

# A Third-Generation Believer's Struggle: "God, Do You Really Exist?"

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## **Resisted Christianity**

I was born into a Christian family, but that did not mean that I naturally believed in God.

In middle school, I started to have a strong self-awareness, so I slowly began to resist the faith of my parents. A busy school life also made me believe that going to church was a waste of my time.

If someone in church wanted to discuss questions of faith with me, I would put on a look of disdain, or sometimes even pridefully use the Bible knowledge I had gained since childhood to ask tricky questions, to embarrass that person.

I had good grades in school and frequently won all kinds of awards. All those achievements in my life made me very proud, and when it came to faith, my pride led me to believe that God didn't exist.

## **Found by God When Seeking the Meaning of Life**

Thus, I started my high school life. Everything seemed to go smoothly, until God began to stir up my thoughts.

Every day I had to go through a busy street on my way to school. One day, when I was biking between the cars on that street, suddenly a question popped into my mind, "If I were accidentally hit by a car and died, how would that be different from a natural death in old age?"

This question occupied my mind. My busy, yet peaceful, life was thus disturbed, as if someone threw a pebble into a quiet lake and caused many ripples.

I started to discuss this question with my classmates and teachers. Some said, one must live for many years and bear children, and then the children will be the continuation of one's life. Others said, one must live like a shooting star, brilliantly shining across the sky and being remembered by everyone who saw it.

All these answers were good, and yet they couldn't really answer my question. What if my descendants and those who remembered me died as well? No matter what I do, my life is but a vapor. If what awaits me is to be wiped away and

forgotten, then how can I muster the courage to face the rest of my days? I was unable to find any answers to my question, and my heart became emptier and emptier.

At the same time, I started to read a lot of relevant books, hoping to find answers through them. In my search, I began to slowly experience some breakthroughs.

First, I realized that intelligent design is a sound theory, and that macroevolution is statistically flawed. Understanding these theories led me to realize that Christianity is a reasonable religion, and my former doubts about the Bible seemed laughable.

Second, I started to pray in order to receive a direct answer from God. One afternoon in the early spring, I finished school and started to enjoy my personal time as usual. I biked to Shichahai (什刹海) and sat by the water. Looking at the beautiful scenery, the questions which had troubled me suddenly made me weary. I couldn't help but say to God, "Do you really exist? Did you really create this world that we see? If you really exist, I want to know you."

At last, I returned to my Christian faith, and once again took up my Christian identity. I was like a diligent missionary and made the best of every opportunity to share with my classmates and teachers the Christian faith. I discussed with them the theories that I learned from books, secretly hoping that they could refute me with a powerful argument, so that I could be awoken from this belief.

However, many of them agreed with what I said. A teacher even told me that if only he were not a teacher, he would believe in Christianity. That feedback impacted me greatly. In the end, nobody could really deny the Christian faith!

What is more amazing is that during this search, my faith began to mature. After many years, as I look back on those days, I saw that God had mercy on me, this lost child of his, and he protected me and guided me in my pursuit of the truth.

"Seek, and you will find; knock, and it will be opened to you." The Bible is right. God is faithful. He revealed himself to me when I was most helpless and he found me when I was a lost sheep going astray in the wilderness.

And I finally found the answer to my initial question: If I died today, it would be very different than a natural death caused by old age. Because I testified before you, and I glorified God and blessed you through this testimony—this has left an eternal impact in Christ's kingdom.

**Unable to Accept My Brokenness**

In high school, a female friend had a romantic interest in me, and we spent about a year and a half in an undefined relationship.

Although my feelings towards her were nothing more than friendship, I couldn't help but be interested in her world. So, while I pretended to know nothing about lesbianism, I was secretly looking into the "Japanese Tanbi culture" that she mentioned. Slowly, I became addicted to those pseudo-pornographic works. After I got into Peking University, where more freedom was allowed, I went looking for more related material.

One day, out of the blue, she asked me out, and told me that she had a steady relationship with another girl. That was the first time we talked about a lesbian relationship out in the open. I remember being shocked for a good dozen seconds, and then weakly offered her the proper Christian answer.

After returning to the dormitory, I broke down. I remembered the teaching in the Bible, speaking against homosexual acts (See Romans 1:26–27). I believed that homosexual relationships were sinful. I also believed the common saying in church, that "God loves the sinner, but hates the sin." That was my first time to directly face the corruption caused by sin. I realized that I had been lying to myself and to others all those years. I convinced myself that I was simply getting to know my friend to better help her, and yet in the end I failed to help anybody and corrupted myself. I was struggling in my own hypocrisy. The more I felt the weight of my sin, the more I understood the meaning of Jesus' death and resurrection.

At that time, I started to serve teenagers in my church, and I also led worship there. Once, during a little downtime between preparing for church activities, I found myself on those websites again, looking at things I shouldn't be looking at. When I came to myself and realized what I was doing, I felt like I had fallen from heaven into hell in an instant, overwhelmed by a sense of guilt.

That evening I skipped classes and carried my guitar through the campus night to Weiming Lake (无名湖). I knelt to pray at the Linhuxuan (临湖轩). I couldn't deal with my raging emotions and I couldn't face my own brokenness. I knew that if I continued to wallow in self-denial, I would be admitting that my sins were more powerful than Jesus' salvation on the cross. However, at the same time, I couldn't imagine how I could face serving at church again.

"Lord, how can I serve you in my sins? Aren't you able to cause the stones to cry out in praise? Then let those stones serve you, too. Why are you torturing me, this poor sinner?" I prayed, with agony in my heart.

That night, I played my guitar and sang worship songs for a long time. Still feeling miserable, I finished singing and decided to make my way back to the

dormitory. Suddenly I heard people clapping. It turned out that a group of people were listening to me sing from the other side of the lakeside fence. After they left, a couple came to chat with me. I picked up my guitar again and sang a song called “Jesus Loves You.” When I had finished singing the song, I saw that the man had tears in his eyes.

### **Motivated by His Grace**

Afterwards, together with his Christian friend, we shared the gospel with him—although that happened much later. When I returned to my dormitory that night, I felt great comfort from God. I was encouraged and continued to put effort into my studies and service at church.

One day, I worked in the lab until 2 am or so. When I went to the public washroom in the dormitory, I found a classmate vomiting repeatedly, because of an allergic reaction to the lab animals. A thought flashed through my mind, “God loves her, and is able to heal her. But she has to know the one who heals her.” I was startled by this idea.

However, since I majored in science, I didn’t want people to judge me or consider me foolish, so I hesitated. Finally, I reluctantly walked towards her, and said, “May I pray for you?” She agreed. After praying for her, I left feeling embarrassed.

Later, she came to the Lord. When she was giving her salvation testimony at church, she mentioned that night, and told me that she recovered after I prayed. However, because of my little faith, I never had the courage to ask her about it.

This event was life-changing for me. It took me a long time to digest it. God used me to say a short prayer for her, and because of it, I tasted the sweetness of serving the Lord, and experienced his grace. Through this event, I was drawn closer to God, and was continually motivated by his grace to serve him even more.

He let me see my value and my true identity at my weakest moment.

I once looked down upon Christians because of my pride. Yet his love towards me is as wide as the sea, and as magnificent as the starry heavens. How small I am, compared to this great love!

I was such a self-righteous person. How much I looked like the people who stood in the streets and mocked Jesus when he was carrying the cross toward Calvary!

Then I prayed to the Lord, “From now on, can I be on Your side? If God’s wisdom is considered folly by the world, then I want to be a fool for you, even if it means that I will be mocked by the world. Because you came to the world, not to be severed but to serve.”

One time, when I was setting up the chairs at church, I was suddenly filled with unspeakable joy. This joy surpassed all the other joys my achievements have brought in the past. It may be hard to understand such emotions from a rational perspective, but I made up my mind that I would dedicate myself to these small things for him for the rest of my life.

After graduation, without hesitation, I started to serve at church full time. Later, I went to America to study in a seminary. I know these kinds of decisions were considered foolish by my professors, who were proud of me and hoped that I would make a difference in the field of biology. However, God’s ways are higher than my ways, and his thoughts are higher than my thoughts.

## **Conclusion**

After that, there were still many ups and downs along the way in my journey of ministry. Thankfully, all these experiences in the past became a good foundation for my life and ministry. God has written his gospel story into my story, just like he did in history and in the lives of the saints of all generations. Now I am blessed to be a part of his work, and this is the most exciting thing in my life. I currently serve in the area of theological education, where I encounter many people from different backgrounds and walks of life. I see that people come to God by different paths, yet the theme of salvation is so perfectly and harmoniously unified. In the end, everyone’s life was transformed because of knowing and experiencing the Living God.

*This article was originally published on the “Ting Si Xing Chuan” (“听思行传”) official WeChat account. It was adapted when included in this book.*

## **More about the Author**

Qiuyu Wu was born in Beijing. She studied at Peking University from 2007 to 2011, double majoring in biology and psychology. Currently, she lives in Beijing, China. Being a third generation Christian, she was baptized in 2007. She served at Beijing NL Church from 2011 to 2014. She studied at Gordon-Conwell Seminary from 2014 to 2016. Currently she is a preacher at Zion church, and she also serves at Zion Bible Institute.

## **Favorite Bible Verse:**

Teach me your way, O Lord, that I may walk in your truth; unite my heart to fear your name. (Psalm 86:11)

*This testimony is found on pages 3–9 of 《从未名湖到生命泉（二）：百名北大学子的信仰之旅》 (Peking University Testimonies 2) available from [ReFrame Ministries](#).*