

From Bodhisattva to Jesus - Sister Lily Xu's Testimony of Conversion



My three siblings were taken to the temple by my mother when we were young. We burn incense. The Bodhisattva will also draw lots. So in my mind. There are gods on our heads. And we can ask Him for what our hearts want.

Before we were adults, my parents used to fight. Fight. Let our young hearts. Full of fear and uneasiness. So I often prayed to the Bodhisattva, "Bodhisattva, please help my parents." Let the mother not complain, let the father not be irritable and irritable, may there be peace in the family. After praying, I didn't forget to add a word of Amitabha. But. What should happen or will happen. The Bodhisattva didn't listen to my prayers at all. Such a bodhisattva is dispensable in my heart, and I dare not and do not want to trust it.

When I was about twenty years old, I traveled to Mount Tai. Mount Tai is the place where ancient emperors prayed to the heavens. Pray for the peace and security of the country. The wind and rain are smooth. I think the Bodhisattva of Mount Tai must be very spiritual, and the temple is magnificent. But when I stepped into the temple, I saw a hideous face. I was so frightened that I didn't dare to look directly at the idol,

and I thought to myself. Where is this god, it is obviously a ghost. Such an idol. Can it protect our peace? Can it bless us? Then I warned myself. Don't blaspheme. Don't be cranky, lest you be blamed by God. But the terrible image of the idol. Lingered in my heart.

Then I got married. I wanted to find out what exactly Christian God is, and I suggested to my ex-husband that he say. Let's take a look at what the church is really like. He said. No, we believe in bodhisattvas. Let's not go to prostration, don't believe in foreign things. Later my brother gave me a Bible. I opened it and read the first few pages of the first book of Genesis, and I thought it was a bit like our Chinese Classic of Mountains and Seas, very mysterious, so I put it aside.

But I was still curious about the church until the first week after my divorce. I took the initiative to find an old sister on the seventh floor, and I heard that she often went to church, and asked her to take me with me. In November 2008, I followed this sister to a house church with about a dozen people, all of whom I didn't know. At that time, hymns had already begun to be played. In the scene of a hymn, I saw the crowd shouting for Jesus to be crucified, but Jesus said to forgive them because they didn't know. The scene of Jesus carrying the cross touched me, and what kind of selflessness it takes to have a heart that transcends hatred, that God's love and mercy transcends humanity. I began to cry silently with my head down, not wanting to be seen, looking embarrassed, but I couldn't stop crying. My shoulders were shaking from sobbing, and someone handed me a tissue.

I think about my mother-in-law and my own mother, because they are patriarchal and have hated and treated them coldly and violently for years. Now that I think that they were also victims, they didn't know that it would hurt me tremendously. My heart began to soften and humble, and I confessed in my heart that I was sorry that I had hurt you, and I begged you to forgive me.

How amazing it is that God made me confess my sins and repent immediately. After the tears, I felt a new look and a sense of relief. The old things are gone, and I am a new creation. After the party. A sister came to me and said, "Sister, will you accept Jesus Christ as your personal Savior?" I didn't hesitate and immediately followed her on the spot and made a decision prayer.

On the way home, my heart was filled with joy. I immediately contacted my ex-husband and said I wanted to see your mother. Less than half a year after the divorce, my mother-in-law was diagnosed with brain cancer and was hospitalized. I went to see him with a gift. Say to her. I'm sorry I did something bad before, please forgive

me. God also touched my mother-in-law. She said. If she does something wrong, please forgive me. Thank the Lord. He reconciled me to my former "enemy", and my heart was filled with peace. Half a year later. My mother-in-law passed away, and I feel glad that I didn't remember the days I lived with my mother-in-law with remorse.

In fact, my mother hurt me more. After all, she is the one who is directly patriarchal and is the person closest to me. Because of God's love surrounding me, I let go of all resentment. Regardless of right and wrong, he and his mother began to resume conversation, and took her out to eat, drink and have fun. Thank the Lord. I myself have no way to overcome hatred. But through God's love we can. We didn't love, but God first loved us.

After I came to faith, God's grace has been with me and has never left. God also disciplined me severely, which is another testimony that I will have the opportunity to share later. There are high and low ways to believe. But. I have a firm intention in my heart that I will follow the Lord for the rest of my life and grasp God's promises, so that I will do the right thing and have true peace in my heart.