## WHY WE NEED A SAVIOR

MAN GOD

**IN THE BEGINNING...** The first man and woman, Adam and Eve, were created by God and enjoyed perfect fellowship with Him. They were without sin and lived peacefully in a beautiful garden that supplied all their needs. God gave them only one rule, which was not to eat the fruit of a particular tree. However, Satan tempted them to eat the forbidden fruit by saying it would benefit them. They ate it, and that act of disobedience against God was the first sin. It severed Adam's and Eve's relationships with God because He is holy and cannot have fellowship with evil.

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**OUR CONDITION TODAY...** Since we are all Adam's descendants, every child in the world has been born with his fallen nature. Instead of coming into the world desiring to do right, we are all born with an inclination toward sin and evil. Proof of this natural downward tendency is abundantly evident anywhere human beings are found. Our sin results in tremendous pain, sorrow, and suffering. The consequences of sin reach far beyond this life because those who reject God and die in a sinful state will go to Hell and be separated from God eternally.

GOD

#### MAN JESUS GOD

**GOD'S PLAN...** God wants to remove sin from our lives so that we can have a relationship with Him and spend eternity in Heaven. However, the penalty for sin is death, and that penalty must be paid. Out of His great love for us, God sent His Son, Jesus Christ, to be our Savior. Jesus lived as a man and died in our place for our sins. Because of that, if we follow the steps that God has laid out in the Bible, our sins can be forgiven. God will change our desires and give us power to live without sin so we can enjoy eternal life with Him in Heaven one day.

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# A LIFE CHANGING INVITATION

Raised in a Buddhist family, in Sunday school Betty learned about the God of Heaven.

By Betty Lee

My parents immigrated from

China to America in the early
1960s. When my twin brother and
I were born, there were already
two older siblings and our family
was living in the projects of
San Francisco, California. Our dad
worked as a busboy, which did not bring

in a lot of income, so we did not have much materially. Our parents had been raised Buddhist and that was how they raised us. I was taught to pray to idols, and even if I did not understand what we were doing, I was expected to obey my parents as a dutiful daughter.

When I was about five years old, someone knocked on our door and invited my siblings and me to Sunday

school at their church. It sounded fun to me. Since our family was poor, we did not have bicycles to ride or many toys to play with, and I spent most Sunday mornings at home watching cartoons by myself. My parents were very protective of us, but surprisingly, they agreed to let my twin brother and me go.

We went to Sunday school the very next week, and I loved it right away. There were kind people who paid attention to me, crafts to work on, contests, stories, and other kids to play with. It was much more fun than watching cartoons! So from then on, every Sunday I would get myself ready and go with my brother on the van to Sunday school. As the years passed, we went from the Beginner Department

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to the Primary Department, and then the Junior Department. At one point our family moved and the van could not come to our new neighborhood, so people from church picked us up instead. We never missed—we were among the students who got perfect attendance awards.

During my high school years, one of my teachers had our class over to her house for a sleepover, and my parents let me go. That was a big deal for me because I had never been allowed to go to sleepovers or birthday parties at my friends' houses. In fact, in our family we didn't celebrate birthdays or holidays, so anything special that my Sunday school teachers did made a big impression on me. I could

never put a price tag on the time and energy the church people invested to share the love of God with us.

In 1987, I was nineteen years old and had been in Sunday school for all of my growing up years and knew most of the Bible stories. That year, we were studying about the end times again. The lessons were about the Rapture, the Tribulation, the plagues—all the terrible things that will happen on earth after Jesus' second coming. We also studied prophesies about the end times that were already being fulfilled, and we watched a movie called "A Thief in the Night" that brought the Scriptures to life. During that time, I began to feel an urgency that I needed to get saved. I had always been a pretty good kid and had never done anything majorly wrong. Yet, I knew I was not ready for the Rapture because I had never asked Jesus to come into my heart.

At a Sunday morning service on March 15, I realized Jesus could return at any time and I was not ready. I knelt in prayer and told the Lord, "I don't want to be here for the end times." For so many years I had heard about how Jesus died on the Cross and how He suffered being beaten, wearing a crown of thorns, and having nails in His hands. Until that day, though, it had never really sunk in that He went through that terrible pain so that I could go to Heaven, and that He did it because He loved me. That morning I prayed, "I know You died on the Cross for me. I want You to come into my heart." What joy filled my soul! When Jesus saved me, it was as though a huge burden lifted, which I hadn't realized I was carrying. It was wonderful. I felt so happy inside knowing that I was going to be with Jesus in Heaven.

After I gave my life to the Lord, I was the only Christian in my Buddhist family. In Buddhism there are gods for health, prosperity, relationships, and anything else a person might want. My father had bought idols for a few of those gods and set them up at an altar in our garage. On certain dates, we gathered there to pray, burn incense, and offer sacrifices of food and fake money. The belief was that our ancestors could use that food and money in the afterlife and the gods would help us with whatever we needed. Of course, the Bible says, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," which means we cannot have or pray to idols. But the Bible also says, "Honor thy father and thy mother," and I knew it would be considered disrespectful if I did not pray with the family. As a new believer, I wanted to do the right thing but wasn't sure how I could honor God without disrespecting my parents.

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**Soon, the day came when it was time to pray to our** idols again. As my dad was getting everything prepared, I remember feeling anxious and thinking, *What do I do?* I knew in my heart that I couldn't go along with it, but I didn't know how to tell my dad.

We all went to the altar, and after my dad prayed, my oldest sister said a prayer next. Then my older brother prayed, followed by my twin brother. Then my dad said to me, "It's your turn." In that moment, God gave me the grace to simply say, "I'm not going to do that." Then my dad said, "Okay." Thank God, He did not get upset or ask me why I wouldn't pray, and he has never asked me to do it again. Looking back, I can see how the Lord really helped me. He was in control of that situation and He went before me. As I

sought to know God more in the following months, He gave me a deep assurance that He would be with me and see me through anything that might come my way in the future.

Once I stepped away from my family's religion, I began to see how evil it was and how the devil used those false beliefs to bring darkness into people's lives. However, I also came to know that God is more powerful than the devil. Now, I just marvel at how the Lord helped me during those early years when I was first saved.

My family did not understand my new faith because it was totally different than the type of religion they had experienced. When I started teaching Sunday school, they wondered why I was doing so much work for the church if I wasn't getting paid. It was difficult to explain to them that sharing about Jesus with children brought me more than money—it filled me with joy. They also wondered what was so special about the Bible that I would spend time studying it every day. I tried to tell them how important the Bible was to me, that it is more than just a hobby but a Book that gives me strength. Over the years, they have seen that the God I serve is powerful and that He hears and answers prayer.

God has been so faithful to me. Even without other Christians in my family, I am grateful that I always had abundant love and support from the family of God. I love my dad, mom, and siblings, and God has given me a wonderful church family that I love too. I have had wonderful pastors who have not only prayed with me, but guided me when times were tough. He has put so many women in my life who are like a mom to me, and dear friends who are like siblings. Some of their kids even call me "Auntie Betty," and I consider them as my nieces and nephews. My life has been blessing after blessing with the Lord, and I am so very thankful for His goodness to me.

# STEPS TO DELIVERANCE

### **ACKNOWLEDGE**

Admit that you have sinned and need God's help.

For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God. (Romans 3:23)

#### **CONFESS AND REPENT**

Be genuinely sorry for the sins you have committed and ask God to forgive you.

If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. (1 John 1:9)

Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish. (Luke 13:3)

### **FORSAKE**

Determine that with God's help you are going to turn away from all sin in your life.

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him . . . for he will abundantly pardon. (Isaiah 55:7

#### **BELIEVE**

When you have honestly and sincerely taken the steps above, then believe that God will hear your prayer and save you. For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have

#### RECEIVE

iod will let you know that the work is done in your heart.

he Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the
hildren of God (Romans 8:16)