



## **Testimony of Faith** – Brian Ho

As I walk through the hallways of George Washington High School, the question that comes to mind is, “how did I get here?” I think back to the first time I had walked into this building, not knowing much about whom I was or where the next four years of being here would lead me. Now, I can confidently say the total opposite. When I reflect on the past four years of being at this school, the word that comes to mind is transformation. It is breathtaking to even witness everything that God has done within these four years. I remember there was a different struggle every year, various moments of hurt and struggle. However, God has been so gracious within these four years within my moments struggling to express myself to know who I was. God not only provided and was gracious within the four years of high school but for the past 11 years of following him and coming to know him.

My freshman year of high school was the start of where I had witnessed God’s constant shaping and molding. I remember that I had struggled in expressing myself, mainly my feelings and my thoughts which had led me to many moments of overthinking and sadness. I remember every time that DCE Allan drove me home, he would always check up on me and encourage me. Who would’ve thought that the car rides home would become moments of experiencing the Holy Spirit’s work. There was one ride home where I had opened up to him about things that I was struggling with. The scene of that night is still very vivid to me today. The moments where the Holy Spirit had touched my heart and allowed me to just cry out to God, asking the Lord for help. In the midst of struggling with how to express my own thoughts and feelings, he revealed to me how he is the only one who will understand me when no one else does. As of today, I am able to not only express my feelings and thoughts but the Lord has shown much love and grace reminding me that he is one that I can always run to in the midst of struggling.

During my sophomore year of high school, there was an incident during my chemistry class that led me to moments of feeling misunderstood. I remember taking my first chemistry test of the year, expecting to get an A. This was the first time that I had felt confident in taking a test, the expectation for myself was high. It was also a time where I had spent most of my time studying, neglecting my personal quiet time with the Lord. On the day of the test, I had been caught for “cheating” with one of my friends because he had seen us conversing. My teacher took my test away and gave me a zero for that test. At that moment, all I felt was hopelessness and insufficiency. I felt that I had failed. That I was never going to be good enough for anything. That day, my teacher called home to notify my family about the incident. He had also told me that he was going to give me a referral which would be permanent on my record. At the end of class, I walked out not only being mad but full of shame. As I walked to the bus stop, there were so many thoughts flowing through my head that caused me to burst into tears. I called my grandmother, trying to explain the situation to her but she kept questioning me about the situation. I also called my dad, trying to explain the situation to him but he didn’t seem to understand what I was really feeling at that moment either. I could say that because I felt so misunderstood that it led me to moments of unfairness. I remember that I was taking the bus to

church with many thoughts of “why doesn’t anyone understand me”. As I arrived at church, the first person that I had gone to was DCE Allan. Approaching him speechless and not knowing what to say because of all the misunderstanding that I had felt. As I conversed with him, I felt a sense of someone who finally understood how I had felt. He not only listened to how I felt but he also helped me understand and move on from this situation by thinking of ways to deal with it. The next day I met with both my counselor and chemistry teacher to apologize for the mistake that I had made by talking to my friend during the test. It was definitely not an easy thing to do but I couldn’t have done it without DCE Allan helping me and God who gave me strength to first come before in confession. If I hadn’t first come before God to confess that I was wrong, I wouldn’t have had the strength to apologize to my teacher. It was a time where God had taught me not only to come before his confession but he had taught me how to come before him confessing that I am weak without his strength.

Near the end of my junior year, it was after I had felt like God was calling me to full-time ministry. Full of doubts about whether or not I was the right person for ministry. I began to constantly compare myself to other people who I had felt that would be better than me to serve in full-time ministry. The question I constantly asked myself was, “God, why me?” Out of all these other people who were a lot more adequate and skilled than me. The doubts stuck with me all year, even when I went on a mission trip to Thailand and Hong Kong. That was one of the moments where God had reminded me that I don’t need to be the best or the most skilled to serve him but he reminded me that what he cares about is obedience. During the mission trip, the doubts about whether I was good enough for ministry hit me hard. There were three days where I had remained silent, not wanting or knowing how to tell anyone what was on my mind. After three days as we depart from Thailand, on the car ride to the airport I remember asking “Lord if it is your will for me to serve you, may I be at peace in your presence.” It was at that moment that I had felt his peace, as I was reminded to just “Be still”.

Through all the struggles of knowing who God has made me be to doubting whether or not I was good enough, the Lord has revealed much of himself to me. He not only reminded me to trust Him in the midst of struggles and hurt but to be completely still and to know that He is God.