

# A Gospel Visit to the Hospital

Sister J



In August last year, a nearly 70-year-old sister surnamed L, who had believed in the Lord for over ten years, came to our church. Due to heart problems, she had a pacemaker implanted and became physically weak. Since her former church was too far away, she began attending our church. As we got to know her better, we learned that she had some issues in her family relationships.

Sister L's mother had already passed away. Her father, a retired senior officer from the military, lives in a veteran residence and has a caregiver to help with daily life. She has a younger brother and a younger sister. Sister L felt that her father had always favored her sister and treated her badly, even taking advantage of her, while her sister didn't care about their father at all. Her brother and sister-in-law, she believed, only cared about inheriting their father's assets. Because of this, Sister L was emotionally distant from her siblings and father. We often heard her complaints and felt the pain she had endured.

Sister L once shared that after becoming a Christian, she had led her father and sister in a "sinner's prayer," but neither of them truly believed.

This year, Sister L's father turned 92. About half a year ago, he was hospitalized due to pneumonia. We visited him in the hospital. At that time, he was still sharp in both hearing and thinking. As a former senior officer, he spoke proudly about his military life and was very warm to us. When it came to faith, he said, "I don't believe in any gods, only in the Communist Party."

Still, he didn't refuse our prayer for him, asking God to heal his illness. In the end, he even thanked us.

After a period of intercession, several of us coworkers visited his home on a Tuesday afternoon. We weren't sure how he would react to us or if he was open to turning to God. Upon arrival, we realized that his hearing and memory had declined significantly. This made us feel an urgent need to share the gospel with him. We tried various ways to communicate, speaking loudly, but he could barely understand us. In his display cabinet, we noticed a statue of the Laughing Buddha with several ceramic children on it. When we asked what it was, he clearly replied, "That's the Five Sons Playing with Maitreya," and said it was his favorite item. But shortly after, he could no longer hear us again.

We prayed over his home, asking God to remove all hindrances and disturbances and to work in the old man's heart. In Jesus Christ's name, we declared that Sister L's entire household belongs to the Lord and asked God to cleanse the place. We also asked Sister L to quietly remove the idol while he wasn't paying attention.

At that point, the old man began telling us a story repeatedly: when he was eight years old, he had a stomachache, and his mother cured it by having him smoke his grandfather's tobacco. In response, we kept repeating to him, "God loves you! God loves you!" Eventually, he heard us and asked, "God loves me?" We replied, "Yes, God loves you!" After we repeated it several more times, he responded, "I love God too!" Hallelujah! Praise the Lord! He finally responded! We prayed with him and held his hand. I felt his arm trembling and reached out to comfort him. We were moved to tears during the prayer, filled with gratitude. One coworker even gave him a big hug. It was clear how much the old man needed closeness, physical touch, and the expression of love and acceptance.

We encouraged Sister L: "Go sit by your father's side and hug him." When she finally took that crucial step, sat next to him, and held his hand, we saw the emotional expression on her father's face. When Sister L let go of her pride, softened her heart, and opened her arms, her father held her hand, kissed it, and asked, "How old are you now?" Perhaps this was the love between father and daughter that had been missing for decades — now restored through the father's response to God and the daughter's act of obedience. We believe that all past grievances between them melted away at that moment.

We sang a song for the old man:

**"In Your love I declare: my weakness is changed.  
In Your love I declare: You are King.  
In Your love I declare: I no longer struggle in sin.  
You lead me in victory.  
Victorious in Jesus, victorious in Jesus,  
In this life I will overcome by the Lord's love.  
Victorious in Jesus, victorious in Jesus,  
No longer fearing defeat,  
Fully knowing Your grace is greater —  
You lead me in victory."**

In truth, this song was also for ourselves — it encouraged us again to overcome through the Lord. As we said goodbye, we took the idol and smashed it. We had removed the idol, helped reconcile the man with God, and reconciled the daughter with her father. At the same time, we were deeply moved and inspired. Thank the Lord — He accomplished it all. As we looked up, the old man opened the window once more, waved at us, and said, “Come visit often...”

**Reflection:**

Through this visit, we realized we must not only continue interceding for our family members, but also take concrete actions — especially with the elderly in our families — with a sense of urgency. Sister L’s father longed to be loved. He often reminisced about his mother’s love and yearned for affection from his children, which he never truly received. We told him the most important truth: that **God loves him the most.**

This experience also showed us that with some elderly people — especially our own family members — we don’t need to preach long sermons. We simply need to pray for them and **bring them God’s love, acceptance, and genuine care.** Their hearts will soften, and when God’s time comes, they will return to Him. What we need to do at home isn’t lecturing or complaining, but **forgiveness, obedience, and acts of love.**