



North Side Chinese
Alliance Church

Baptism Testimony

NOV 2025



Asher Liang

Growing up in a Christian household and Sunday school provided me with knowledge of who Jesus was, and a basic understanding of the stories within the bible however, I never had a personal connection with Jesus. It's one thing to know of someone, and another to know them personally. This absence of a personal relationship with God was furthered as I entered early high school.

I was an immature and rebellious teenager, surrounding myself with not only worldly people but immersing myself within a lifestyle, and adopting values and a mindset that was far from God. I also struggled with the way I was treated by my parents, leading me to feel further from God, as I applied their human imperfections as a lens in which I viewed God. Before knowing Jesus, I thought human value was determined by how hard you worked. Your grades, fitness, sports and achievements defined your value. I labelled myself as a "Christian" even though my values, habits and entire life reflected the opposite in which I know he would've wanted me to live. However, everything changed around the middle of high school. I had an argument with friends and a major falling off occurred, causing my friends to leave. Looking back, I know this was God protecting me, and growing the seed planted within me. However, I was immature and ended up getting angry and blaming God. However, overtime the absence of influence led me to eventually go to a youth group after getting encouraged to go by parents and friends.

Attending youth group was one of the best decisions I've ever made. It was different from Sunday school- instead of a teacher student relationship it was more personal. The studies were also based on applying God's scripture to my life instead of learning about stories within the bible. The different environment accelerated my understanding of who Jesus was, especially since I had the heart to engage, being more mature and understanding deeper topics and the environment of everyone being super welcoming and kind, all pushed me towards Christ. The environment of youth, teaching how relationship with God was personal and being surrounded by kind and supportive people really pushed me in the right direction. I started praying, reading my bible and knowing the love and care Jesus has for me.

Although my idea of how to pursue a relationship with God was established it was still influenced by my previous values and beliefs, leading to me living in legalism. Every time I lived "righteously" I would deny it however deep down would feel a sense of pride, and every time I fell away I was overwhelmed by guilt, and was scared to approach God, however as I matured in my faith I finally realised- it was what Jesus did, not my own works and that I'm saved by grace alone! Nothing I can do can save me, only Jesus who died on the cross, for my rightful punishment and wrath. Nowadays, I trust in God and in every hardship and trial as I know what Jesus has done for me!



Carina Yu

I grew up surrounded by Christian things. I went to church every week since I was little and attended a Christian school since kindergarten. I took all these things for granted. Church was fun – a place to see friends – and I thought I was doing pretty good just by showing up.

Despite attending a Christian high school, most of my peers were against Christian beliefs. The scripture classes portrayed Christianity as a list of strict rules (at least in my opinion), which made me resist it as someone who desired freedom. Being openly Christian often meant being labelled as one of the “weird ones,” so I kept quiet about my faith.

Looking back, I realised that many of my compromises came from a desire to fit in. I struggled to have close friendships in my earlier school years, so when I entered high school, I tried desperately to fit in by adopting the attitudes and behaviours of those around me just to be accepted. I justified behaviours as “not so serious,” compromising biblical truth to maintain my place in the group. I treated God in the same way I treated people: believing His acceptance had to be earned through my performance.

At the same time, I feared openly identifying as a Christian. People often had high expectations of how Christians should behave, and I was scared of falling short or being judged. Ironically, I felt the same pressure within church, performing the “right” behaviours to look like a good church kid while living differently outside. In the end, I was going after approval everywhere, not realising that only God’s love could satisfy my desire to belong.

In 2021, when I was in Year 10, I had the opportunity to take baptism preparation classes and considered getting baptised. At that time, I felt inadequate and thought I still needed to improve myself to be considered “good enough” for God. I decided to “test out my faith” for half a year before deciding whether to get baptised at the next opportunity. However, before I could follow through, I moved to Australia later in the year unexpectedly and missed the next baptism service.

When I first came to Australia, it was during the COVID pandemic, which meant that everything, including church services, was held online. I felt disconnected, not only from the church community but also from God. Without anyone around to hold me accountable or encourage me to pursue Him, my faith grew stagnant, making it evident that my own strength was insufficient to keep myself close to Him.

Carina Yu

During one of the weeks in NSY, when we were discussing what it means that Jesus is “the way, and the truth, and the life,” I was still debating in my mind how much faith and good works I could contribute to my salvation. I remember Christy, our youth leader, calling me out by saying that there is nothing we can do to achieve God’s perfect standard. It was confronting because I had always perceived that I needed to put in my own effort to earn His favour, and my pride made grace hard to accept. God made me realise that Jesus alone had done everything, that He lived the perfect life I could not live and died to take the punishment I deserved. His sacrifice was more than sufficient; nothing I do could ever make me right with God, so I have nothing to boast in except Jesus. As I appreciate the grace of God, my desire to do good does not come from earning His love or taking credit for my progress, but from responding to His love with gratitude and obedience.

As I continued growing in faith, God also showed me a kind of belonging I could never experience anywhere else. Throughout youth group, church and now CBS, I met brothers and sisters who loved one another not because of achievement, but simply because we all belong to Christ. Their patience and encouragement to each other revealed a completely different kind of community from the one I had tried so hard to fit into at school. It was the love that reflected the heart of God Himself. Seeing this helped me realise that the acceptance I had spent years chasing after in the world could only be found in Christ.

I am thankful that God placed me in a Christian household, giving me the privilege of hearing the gospel from a young age, even though I wasn’t mature enough to respond rightly then.

Having Jesus in my life now gives me true freedom: freedom from seeking approval, fear of failure, and living according to my own standards rather than God’s purpose. A personal relationship with Him allows me to come to Him honestly with my thoughts and struggles, trust in His guidance, and live in a way that reflects who I am in Christ rather than who I think others expect me to be.

As I prepare for baptism today, I’m not trying to prove that I have finally become “good enough” for God. Instead, I want to obey Him and publicly declare what He has already done in me. Jesus invites us to come to Him and find rest, and I have come to see that His grace is enough – I no longer need to strive for approval from people or from God. My baptism today reflects that rest and the new life He has given me.



Gianna Cheung

I grew up in a family that believed in God, and while it wasn't perfect it meant that I had been learning about God and going to bible studies for my whole life.

For most of my church life I was that kid who knew all the right answers, who could memorise verses in like 2 minutes and could recite facts and stories about Jesus, but it wasn't until year 8 where I was challenged at a conference to think about whether I really knew Jesus or not.

It was phrased to me like this: think of a really famous singer or basketball player or someone. You might know their birthday, all their songs, all their stats, you might know where they were born and where they grew up and their celebrity friends, you might know all these things about them, but did you actually personally know THEM? No. And that was the realisation I had, I knew all these things ABOUT God but I didn't actually know God and so I began to ask myself, how do I get to know God? These thoughts came and went until Covid hit. I'm sure most of you remember what a stressful time that was, everything was online and felt out of reach, and so slowly I began to stop. Stopped seeking God, stopped streaming the Sunday services, playing games on the side during my online bible studies and skipping youth every now and then. I went into mental health spirals along with my friends at the time and so we would sort of pull each other deeper into this abyss of depression and anxiety, helping support but also drowning each other.

It was in this time that God in his grace chased me, through my youth leaders who constantly checked up on me and had talks with me, not forcing me to go back but encouraging me to take small steps where I was comfortable, using their own lives as examples of both the struggle and joy that comes with following God. I saw the way they humbly served the youth, week in and week out, preparing studies, doing catch ups with us, balancing work and uni as well as praying for us. Not out of an obligation of any sort but out of the heart to see these youth come to Christ, to know him in the same way they did and to guide them in that journey. I saw their own personal hunger for God, in the way they reflected on how he was working in their lives and in the way that they lived their lives constantly seeking God whether that was through uni, work, church or life in general.

Gianna Cheung

Seeing the way these leaders lived their life was actually somewhat of an eye opening moment because I was able to see the difference that following God made in their lives, a model of the life that I had aspired to have and wanted to live out. It was then that I decided to keep trusting and seeking out God.

Of course making that decision was the easy part, the hard part was actually living it out. It says in the bible that when someone truly follows God, their lives are transformed and they live a new life that honours God, but I struggled to see the change. There were days that I felt like God wasn't with me and that I wasn't living a "christian" life even though I continued to pray to Him, asking Him to reveal Himself to me and to change my life. There were still days that I was overwhelmed and days that I hated this quiet period where I felt separated from God.

This led to a KYCK camp in Yr 12 where I was talking to a youth and she shared how she'd been struggling with her faith in the same way, and I realised as we prayed together that continuing to trust God and depending on him throughout was how our faith was being lived out at the time, despite us not seeing it. So in the whirlwind of life and study and depression and friends Psalm 46:10 says, "Be still, and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the nations, I will be exalted in the earth," reminding me that He is a good and glorious God.

Krystal Leung

Growing up in a Christian family, I was always an attentive Sunday school student when I was young. My attendance was always perfect, and I would always get prizes for answering bible story quiz questions. However, when I hit puberty, I started to rebel. It began in Year 7, when I began to become a “follower” of the wrong influences. I personally am a person who is easily influenced by other people, and although I still regularly went to church every week when I was in early high school, I still felt like I lost my relationship with God, because the friends I made at church weren't devoted Christians. We would ditch church together to go to Maccas and judge the actual devoted Christians who write notes during the sermon. My actions did not reflect any Christ-like behaviours, so even my non-Christian friends can see that I am not a devoted Christian.

But then, in the year when I turned 15, I faced the turning point of my life, and my parents decided to migrate to Australia. We were never affiliated with Australia, so it was quite shocking that we got the opportunity to come here. We passed the bare minimum of all the requirements. My mum was so grateful for this opportunity, so she kept telling people that this was God's plan. I didn't believe it was God's plan at that time; I just thought it was a coincidence, as I was a lukewarm Christian. However, when I started my life in Australia, I found out that my life had gotten 10 times better. I made more friends here, and I enjoyed my school life here more than in Hong Kong. I also met many better Christian influences here at this church, who let me know what being a devoted Christian should look like, especially when I went to my first KYCK.

I remember my first time in NSY, it was during March, so they were advertising about KYCK, but I didn't know it was a conference at that time. I thought it was just a normal youth camp, so I instantly expressed my interest because I knew I could get so much closer to people during camps, and I really wanted to blend in well. When I got to KYCK, I was truly intrigued by how many people there were, and when we sang the worship music, everyone was so hyped up, and they seemed like they were pouring their hearts out to God. I joined in to sing those worship songs, and I did feel God's presence in all of us.

Krystal Leung

I remember the memory verse was (Philippians 4:6), "Do not be anxious about anything, but in every situation, by prayer and petition, with thanksgiving, present your requests to God." I got reminded of how important it is to talk to God more frequently, and that we can rely on God wholeheartedly about our worries. I think I'm personally a worrisome person, like I tend to easily think that things won't work out for me, and I usually just get anxious and crash out so badly at my problems that no one can calm me down. And at that time, I didn't have a habit of doing quiet times with God, so my worries were never calmed down by him. I was so glad that I got reminded of God's words during KYCK 2022.

Although I have gotten better spiritual influences ever since I came to Australia, I found reading the English bible a challenge, as I grew up reading the Chinese bible. So, there were times during NSY bible studies where I felt burnt out, as I didn't really understand the content of the bible study. Moreover, going to Christian events felt more like an obligation to me at that time, as I thought, "Oh! This is what a good Christian should do..." And all my church friends will go to these Christian events, and as an easily influenced person, I went to those events with them. Although I still got reminded of God's words, I didn't think it touched my heart, so I didn't think I had a personal relationship with Jesus.

Until last year, when I joined Campus Bible Study, I remember in term 3, bible studies we went through the book of Revelation. I had never actually read the book of Revelation until then, as I knew it talked a lot about judgment day. My mum mentioned judgment day a few times when I was growing up, and I got really scared by the idea of doomsday, as I really enjoyed this temporary life on earth, and didn't understand the concept of "eternity". However, when I did the bible study last year, I really felt called by a sense of urgency to accept the gospel to get eternal life. I learnt that as God's children, we should look forward to him coming back, and pray for this day to come as soon as possible. I was really fascinated by how different my mindset was compared to what I learnt, and I felt like it was a sign for me to switch up my mindset to look forward to the day of Jesus' second coming.

Krystal Leung

Ever since last year, I think my faith journey has been getting increasingly better. I think that joining Campus Bible Study helped me stick to the gospel a lot during my uni days, as there's not a lot of Christian influences around me in the degree that I'm studying. I went to MYC this year and met good Christian friends that I can stick with during my uni years, and they also motivate me to do prayer journaling consistently, as we do sharings sometimes at Parkrun. I really felt that I had grown a relationship with God through consistently talking to him.

I actually felt ready to be baptised since last year, but the incident that motivated me to actually apply for the baptism was a chat with Aunty Wendy. I remember one time at MES, I sat next to Aunty Wendy, and after the sermon, I had a chat with her. The sermon was about the power of suffering for others, and the speaker talked about sincerely reflecting the love of Jesus and responding to the love of Christ. The speaker touched on a bit about baptism, so Aunty Wendy asked if I had thought about getting baptised before. Looking at my faith journey and what God has done for me all these years, I did think of getting baptised, so I replied to her with a yes. Then, she encouraged me to go tell Pastor Eric that I have the desire to get baptised, and yes, here I am now getting baptised today. I felt taken care of by God again, because I am the type of person who will not take an action until a trigger pops up. I am really grateful that God used Aunty Wendy to motivate me to get baptised.

Despite my rebellious past of rejecting God and being a follower of the wrong influences, I'm glad to see how God has been working in my life to change me, so today, I want to say that I'm proud to be a follower of God!

Skarlett Chan

One testimony is definitely not enough to reflect on how God has been working in me through my entire life. The classic intro “Growing up in a Christian family” has always sounded boring to me when I listen to my friends’ testimonies... but is it? Going to Sunday school is like a weekly routine. I listen and learn all the bible stories, Moses split the red sea, Jesus turned water into wine, Jesus died on the cross etc, don’t get me wrong, I have always believed that Jesus is real and God is real, but all these things just sound like history to me, God and Jesus felt far and distanced...

What does this have to do with me ?

When I was 12, I moved to Australia from HongKong, I said goodbye to all my friends and left everything behind to Sydney. I didn’t like it here, I don’t have any friends, I wasn’t very good at English so I always just nod and respond “yeh..” and hope they didn’t ask me a question. But I got encouraged to go to NSY, which is the youth group in this church. It was so small during that time, but it felt very warm to me. Here, I made my first bunch of non Chinese speaking friends. It was during NSY that I learnt, there is nothing I can do to earn my salvation from Jesus. For it is not what I can do, but what he has done for me. But it kinda ended there.

High school was a phase where I doubted God a lot, I doubted his plan, his ways of answering my prayers etc. My dad passed away when I was 16, during covid. That was my first big doubt of God, if the purpose of his plan is actually good for me, because no matter how hard I try to think I never understand the benefits of the death of my dad. But God taught me the purpose of my existence in this family. God adopted us as his child to receive his inheritance, and my parents also adopted me to receive their inheritance.

In 2006, my parents made a huge decision in their lives, which is welcoming me to their family. I remember my mum told me the day they brought me down to Hong Kong was her birthday, therefore I was a gift from God to her. After my dad passed away, I started to think, maybe I am. No, I am not narcissistic, but when I try to put the pieces together, I see the plan that God has made → God did not allow my mum to be alone, or go through these by herself, and that's why I'm here, God knew it would be too much pain to bear for her to be alone, and from my doubt, I see his love and kindness not just his cruel plans.

Skarlett Chan

So if primary school was understanding who Jesus is, then high school was knowing that I am saved by grace and grace only. But what about understanding his love? Well I knew Jesus loved me from the beginning, don't we all sing? "Jesus loves me yes I know" → yeh we all know. Understanding God's love, is understanding how much of a sinner I am. Not only I am imperfect, I am far from perfect, I am a broken person, but Jesus made me whole, by his love.

In Roman 5:8 it literally says " But God demonstrates his own love for us in this: While we were still sinners, Christ died for us." Not after we are cleansed, Jesus died for me, when I am still covered by the unholy of this world and all the sins that I could not wash away, and wow, that feels crazy, when it is already hard to give up your life for a good person, Jesus sacrificed himself when I am evil.

So after knowing that, I tried to cut all my sins away. People often ask me, "hey when are you getting baptised". I don't know what am I pushing back for, but in my heart I just thought, until I get rid of this bad habit, until I don't do that anymore, until I pick this up. But no "you don't clean yourself before you get into the shower, you get cleansed inside the shower" I can't fix myself, Jesus is the one who can fix me. And that's when I understand, there's no "perfect timing" to get baptised. Therefore, I am standing here right now, telling you the amazing love of God. For I am not living for my own purpose, but his.

So is "I grew up in a Christian family" boring and cliché? No, not at all, because I understood that it is God's special plan for each of us to live for him even when it seems repetitive, and what we don't see is that it's such a big grace to know God since we're little.

Tiffany Tse

I was six years old when I first learned what the word 'cancer' meant. Not from a textbook, but from watching my mum lose her hair. Like any 6 year old, I didn't understand what cancer was or what it did, but I knew it was something that you probably didn't want to have. A year of chemo and a mastectomy later she was fortunately declared cancer free. But one night when I was in year 6, she found it hard to speak properly and was sent to the hospital. That night my family found out that the cancer had spread, with the doctor describing it like "sand in her brain".

5 years later after countless rounds of radiotherapy and chemotherapy, with the cancer further spreading to other parts of her body, she began rapidly deteriorating during my Year 10 summer break (2021). Because of COVID, my family had to take care of her at home since palliative care at the hospital had a maximum of two visitors. This involved turning our living room into a makeshift hospital, complete with a hospital bed, medicine, and doctors, nurses, and the church family who would frequently visit. I spent the entire holiday and the first 6 weeks into my Year 11 (2022), caring for my mum as she eventually lost feeling in her limbs and began to hallucinate. She wasn't able to take care of herself at all. I was exhausted, physically, emotionally, mentally. When she passed in mid-march, I didn't know what to feel. Part of me felt relieved that her suffering was finally over, but another part of me felt empty; like something inside me had gone silent, as if a piece of me had died with her.

Then in June, as my dad was driving me to school, we got into a totalled car accident when he lost control of the car. I was sitting in the front seat, and the pole we crashed into was on my side. The ambulance was called on us, and this event is still one of the reasons I am scared to drive today. Then in November, on a Friday night, my house got broken into at 9pm, when no one was at home. I explicitly remember calling 000 and physically shaking as I tried to explain what had happened.

All these things happened in the same year, only months apart. As you may expect, I wasn't feeling very ecstatic the whole year. I experienced so much pain, suffering, grief, paranoia, and loneliness. I truly felt like I had ruined my life, and there was no point in really living anymore after losing my mum, the person I spent the most time with. It was kind of like starting a new notebook, but messing up the first page so badly, you just want to rip it out. I grew angry at God, questioning his existence, because if he truly existed and he truly loved me, then why didn't he show his so-called power in my life? Why did I have to go through these things? And if he did exist, what a cruel and sadistic God He was.

Tiffany Tse

And it's not like I didn't try to 'move on'. The world told me to just 'take care of myself' and 'let time do the healing', which seemed to not do anything. How do you cope with things that feel unfair and unjustified? How do you move on when you feel like so much is left unfinished, so many words left unsaid, things undone? All I wanted was closure and answers, but the world could not give me it.

But this was not where God chose to end His story in my life. Through His grace, I was invited back to church by my cousin, Hilary. I started going to youth, which, looking back, was where I realised I didn't know anything about Jesus at all. Everything that I learnt in Sunday School was just head knowledge. What made someone a Christian and what did it even look like? These seemingly simple questions, I couldn't have answered back then. But there, I learnt about God's grace, a gift of unimaginable value, something that we could never earn or fully comprehend. Slowly, He transformed my heart, as he was revealed to me in His Word, in the people around me, and in my daily life, even more so in my uni growth group. Once He opened my eyes to how He was working in everything around me, I could not un-see His hand in every detail; the ways He guided, provided, and wove purpose even through the things I once thought were meaningless or painful.

And you might ask, how did I find joy in suffering?

It was only when I started looking between the lines that I saw God's love interwoven through that year. My mum had cancer for nearly 7 years, and the support and love that our family received from the church family is something that I still struggle to wrap my head around. The prayers, the meals, how the church family was always so willing to lend a hand when we needed help; this was how God showed His love through His people. Not by a miracle, but through the heartfelt ways His people loved and served one another. And my mum's life wasn't in vain either. She spent her life dedicating herself to God, letting God use her testimony to encourage others. Even when she didn't know if she would wake up the next day, her trust in Him never wavered. And perhaps, the most striking thing that I didn't take to heart at the time, was that when I asked her on her death bed if there was anything that she wanted me to do to honour her, her only will for me was simple: to read the bible more.

Tiffany Tse

And in the car accident, Praise God that I only received minor injuries from the seatbelt, and people around us immediately called for help. Someone even brought a chair and a blanket from their house so I could sit while we waited at 8am. That was God's love. But I think that the most jarring thing was that on the night my house was broken into, I usually would've been at home alone. But the only reason that I wasn't at home was because I was at youth, at church. In each moment, God's love was there.

Maybe you think that this is all just a coincidence, that I simply got lucky, or things happened to work out on their own. But what God did in me as I got to know him personally is something only He can take credit for. God didn't just heal my pain, He transformed my very core. The same sorrow that once consumed me became the very place where He revealed His presence most clearly. I used to think that my suffering would define me forever, but I began to see that even the hardest trials had a purpose. In 1 Peter, the Bible says "In all this you greatly rejoice, though now for a little while you may have had to suffer grief in all kinds of trials. These have come so that the proven genuineness of your faith, of greater worth than gold, may result in praise, glory and honor when Jesus Christ is revealed." God, in His mercy, had been shaping me all along. In my weakness, his strength was revealed.

Now when people think of me, they see me as someone who laughs a little too loud, someone who talks a little too much, someone who makes one too many jokes. They see the joy of Christ in me. They don't see the struggles, the grief, or the moments that once felt like they would define me forever. And that inner joy isn't something I created or something the world could give me; it's something He gave me. My joy isn't just my personality; it's the reflection of His presence, His faithfulness, and His transformative love.

That's the beauty of what God has done, He has redefined me.

I've been blessed beyond measure, not just with healing, but with Him, with a church family that walks alongside me, with brothers and sisters in Christ who remind me daily of His love and faithfulness. I've learned that true joy isn't the absence of suffering, but the presence of Jesus through it.

Looking back, I never carried any of it alone. There were so many moments when I felt like I didn't have the strength to fight, but He was fighting for me. As it says in Exodus 14:14, "The Lord will fight for you, you need only to be still." Maybe that's why we see so many people around us suffering without hope. We were never meant to carry it alone. We were never meant to feel like the world was on our shoulders. We were always meant to lean on Jesus.

