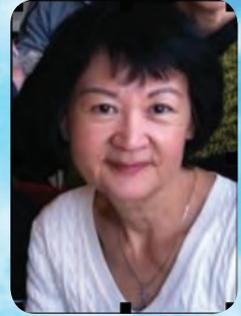




ITS A WAKE UP CALL!



I met Pastor Alicia Teo on my first Alpha Course night at Cross Culture Church (COC), Melbourne on 4th of March this year 2014. After Nicky Gumbel's video, we gathered into small discussion groups whereby pastor introduced herself and spoke of the healing room that she had formed in Singapore called "Father Me." This aroused my interest as I recalled my friend and ex-boss, Yu Lin, who used to make day trips to Singapore once a week to conduct such sessions (with other servants of God) in a healing room there.

I met Marie also for the first time in this discussion group, who had migrated from Singapore to Melbourne since 2007. Marie invited me to attend the woman's seminar on the following Saturday morning where pastor would speak about the women who played important roles in the Bible. That day, pastor also baptised me in the Spirit and the Lord anointed me with speaking in the heavenly language which we normally termed "Speaking in tongues" Since that day, I was able to speak in tongues. On the following Tuesday, I managed to get a slot in Father Me session with pastor and she was like my physician in Malaysia. Every question conducted during the counselling session was with the objective of rooting out my past, especially the family conflicts and self bitterness which were the main roots of Colon Cancer that I was inflicted with in 2013. Some of these conflicts were submerged, buried, suffocated and/or life-threatening (but not dead) and seemingly forgotten as the enemy has locked them into my soul under the locker "suppressed emotions." It was like a smoking out session and the woodworms (the issues) started crawling out. Anger, bitterness, rejection, hatred, fear, anxiety and

other negative emotions surfaced along with them. The cleansing is not yet totally completed and I know I will require more sessions before I can declare myself healed mentally and spiritually.

Father Me Healing Ministry

I came to understand that Father Me Healing Ministry catalogues for us how each developmental period of our life, from womb to adulthood has become and remains a critical influence in all we think and do as adults. Psychologists have shown us how, in our infancy, nurture or the lack of it blesses or cripples us emotionally and how that affects character development. Failing to develop to maturity has happened because we reacted and so failed to "incarnate" properly. The first six years of life are the "incarnating" years. Our personal spirit resonates in every cell of our body, from conception to death but sometimes we do not motivationally accept being who we are as spirit, soul and body thus failing to incarnate fully into who we are meant to become. Traumas and our reactions may cause us to withdraw or rebel. When either happens we bury a portion of who we are until eventually having failed to incarnate, we lose even what we think we have. (Luke 19:24).

Many, even among born again Christians, have persisted in thinking that the past is the past, having no effect upon us. Many are unaware that we have carried our childish reactions and coping mechanisms into the present relationships and activities. Accepting Jesus Christ as our Saviour and our Lord by uttering a Sinner's Prayer is only the beginning of healing our spirit, soul and body. **Salvation actually means healing, health, wholeness, deliverance, well-being, safety, soundness and eternal life.** As Christians we over-emphasised eternal life and neglect to lay hold of the healing and deliverance so needed in this life. One practical aspect of this benefit of salvation is experiencing the healing that the Lord provides to restore us to wholeness.

Our Heavenly Father longs to answer to every heart cry and heal us and redeem all that was lost through inappropriate parenting of our parents. **He sent forth**

His word and healed our diseases (Ps 107:20). We are inhibited in our maturing process by the wounds inflicted on us through parents, caretakers and other people who had a formative influence in our life. The wound causes a lie to be planted into our hearts that perverts our belief system. These negative influences, sown as seeds in our early months and years of life come to harvest in our adult life as fears, pain, shame, insecurities, sin and cyclical problems and along with them come our unforgiveness, bitterness, resentment and anger.

I was no exception. Although I was not a Christian during my childhood and adult years, I was not ignorant of Christianity and Jesus Christ, having been educated in a Roman Catholic mission school run by Irish nuns during my primary and secondary school years. I knew “The Lord’s Prayer” by heart till today but was not aware of its significance. To me, Jesus was someone of ancient times who existed in the scripture classes and His parables to be recited into memory and I could not relate to Him at all. In Form Six , a friend invited me to attend a Pentecostal church service and I stared unblinkingly at the mass of people who waved their arms about and whose tongues seem to roll around their mouths with foreign language. At that time, I find these people weird and truly mad. That was my first and last time.

I come from a family of low middle class Taoist background but I had no interest in the religion of my parents and grandparents either. I was contemptuous of people seeking religion of any kind. A man or a woman seeking religion was to me, a sign of weakness; such a person is unable to cope with his or her life on earth, therefore he or she must seek God for help. Later in life as I pursued success after success, I came to accept the existence of an universal God and the belief that all religions lead to one God. As long as I do not kill, lie, murder or cheat, as long as I was kind (but not too kind), generous (but not too generous) lest I be taken advantage of, I should be alright. Sometimes I did ask of myself why and what my purpose is on this earth, but I had no answers of course with my mental mind instead switched to “Let’s go shopping” mode. **I was not aware that I was “conceived in my mother’s womb and was brought forth in iniquity” (Ps 51:5).**

I do believe now that Jesus allowed me to fall into an “abyss of hell” in 2013 and with no more personal compass to follow and it was during that darkest hour, I asked Him to save me and praise God He did. His hand was always there, except that I had refused to reach out

to Him because of my arrogance, pride, anger and the self-righteous attitude, thinking I could control and plan my life the way I have always been doing. My mother passed on in February of that year after five years of no real physical sickness but real mental depression. She was negative and bitter about her life. It was an endless struggle to make ends meet for a family as dysfunctional as mine. My father refused to accept his responsibilities of a parent, preferring instead to enjoy his life with his mistress and son. My friends lived in proper houses whereas I lived in an old pre-war shophouse until the day I got married. I was determined to succeed in life and acquire the material wealth that my family never had before. Family conflicts were too numerous to count, and curses were regularly flung everywhere. We as the children, were practically left to run our own lives.

All along I was not aware that it was God who blessed me with academic intellectual ability and a teacher’s scholarship to pursue Bachelor of Science degree in University of Malaya after accepting training in a teacher’s training college. My parents could not afford my tertiary education. At aged 28, I was the oldest student in the class but I consistently scored the highest grades and won the gold medal and a First Class Honours in my faculty after which I decided to pursue law while teaching and taking care of a baby. I have exhausted the family’s support I attained from my mother-in-law and my husband to achieve my goal in upgrading myself. I become too performance-driven, and too focused on attaining success and material wealth so that my daughter would never need to grow up the way I did.

I was diagnosed with colon cancer in April 2013 during a colonoscopy check when I had symptoms of unusual rectal bleeding which I had ignored for months until after the Taoist rites for my mother had been completed. The operation was successful and I did not require chemotherapy. However on the day of my mother’s burial, I had a bitter public altercation with my father who had exhibited utter disrespect for my mother even at her death and although we made up, I refused to speak to him or see him after that. In September 2013, less than six months after my operation, a routine rectal scope revealed the existence of a recurrent tumour of about 2.5 cm in size. I told the surgeon that I could not go through with a second operation as I was sure that I would die. During the period after my mother’s death and the bitter altercation with my father, I was filled with the spirit of heaviness. Every morning I would wake up with

the thought, “**When am I going to die?**”. Unwittingly I had invited the **spirit of death** into my life. A week after my second diagnosis, my father passed on suddenly in a fiery car accident. He was pulled out in time but died by the roadside. I was filled with remorse and regret that I had treated him so badly during the last few months of his life.

At the prompting of my brother who is living in Melbourne, and since my daughter, Jade lived and worked there, I decided to seek treatment in Melbourne in November 2013. There followed two months of painful radiation and chemotherapy to shrink the tumour and this was their procedure to prepare for the operation scheduled for March 2014. Jade is a Christian and often prayed for me. She bought me a Bible and asked me to read it and to learn how to pray on my own. But no words could come forth from my mouth. Jade would go to work and I would lie in bed wallowing in self pity at the state I had become. Sometimes I followed her to church on Sunday. But I was still filled with anger and bitterness at the way my life had turned out. I was losing control of my life to a disease that I had never envisioned I would get. I was helpless and frustrated and all my achievements seemed meaningless in the face of impending death. It was like “**a chasing after the wind**”. Still I did not seek Him specifically but I knew sickness had humbled me to the point that I was ready to ask God for help.

A week after I returned to Malaysia in January 2014, God’s mighty hand unfolded and I was introduced to an evangelist who was also gifted with the spiritual gift of healing. I accepted Christ that very day on January 17th and he asked God to heal me. His wife (while praying with him) had a vision of a hand plucking a tiny seed from my abdomen and released to me a word of knowledge that I must learn the scriptures. I began to recite the psalms especially Psalm 23, 34 and 91 and “The Lord’s Prayer” and I also read the Bible everyday. I started attending (Grace Assembly of God) church in Klang prayer meeting and on Sunday. In February, I returned to Melbourne to undergo the MRI and PET scans as a prelude to my operation. The surgeon and the radiologist confirmed that the tumour had shrunk and that there was no sign of it. Still, my surgeon advised me to undergo the operation which will involve removing the whole rectum (the first operation) and inducting a colonostomy for four weeks and a second operation to uplift it. He warned that if I did not listen to him the tumour will re-grow and then it will be harder to treat. I told the surgeon that I wanted to think about the amazing results and left the clinic. Confusion reigned in my

mind but while walking down the road I came up behind an old stooped Caucasian man holding a book behind his back. All I could see was a big golden cross on the book cover so I walked nearer to him and saw the words above the golden cross reading, “The Sunday Missal”. Verse Mark 11:22 then flashed in my mind (Have faith in God). It was as if the cloud had cleared and I smiled, face upward to the sky. This was my first affirmation that God is with me.

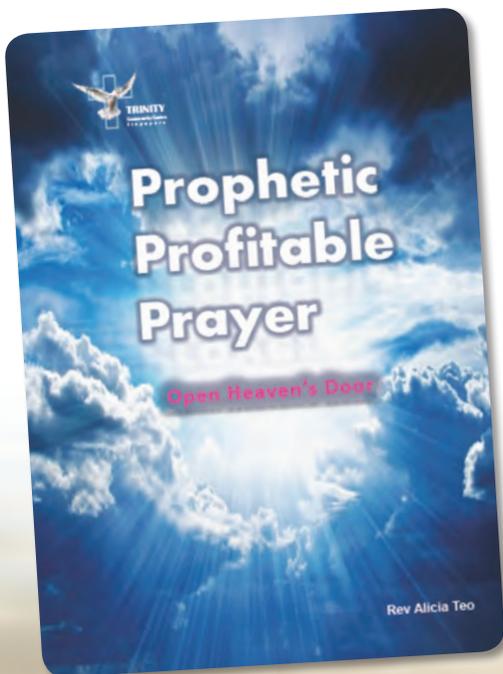
Still I had to meet with the radiologist the following week and I knew that his opinion would be the same as the surgeon’s. These people can really frighten you with ominous doomsday warnings. While waiting in his clinic I flipped to my daily bread email. The text for that day was about Mark 3:1 (Jesus healing a withered hand). That was my second affirmation. I told the radiologist that I had sought divine intervention and cancelled the operation. He warned that I was entering uncharted territory and my reply was that I would be glad to become his living experiment. Faced with such stubbornness from me, they proposed that I undergo a colonoscopy (conducted on April 16) and another set of MRI and PET scans after Easter. The colonoscopy showed that the tumour had indeed shrunk and the biopsy revealed (in medical terms) “no obvious fungating tumour present”. Hallelujah!

I believe that it is by divine connection that I had met Pastor Alicia in Melbourne on 4th March and did my first Father Me Healing session with her on 11th March that led to the amazing medical results today. After I was saved, I started reading the scriptures and went online to read Derek Prince’s teaching articles and sermons. He was an amazing teacher but I prayed to God for someone to mentor me properly as I was picking up bits and pieces here and there and making notes without a structured framework. Pastor Alicia’s spiritual gift of healing and prophecy was not what I had asked for but God knows what His children needed. Together with her I continued to maintain healing and everyday I spend time giving praise, thanks, proclamation and prayers from her book, “**Prophetic Profitable Prayer**” (PPP) which has been an indispensable guide to me. She continued to mentor me through her daily messages and I pray to Jesus everyday that He will continue to bless her with good health and protect her and her family as her work on earth as a devoted servant of God is not over yet.

After Easter, on 16th April Ps Alicia divinely communicated by WhatsApp whilst I was doing my colonoscopy procedure. I was encouraged by her words that God will

send me a miracle of saving faith and may I emerge new and whole from this procedure and she encouraged me with Jer 17:14 and Ps 91. I was also exhorted by the words in the WhatsApp she sent to me personally that **God who planted the ear does He not hear? He who formed the eye does He not see? (Ps 94:9)**. One and the half hours later, the surgeon reported that there was no sign of tumour except for some scarring and he then took a biopsy to check if there are any more cancer cells that do not deserve to reside in my body. I strongly believe in the words I prayed in the PPP Book written by her, that I am completely healed and that there are no more cancer cells in my body as God has promised not to send any diseases to His righteous one as in Ex 15:26. God is faithful! The biopsy revealed in medical terms “ no obvious fungating tumour present”.

What is my relationship with Jesus now? It is now closer than ever before. From Derek Prince and Ps Alicia’s daily word through WhatsApp in **voice in the marketplace**, and meditation of His word, I continue to make this declaration: **I believe that Jesus is the son of God and the only true way to God. He is the way the truth and the life (John 14:6)**. I believe that he died on the cross for my sins, iniquities and transgressions, was buried and resurrected three days later and now sits at the right hand of my Heavenly Father as my advocate and intercessor. I am in Christ and therefore I am a new creation. All those old things have passed away. Everything in my life has become new (**2 Cor 5:17**) and everything is from God. I lay down my independence and I submit myself without reservation to His Lordship. From now on, I will depend on His all sufficient grace. As I continually walk in His Light and obey Him, I believe that all things will work together for my good. I conclude with **Proverbs 4:20-22**



**“My son, give attention to my words
Incline your ear to my sayings,
Do not let them depart from your eyes
Keep them in the midst of your heart
For they are life to those who find them
And health to all their flesh”**

**Finally, I pen below the Psalmist David’s Prayer
“Your testimonies are fully confirmed;
Holiness befits Your House, O Lord,
forevermore.”**

Shalom,
Gan Chai Horng

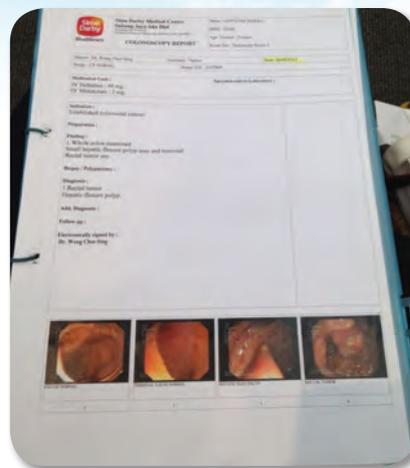
Note from the Editor: “This is the day of good news but we are keeping silent.....” 2 Ki 7:9 should be our heart cry. Many a time we just want to keep silent even with our testimonies as we felt ashamed to go through this turmoil but I am glad to have met a sister in Christ in my recent Melbourne trip whose childlike faith in God has brought her this testimony of God’s faithfulness and goodness. If you have not received Jesus Christ as your Lord and Saviour, I hope you are touched by this testimony and say the Sinner’s Prayer that I have led Chai Horng to say in my recent trip to Melbourne in March 2014. You can be every week in the Church and yet not born again. Without saying the sinner’s prayer you cannot consider yourself as being saved:

SINNER’S PRAYER

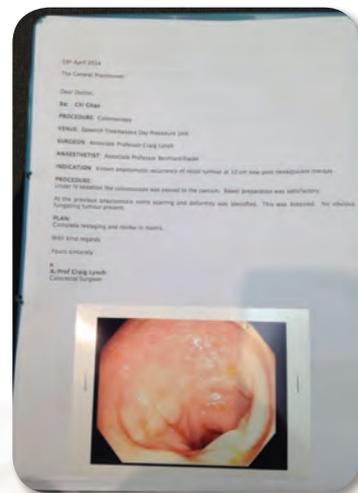
Father, I thank you that I am here today by Your Grace to confess all my sins and my generational sins to you. Today I want to hand over all these sins to You to crucify them at the cross, to separate from my spirit and soul so that You remember my sins no more & that I am set free. He whom the Son sets free is free indeed.(Jn 8:36). I thank You for forgiving my sins and I want to release forgiveness to all those who have wronged me, hurt me or harmed me. I believe Jesus died on the cross for me and take my sins, iniquities and transgressions to the cross so that they are now halted at the cross separated from my spirit and soul. I believe Jesus was buried and was resurrected to Heaven three days later and now sits at the right hand of my Heavenly Father interceding for my salvation. Today I am no longer a sinner but I am saved by His Grace. I now acknowledge Jesus as my Saviour and my Lord. I give my whole life to Him and I let Jesus be the centre of my life. I thank You that as I say the Sinner’s Prayer I am now a child of God and a joint heir with Jesus Christ. I thank you Lord for saving me. In Jesus name I pray, Amen.

Latest update from Chai Horng on 29th April 2014:

Below is an updated PET Scan Report. It is even better than the one I went through in February according to the Radiologist. The Cancer marker is 1.1 and any number below 8 means no cancer. I want to give all glory to God. Indeed we serve a God who is greater than our hearts and greater than any so called gods in this world.



Before



After