.30am service, I felt welcomed and orientated into God's family.



At that time, I was the only Christian in my family. However, through the Lord's goodness and faithfulness, my family members came to know the Lord one by one through different ways, and they were worshipping in other Churches for a few years. After my baptism and confirmation in St. Andrew's Cathedral, as well as my serving in the 9.30am Worship Ministry, my family decided to join me at the 9.30am Service for our Sunday worship.

My family and I have been greatly blessed by the beautiful ministry of the 9.30am Service for many years. The faithful shepherding of the deaconesses, the pastoral staff, the warm fellowship and support of my cell group and worship ministry, and all my friends in this Service through all the seasons of my life are very precious gifts from the Lord which I will gratefully remember and cherish always. Happy 21st Anniversary, 9am Service!



I WAS NEW WINE IN AN OLD WINESKIN

BY LIM CHEONG MING

Many years ago at a church retreat I experienced being slain in the Holy Spirit for the first time when Pastor Benedict Rajan prayed for me. He said that I was a man with new wine but an old wine skin and he prophesied that one of my gifts is that of healing. I was rather conservative as a Christian and not really open to receiving spiritual gifts. However, experiencing being slain by the Holy Spirit was a unique and fulfilling experience and I kept on praising God as I lay down on the floor.

Not long after the retreat, I had a dream and I informed my sister Emily about it. I dreamt that my uncle Donald was at the point of death and God has asked me to minister to him. I dismissed this as a dream and was surprised when a month later I was called by Emily. She said that Uncle Donald was in the intensive care unit, suffering from pneumonia. My cousin was desperately trying to get church leaders to pray for him. However, all of them were at a funeral wake. Emily reminded me of the dream and that I should act on it by going down with her to minister to Uncle Donald.

I was at work then and I had never prayed for a person in hospital, let alone in the intensive care ward. But I decided to obey as in my dream it was clear that



I have to minister to Uncle Donald. As I was driving down to the hospital, I asked God for wisdom on how to minister. God spoke to me from James 5:14-16. "Is any one of you sick? He should call the elders of the church to pray over him and anoint him with oil in the name of the Lord. And

the prayer offered in faith will make the sick person well; the Lord will raise him up. If he has sinned, he will be forgiven. Therefore confess your sins to each other and pray for each other so that you may be healed."

Uncle Donald had the sin of unforgiveness. So before we prayed for him, I mentioned that God wanted him to forgive as Jesus has forgiven us. Between coughing and nodding his head, I gathered that he was willing to do so. We prayed and left the room.

The next day I received a call again from Emily that our uncle was transferred from the intensive care ward to a general ward! Praise God for He works with old wine skins and I realised that old men indeed dream dreams!

After staying in the general ward for a few days, Uncle Donald was discharged. On his first Sunday he attended the 7.30pm Service. Another surprise awaited us for the preacher preached the message of forgiveness. Praise God!

A WILD OLIVE SHOOT HAS BEEN GRAFTED INTO THE CULTIVATED OLIVE TREE

(ROM 11:17-24)

BY MARTIN LAW

I was baptised in St. Andrew's Cathedral in January 1954 and have been attending Services in the Cathedral for the past 56 years. I would not consider myself to be a good Christian, having backslided many times in my life. But God continues to be good and faithful to me even when I have not been faithful to Him. In 1991, I started attending the 9:00am Service.

In my walk with God, I never quite

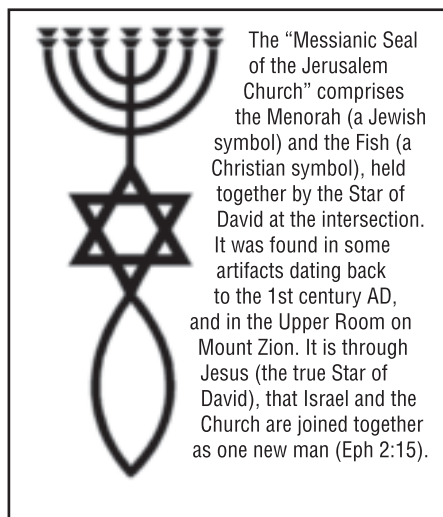
understood that the Christian faith had Jewish roots. There were not many sermons or teaching on such a subject. However, I should recount two events which I attended (reluctantly) that opened my eyes and stimulated my interest:

1. Cathedral church camp in the year 2000, at which Pastor Peter Tsukahira was the speaker. Pastor Tsukahira is a leader of Kehilat HaCarmel on Mt. Carmel in Israel, works among Messianic Jews, and teaches on the Jewish roots of the Christian faith.

2. A Passover meal in the Bible House in the early 2000's, where the speaker Pastor Bob Tan explained the Jewish Passover feast, and why Jesus had to use the Passover meal for the final gathering of His disciples and the institution of what is now known as the Holy Communion.

However, many attempts over the years to get me to go on a tour to Israel were not successful because of timing, cost, travel group compatibility, and a host of other excuses.

On 20 Dec 2009, I switched on the TV to Channel News Asia and found



a documentary about a Singaporean Christian couple's trip to Israel. It was very interesting, with Messianic Jewish guides instead of the usual Singapore church or Bible school guides. In the credits at the end of the show, I spotted the name of the travel agent who organised this trip, and sent them an e-mail the next day. But although they responded with dates and cost, I did not act on it.

Then on 5 Jan 2010, Ds June Tan called me and said that this same travel agent was organising a trip to Israel for pastors and church leaders, at a very special price. I had to respond immediately to catch this special offer. Although this was an extremely busy period for the company that my wife and I ran, we decided to drop everything and go. So, on 24 Feb 2010, four of us from the 9am Service (Ds June, Mrs Dorothy Lai, my wife and I) flew to Israel,

amongst a group of 20 pastors from other churches in Singapore, Malaysia and Australia. The trip lasted 8 days.

I prayed for fresh insights into the Bible, and tried to prepare myself by reading, and watching Holy Land videos, but God was more than generous, giving me new revelations and insights at every location, even on the road to places that we ultimately could not visit either because of flooding or Palestinian riots. The tour leader invited Pastor Peter Tsukahira to visit our hotel in Tiberias one of the evenings, to talk to our group. What an astonishing coming together of my past and present, after some 10 years from the time I first heard Pastor Peter Tsukahira at the Cathedral church camp.

Although all our 8 days in Israel were amazing days for me, one particular event stood out in my mind. On Sunday 28 Feb, the tour leader brought us to Christ Church, near the Jaffa Gate in Jerusalem,

On a mountain above the Sea of Galilee:
Martin (left), his wife Wei Ying (right),
Ds June Tan (seated, centre)



which was an Anglican church built in 1849. There were Messianic Jews in the congregation that day, and the Holy Spirit showed me the joy of worshipping Yeshua Mashiach (Hebrew for “Jesus Messiah”), which was experienced by Christians and Jews together. The Worship Leader was playing traditional hymns, contemporary worship songs, as well as Hebrew-English songs. My tears were flowing freely with every song sung, intensely humbled by this great privilege of worshipping God, with His people, in His Holy City Yirushalayim (Hebrew for “Jerusalem”). Indeed, this tiny wild olive shoot has found its place on the cultivated olive tree (Rom 11:17-24).

One song at Christ Church that kept coming back at me again and again was:

Baruch haba b'shem ADONAI, hallelujah.
Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the LORD.

You may remember the following Biblical passages that this song refers to:

Save us, we pray, O LORD!
O LORD, we pray, give us success!
Blessed is he who comes in the name of the LORD!
(Ps 118:25-26)

The original Hebrew for “Save us” is **אָן הַעֲשׂוּהָ** (Hoshea Na or Hoshana). You can see the same repeated in:

Hosanna! Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord!
(Mt 21:9, Mk 11:9, Jn 12:13).

O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, the city that kills the prophets and stones those who are sent to it! How often would I have gathered your children together as a hen gathers her brood under her wings, and you would not! Behold, your house is forsaken. And I tell you, you will not see me until you say, ‘Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord!’ (Lk 13:34-35)

Yes, our Jesus Messiah will not return until God’s people, the Jews, His Olive Tree, will acknowledge their Yeshua Mashiach: Baruch haba b'shem ADONAI !! My hope and wish is that this will take place within my lifetime.

RECEIVING BY GIVING

BY YANG HUITING

My three months in Cambodia teaching English to a class of first-year students was really a life-changing experience for me. I was a little apprehensive at first because it was the first time I taught English in a class setting and I saw the syllabus only on the morning I was supposed to teach. However, God is gracious, and before I knew it, I had survived 12 weeks of teaching. God really paved the way - I did not know how to explain concepts at first, but over time I learnt the way to communicate with them. Other than being a teacher, I had the opportunity to become a friend to many. The students are inquisitive and eager to know about us and I too spent a lot of time learning their language, Cambodian games and also about their families and friends.

Many students are from poor and broken families. Some have been abandoned or abused by their parents and PKH provides them an opportunity to start a new life. When teachers and staff

show them care and concern, they are very grateful. Through PKH, many students also came to know God and about His love, which they were deprived of

since young. I really thank God for the opportunity to be there to witness all the amazing things He has done for them. As some of them shared their testimonies, I know that God had really changed their lives and He showed me how Christ had been at times a religious activity that I do, instead of someone I depend on.

Prior to leaving for PKH, I was frantic over my job search like all other graduates. My job hunt was futile until I got a telephone call the week before I left for Cambodia to interview for a position that was better than any job I had applied for previously. Although I was delighted that they offered the job to me, I had to start work in July, which would be halfway through my term in Cambodia. God gave me the peace to turn down the job even though I wanted it very much. To my surprise, they offered me a one-year contract and allowed me to start work after my return from Cambodia. I signed the contract, but God had even more in store. I received a call again in my last 2 weeks in Cambodia - the company called and offered me a full-time position instead!

I thank God for His grace. I only had to go through one interview while my peers went for many in the hope of looking for their ideal job. Though it came late, it came at God's timing and encouraged me tremendously. Praise God that all things work out for the good of those who love Him! Truly, when we serve, we learn and receive more than we can give.



OUR YEAR-LONG HONEYMOON IN CAMBODIA

BY TERRY TEOH



In a step of faith, my wife (Ket) and I spent our first year as a newly-married couple by serving as full-time missionaries in the Project Khmer HOPE Centre in Cambodia. We left our jobs to teach basic English and computer skills to the poor and needy youth there in 2006. We witnessed many life transformations amongst our students from tragic and poor backgrounds. While teaching and showing God's love to our students, we were also blessed by the amount of quality time spent

together as a new couple.

When we completed our mission a year later, I managed to return to my previous job and was even blessed with a promotion the following year in 2008 even though I had "lost time" by taking a year off work. I am grateful to Ds Bessie for her encouragement and introducing me to Project Khmer HOPE.



A HEART FOR THE PEOPLE OF CAMBODIA

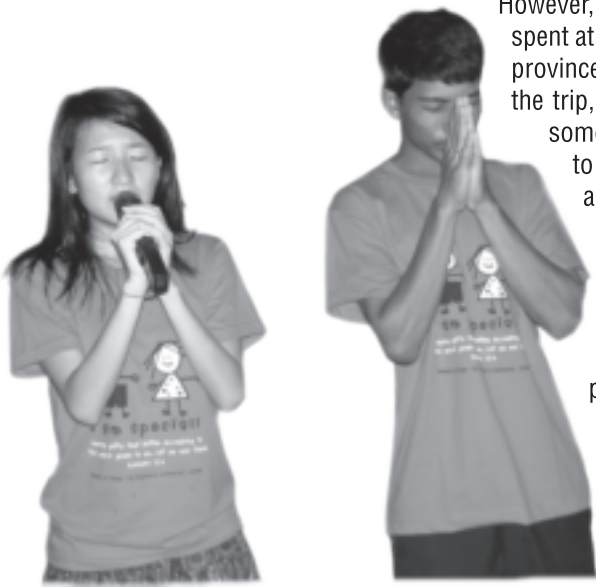
BY KIMBERLY NEO

It was my fourth time going back to Cambodia on a mission trip on May 19th 2010. The thought of going there with my cellmates, meeting the students at Project Khmer Hope (PKH) and going to Aoral District to interact with the villagers, made me very thrilled. God has given me a heart for the people of Cambodia. No words can describe the way I feel each time I am given an opportunity to go to Cambodia to serve. I enjoyed every mission trip to Cambodia, not only because I love it there, but also because there is so much to learn each time I visit the place. It is always a humbling experience for me and I could take back so many of life's lessons that enabled me to grow in my spiritual journey with God.

On this trip, I had an amazing time with the students at PKH, facilitating their annual evangelistic camp for them.

However, what I enjoyed most was the time we spent at Aoral, a rural district in Kampong Speu province. As I did not know what to expect on the trip, I prayed that God would reveal to me something that I would be able to take back to Singapore and share with my friends and family.

We went on a prayer walk in the morning, visiting families of different households. It was such an eye opener. It left me deeply distressed, feeling the reality of their problems: poverty, loneliness, hunger etc. I felt useless in the sense that all we could do was to pray for them, hoping that somehow, sometime, God will



provide for them. Being on a short-term mission trip, I could not do anything to help alleviate their situation. Furthermore, out of the 10 houses that we visited, two households had mothers in drunken stupor. These people need God, yet there is a lack of people to reach out to them.

I asked God why we Christians who wish and long to help these people can offer only so little, which is not enough to help them. It was from this experience and prayer that God showed me that I should trust Him in situations that we have no control over. I should acknowledge that He is the Lord of Hosts, the God who sees His creation, knows the extent of the world's problems, and even carries them on His shoulders. The pain and burden that I felt for these people, God showed me that He felt it even more. For example concerning the day camps that we hosted for the students and children in Aoral, we may not be able to see the fruit of the seeds that we have planted, but we can trust that God is the potter who moulds their lives and sees them through it all.

I thank God for the amazing work that He has done at PKH, touching the lives of the students and blessing them with job opportunities they could never dream of. Even though there are so many people in this world with problems, I learnt that the power of prayer is what that is needed to break the bondage of sin and tribulation. And one day God will make a way for those who love and serve Him.



I WAS BITTEN BY A CENTIPEDE

BY DAVID LEE

I went on a mission trip to Palawan in the Philippines in December 1990. The team leader, Ds Bessie Lee, asked me to give a testimony at one of our night rallies. But I told her I had no testimony to give. I was born into a Christian family. There was nothing dramatic or traumatic in my life. No testimony. But she still insisted that I must testify.

Then the night before I was due to give a testimony, my wife (Rosy) and I were asleep in a little hut on the beach at the resort where our mission team was staying. In the middle of the night, I felt something biting my hand. I tried to flick it off. But it came and bit my lip. Then I realised I was bleeding. So we switched on the light and saw that a 7½ inches-long centipede was hanging on to my lip! I pulled it off, tearing my lip and causing much bleeding. We tried to kill the centipede by hitting it with the torch but it would not die. So we had to press it down and hit it hard to kill it.

Then my wife went to call Ds Bessie and Ds June, who were in a nearby hut. They woke up the resort staff though it was about 2 to 3am. We all jumped onto a lorry and drove off to find a doctor. The nearest town was Narra, a small town that was in darkness at that hour.

The resort men drove us to a house. We thought the lady there was a medical

doctor. But we soon realised that she was a witch doctor when she wanted to suck the poison out of my hand! So we left and praise God we found a real medical doctor, sleeping in her clinic. When we went to see her, the first thing she did was to open her drawer, take out her dentures, and put them on. Then she asked me: "Why aren't you in pain? The strong Filipino men would be crying and rolling on the ground by now if bitten by a centipede." I could hardly speak because my lips were badly swollen. But I pointed upwards and whispered: "I have Him."

The doctor treated me. And we found out that she was finding her way spiritually. She was looking for a church. So we invited her to our night rallies. And the next night, with my swollen lips, I spoke on God's goodness and protection. I had my testimony!



GOD'S WORK IN MY LIFE

BY DARA CHEE



Leading worship at
LYnC in 2006

I n 2002, I joined the 9.30am Service, which was then held at the Victoria Concert Hall. Prior to that, I faintly remember that I followed my mother to the 9.30am Service when it was held at the Chinese restaurant in the building next to the Adelphi and playing behind the foldable Chinese screens during

praise and worship. Until now, the song "Jesus shall take the highest honour" always brings back memories worshipping at the restaurant.

The period at the VCH, however, was the time where I grew spiritually as I became more involved in the Sunday School camps and the Youth Fellowship ministry. Although these ministries were not directly part of the 9.30am Service, the Service has been one constant anchor throughout my spiritual growing years. Having that routine of going to the 9.30am Service kept me connected to the body of believers and rooted to church life.

As I grew spiritually, God led me to be more involved in other ministries at the 9am Service, including worship, serving at the Cathedral Welcome Centre coffee corner and various events, which have really grown my faith in Him.

During the last year of my university studies, I had been praying about what God wanted me to do after graduation. I had always wanted to set apart the first year after school to serve God in missions, whether to take up a missions course overseas or to do missions work. Right after my last few examinations,

God answered my prayer when He led me to join the pioneering project of starting up an English Language Centre in Hanoi, Vietnam. After graduation, I embarked on a one-year Tribute programme, serving God by teaching English in Hanoi. During the preparation period before the team set off for Hanoi, He confirmed my call again by sending various people into my life to encourage as well as prepare me for what He has called me to do.

I have experienced some of the most difficult and yet rewarding times of my life in Hanoi. Although this is by far the most challenging thing I have ever done in my life, I have faith that He has my future in His hands. He has seen me through many moments of helplessness and desperation by comforting me with His Word. God has certainly answered my prayer in revealing to me day by day how He is working in my life and in the lives of others around me. I have learnt that whatever I do, He has called me to do it and it will come to pass. I thank God for how He has worked and how He is working in my life as well as the lives of others at 9am.

Teaching English at
English Centre in Hanoi,
Vietnam in 2010





Linda (second from left, front row) with Bridges at the Face2Face Concert

STILL I WILL PRAISE HIM

BY LINDA TAY

On 16 June 2007 Bridges was to put up its second Face to Face concert at the amphitheatre. Like all the other outdoor concerts that we had previously organised, we found ourselves faced with moments when our faith was really put to the test.

Less than one week before the event, I had a very rude shock – I received an SMS informing me that a very dear friend of mine, whom I was planning to meet in the following week, passed away suddenly in his sleep. He was to me the older brother I never had and for the next few days, as we drew closer to the day of the concert, I still could not come to terms with the loss. I began to question my “fitness” in taking part in the event, to be out there singing praises and worshipping God when all I could feel was sadness and grief. On top of that, the funeral was to take place on the same day as the concert. I was contemplating telling the team to go ahead without me as I really did not think I would be in the right mood.

But God reminded me of Habakkuk 3:17-18, that my praise for Him does not depend on the things or situations around me but on God’s nature and His love and faithfulness to me. With that, I committed the whole situation to Him and for the first time that week, I felt totally at peace.

On the day of the concert, which was also the day of the funeral, it rained intermittently from morning till afternoon. Although it was really a test of faith that day, our team decided to pray and trust God and continued to distribute flyers right up to the concert time. And as an act of faith, the team decided to continue with the concert in the amphitheatre and not to move it indoors.

At 5.25pm, about half an hour before the concert, the skies began to clear. Despite the bad weather all day, about 100 to 200 people turned up and the response in the feedback forms was very encouraging. Truly God answers prayers!



Pat (front row, second from right) with CITY's Befrienders Club children (from Xishan Primary School), at the opening of the Aviation Gallery at Changi Airport.

GOD HAS ENLARGED MY TENT

BY PATRICIA AW

I thank God for the last 21 years that I have been with the 9am congregation, first as a church member and then as staff. I was at that very first Service at Milano's Pizza with my family, and have followed the 9am Service from place to place, until we came back to the Cathedral. I remember teaching Sunday School at the atrium of Funan Centre, by the swimming pool of Excelsior Hotel, on the open-air roof top of Colombo Court and in the "green room" of Victoria Concert Hall. I have seen the Sunday School grow from 30 children to more than 100 today.

I will always remember it was during Ds June Tan's Christmas sermon in 1992 that I felt God speaking to me about serving Him. I remember Ds Bessie Lee and Ds June buying me dinner, where they confirmed my calling and encouraged me to enter full-time ministry, which I eventually did in January 1995.

When I was diagnosed with relapsing polychondritis in 2003 and the doctor told me I would have to be on life-long medication, I made up my mind to do less work, and perhaps work towards retirement. But God had other plans for me. After 5 years, He healed me completely and I was taken off all medication.

God has "enlarged my tent". Today my team and I in CITY Community Services run Befrienders Clubs in 15 primary schools, and very soon I will be going into student care work. I am busier than ever before, and I love what I am doing.

I thank God for His faithfulness and goodness in my life. I thank God for my pastors who have groomed, nurtured and encouraged me all these years. All glory to God!!

GOD LED US INTO THE HEALING AND DELIVERANCE MINISTRY

BY ROSY LEE

When my husband and I went into full-time ministry – I in 1997 and David in 1998 – the LORD led us into the healing and deliverance ministry. We want to give glory to God for using us as His channels of love to restore people to wholeness. In my case especially, God led many people to me who were depressed and mentally confused. Sometimes

I found it so hard to minister to them. But with God, nothing is impossible. So we have seen results. Some of the people have been fully restored to normal mental health.

For instance, one lady witnessed the death of her husband. He committed suicide. It was such a traumatic experience that she lost faith in God and backslided. But later she came for prayer and we ministered to her. And today she has been healed and restored and is attending the 9am Service with her children. Praise God.



WHY I DO WHAT I DO

BY JOYCE HO

In 2001 at the Tuesday Prayer Meeting Rev Dennis Lee prayed for me. He prophesied that I will be used to reach out to youths and children, especially to those from the low-income and broken families. At that time, I really did not know what he was talking about as the only children or youths that I was in contact with were from the Cathedral and did not come from broken families with a low income. I did not bother very much about the prophecy because I did not think that it would happen. But it did. And that is what I am doing now.

ALL OR NOTHING

Yet when I first joined the Cathedral staff five years ago, many times I wished I was back in the publishing industry as a graphic designer. I actually loved that old job. I even loved the deadlines and the stress. Then as I was lamenting to my friend, Ds Bessie





Lee, one day, she shared this verse with me, *'No one who puts his hand to the plow and looks back is fit for service in the kingdom of God.'* Luke 9:62. That really shook me. I decided there and then that there is no turning back.

During that time, my Quiet Time was on the life of Abraham and there was this challenge: Like Abraham, go on an adventure of faith with God! Ask God to show you the land of your calling. It was also during this time that Dean Kuan Kim Seng asked my Cathedral colleague Patricia Aw to go fishing outside the Cathedral. He told her, You are doing a good job keeping the fishes in the aquarium. It's time you go fishing. So Pat relinquished the Cathedral's children's ministry work and went into community service in neighbourhood primary schools. That was how Citycom started.

I joined Pat in Citycom and we started working in a neighbourhood school once a week. I had never met so many children from broken families. So many children that had so little. Just two hours with these kids and I felt like collapsing. There were just so many issues to deal with, issues that were totally new to me. I had never been so emotionally and physically tired in my life.

GOD'S LOVE

It would be really difficult to do the things that we do if we do not know God's love. The children that we meet are not exactly lovable. Some people think we have an easy job. All we do is go to school, play with children, organise camps and go on outings. It may start out that way. But the more we know them, the more we are involved in their lives, and this means helping them deal with anger, bitterness, low self-esteem, poverty, missing parents, parents in jail, parents taking drugs, parents with multiple partners and so on. Every so often I have to pray and ask God to help me see these children through His eyes, to teach me how to understand and love these children. And He always does. Praise Him.

ONE GENERATION
WILL COMMEND
YOUR WORKS
TO ANOTHER;
THEY WILL TELL
OF YOUR MIGHTY ACTS.

PSALM 145:4

E D I T O R I A L B O A R D

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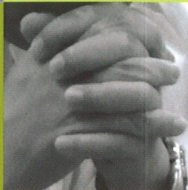
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We are very grateful to cell groups and families in the 9am Service
for their enthusiastic contributions and generous donations to this project.



The 9.30am Service ... on the move

It was the late 1980s and the LORD had laid on our hearts the need to start a new Sunday morning worship Service. Specifically, the new Service was to be characterised by contemporary worship, "easy to understand" sermons and "every member" ministry.

Our first choice was somewhere "on site." The South Transept Hall was a convenient location. But because the Cathedral premises were packed with worshippers on Sunday mornings, that door was closed to us. Our next choice was the nearby Armenian Church. But last-minute developments led to that being a closed door as well.

Praise God, He provided for our needs and the 9.30am Service was launched on 1st January 1989 in Milano Pizza Buffeteria at the nearby Funan Centre. Week 1 was encouraging, with the LORD sending 140 people to make Milano's a "full house." With the re-arranging of furniture, more space was made available and the LORD sent more people each week: from 140 to 180 and then to 210.

This meant a bigger place was needed and God opened the way for the 9.30am Service to move to the Orchid Room in Excelsior Hotel from 12th February, just six weeks after the launch of the Service. The room could take 250 people and the new location had the added attraction of the children's ministry being conducted by the side of the swimming pool.

A simple programme was drawn up, designed to meet the LORD's desire for worship and the people's needs for prayer, healing and fellowship. The first Sunday of the month was Family Sunday, where the children remained with the adults for the message of God's Word. On other weeks, they had a separate children's ministry programme during the sermon time.

Then on 23rd April 1989 the 9.30am Service moved to the Victoria Concert Hall. After all the squeezing in Milano's, and the crowding in Excelsior, the new venue with a seating capacity of 900 people was a most welcome change.

The first Worship Service at the VCH started off on a high note with the Rev Derek Prince, an internationally acclaimed teacher and author, sharing God's Word with us. Many people were touched by God and went forward for prayer and ministry.

Although VCH proved to be a great blessing, the 9.30am Service would soon again be on the move, as the VCH would not be available for our use again

until September of that year. This time, the move on 18th June 1989 was to the Northern Palace Restaurant in Colombo Court.

The very different setting of the restaurant (bright red!) did not deter worshippers, as week after week we sought the LORD. The place soon grew to be rather cosy.

However, with the VCH being again open for our use from 10th September, the 9.30am Service moved yet again.

Another big change came in 1991 when the VCH was again not available for our use. For two Sundays – on 2nd and 16th June – members of the 9.30am Service met in several homes scattered over Singapore. Dubbed our “Open Home” meetings, these two Sundays saw the de-centralisation of our meetings. Worship, prayer, preaching and Holy Communion were held on a smaller group basis in members’ homes.

Over the years, the 9.30am Service has met mostly in the VCH. But when this was not available, meetings were held in other venues including St Margaret’s Primary School and even in the Cathedral on a Saturday evening. A pizza parlour, a Chinese restaurant, a hotel and the list over the years goes on. Through it all, it is the LORD who has led us and who has provided for all our needs. Praise be to God.

Ds Bessie Lee & Ds June Tan.
7 Sep 2005

MISSION VISION

The new stylish extension at St Andrew's Cathedral aims to meet the church's need for space, and to also make it a more approachable place



PHOTOS: NG SOR LUAN

Skylights in the new extension's worship hall not only lets natural light in, but also allows a view of St Andrew's Cathedral from the inside.

Tay Suan Chiang
DESIGN REPORTER

TWO years and \$12.5 million later, St Andrew's Cathedral now has a new worship hall. The underground hall will host its first Christmas Eve service at 11pm tonight.

Church-goers can usher in Christmas either there or at the main hall. There will be a video link of the service to the new hall.

The new worship hall, which seats 800, is part of the Anglican church's new extension called the Cathedral New Sanctuary.

This is a 3,221 sq m building with two basement levels and a sunken courtyard. It also houses a cha-

pel, a prayer hall and a welcome centre, and is linked to the cathedral by a covered walkway.

The new extension, built using funds raised by church members, provides extra space for its more than 4,000 members, says Deaconess Bessie Lee.

Previously, about 600 members had to attend Sunday services at Victoria Concert Hall, earning them the nickname "VCH congregation".

The church also converted five goods containers into rooms for the Sunday School classes.

Since Nov 27, the 9am Sunday service for the VCH congregation has been moved to the new worship hall, while Sunday School classes are held in classrooms at the basement.

"We started the VCH congregation 16 years ago. As the church was already full, we had to hold services outside church grounds," says Deaconess Lee.

Each week, the congregation had to set up the concert hall for its service.

"But now, there is no longer any moving around, and we are closer to the main St Andrew's family," she says.

The new worship hall will also be used for the 11am Sunday service in Mandarin.

As the 143-year-old cathedral was gazetted as a national monument in 1973, conservation rules set by the Urban Redevelopment Authority

(URA) did not allow for changes to be made to the building. The URA also did not allow the new extension to block the cathedral, so it had to be built underground.

"We had to make the new extension look like nothing had changed on the church grounds," says Mrs Chan Yew Lih, an associate professor at the National University of Singapore's Department of Architecture, who worked with DP Architects on the project.

Mrs Chan, who is a member of the church, specialises in conservation buildings and was the conservation consultant for this project.

Continued on facing page