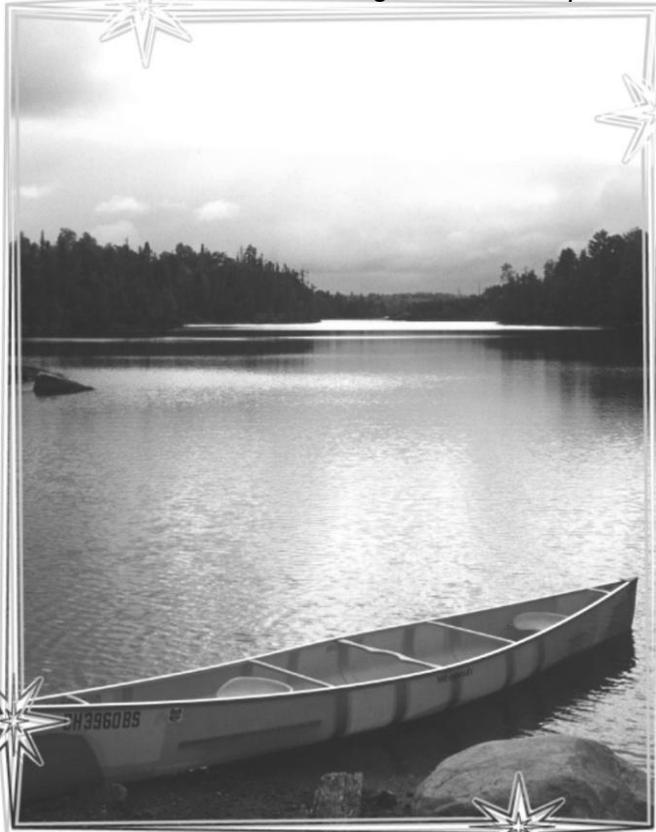


ECBC Church

131st Baptismal Service

April 20th , 2025

I have been crucified with Christ; and it is no longer I who live, but Christ lives in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself up for me.



Gracie

Since I was a baby, church has been a regular routine for me: I attend church on Sundays, Love Family Fellowships, Awana Club and Children Sunday School. It was through my parents that I had the opportunity to learn about God. Over the years, I thought of church as a place where I could meet friends and eat yummy food, but my perspective changed one day.

A few years ago, my mom and I had dropped my brother off at his preschool center in a mall. After saying goodbye to him, we walked into the elevator, and suddenly the elevator stopped. At first, we thought it was just a minor issue, but as the seconds turned into minutes. I felt trapped, helpless, and overwhelmed by fear. I started crying and sobbing, unsure of what to do. My mom was with me, but even then, I felt scared. She called my dad and told him what was happening and my dad said he would come right away and smash the elevator glass down.

In that moment, I turned to God -- the only One who is strong enough to open the door. I prayed once, nothing happened; I prayed again, still crying, and nothing happened. The elevator didn't move at all. So with all my heart, I prayed a third time crying out to God for help. And then, something incredible happened—an angel suddenly appeared! Pushing the elevator door open, we saw a guy wearing all grey and I saw light shining behind him, I felt it was the Spirit of God. My fear disappeared and peace filled my heart. Shortly after, the situation changed, and we were rescued, and my dad came to pick us up.

This dramatic experience changed my perspective on who God is – He is the Almighty One! The incident showed me that even in my weakest and most fearful moment, God is with me! The day

after, I accepted Jesus as my Lord and Savior. As days went by, I would still question if I was really following Him. Yet, time and time again, I see God's faithfulness in my life, especially in my family's life.

Over the years, I've watched my mom and dad work super hard to keep the family business going. There've been so many tough times when things just didn't go right. I saw them become worried, frustrated, and sometimes even felt like they might lose everything. There were days when money was tight, customers were difficult, and everything felt like it was falling apart. It was very hard for me to watch. But even in all the chaos, they always told me that God was with them. When things went wrong, they didn't just give up, they prayed and trusted that God would help them through. They taught me that no matter how hard things got, God would always be there. And even though it wasn't always smooth sailing, sometimes something good would happen out of nowhere—like a new customer or a solution to a problem right when they needed it. God indeed is our refuge and security. Through the elevator incident and witnessing my parents' faith in God, my relationship with Jesus has deepened. One of my favorite bible verses is "For nothing will be impossible with God" (Luke 1:37). Since I just turned 12 years old, a milestone of my life, I want to get baptized and declare publicly that I am a child of God and a follower of Jesus Christ.

Andy

Before giving my life to Christ, I would attend church regularly. Having grown up in the church, I would come out of habit, and to see and socialize with my friends. I came to events, called myself a Christian, and really wanted to believe that I was, but my actions and thoughts didn't reflect my belief in the full. I was a sinner, lazy, prideful, and greedy. At school, I would slack off, and make mean jokes with friends. While for a time I was able to enjoy myself and persuade myself that I was living as I should, like the rest of the world, deep in my heart I knew it wasn't what God called me for. My laziness, ego, and procrastination would lead to subpar grades at the end of the year and lessen my work habit.

During the summer, I attended Youth Camp, where I was able to deeply reflect on my place in the world and what I should live for as a Christian. Along with my friends, we were able to truly understand the gracious gift of salvation given to us. I was able to understand that my life needed to reflect my faith.

My life took a turn for the better. I spent more time reading the word, understanding, and applying it to my life, hoping to live a more virtuous life for the service of others and as a servant of God. Overcoming the worst of my struggles with sin, I was able to reduce my procrastination, decrease my pride, improve my time management, and make significant progress with my grades and life advancements in general. While I am still a sinner, through Christ's forgiveness, I can live and act knowing that I am not bound forever by its chains. Today, I am honoured to bear the mark of Christ and be born anew, and work the rest of my days for His divine will.

Gabriel

I was born and raised in a Christian household. Every Sunday, I went to church with my parents, diligently following and listening to them. Despite being immersed in the Christian community so frequently for so long, I never understood the real meaning of commitment; Christianity was something I believed in but not something I embraced. I grew up in Awana, volunteered in Sunday school for 7 years, went to YL and camps, and thought this was good enough. When I faced any problems, I just prayed to God to help me, as a source of help only. Believing in God is one thing, but living him out through yourself is another. I would proclaim with my mouth that I was a Christian, but my actions and thoughts did not reflect that.

In university, I thought I was invincible because I was studying engineering. I felt I could do anything on my own. I didn't take my faith seriously in my senior high school and first year uni. Only when I was struggling or right before a big exam, I would just pray to God to help me. God is not just someone we ask for help; he is our friend, and he wants a relationship with us. I remember always passing by the UCM tabling every semester in my first year. I always told myself I'll join later, or this doesn't work in my schedule. In my second year, I felt like I needed to go to one of the opening socials. There was no reason or motive; I just had to go. After such a long time, being in a Christian community again changed my heart towards God, through hearing testimonies and seeing God's joy in everyone I grew up with. Having a personal relationship with God is something that I want to grow in every day, and I will grow with the support of Christian friends and community around me.

Over the past year, I have learned a lot more about what it means to live as a Christian. I disliked many aspects of my life, but I have

grown to be more authentic and truer to the person God has called me to be. I have learned to thank God for everything, whether big or small. Like when the highway is clear of cars, I can thank God for giving me space. I am excited every day to experience God in my life and hear the joys and wonders that he does in other people's lives. God has and always will be with me through every hardship. He is faithful, a friend I can lean on and trust with my life. He's carried me through the hardest parts of my life, struggles, and uncertainties. I'm proud to say I'm a child of God. I want to choose Him just as much as He chooses me. Thank you, God.

Sherilyn

I was born into a Christian home - growing up, my parents sent me to a Christian school, and I regularly attended church. I had my parents, my brother, and my grandparents at home with me, and everything was good.

When I was ten, I heard the gospel for the first time in summer camp, and I accepted Jesus into my life as my Lord and Saviour. I knew the gospel in my head, but I didn't fully understand it in my heart yet. High school went by, and everything was going great. At the time, I was also involved in sports and had established a name for myself in the speed skating world.

By the end of high school, I felt that I had it all. There was nothing I was missing. I thanked God for all of this, but...I felt invincible. Untouchable.

In 2018, my grandma died. That was my first time seeing death up close. For the first time, it dawned on me that life could end at any point. I had never truly grasped that until I saw a life end.

Very suddenly, I lost many things. My skating performance plummeted, and eventually, I stopped skating to attend university. My grades plummeted. I lost contact with many of my friends. The end of 2019 was one of my lowest points. I began to question who I was if I didn't have the achievements I had built myself up to. For the next three years, I began to question my beliefs as well. Was anything I believed in real? I struggled, afraid to ask for help because I felt ashamed that I doubted my faith.

In 2024 I attended a Power to Change retreat, and there was a session where we had the chance to lament. I desperately prayed to God that he would show Himself to me in some way because I felt so lost. Even though I didn't hear anything at the time, I left the lament session feeling lighter, like God had taken a huge weight off of my back.

Out of nowhere, there was this day that I finally understood that everything I had - my grades, my friendships, and anything I could ever accomplish - were all worthless if I didn't have God at the center of my life. For so long, I had clung onto worldly things for validation, only for them to disappear like vapour in the wind. At the beginning of this year, I felt that God was calling me to publicly declare my faith and dedicate my life to Him. My journey of faith is far from over - I have a lot of progress to make and everyday I strive to grow closer to the Lord. I know now that my purpose and worth lies in Him - no matter what happens and where I'm at in life, I have God by my side to guide me and I can rely on him always.

Allen Huang

Hi, I'm Allen. I was born in Taiwan and moved to Canada back in 2015 when I was 12. Later, I found out that it was all God's plan to move me here.

Growing up in a foreign country away from family and friends was not as easy as I thought, especially the distance among the family members both physically and emotionally.

Now, looking back at it, I slowly put up a wall against my mom throughout the years, especially in the summer of 2022, when my aunt passed away. My aunt was diagnosed with breast cancer, and I considered going back to Taiwan that same summer, but I was told by my mom that my aunt was doing all right, which made me stay in Canada in the end. Toward the end of summer, my sister suddenly called me to inform me that my aunt had passed away. I felt betrayed, lied to, and my trust for my mom started to fall. I started to call her by her name, which she thought was normal in the Western culture, and I simply blamed her.

Following winter, I went back to Taiwan to finish my military service while taking a break from my degree. At the beginning of my return to Taiwan, I would lock myself in a room, stay up late, and try to minimize the time spent with family. Months later, I was somehow connected with a guy who was sharing the gospel. He invited me to start a 10-week course, stating that over 95% of people will be converted after, and I did not believe it, but I had nothing better to do, and I agreed. Months went by, and I was about 7 weeks in, just as I thought Oh, maybe I am that 5%, and that is when he invited me to join this Christian camp that was not part of his plan. It was 4 days long with no phone or any electronic devices, and details were not provided. Honestly, I did not

understand why I agreed to it. He did not understand why I agreed to it since I did not even attend his wedding, and I wasn't Christian and also had minimal knowledge of the Bible, but this only came to me after signing up for the camp.

On the first day, I was very nervous, regretting signing up for this camp being the minority, but soon, all the worry went away, and I fell in love with the camp as I somehow did not feel left out. What hit me was on the third day, while being conscious, there was an image of me when I was in Grade 1 asking if God is real, and how I would know if he is real. Right away, my tears started to drop, knowing that he was with me all along, and he is with me right now. At that very moment, I accepted Christ, and I was filled with joy that I had never felt before.

Then he also showed me how, throughout these 21 years, he has non-stop tried to bring me back to him while protecting me. One way was to send me to Canada, so I would leave this school that was in another religion, and he also showed me a way to recover the relationship with my mom. Which happened after the camp. Since then, I have started attending church and participating in Sunday school. The best thing I received was God's love and the ability to share it with others.

Chris

I've struggled with social anxiety throughout my entire life.

Although I accepted Christ at an early age, my faith perpetually drifted away over the course of my childhood. As a kid, I went to church but I hated Sunday school and VBS, so I had no Christian friends. While I called myself a Christian, I didn't feel any connection to the church or have any desire to get to know anyone there. At around the age of 10-12, I started drifting away

from church altogether. I had a long period where, while I didn't stop believing, God became a low priority in my life. I would pray on my own, but I did not worship, attend church nor read the Bible. This was when my social anxiety was starting to become a serious issue, leading to depression and eventually dropping out of high school. I became completely shut-in, leaving the house only to meet doctors and outreach teachers.

After several years I started volunteering at ECBC for Janice, May and Eng. Initially, this was just a means of motivating myself to do something productive with my life. But this is where I fully discovered the significance of church and why I needed Christian community in my life. For the first time, rather than having to motivate myself to work for my own benefit, I felt welcome at the church - both by God and by the people I was helping. I started reading devotionals and watching online recordings of sermons, which helped me rediscover the importance of the church and communication with fellow Christians. Although I lost a lot of momentum to the Covid lockdown, I continued to help with ECBC's YouTube channel. I started meeting regularly with Pastor Chris, which eventually led me to seek baptism.

With my baptism I seek to reconnect with the people of ECBC I've been ignoring for so long. Though I continue to struggle with laziness, anxiety and lack of direction in my career, I have faith in God's plans for me. I still don't know how to share the Gospel or even make more Christian friends, but I don't need to have all the answers now. I'm confident God, through the Holy Spirit, will give the words I need when I need them.