Hanah's Testimony



When I was in my 4th year high school, I used to be very spoiled and lazy. I never really cared about my grades since my only aim was just to pass. Every day when I got home from school, my first destination would be my computer. I would spend my whole night lazing around the computer instead of spending the whole night with my family. I would always remember the tiring face of my parents whenever I arrive in the house. I can see that they've been doing their best to send me and my brothers to school. That kind of love that they sacrificed themselves for our sake never reached me. I was immature back then. I was in the dark. I was blinded. The things I should have valued back then should have been the things that can't be bought my money and I regretted that the most. The sinner, ugly, terrible and nightmare 'me' was my worst enemy and I didn't realize it until God taught me a lesson. The lesson made me come to God. It made me know him. It made me desire him more and more.

It was 4 weeks before college starts. It was Sunday, my brothers and I are getting ready to go to church. My parents can't go since my father's heart started aching and I was very worried, so I asked mom to watch over him. When I got home from church, my father was still there, massaging his heart. I asked him if it was really serious and he nodded. I told my mom to send him to the hospital but my mom said it was just normal. I was angry when my mom said that. She didn't realize that it was really serious. I entered the room where my father was at. I asked him plenty of questions about the symptoms he experienced; my father participated and answered all my questions. I want to help figure out my father's sickness since my mom doesn't want to take him to the doctor. I wrote down everything he said and I searched it on Google, but no matter how hard I try to search for

answers, I really can't find it. Let's face it, I am not a doctor and trying to be one doesn't help in our case.

I forced my mom to let him go to the doctor, but my mom won't budge. She's still determined about not letting my dad go. That night, my father finally said that he wants go to see the doctor, so my mom finally agreed. I was in front of my computer, surfing the net when my parents started packing. Before my father left, I asked him if he wants to bring his bible. He smiled and said yes. I was happy to see him smile. He loves the Lord more than ever. He loves him more than us and that's enough for me to smile while writing this. I got the bible and gave it to him. After a few minutes, they went off. I waved good bye to them, and I never knew that, that was the last time that I would see him…
I was the one watching my parents' business since they're both in the hospital. I manage their business while watching Korean dramas. I was irritated. I wished my mom closed the store so that I wouldn't be the one watching it. Anyways, my dad was immediately sent to the ICU and my mom frowned at that. ICU was expensive and my mom doesn't want to spend money on expensive bills. My mom wants the nurses to transfer my dad to a normal room. After 2 days, my father was transferred to a normal room. It was Thursday when my father asked to see me. I wasn't able to go since I have to watch over the business. I was at the store and my brothers and I were planning to see my dad, to have dinner together with him.

My mother called and my brother was the one who picked up the phone. Suddenly, my brother yelled, "Dad can't breathe! hurry!
I was in between of reality and imaginations. I don't know if it were true. The reality never sunk in that moment. I thought I was dreaming. I thought it was all me. I thought it was all just a prank. But as I look at my brother's face, I know then that it was no joke. I was finally convinced that it was true, that it was not a dream, imaginations nor a prank. This is the moment when all things became important, and every seconds of that time was very important.

I hurriedly ran outside the house with my brothers, leaving behind the store. Who cares about the store when my father is in that kind of state??

While we were on the cab, me and my two brothers kept on praying to God non-stop. We prayed to spare my dad's life. When we got to the hospital, we asked the information desk on what door number is our dad. They said the number and we rashly run to the stairs.

When we arrived on the 4th floor, I saw my mother outside the room, talking with my dad's doctor. My mom's face was so troubled. And in an unconscious moment, my feet and hands began to trouble as I kept nearer and nearer to the door, that seemed to be the scariest thing that I've ever seen and felt in my entire life. When I finally arrived, there were nurses and doctors everywhere. They were pumping my dad's heart, in hope of him being revived. As I was standing with my stoned-body, the only thing I could hear was the sound of the ECG. It made my heart beat in panic.
I can't take it anymore. I can't stand there looking at my dad, as he fights for his life. So, I ran outside the room, and into the hall. I found a dark place where I could be alone. At that place, I

prayed to God desperately, seeking for his mercy and his grace. I cried, but not too much. My hands were still shaking while I sat there, almost losing my sanity. While I was praying, a feeling came to me, a feeling that I was not sincere, that I was just blurting words and words just to save my dad. I was only thinking of myself and I was not thinking of God because I half-didn't believe that he would revive my dad.

I was a Christian ever since my childhood. But now that I think about it, I was only a Christian by religion only. But at some point of time, I believed in Jesus, I believed in the Holy Spirit and also the God of all Gods.

And then, my brother came to me with a loud voice. I can't hear him since he's not being very clear. At first, I thought he was laughing but as he came nearer to me, I could hear his voice clearly. He was crying, together with my little brother. "Dad is gone!" He cried loudly.

I was shock and I almost can't believe it. My dad…my dad was gone?? Was this true? Wait no…he's just sleeping, yeah…he's probably sleeping. Don't worry about it… I'm alright. I would see him after all this was over…this is just a terrible dream…just a nightmare. I would wake up soon…

I was not crying when all my two brothers were crying. I was staring at the ground, staring like a broken doll. But I knew that I need to comfort my brothers, so I told them that Dad is in heaven. They also agreed. So, their cries lessen a little.

I went to my mother and I saw her sitting beside my dad. Her eyes had dried because of too much crying.
And then, I focused to my dad's lifeless body. I touched his cold feet with a sorrow feeling within my heart. My dad had left us. Suddenly, all memories of him came showering on my mind. The time when we fought, the time when I got him angry, the time when all of us laugh, the time when all family ate together and the time when we talked about God.

He was a Christian, he believed in Jesus and his life was devoted to only serving him. I would see him reading his bible every night and when trouble comes, like the time when his heart started aching; he immediately got up and read the bible for 3 hours straight. Can't you believe it? The most trouble times he had, he spent it with the Lord. He never complained about his illness nor does he cry about it. He was a strong dad. He's a very kind and loving father. He was loyal to my mother and he really loves us. He also served the Lord with a loyal heart, which is why I was moved by his loyalty towards God.

I started thinking about God and I came to this conclusion. I need God and I can't live without him. The day of my father's burial was also the day that I will attend the youth camp. It was a perfect timing. It felt like God has planned all this.

While I was in the camp, God suddenly touched my heart. It was amazing. It's the feeling of comfort and peace.

Before my father passed away, I was enslaved by my computer. I can't live without my computer and when my parents try to take it away from me, I get very angry. I was worshiping this computer; it is because I put this computer before God.

And God planned to free me from this slavery. The reason why he took dad with him was because he wants me and my family to come to know him. He wants us to realize that he is merciful and full of love. He is the alpha and the omega, the beginning and the end. He is everything.

After the camp, I was scared to go home. I can't bare the feeling that I will remember the memories with my dad again. So, I prayed and ask God to be my strength and my comforter. I asked him to be my guidance when I go home. I pleaded him to take away these aching feeling. And he heard my prayers and guided me to my house. Although I still remember the memories, it was different. It was a warm kind of set-up. It was God saying that my dad is there with him.

Hanah