

A Little Girl's Journey

By Young Chase

A young girl lived in a small Korean farming village. She was a happy little girl who enjoyed playing with her cousins, catching rabbits in the woods, and catching fish barehanded in the nearby stream.

Her mother was from a devoted religious family, but she did not practice her beliefs. Her father was from a family who engaged in ancestral worship, but converted to her mother's religion before they married. There was essentially no conversation about God in the family.

Her family eventually moved to a large city to live with her grandmother for a few years, and in that time she became very religious—she went to church every Sunday and took her little brother with her. She was taught that not going to church was a sin; therefore,



she was very diligent in her quest to avoid sinning.

In the fall of 1974, her family ventured into an unknown world by immigrating to the United States. The family came with great expectations of starting a new life in a country with plenty to offer. Unfortunately, this dream was shattered when the father—the only English-speaking

member of the family—passed away only seven months after making such an enormous move. The children's ages were 12, 8, and 6. Their world came crashing down.

God's divine intervention came through a neighbor who helped them find a place to live in the Baltimore projects and assisted them with applying for welfare. They were thankful to this lady, but they had no idea God was their Provider. So life went on, and the mother created a beautiful home in spite of less-than-remarkable surroundings and circumstances.

During this difficult time, the girl's 6th-grade schoolteacher came alongside her and insisted that she attend a parochial middle school instead of the rough local public school. Her teacher used her lunch period to drive over to the new school to purchase books and uniforms for the girl. She would invite the girl to her home for weekends and for Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays. She became a very happy child, but God was still not in the picture.

In middle school, a nun became like a guardian angel to the girl and paved the way for her success in that school. Eventually she would receive a full scholarship to attend any Catholic high school of her choice.

She had a fantastic experience in high school. She loved the school, the teachers, and all her friends. Yet, something was still missing in her life.

Her college life was even more wonderful than high school. Her heart's desire was to study to become a teacher, but she chose a higher-paying profession to support her family. Upon college graduation, she began working as an engineer.

One day, she received a phone call from her brother in college. "I am so excited! I can't wait to share the news!" She was very anxious to find out what the source of such excitement was. "Perhaps he found a nice girl," she thought.

When her brother came home for a weekend visit, he excitedly told the family that he was "born again."

"Born again? What in the world are you talking about?"

There was much confusion in the family. The more he talked, the more fearful the family became. "Born again" was such a foreign term to them that they feared he was involved with the occult. The mother was horrified. There was to be no other religion than the one she knew. As she screamed, he quoted Scripture from the Bible and reached for his Bible to show them.

The mother snatched the Bible from his hands, ripped and tore pages, and threw everything out the door. He ran after the Bible, gathered all the pieces, clutched them in his arms, and began to wail like a baby. The mother then threw him out of the house.

The girl experienced "living hell." Not only was her relationship with her brother shaken during this time, but her relationship with her mother was being threatened. They constantly argued about her brother. Although the girl did not agree with her brother, she still loved him and wanted to protect him from her mother's harshness. What was once an inseparable family was being torn and ripped apart.

Why should the words "born again" cause such turmoil? Isn't God supposed to be good? What was happening was exactly what Jesus said in the Bible:

"Do you think I came to bring peace on earth? No, I tell you, but division. From now on there will be five in one family divided against each other, three against two and two against three. They will be divided, father against son and son against father, mother against daughter and daughter against mother." (Luke 12:51-53)

Yes, there was division as they had never known.

The girl was concerned about her brother's whereabouts. She found out later that he went to spend the rest of the weekend at the home of his high school friend.

After the bombshell experience, the girl spent the next few months visiting her brother, trying to bring him to his senses. Each conversation ended in a fight. She was not about to let her little brother win by telling her that he was right and she was wrong. After all, she was older; therefore, she knew more—so she thought.

But each time she saw her brother, she noticed something about him that was different. His face glowed, and he had a peace that she had never seen before. Soon she found herself envying her brother, wanting what he had. Thus, she began her search.

She desperately sought help to find the answer. She sought priests and nuns who might shed some light. She sought a Bible study. She opened the Bible and tried reading it, but the words had no meaning. She prayed every night to the God she knew for peace.

After several months of daily prayer, she cried out in desperation one night. She told God she really wanted to find Him—but didn't know how to do it alone—and asked God to send someone who could lead her to Jesus. Her pride prevented her from asking her little brother for help. As if in a vision, she saw Jesus coming toward her, then He gently put his hand on her shoulder. She fell asleep.

A few weeks later, she was at work late one day and was talking with another person in her group. She was planning to introduce him to one of her girlfriends, but he was thinking of setting her up with one of his friends.

When their boss heard about it, his comment was, "You guys are funny. Neither of you are attached. Why don't you set each other up?" They looked at each other and knew immediately that there was a spark there that did not exist in the year-and-a-half that they had been working together.

One day, the guy invited her to come to his church. Although worried about what her mother would think, she consented. She would always carry the memory of that first Sunday morning when she walked into that gymnasium where the church was meeting. She *knew* that God's Spirit was alive there. People all around her had faces that glowed. She had never seen so many beautiful faces. She felt her heart jump for joy as she stood in their midst, and the Spirit filled the room. She knew in that moment that she had found a home for worship.

Some time later, the pastor offered a four-week class on "Foundations of Our Faith." On the first day of class, the pastor told a story:

There was a man who was on trial for murder. One day, he stood before the judge and the jury to receive his sentence. The jury, after much



deliberation, found the man guilty. The judge, with a heavy swing of a gavel, gave the man a death sentence. Then he stood up, took off his robe, came down and stood next to the man who was sentenced to die. The judge looked to the jurors and said, "Please, take my life instead. This is my son whom I love."

Suddenly it became crystal clear to her who Jesus was and what He did for her! In silence she prayed, "O, Jesus, that's what You have done for me. Thank You, Jesus, for saving me. As You have given me Your life, I now give You mine." As she prayed, tears ran down her face, and she felt a warmth from head to toe. She felt like her body was melting as complete peace overcame her.

She knew then that she had found the one missing piece of the puzzle in her life that eluded her for so long. God says in the Bible, "*You will seek Me and find Me if you seek Me with your whole heart.*" Her search was over.

When I look back at my life, some memories are painful. But I can let those memories play out and know that God has been with me through them all. When I follow them to the present, I bow my heart in thanksgiving to God for the blessings that He has lavished on me—not because of what I have done— but because of His great love.

Memories of the mud-and-straw house lead me to a spacious house in Lutherville, Maryland—a house that is like a mansion to me; memories of ragged clothes lead me to a closet full of choices; memories of a meaningless life lead me to a fulfilling life in ministry.

Who would have imagined that a little girl from a poverty-stricken Korean farming village would one day be called by God to serve as a National Director for Children's Ministry of Community Bible Study in the United States? "*Nothing is impossible with God*" (Luke 1:37).



Psalm 16:6 says, "*The boundary lines have fallen for me in pleasant places; surely I have a delightful inheritance.*" With a loving husband and three wonderful children, a comfortable home, and the ability to enjoy sweet fellowship with so many friends— yes, boundary lines have fallen for me in pleasant places, and I am enjoying that delightful inheritance.