THE GATEWAY, Tuesday, March 5, 1974.

Whole person in a broken world

(A living witness that SOMEONE has come to save the world and it is your part to respond!)

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I was born in a middle class family. My parents were both involved in show business so I spent my early childhood running around in the backstages of theatres and studios. I got to know many people from all different walks of life and went to various exciting places that normally little girls are not supposed to go to. My parents' friends were nice to me and always sent me gifts to please them.

Being the baby of the family, I used to boss around my elder sisters and sometimes even my brother, the only son of a Chinese family of six children. I had an amah specially taking care of

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me. As for my studies, no one really pushed me as long as I got promoted. There were even certain subjects I had the absolute right to fail, because all the girls of the family failed--so I did

not even bother to try to work at all. During this short span of "Golden Age," I just lived like a princess in my own little fascinating world of fantasy and dreams with lots of ambitions and wishes.

In the mid-fifties the show business picture was quite gloomy in Hong Kong. Like many other entertaining artists, we were invited to go back to the Mainland. Something turned up and Mom left us for Southeast Asia and eventually to the States for good. We saw our father less often and he eventually just deserted us without a word.

It wasn't until several years later that I realized what actually happened. Surely it was the most unexpected shock to us six children, with the eldest one being only eighteen. There were lots of visible and invisible changes, the family was separated, friends left, amahs left. All of a sudden, everyone became so different, and indifferent.

It was around those days that I was brought to a Sunday School class accidentally.(1) Oh, I can still remember those days when my girlfriend and I were busily throwing paper aeroplanes to the main floor of the church from the balcony, while the poor old pastor was preaching in the pulpit!

After fooling around and being popular for a while, I finally got settled down and began to read the *BOOK* pray to God and try to be nice and kind to everyone, thinking that I was a pretty devoted Christian without having been born again.

One Sunday morning I was confronted by the question, "Have you ever accepted Jesus Christ as your personal Savior and Lord?" I then prayed an honest, simple but sincere prayer, admitting that I was a sinner (2) in front of the Holy and Living God, and asked for His forgiveness. Then I also received Christ into my life as my personal Savior by faith (3) in the promises of the Holy Scriptures.

There were neither emotions nor any special feeling, but that INNER PEACE that dwelled within has never left me no matter how hard the sounds of life's battle are beating.

Though I wasn't even aware of the insecure situation of emotional, psychological and



spiritual hunger that I was in, Christ came into my life and filled the longing, common to all mankind, that only the ONE who created you and me can fill.

Despite the tremendous changes, difficulties, and hardships in facing reality and coping with life, I was able to grow and learn to enjoy the ups and downs of life. Even though I have lost all my prestige, I don't pity myself, because I know that I was bought with a costly price.

Nor do I feel proud of my achievements, since all the gifts are from the ONE above. One can really live a fulfilled life in a world full of unfulfilled. desires, through the life-transforming power of the Man of Galilee. through the

There are many constructive changes that Christ has brought into my life. I was taught and trained not to trust people and therefore it has not been an easy thing for me to love and respect.

We hated our parents, but the unconditional and irresistable love from God just compelled me to risk and send my Dad a note when I came t_0 this country. He was touched and burst into tears for it was the first word he ever received from his children after all the regretted and lonely days of hatred and misunderstanding.

This little act set a new phase of his life, for the others, too, are willing to forgive and contact this lonely old man again.

After a separation of many years, I was able to visit some of my sisters and my brother. They all told me that I should have been the most unfortunate child, but I ended up to be the happiest among them.

I found my only brother, the "hope" of the family, a mental patient running back and forth between Manhattan and Long Island to the treatment centre, wandering around and getting lost in the dirty and crowded streets of the ghetto areas in one of the largest cities of the world.

Christianity (4) makes the difference! If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature, a person who has the ability and capacity to forgive, love and be loved. One does not have to fear to love oneself, others, and the Living God, even though there can be so many different motives, sophistications, and hypocricies behind this four letter word "love"!

This is indeed a subjective but very true experience of mine which you may want to ignore, but the many historical evidences of the authority of the Holy Scriptures and the life, death, and resurrection of Christ, do demand