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SHARE YOUR STORY

BAPTISM

2026

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FOR GOD
SO LOVED
THE WORLD THAT
HE GAVE
HIS ONE AND
ONLY SON,
THAT WHOEVER
BELIEVES IN HIM
SHALL NOT PERISH
BUT HAVE
ETERNAL LIFE.
JOHN 3:16

—

Just like our birthdays, graduations, weddings, and the joy of welcoming new life, baptism is a significant milestone for us as believers. Today, in the presence of the church body and other witnesses, we celebrate this moment with those who publicly proclaim their acceptance of Jesus Christ as their personal Lord and Saviour (Acts 2:38-39).

The stories in this booklet, written by the baptism candidates, reveal how different people from diverse backgrounds experience God in unique ways. They all, however, point to the fact that Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life. They confirm that Jesus is the answer to our quest for meaning in life. I hope some of these stories resonate with you.

If you are not a Christian, I encourage you to read these testimonies. I pray they spark your curiosity and move you forward in your search for God. The Bible promises that we can find Him when we seek with all our hearts (Jeremiah 29:13).

We are grateful for all the baptism candidates today and for their willingness to share testimonies of God's loving pursuit and transformative grace in their lives. May this day mark the beginning of a wonderful, magnificent, adventurous and enduring faith journey with our Heavenly Father, Jesus Christ, and the Holy Spirit.

And Peter said to them, "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. For the promise is for you and for your children and for all who are far off, everyone whom the Lord our God calls to Himself." Acts 2:38-39



Alan Leung
Director of Connections
Island ECC

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ANKE LI

I was blessed to be born into a Christian household, and for most of my life, I could say I knew the Bible stories. I was a regular at my traditional Chinese church, but if I'm honest, I was a lukewarm Christian in my earlier youth. My faith felt more like a weekly tradition and an obligation to my parents than a personal relationship with God. I attended because I had to, not because I wanted to.

This passive faith was tested when the environment at the church I was attending became deeply unwelcoming, leaving me wounded and confused. Coupled with other personal struggles, I reached a point where I saw no way out, and I contemplated ending it all. At that point, I remember always thinking, "Why God, why is it always me?"

In my deepest moment of despair, alone and feeling like at the end of the rope, a clear, distinct voice stopped me – not my own inner monologue, but the strong, firm, and loving voice of a fatherly figure. I remember this voice simply asked, "If you really decide to act on it, then how will your parents feel?"

That moment jolted me back to reality. It instantly became undeniably clear: God was watching, and He was there for me. Afterwards, I stopped attending church as I slowly distanced myself from my previous church, while processing the magnitude of what had happened. Over time, I began to reframe that night as a moment of radical, life-saving rescue, but it never quite clicked that I should live in a consistent response to His grace.

My journey back to faith began surprisingly. Knowing that I've stopped going to church, around half a year later, my best friend – who was not religious – recommended that I join Island Youth at Island ECC. I took the leap and started attending in 2019. Island ECC provided the space I needed. Unlike the unhealthy environment I had experienced before, the way the Lord's word was preached here really spoke to me. It gave me the grace and perspective I needed to understand and feel God's presence – something



I had never experienced before in all my years of being a "church kid". I started getting involved, serving on the worship team for a while, which helped solidify my new, intentional relationship with Him.

THROUGH MY FEARS AND UNCERTAINTY, HE PROVIDED, AND WHEN MY HEART WAS BREAKING, HIS COMFORT WAS REAL.

For the longest time, I believed that because I grew up Christian, my personal relationship with God was all that mattered; I didn't feel the urgency to make a public declaration. 2025, though, has brought a lot of ups and downs. I've lost people I love – some moved far away, others have gone before me. Plans I had my heart set on fell apart, and there were seasons of deep grief and disappointment that honestly shook me all over again. Yet through every single trial, God granted me a peace I can't explain. Through my fears and uncertainty, He provided, and when my heart was breaking, His comfort was real. This has shown me that He is truly enough.

Now, years later, the despair that once consumed me has been replaced by a life built on stability and profound gratitude. My current reality is living proof of God's restorative love. Milestones that once seemed impossible – finishing high school, graduating from university with a degree I never thought I could achieve, securing a rewarding job, and even beginning my Master's degree – are all evidence of His constant support. The person I am today, centred on Christ and blessed with reconciled family relationships and a wonderful relationship with my soon-to-be fiancé, is someone like the lost, 13-year-old me could never have imagined. All of these blessings feel attainable only because of God's constant help and protection.

This year, I felt the unmistakable prompting to step out in public faith. Baptism is more than just my next step; it is my public way of saying thank you to God for saving my life and transforming my heart. To anyone who is battling darkness that feels overwhelming: Cast your fears, your anxieties, and your pain onto Him. He is not just watching; He is present, His love is perfect, and He is waiting to answer. God loves us all, and we only need to seek Him to find Him.

CHRIS YUNG

I was not born into a Christian family, but I had several connections to Jesus when I was a teenager. First, I went to church for a short while with my family before they stopped going. Second, I was invited by my friend to attend fun events (e.g. laser tag, camping, skiing, etc) organised by his church. Despite these connections, I never considered myself a Christian before.

Because of my upbringing and past experiences, I learnt to be independent and to believe in myself to take control and make things happen. I never imagined myself as a religious person, as such concepts are not tangible to me. Even my closest friend was surprised when I mentioned that I had recently started going to church. I am known as someone who takes control, is proactive, and works hard to achieve goals. I used to fully attribute both my successes and failures to myself alone.

I recall my first time praying to God – despite not believing in Him – was when I had the most excruciating stomach cramp in my life (still true to this day) from unknowingly drinking tap water given to me by a friend. I felt as if I was going to faint and die. In that moment, I prayed silently in my heart to seek help from God, and the pain did subside after a while. I never attributed that incident to God until recently as I learnt about God's healing power through the Alpha course. Reflecting on these past incidents in my early

life, I realise that I always had a connection with Jesus despite how unaware I was. It is as if Jesus has left traces and planted clues early on, knowing that I would return to Him later in my life when I was ready to embrace His glory.

The turning point in my faith journey came during COVID when the world seemed to have turned upside down. As I witnessed various world events unfold, I realised how limited our control is, and how powerful external forces can be. The feeling of helplessness brought me to a podcast that talked about the end times described in the Bible. The podcaster believed

that if COVID lasted more than a few months, it would mark the countdown to the end times. He quoted many references from the book of Revelation, which led me to conclude that believing in God is the only way in this uncertain world.

As the economy and society continued to struggle after COVID, I felt increasingly aware of how close the end times could be. I decided to devote myself to following Jesus and started praying to Him, recognising that there are many things beyond our control that can put us in harm's way, and that we need Jesus' salvation and guidance. Knowing this truth in my heart gives me peace to deal with the practical challenges I face every day.

After I have made a conscious commitment to my faith, I have become much more aware of Jesus' presence in my life. I am reminded of Him in everyday moments, such as the time when my son was randomly browsing Google Earth, and what popped up and stood out to me was an image of a church with Jesus at the cross. Since becoming a Christian, my family and I have been able to see and experience blessings in many aspects of our lives. Even when the outcome of my efforts fall short of what I expected, I am learning to accept it as I trust that Jesus always has a plan for me although I cannot yet see the full roadmap right now. What once felt like setbacks now feel like stepping stones that pave the way towards a better future that God has for me.

Jesus has connected with me in so many ways that I can no longer deny His presence in my life. I wish to continue to build my relationship with Jesus and devote my life to Him through baptism.

NOW, I TRUST THAT JESUS ALWAYS HAS
A PLAN FOR ME ALTHOUGH I CANNOT YET
SEE THE FULL ROADMAP RIGHT NOW.



JANICE CHEUNG

I grew up surrounded by Christianity: Christian schools from primary through secondary, Sunday school, youth fellowship, and church every week. Everyone assumed I was a believer, and I thought I was too. But looking back, my faith was only head knowledge and habit. I never felt the need to be baptised or to surrender my life to God.

I was born in mainland China in the 1980s, during the strict child-limit policy. My parents already had three children, so my arrival was completely unexpected. My dad fought to keep me. When I was two, our family moved to Hong Kong, where my youngest brother was born. People always called me the “lucky one”. Life was noisy and chaotic; parents worked long hours, and siblings argued constantly. For many years, I was the only one who believed in God, yet even that belief stayed shallow and comfortable.

After graduating from college, entering into a new phase of life, I was surrounded by new people and experiences and began dating. Day-to-day work and life pulled me away from God and from church. One day, my cousin introduced me to Island ECC, and I immediately loved the pastors’ vivid, life-relevant sermons – they were so different from what I had grown up with. Still, I was a Sunday guest: I would show up, enjoy the service, and leave; without any deeper commitment.

Eric and I began dating around 2008. He moved to Shanghai, and I followed him there, excited for a new chapter. Almost immediately, he got a job offer back in Hong Kong, but I chose to stay in Shanghai. We went back and forth between Hong Kong and Shanghai, and the long-distance made everything painful. We even had our doubts about marriage. Yet God was quietly at work. Through unexpected job changes, we both eventually ended up in Shanghai. On 11 November 2011, Pastor Brett officiated our wedding. That day, I understood marriage is a sacred union, blessed and held together by God. My mom even decided to follow Jesus at our wedding.

For years afterwards, life felt good – careers, travel between Shanghai and Hong Kong, and occasional church attendance. I thought I was the blessed one again. Then came the miscarriage. The pain crushed me. I felt confused, angry, and abandoned by God, and I pulled away from Him completely.



In 2020, during the pandemic, we adopted a tiny, abandoned cat and named her Tiger. That small life changed everything. Tiger taught us how to care, laugh, and put each other first. We stopped living as two separate people and truly became a family. I began to see God’s gentle hand even in that small gift, knitting our hearts back together.

In 2025 came the biggest test. In April, my dad collapsed in Ningbo with a massive brain hemorrhage, brain infarction, and pneumonia. Doctors said the chance of full recovery was almost zero. Fear hit us like a roller-coaster. Yet a supernatural peace washed over me. Friends and strangers became angels sent at the perfect moment. For two months, our entire family lived together in Shanghai again – praying, eating, waiting together, just as we had when we were children. Day by day, we witnessed miracle after miracle. Against all odds, Dad walked out of the hospital fully recovered – healthier and happier than before. Now he and my mom go to church together every Sunday.

Through that crisis, God healed our family. Old hurts melted away. Now I look at my parents and siblings with overwhelming gratitude – they are the greatest gift God has ever given me. I am truly content with the life He has written for me.

When I watched Eric get baptised last year, one gentle question settled in my heart: “What are you still waiting for?”

Psalms 139:16 says, “Your eyes saw my unformed body; all the days ordained for me were written in Your book before one of them came to be.”

From the day my dad fought to keep me, through every painful and joyful moment, God has been writing my story with love.

Today I stand here not because I am good enough – I’m not – but because He has always been faithful enough.

Jesus, You have been with me every single step. Today, I publicly declare: You are my Lord, my Saviour, and my everything for the rest of my life. I love you. Amen.

THROUGH EVERY PAINFUL AND JOYFUL
MOMENT, GOD HAS BEEN WRITING
MY STORY WITH LOVE.

JEFFREY ANELLO

My testimony begins at the age of five, when I invited Jesus into my heart and felt overwhelmed by the Holy Spirit. I eagerly shared my faith at school and with friends, and even told a tattooed motorcyclist – whose ink depicted Satan – that Jesus wanted to save him. I loved Sunday school, learning about my new friend, Jesus. When He saved my life at six from spinal meningitis, I knew He was always with me and that God had a calling on my life.

Yet, for the next 25 years, I was a lukewarm Christian. I considered myself a good person, even sleeping with a Bible under my pillow, but I never opened it, never read it, and never went to church. I began speaking recklessly, drinking, smoking, and living with pride and arrogance. Looking back, I wasn't good; I didn't truly love people.

In 2017, my mom's doctor called, urging me to return from Hong Kong – where I had lived for a decade – to care for her, or she would not survive. After deciding to go back, I wept in prayer, asking, "Lord, why am I here? Just to watch my mom die?" Then, the same joy I felt at five swept over me, accompanied by a compelling excitement to pray for her. I listened.

The next day, after further tests, her doctors were stunned. "We believed you had cancer," they said, "but today's results show it's gone. It's a miracle." In that moment, I realised God had never left me – I had left Him.

Now, I have rededicated my life to Christ. I returned to Hong Kong, joined the worship team at Island ECC, and found a beautiful woman to be my fiancée. Christ walks with me every step of the way. This time is different, because I am committed – and recommitted – to Him completely.

CHRIST WALKS WITH ME EVERY STEP OF
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TO HIM COMPLETELY.



JENNIFER LEE

I grew up in a Catholic household, was baptised as an infant, and attended Catholic primary school, where I received the sacrament of confirmation, a Catholic rite that affirms your faith in God. I don't remember a time when I didn't believe in God and in Jesus Christ. Throughout my life, I have had many encounters with God that have bolstered my faith, but His most significant influence on me has been internal.

When I was in secondary school in England, a friend mentioned how she could never believe in a God who allowed such terrible sufferings in the world. I was struck by my inability to answer her or defend my faith. I also began to question why I was so firmly convinced that God existed and concluded that my faith was a gift from God. However, even the devil knows that God exists, so what did having faith really mean? I realised I had taken God for granted and treated Him as a fact of life, like the sky being blue and the grass being green. My faith felt shallow. I wondered whether I was failing to meet God's standards as a believer because I had no answer to the question.

In the Catholic tradition, confession involves confessing one's sins to a priest, who then absolves them and assigns prayers as penance. I was never comfortable with this, because saying set prayers did not help me feel that God had truly forgiven me. As a result, this led me to live life with a lingering sense of guilt. Every time I failed to pray to God, go to church, fulfill my responsibilities in life, or follow God's commandments, I felt like a failure.

I carried this guilt and vague sense of being an inadequate believer for many years, especially during the almost five years when I rarely attended church while I was living in Boston. After moving back to Hong Kong, I eventually settled and started attending Island ECC.

A few years later, my childhood friend, who was attending another church mentioned that she met a Care Group leader during her Monday morning prayers, which is how I came to join my current Care Group.

Although I had previously tried out a Bible study group in Boston as I knew my faith could only grow more through community, the way people were so frank in their sharing made me uncomfortable. Over time, God prepared my heart and helped me overcome my fears so I could give it another try. It took quite a while for me to stop feeling anxious every time I spoke up in Care Group, but over the past 13 years, I have become more comfortable sharing about my faith and have learned a lot about how to live it out.

A breakthrough came when, within the span of about two weeks, Psalm 139 came up repeatedly for me - in a Sunday sermon, in Bible study, and in my personal reading. Through this psalm, I became convinced that God truly loved me, flaws and all, that I was "fearfully and wonderfully made" by God. I came to understand that God has made me for Himself.

I GOD REALLY IS MY FIRM FOUNDATION. HE GIVES ME HOPE AND SECURITY IN THIS BROKEN WORLD, AND WHILE THERE WILL BE UPS AND DOWNS IN MY LIFE, I KNOW THAT I CAN RELY ON GOD FOR EVERYTHING.

After that, I experienced other breakthroughs over the years. God showed me that I didn't need to live with endless guilt over my sins. Instead, I could confess to Him directly and repent, trusting that He would forgive me. Even for the sins that I struggled with most, God gradually changed my heart and turned me away from them.

My spiritual growth has not been linear. I still have not completed my plan to read the Bible in one year. But I am very grateful for how God has changed me. I know I can turn to Him when I am weak and praise Him in both good times and bad.

God really is my firm foundation. He gives me hope and security in this broken world, and while there will be ups and downs in my life, I know that I can rely on God for everything. Today I want to be baptised in front of the church to affirm my Christian faith and give God all the glory.



KAREN MAY AREOLA

I was born into a Christian family and grew up within the church. At the age of nine, a critical moment deepened my faith: I was hospitalised with dengue fever, and while praying with my grandmother, I flatlined. I was clinically dead for two minutes before being revived. This miracle, which I attribute to my grandmother's prayers, set me on a lifelong journey to seek God.

However, as I grew older, I strayed. I fell in with the wrong crowd, rebelled against my parents, and left the church behind. I stopped reading the Bible and entered a forced marriage that ended in separation and financial hardship. This period of turmoil took a severe toll on my mental and spiritual well-being.

Seeking a new start, I went to work in Saudi Arabia as a domestic helper in 2010. The environment was intensely strict – non-stop work, no days off, and complete isolation. Away from my children and enduring profound loneliness, I succumbed to depression and anxiety, which led to a nearly three-week hospitalisation. My husband exacerbated the pain by trying to separate me from our children and accusing me of infidelity. The weight of sadness and guilt plunged me deeper into darkness.

After a final, fruitless attempt to save my marriage, which only bred resentment, I came to Hong Kong in 2015. I longed to find genuine friendship to fill my days off. Yet, time and again, I found that people seemed to value me only for what I could provide – money. Once their needs were met, I was often abandoned. This cycle of betrayal extended even to some relatives, especially where money was involved. Exhausted and disillusioned, I eventually found it safer and more peaceful to simply stay home by secluding myself from others.

In the midst of this, God provided an extraordinary blessing: my employer. For the past eight years, my employer has treated me not as a helper, but as family – a daughter and a sister. She has shown me unwavering understanding despite my past. She encouraged me to pursue BSF, nurturing my mind and creating a space where I could rediscover a loving and merciful God.

Through her example, I resolved to face life's trials with obedience, patience, and courage. However, recently, under pressure from my family, I committed a grave mistake and betrayed her trust. Yet, in a profound reflection of God's own grace, she chose to forgive me, even when it was deeply difficult for her.

My employer lifted me from a dark place and helped me see the light again. Through her radical forgiveness, God made His love tangible. He used her to show me that no mistake is beyond His redemption if I come to Him with true repentance. He demonstrated that He will not forsake His children but longs for our return and transformation.

This painful experience has taught me the profound peace of surrendering everything to God, seeking to be forgiven and loved once more, just as my employer has shown me. Her love and grace have granted me a second chance to redeem myself.

Having felt a lack of love and carried deep guilt since childhood, I believe God sent my current employer to be a living demonstration of His unconditional love and acceptance. Today, I am overwhelmed with gratitude to God for His provision and for allowing me to be reborn as a new creation. I am thankful for the chance to be baptised in the name of Jesus, leaving behind my old life and identity (Karen May), and begin anew as "Keren May".

THIS PAINFUL EXPERIENCE HAS
TAUGHT ME THE PROFOUND PEACE OF
SURRENDERING EVERYTHING TO GOD,
SEEKING TO BE FORGIVEN AND LOVED
ONCE MORE



KYLE HO

From the very beginning of my life, God blessed me by placing me in a God-fearing family. I was baptised Catholic, served as an altar boy, and was confirmed. However, I was also deeply influenced by Western culture and was an annoying child who lacked empathy and conversational awareness. Because of this, I never truly fit in with my peers at church.

Through events like YWAM Gateway camps and my time at Christian Alliance International School, my family encountered Protestant and non-denominational Christianity. Eventually, we switched to Yan Fook Church (Evangelical Free) when I was 14. My parents grew spiritually there, but I, a Westernised kid who thought he knew God but really didn't, struggled to fit in with fellowship peers who had all grown up together. So when COVID hit, I stopped going to church altogether.

One reason I left was that I didn't understand why certain sins were wrong. Lust felt like love to me, so why would God forbid it? I hated studying the Bible and theology, and instead embraced liberal religious philosophy. I even told God, "Just let me lust, and I'll be a good Christian."

After spending two years studying A-levels in the UK, during which I cultivated my love for world history, I came back to Hong Kong for university. Later, after a visit to a Shanghai anime convention, I entered the maid café and underground idol scene in Hong Kong. Maid cafés feature servers in themed uniforms, and underground idols are performers who sing and dance. While these activities can be innocent, the community often attracts people who are deeply broken.

During this time, I met my girlfriend, who has been a massive blessing to my life ever since we started dating. I also met this man, whom I will call Mr. M. We started off as really good friends, trying to build the fanbase of an idol that we both supported. However, as time passed, our friendship started to fall apart due to both of us coveting leadership of the entire fanbase, and because I grew disgusted by his romantic efforts toward the idol. I became envious, then wrathful and scheming. I watched myself yearn for more control over everything and everyone around me, pushing away those who loved me because of my obsession with total victory.

Even when Mr. M left us due to a major mistake that he had made, which was everything I had dreamt of to that point, I only felt happy for one day. The following day, the paranoia of being overtaken crept in again and only grew stronger over time. Eventually, this led to multiple arguments with the idol, and I had had enough of the idol circle by that point.

By God's grace, I returned to my interest in history and began studying Christian denominations after watching Redeemed Zoomer videos. For the first time, I understood true theology: salvation by faith, Christ's divinity, the Trinity, and the meaning of Romans 6:18, which says, "You have been set free from sin and have become slaves to righteousness."

After a big argument with the idol, I was finally ready to leave the idol and maid café circle. Now armed with a proper understanding of theology, I surrendered control of my life to God, who immediately led me to ask my parents to pray together. During that prayer, I felt called to forgive Mr. M. As I prayed, "I would like to pray for Mr. M, Your child, created in Your image...", tears streamed down my face. I felt like this weight of mental murder, this massive stone of guilt that I had been bearing for at least half a year, was finally lifted off my shoulders.

Looking back, I realised what had happened: I let one sin run wild, breaking my already weak relationship with God and spiralling into other sins I had promised to avoid. As Christians, we are called to hate all sin.

After leaving the idol circle, I began visiting English-speaking churches in Hong Kong. A friend from my parents' church told me about Island ECC. From my first visit, I felt God calling me here. Since then, I've joined a care group, Shift 20s (Vessel), and other activities that have given me a godly fellowship where I finally feel accepted. Today, I want to be baptised as living proof that, in Christ, I have been born again – freed from sin and renewed in His love.

IN CHRIST, I HAVE BEEN BORN AGAIN –
FREED FROM SIN AND RENEWED IN HIS LOVE.



RICA ALYSIA

I was born and raised in a devout Buddhist family, where faith was woven into the fabric of our daily lives. Every Sunday, my mom took my sisters and me to the temple, and the rhythms of chant and ritual shaped my childhood. Yet from a young age, I lived in a state of quiet spiritual conflict, because I also attended Christian schools. I learned about Jesus and His salvation, but I couldn't reconcile the two worlds unfolding within me.

Buddhism taught that my life would improve through my own efforts through accumulating good deeds, chanting mantras, and reciting sutras. Christianity, in stark contrast, spoke of grace – a love and forgiveness given freely, not earned. I couldn't comprehend it. How could a holy God be so generous to a mere sinner like me, without any effort on my part? This question of grace versus works became the central rift in my soul.

This internal tension followed me silently for years. I attended church throughout high school and college, searching for answers, but eventually drifted back to Buddhist practice, the tradition that felt most familiar. For a long time, my external life appeared smooth and blessed. I had every material need, studied overseas without financial worry, and lacked nothing. Then, a severe financial crisis struck my family.

I responded the only way I knew how: with intense spiritual effort. I prayed fervently, chanting thousands of mantras daily, desperately seeking both a practical solution and divine comfort. But things only grew worse. The more I worked at it, the more hopeless I felt. My prayers seemed to vanish into a silent void, leaving me utterly and terrifyingly alone. I spiraled into depression and anxiety, convinced I was being punished for some unknown failing, forever doomed and never good enough. I would curl up in bed, unable to even cry, wanting only to disappear from the world.



Looking back with new eyes, I now see that Jesus was patiently and faithfully present all along, even when I was far from Him. In what seemed like a strange grace, as a practicing Buddhist, I had once heard the Christian worship song “Oceans” and added it to my playlist, simply because I was moved by its beauty. During some of my worst moments, I would escape on long, solitary drives, playing “Oceans” on repeat. Every single time, uncontrollable tears would stream down my cheeks. I didn't understand why a worship song to

Jesus would dismantle me so completely, but I felt a profound comfort – a tangible sense of safety that finally let my heart release its stored-up pain. He was my unseen Comforter, even when I wasn't seeking Him. Yet, my heart remained guarded, and eventually, wounded and weary, I let go of spirituality altogether, settling into a numb agnosticism.

During this distant season, I met the love of my life, a devout Christian. While his gentle, consistent faith was a steady presence, I remained stubbornly unconvinced. I politely listened but kept my heart closed. Then, I was caught in an absolutely impossible situation, a crisis with no human solution. In that moment of total surrender and defeat, a clear, quiet voice spoke within my spirit: “Try praying to Jesus.” With nothing left to lose, I did. For the first time in so long, I prayed directly and desperately to Him alone. Miraculously and unmistakably, He answered. He moved in a way that defied circumstance, pulling me from the depths.

At that very moment, I gave my life to Christ. I finally found what I had been searching for my whole life: His divine, unconditional love. The aching emptiness inside vanished instantly, replaced by a shocking fullness. His love has actively changed and healed every broken part of me – my depression, my anxiety, my strained relationship with my parents. He has filled every void with a peace and grace so profound that I finally feel whole and anchored.

I FINALLY FOUND WHAT I
HAD BEEN SEARCHING FOR
MY WHOLE LIFE: HIS DIVINE,
UNCONDITIONAL LOVE.

The transformation He has begun in me is undeniable and ongoing. Now, my deepest yearning is to draw ever closer to Him. I no longer seek only His hand – His help in times of need – but I earnestly seek His face. I long to know Him more deeply, to understand His heart, and to live a life centred completely on Him. This journey is no longer about what He can do for me, but about who I am becoming in Him. I desire for every thought, choice, and action to reflect His love and grace.

Now I face life's challenges with a newfound strength, knowing I am never ever alone. No matter what, I am enough, and I am forever worthy of His love. This is why I stand here today, ready for baptism. This is my personal commitment and sacred vow, to die to my old self and live the rest of my life for Him, my Lord and my God.

YVONNE MOK

I feel truly blessed to have been born into a loving family with indulgent parents and siblings. I am married to a wonderful husband who is both my soulmate and anchor, and together we have two fine children. My career spanning over 30 years has provided me with purpose and job satisfaction while allowing me to enjoy a comfortable lifestyle. I can't recall ever feeling wronged, scolded, or pressured to do or not do anything. I've rarely faced challenges so daunting that they made me feel desperate or out of control, especially with the unwavering love and support of my husband and clan. My health, and that of my closest loved ones, have given me little reason to worry or complain. Even when my parents were nearing the end of their lives, I never felt hopeless or helpless, as I understood that illness and death are simply part of life. I was grateful that they both lived long, happy lives, free of regrets. I seldom, if ever, envy others for their wealth, looks, or achievements. From a young age, I've avoided the news, which often seems filled with negativity. This choice has allowed me to live in a state of blissful ignorance. Essentially, I have felt well-provided and cared for. I feared and desired nothing.

For many years, however, I felt guilty about my immense good fortune, especially when witnessing human tragedies such as the Sichuan earthquake. Just making an honest living and, sporadically, helping others by visiting the elderly or making small donations felt incredibly inadequate to ease my guilt.

When I retired four years ago, I finally had time to reflect on how I could live my life differently, realising that life should hold more purpose than mere enjoyment as such self-indulgence became burdensome. I began volunteering at a nonprofit organisation, where my first assignment paired me with Danielle Chan, a group leader in the Bible Study Fellowship (BSF). Danielle quickly invited me to participate in a mini-study. Although I had attended Christian schools, my family was essentially atheist, and I harboured doubts about the Bible's authenticity. Nevertheless, I was willing to give it a try.



Since BSF is not designed for those unfamiliar with the faith, Danielle suggested Alpha at Island ECC. This led me to join Group 5 of Alpha 35, where I made friends with mature Christians and seekers alike, all of whom were incredibly sincere and encouraging. Most importantly, I began to believe that the Bible indeed conveys the truth. However, I was still troubled by many unanswered questions – why should God impose such impossible standards? Must I experience something truly awful before I can surrender to Him? In response, I decided to join as many Bible study and care groups as I could. Additionally, I began volunteering at Hope of the City, teaching English to mothers.

Despite my efforts, I continued to feel confused and unworthy of my abundant blessings. I felt like a fraud, remembering that “faith by itself, if it does not have works, is dead.” In all honesty, I struggled to experience inner joy and peace while studying the Bible; saying a prayer or singing worship songs often felt hollow. I found it hard to imagine how anyone could truly love their neighbour as themselves. The thought of giving up the little luxuries I had worked hard for filled me with dread. Even worse, I wasn't seeking hope, peace, or eternal life from God. I recognised that my gratitude, while genuine, was focused on the wrong reasons – my personal circumstances rather than God's salvation.

This internal struggle persisted for a long time. However, by God's grace, my patient Christian friends helped me understand that God has His own timing and desires us to enjoy our blessings. I have come to understand that it is okay to struggle with surrendering completely, because I am still a work in progress. Knowing that God does not require me to be perfect in order to follow Him has brought me great peace.

Since then, I have felt a deeper connection with God and finally feel ready to publicly declare my faith and embark on my spiritual journey. Even though this may be as challenging as a camel passing through the eye of a needle, I should not lose heart. So help me, Lord.

EVEN THOUGH THIS MAY BE AS CHALLENGING AS A CAMEL PASSING THROUGH THE EYE OF A NEEDLE, I SHOULD NOT LOSE HEART.

What It Means To Become A Christian

HE LOVES

God loves you because He chooses to.
“God wasn’t attracted to you and didn’t choose you because you were big and important ... He did it out of sheer love...” (Deuteronomy 7:7-8).
He loves you so much that...

HE GAVE

He gave Jesus, His one and only Son. While we do wrong things daily, Jesus is sinless. Though sinless, Jesus took our sin. He died on the Cross in our place. Our response to this great gift is simple...

WE TRUST

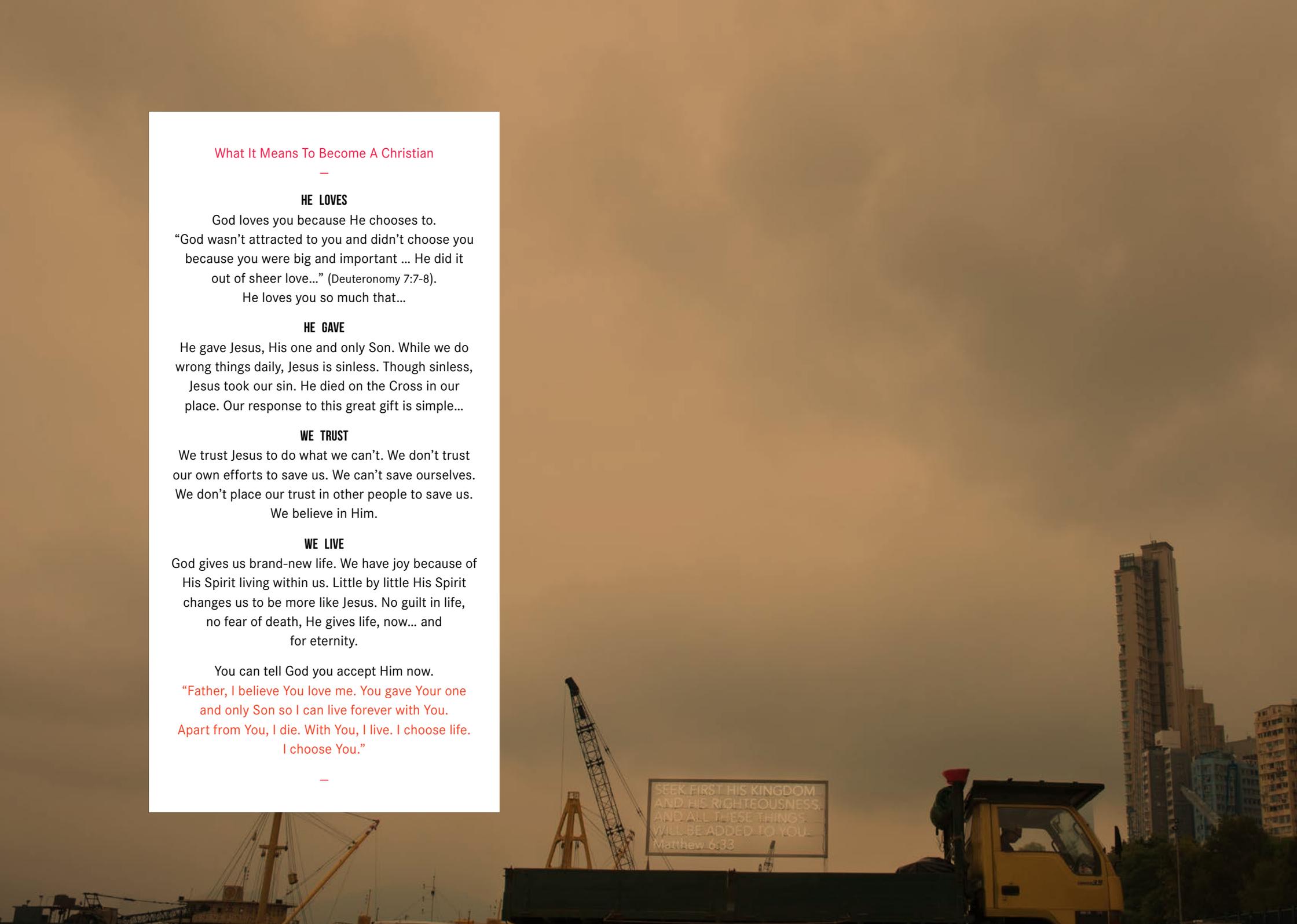
We trust Jesus to do what we can’t. We don’t trust our own efforts to save us. We can’t save ourselves. We don’t place our trust in other people to save us.
We believe in Him.

WE LIVE

God gives us brand-new life. We have joy because of His Spirit living within us. Little by little His Spirit changes us to be more like Jesus. No guilt in life, no fear of death, He gives life, now... and for eternity.

You can tell God you accept Him now.

“Father, I believe You love me. You gave Your one and only Son so I can live forever with You.
Apart from You, I die. With You, I live. I choose life.
I choose You.”



SEEK FIRST HIS KINGDOM
AND HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS,
AND ALL THESE THINGS
WILL BE ADDED TO YOU.
Matthew 6:33



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