

I got a glimpse or should I say felt how it was like being like Jesus...



Being my first mission trip, I never knew what to expect or what to see or feel during this mission trip. All I have known about mission trips was from others' testimonies. I must admit that hearing what people say and experiencing yourself is a whole different story. On the day of my departure, I was thrilled to be able to have the opportunity to be in the mission team for missions.

Being in the mission field, it was a whole different change of atmosphere and culture. Anything and everything could happen in the mission field. In short, everything that we had practically planned for the mission trip didn't go as planned. Although discouraged, as a team we managed to join our hands, heart and mind together and prayed. Nobody found fault with anyone. It's by God's grace and blessing that we were able to work as a team.

In the span of 7 days, I've been with my brothers and sisters in Christ who are living a life far much difficult than ours. It is a fact that we live worlds apart but are in the same family. God is merciful as He opens my eyes to see the unthinkable and unimaginable. Children as young as 3 years old are sniffing glue and living in small dirty houses and dumpsites. This is their lifestyle where they persevere to survive in a difficult environment.

It was a very heart breaking sight to see children living their lives in this manner – dirty, smelly and in a much worse state than a stray cat or dog in Singapore.

I've touched, smelled, hugged, carried and held the hands of little ones. Despite living a life so miserable, it's amazing how these kids could still smile and laugh as they followed and held onto us. They are very adorable children who are God's own creation. At this stage, I was getting a feel of being a missionary, to be there and be a blessing to help, to serve and to speak the word.

I remembered being at the graveyard site. People actually live right there in the grave where dead bodies used to lay. Bones, to the kids, are just like toys. In other words, it is their source of "entertainment". At the dumpsite, I saw the villagers digging through the rubbish for food and things that can be used to recycle or sold for money. I can't imagine myself having to eat leftover food which smelt disgusting and tasted awful. Some days, there would be left over food from a hotel and the food to them is already a delicacy. However to us, it may just be a plate of Maggie Mee or worse.

Spiritual warfare is real. John 10:10 *"The thief comes only to steal and kill and destroy; I have come that they may have life, and have it to the full."* At the dumpsite, we were going to screen a movie for the people, but three hours before the movie, we had difficulties with the film. It wasn't our usual DVD or VCD but the kind of film projector used many years back. To cut the story short, Uncle Samuel and I sat under the hot sun turning the whole film reel trying to figure out a way to solve the problem for three hours. Finally, we solved the problem and started to screen the movie. However, after about 15 minutes, the whole player broke down and it was back to square one. Instead of playing the movie, we did the dances we prepared and sang songs to entertain them. The next thing that happened was our music player started having problems and the next that went bonkers were the speakers. All in one night, everything went wrong and hay-wire.

However because of God's grace and mercy, He was there with us throughout the night. At the end of the day, everything went well.

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The part that impacted me most and I believe also for the rest, was the second last day we had at Teen Challenge. We invited the street kids over to Teen Challenge and we were supposed to feed and wash them. Little did I know that all of us actually had to wash and brush their feet as well as cut their nails. I never thought in my whole life I would ever do something like that for someone I barely know. Again I had to humble myself and do what I was supposed to do. Then I got a glimpse or should I say felt how it was like being like Jesus. Well, I'm not saying that I am Jesus, but to wash someone else' dirty, smelly and muddy feet, I really had to humble myself. Again the glory goes to God for having humbled me. Then it was napping time where the kids would just come rushing and cuddle you. I never had so many kids around me before. It was good and the feeling is indescribable. It's like loving someone and being loved back. I really enjoyed myself that day.

All in all what I learned about missions was that we must die to our old selves and live a new life. Going to a mission trip is not about what we expect but about meeting the needs of other people over there. I learnt that we have to be selfless and self sacrificing. Seeing the reality of God, how He moves, how He touches and heals the broken hearted. I'm really encouraged and blessed by the mission trip. God is real and He wants to give us the best. All the glory goes to him as we embarked on this mission trip journey.

In conclusion, I feel that it is a journey all of us have to take. To go there, to love, serve and help and to show the world what God's love is all about. I thank God for having covered me during the seven days in Cebu, for His protection and His faithfulness to me. I know He is real and His promises stay. I will always remember the days I had in Cebu, short yet sweet and memorable.