

January 2006

我的心啊，你要安静

张继东

结束了随同加拿大国际专业服务机构在中国的短期事工，人完完全全地回到了加拿大，可是，心却不能完全的回来，是什么让自己的思绪常常在不知不觉中跑回那个遥远的即陌生又熟悉的地方呢？

是家乡的亲人、朋友加重了自己的思乡情节？也不是，其实，这次能够有机会顺路看望他们，是缓解了这份思乡情。曾经在中国生活 32 年，一直以为自己即了解中国农村的贫穷、又见过经济改革后的富足。古藺之行，却看到许多自己所不曾知道的。记忆中，那雾蒙蒙的四川；那绿色的山；那些新结识的面孔，笑的、不笑的；那浓重的川音；那深灰色历经沧桑的砖瓦房；那些穿在人们身上满是灰尘与汗渍的衣服；那些质朴的脸庞和神情；那些拖着沉重手推车的车夫；那些早上 5:30 就不得不起来做工的孩子，还有她（他）们那渴望被关爱的眼神；那因瘫痪坐在轮椅上的煤矿工；那自幼患有白内障而又无钱医治的 13 岁女孩，以及那笼罩在她幼小心灵中即将失明然后失学的阴影；那失去拇指的男孩儿；那笑呵呵并总是满不在乎的救护车司机和他充满伤痛的人生故事…是什么牵动我的心？是他（她）们生活上的贫穷，是物质上的缺乏，经济上的紧迫？我看到人们心中的无奈，我看到他们的挣扎，我看到他们

起早贪黑工作，我听到他们诉说的不是心中如何地盼望，而是那些盼望与想如何一次又一次地被摧毁。一个人的心到底能承受多少次打击、能经历多少的苦难？一双眼睛哭累了，就不会再有眼泪；一颗心哭累了，就不会再有盼望…

我的心却怎能不为同胞的无望无助而哭泣？！我的神啊，你将我带到那个地方，你让我的眼去看，你让我的耳去听，你让我的心去感受，你让我的灵去接触。

主啊，为何你将那些与我素不相识的人放到我的心思意念中？
你是要我明白他们是你所牵挂的？
你是要我明白你也是这样牵挂我们的？



你是要那里的民不要停止盼望，并且明白他们的盼望在哪里吗？你是要这些得到你祝福的将你的祝福带到那里吗？我的心啊，你要安静…被神祝福的人啊，蒙受神恩典的人啊，你的心要安静…神在讲他的计划…关于中国西南边陲那片贫瘠的土地和那里生活着的人们…听…

Be still, my soul

**Rick Zhang (Translated
by Wendy Cheung)**

My short term MSI medical service trip is over. I have physically returned to Canada, but my heart has not completely returned. What is it that brings my thoughts subconsciously back to that far away land every now and then?

Is it that the trip has intensified my home-sickness? Not likely either. In fact, since I had a chance to visit my family and friends after the trip, I feel less home sick than before. I lived in China for 32 years, and I thought I understood the poverty of rural China, as well as the wealth created by economic reforms. The trip to Gulin has opened my eyes to what I have never known. My memories are filled with the misty sky of Sichuan, the green mountains, the gray brick houses that have witnessed so much history, the smiling and serious faces, the heavy Sichuanese accent, the dusty and stained clothes, the innocent faces with sincere looks, men pulling heavy carts loaded with cargo, children who have to wake up at 5:30am to work, their eyes betraying their yearning for love, the paralyzed wheelchair-bound miner, the 13-year-old girl with congenital cataract, who fears the prospect of not being able to go to school, the boy who lost his thumb, the ambulance driver with a tragic life story, coping by laughing everything off. What is it that tugs at my heart? Is it their poverty, their material want? Yes, but that's not all.

Through that poverty, I see the emptiness in their hearts. Through their daily toil and struggles, I hear not how and what they have hoped for, but how their hopes and dreams have been dashed time and time again. How much hurt can a person weather? How much trauma can a heart withstand?!

Oh, my Lord, it is you brought me to that far away land. You allow my eyes to see,

my ears to hear, my heart to feel and my spirit to touch.

Lord, why did you put these strangers into my thoughts?

Is it that you want me to realize that you are mindful of them too?

Is it that you want me to realize that you are likewise mindful of me?

Is it that you want the people there not to stop hoping?

Is it that you want those who are blessed by you to bring your blessing there?



Be still, my soul...

You who have been blessed by the Lord, who have received His grace, be still, quiet down...The Lord is speaking about His plan... Regarding that poverty stricken piece of land in the remote southwestern corner of China, and its people there... Listen...

How can we use our professional skills to serve?

We will have a variety of short term teams to China, ranging from English teaching, medical to other professional services. For more information, please feel free to email Charles Chan, Director of Mobilization, MSI Professional Services Canada) at msicanada@yahoo.com or visit our website at www.msicanada.org

“叔叔,轻一点啊!
**Uncle, please be
 GENTLE ...**

Charles Chan

“叔叔,轻一点啊! The little boy was asking the local doctor to be gentle today in changing the dressings. We met this little boy and his father on the second day of our Gulin stay. He injured his hand when the fire cracker exploded during the wedding of his relatives. He was taken to the nearby hospital about 2 hours away from his village. He lost his thumb and had injured his palm badly. Luckily, the tendons to his fingers were spared. He was getting daily dressing changes in the hospital and cared by his father. As we learned more about his family, we realized that this little boy was 4 years old and he had a sister who was one year older. His mother had left them not able to withstand the poverty in the village. When I ask his father about his job, he simple told me that he was a peasant. That means they eat from what they grow and they would make money from selling their products. In average, the farmers in China are earning Canadian \$1 a day but many people in the rural areas had hardly any income from their crops. They have bear minimal to sustain their basic need.

After examining the injured hand, we felt that keeping the wound clean was the most important task for his dad. His father told us that he was planning to take his son



home back to the village today because he did not have enough money for the hospital stay. It would cost him over 50 RMB for a day. Every service is tagged with a price. We realized that there was only so much we could do. We decided to buy some cleansing supplies and a set of clean winter coat and taught his father how to clean the wound daily. There is no formal doctor in his village and he would have to pay over 10 RMB for every dressing change through their village health worker. As Gillian and Viola taught the father about dressing changes, the boy stared with intend. At the end of the one hour session, the father seemed to pick up the skills smoothly. The boy put up with a smile and knew that he was cared for.

When the local nurses watched what we have done, beyond our duty, their hearts were deeply touched. The head nurse handed me two bottles of saline solution and said with tears in her eyes, “送给他们啦” (Take it for free). She too shared the compassion of Christ.

China Trivia

Guess what are being **sold** here?



Answer: next page

Words from Editor

Vienna YY Chan

“To the LEAST of These...”

I am so excited to take up the task of editing the Newsletters for the upcoming months. As I read through the stories of changed lives because of what God had done, I can only praise Him. **Jesus reminds us, “when you did this among the least of these brothers and sisters, you are doing this to me.” (Matthew 25: 40)** May we continue to reach out to those people who are in need. Perhaps, God is prompting in your heart and challenging you to serve with your professional skills.

Answer: Chicken, ducks & rabbits!

Three Young Lives

Charles Chan

“Poor thing, he had been sitting there for three days!” exclaimed one of the team members. She was referring to the kitchen boy who had been assigned to look after the fire for cooking the smoked meat. In order to do an authentic Sichuan meal, the meat is to be smoked with the pine branches for four days in a brick oven. The kitchen owner put together this temporary stove and wanted to prepare the special dish for our farewell supper. Quietly in the evening, Viola and I sat beside him and talked to him. He told us that he was 16 years old, though he looked more like 14 only. He had only a few years of schooling and was helping his parents to farm. He left the village and came to the town to look for a job. Fortunately, he had found this cafeteria in the hospital and the owner was very nice to him. **He worked over 12 hours a day and wanted to send**

the money home. With limited education and opportunities, his future is very dim. I encourage him to learn to be a good cook, hoping that he will take on to the challenge of life. But most importantly, I pray that this young man will know Him one day as it is the only hope in life.

Lin, a girl from the village, listened with her full attention when we shared about our stories. You can tell by her looks that she was questioning the meaning of life at this young age of 13. Maybe she had asked these questions when she lost her left vision earlier. One eye was already blind due to cataract. Although she may never recover her sight, we pray that she can **see** the truth with her heart one day.

“What other medical interventions do we need to help this young lady?” the local doctor asked me. It was the first time we visited this Chinese hospital in Sichuan. We spent the morning in rounds and discussion of different patient’s care. **This 18-year-old young lady jumped off from a third storey building and had sustained numerous injuries. The medical staff looked at me blank as I asked why she committed suicide.**



The boy who worked more than 12 hours a day

Three young lives are only examples of the 400 million young people in China. **Who can be their mentors in these formative years? Do you think you can share your skills with those who are in need?**