

## Two Young Chinese Ladies Hear from God

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Several high-ranking church leaders from Europe visited a pastor in Hong Kong, China, who took them to visit two young women missionaries who had just returned from their mission station for a short visit. The pastor asked these two ladies to come to the hotel to meet the leaders from Europe.

These young ladies had become Christians when they heard the gospel on a radio while they were still teenagers, and they each felt the call to be a missionary. Their pastor had tried to convince them to do the work of the Lord right where they were but they said, “No. In the Bible, Jesus told us to go to all the world. We will go.”

The pastor protested, “You have only been Christians for six months, and you are so young.”

They replied, “Pastor, we have read everything Jesus said, and nowhere does He ask people how old they are. We want to go.”

The pastor replied, “Very well. We need some workers on Hainan Island. But it is very rough. The people there are fishermen. There are no Christians there. For young ladies it might be dangerous.”

Excitedly they responded, “How soon can we go? We will go to this place.”

They had been there for two years and were now back for a short period of time to try to get Bibles for their new churches [meaning they must still have been about 20 years old].

The pastor went to the lobby that night at the appointed time and waited for the ladies to arrive so he could escort them to meet the visitors. While he waited, he watched the bellboys in their crisp, tailored uniforms, and the tourists who

attempted to be casual in their designer clothes. Then he spotted them. “Oh, no!” he thought, as they walked in. Their black pyjamas and broad-brimmed fishermen hats stood in stark contrast to the appearance of the sophisticated hotel crowd. Tourists ogled them with that “how quaint” look so often directed to the locals.

Several people stood staring as he greeted them as politely as possible without drawing too much attention. “Come, we will go to my room to meet some people from Europe.” The women looked at each other, then apprehensively followed behind, looking down at their bare feet sinking into the carpet. They attempted to step more lightly, as though they were afraid they would sink into this beautifully colored ‘mud’. The pastor pushed the elevator button, keeping his head down and afraid to watch any of the many eyes staring in his direction. The elevator arrived and the doors slid open, and the women greeted it with a look of great astonishment.

Several tourists smiled at them as they stepped on. There were more ‘how quaint’ looks. The elevator operator pretended not to notice his passengers as he asked for the floor number. The women’s wonder changed to fear as the doors closed and their first elevator ride began to ascend.

Once in the room, the two European church officials graciously greeted them and motioned for them to sit down. The pastor pulled chairs toward them, so they would not sit on the floor.

They began, “Pastor, ask them how many churches they have established on Hainan.”

They put their heads down and answered, “Oh, Pastor, we have only been there two years. Not many. Not very many.” Their voices were apologetic.

“How many?”

“Oh, not many, not many. We have only been there a short time. The people were not very friendly; no, not very friendly. Sometimes they became very vicious. Yes, sometimes they told us they were going to drown us in the ocean. Several men threatened us. Oh my, and because we were so young, even some of the ladies did not like us. Yes, some even called us terrible names...so, not many churches...no, not many.”

The pastor interrupted and slowly repeated the words, “How many?”

There was a moment of silence, then one of the women looked up with embarrassment and anguish, as though confessing to a crime, “Only thirteen.”

The pastor looked astonished and interpreted for the guests, “Thirteen.” One of them repeated the number, “Only thirteen! Oh, my, goodness, I haven’t planted that many churches in my lifetime!” One of the pastor’s assistants interrupted, “No, Pastor, she did not say 13, she said 30!” The pastor looked at them and asked, “30?”

“Oh, yes, not many. We have done very poorly. Only 30.”

“How many people are in the churches?”

Again both heads went down, apologizing for their failure. “Not many.” Finally, the pastor looked like he was ready to shake them and practically yelled, “How many?”

“Only 220 people. Not many, no...not many.”

Quickly multiplying in his head, the pastor said, “Two hundred and twenty in 30 churches?”

“Oh no, in only one, but that one is a very small church, very small. There are bigger ones...”

The guests repeated the numbers, “220 is small? Dear Lord, I wish I had some that large. Ask them how many are in the big churches.”

With a more reverent manner, the pastor inquired, “And how many in the big churches? I mean, the biggest one.”

They began again, “Oh, not many...” when he asked them, “Please, ladies, how many?”

“Oh, less than 5000. Only 4,900. Yes, less than 5000. We have just started.” From behind the pastor came the sound of weeping: “Dear Lord, forgive us! What did they do? How did they do it? Ask them what they did!”

When asked, they looked astonished. “What did we do? Why, nothing. Yes, we did nothing, nothing.”

“You did nothing? You have 30 churches; the smallest with 220 people, the largest with almost 5000 new Christians! And you did nothing?”

“No, nothing. We just prayed.”

“I know you prayed, but what else did you do?”

“After we prayed, the Holy Spirit would tell us exactly what to do. We would keep praying and He would tell us what to do, and we would do it. Then we prayed and then He would tell us what to do. We would do it and keep praying...”

“Dear Lord, they just prayed and the Holy Spirit told them exactly what to do and they prayed...” The pastor laid his hands on the shoulders of the two sisters. Behind him his two guests, on their knees, weeping, joined as they just prayed.

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