**No Sense of Belonging**

My testimony starts in 1984, when I made a friend in first grade. From elementary school to college, we followed each other from school to school. Some years, we would see each other every day of the week.

Having a friend really helped me in my childhood because my parents were constantly fighting. There were many arguments and sometimes domestic violence. My parents divorced when I was in third grade.

Growing up was difficult; it seemed like my life was incomplete, and I had no sense of belonging. I went through a variety of emotions: rage, loneliness, depression, anger, fear, and even violence.

# Finding God in College

On my first day of school at UCLA, I discovered that I had the same math class as my friend. He introduced me to a classmate who was a member of the True Jesus Church (TJC) and we all quickly became friends.

During my third year I lived in an apartment with my friend and his friend from TJC. The TJC campus fellowship at UCLA met every week in our apartment so it was impossible avoiding the topic of church and God. I began learning about Lord Jesus Christ and salvation. What role did Jesus play in salvation? What do I need to do to be saved?

Every week, I learned a little more about God. Because of the love of the UCLA fellowship, I went from doubting God to praying fervently for the Holy Spirit. I believed that the Holy Spirit was necessary to enter the kingdom of heaven, and I desired to experience God the way the UCLA brothers and sisters did.

By the grace of God, I was baptized later that year. I decided I would first get baptized and then worry about receiving the Holy Spirit later. But thank God, the day I received water baptism was also the same day I received the Holy Spirit—exactly as described in Acts 2:38! “Repent, be baptized and you will receive the promise of the Holy Spirit.”

I also received my first Holy Communion. I was very emotional the entire service. I tried to hold back my tears for as long as I could, but eventually gave up.

I asked myself, “Did Jesus suffer so much just for me? Who am I that He should be tortured, disgraced, and crucified for me?”

# I Finally Found My Home

During the concluding prayer I saw a vision. I saw one man beating another. He hit and kicked the man to the floor, but the second person never retaliated. Every time he was beaten, he would always get up just to be beaten down again.

As I took a closer look at the first man, I saw a familiar rage and pain. I realized that the person was me, and the other man was our Lord Jesus Christ.

Was I the one beating Jesus? Was I just like the Roman soldiers that whipped, beaten, and mocked Jesus? I kept watching as Jesus was repeatedly knocked down. I looked into His eyes and saw His anguish and suffering.

I also saw His love.

“Stop beating Him!” I shouted. I turned to my Lord Jesus, “Why don’t You just stay down? Stop getting up — it’s not worth it!” I kept seeing myself beating Him repeatedly, and I continued pleading until I fell to my knees and wept bitterly.

I was the one who hurt Him; I caused His pain every time I pushed Him away and every time I disobeyed Him. All of these were blows and strikes I took out on Him.

While I was weeping in prayer, I felt two arms enfold me with warmth the way a father would embrace his son. Then, I suddenly felt my tongue begin to roll, and the love and power of the Holy Spirit filled every part of my body.

I have finally found my home.

Dear Friends

If you desire a sense of belonging and assurance, come to Jesus Christ, the Savior. Remember, “Salvation is found in no one else, for there is no other name under heaven given to men by which we must be saved.”

(Acts 4:12)

Contact to us to know more about the Savior of mankind!

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| **Worship Services** |
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I Found My Home