



## To fire or to forgive

Matt Whitman

### Special points of interest:

- Would you fire an employee who lied in the resume?
- What is Yi Minority Scholarship Fund?
- Serving the Lord with my business, teaching, medical skills and more?
- For more info on Short and Long Term Services Opportunities, visit [www.msicanada.org](http://www.msicanada.org) or email [info@msicanada.org](mailto:info@msicanada.org)

### Inside this issue:

Within 24 hours	2
China Trivia	2
A letter from the student	3
Stories, stories and more stories	3
Surprises	4
Love is an universal language	4

We arrived at the Chongqing Technology and Business University on a cool autumn day. A role play on the first day challenged all the students into thinking: Lily, a young university graduate, lied in her resume about her past experiences in order to get a good job. She was hired immediately. However, later on, her supervisor found out that she was actually fired from her previous job and many of the facts in the resume were lies. The role play was stopped there. The students were asked to vote for their actions: to fire or to forgive her. All the students immediately said that she should be fired. "Why?" I asked. The answer was unanimous. She had done some unforgivable mistakes. "Unforgivable mistake? What kind? Have you

ever lied in your job?" I asked again. The audience seemed to be stunned. They did not know how to reply. However, to them, to forgive seemed to be totally beyond the principle of the business world. After all, she deserved such punishment. For the following days, we were still discussing about the role play. Some students started to doubt their decisions. Should we give her a second chance if she regretted and said sorry? How about us? We all made mistakes before? What happens if nobody forgives us? Later on, I challenged my class to think of another question, "what do you, Lily and Christmas have in common?" They were even more shocked about my question. I told them the greatest gift of Christmas is that we are forgiven despite the fact that we all did something

wrong before.

Looking back on all the wonderful experiences, I felt so welcomed into this beautiful country. All the food they served on the



table was delicious. I felt being part of the Chinese culture in a very short time. A few weeks ago, I could not even imagine using my own business skills to serve the Lord in China. Now, I see how powerful and important to train up a new generation with not only business skills but ethics. How I wish I can go back and teach those students again!

## Yi Minority Scholarship Fund

In May 2005, I made my first visit to the home of a Yi student Shama Gaga. The aim was to assess her family's financial situation in preparation for the needy students' scholarship. Upon entering the home, I noticed that the student's mother was groping along the wall to find her way into the house. After inquiry, her mom had undergone an eye surgery with the borrowed 2000 yuan from relatives. Unfortunately, the operation was unsuccessful. Immediately, I asked if the team of MSI eye doctors from the US can help her. Two days later, Shama Gaga's mother was operated. Today, she is back on her feet and bustling around caring for the family. She is able to bring farm produce to the market to sell in order to raise the family's share of Shama Gag's school expenses. Shama Gaga was really touched and this has opened the family's heart towards the greatest love of all. Indeed love demonstrated in practical ways is the greatest testimony of His goodness and love.

For further information of how to support this scholarship fund, email [info@msicanadada.org](mailto:info@msicanadada.org)



**English team having dinner with school officials.**

*“I could see the seed of God’s love planted ...”*

## **China Trivia**



**Guess what Ron is drinking?**

## **Within 24 hours**

**Vienna Chan**

Within 24 hours of arriving at Chongqing, an accident happened. Josh and Ron decided to have a basketball game with our escort, Blair, and his friends. Chin and I were visiting MSI colleagues at their apartment meeting with about 15 students for English corner. By 9:30 pm, the phone rang at Mark’s place. The students and us were just starting to have an intense conversation about purpose and meaning of life. I heard my name, wondering who this person was on the other end. It was Bob, the assisting director of Foreign Affairs. “Josh slipped and fell at the basketball field. I think he hurt himself badly. I am going to take him to the hospital.” said Bob. “What?” I replied. I heard some gasps from my unwanted audience behind me. Chin and I walked out immediately thanking our hosts and taking our impolite exit.

Finally, the doctor arrived. I used my broken Mandarin to explain to them that he needed an X-ray right away. After the X-ray was taken, Josh was then wheeled back to the emergency room, as they were debating whether to admit him to the surgery ward or not. The nurse finally motioned us to go. Four of us wheeled him up to the surgery ward. The diagnosis was dislocation, as expected. “We might need to put him under general anesthetic, as he is a big man.” I tried to interpret for Josh. Immediately, Josh said, “my aunt could not wake up from general anesthetic; we have a genetic disposition in our family called ‘malignant hypothermia’. If I am going to be put under general, I need a special kind.” I tried my very best to convey the message to the doctor, they looked at me puzzled. I had no way to translate “malignant hypothermia” to the doctor and therefore asked if they had a bilingual dictionary. But the answer was no. So, we prayed and waited. The doctor finally said, let’s try local anesthetic and see. “We might not be able to complete the reduction,” the doctor said. Josh nodded. We all went out and gave them some privacy. A few more interns arrived. Altogether there were 5 men. I could not see from standing outside. We could only pray.

Within minutes, we heard this groaning scream coming out from the room. I pushed the door opened slightly and asked, “Is it done?” One of the

### **OUR ESCORTS WERE PACING UP AND DOWN,...**

interns rushed out to get some more supplies, stating, “No.” We waited more. Another scream!! I pushed the door opened again and heard the doctors discussing in Mandarin, “we can’t do it, he is too tense. He needs to relax.” I yelled in English immediately, “Josh, you need to relax. We are praying for you. Just trust the Lord. Let the doctors do whatever they want. Just relax!” Then, I closed the door. Chin, Ron and I were praying. Our escorts were pacing up and down, not knowing what else they can do. Blair was so guilt stricken that he squatted on the floor and covered his face. Ron went over and rubbed his back and assured him, “it was not your fault.” I echoed, “It was only an accident.”

The door was pushed open after a few minutes. I saw the grin on the face of the doctors. They said, “It is done.” “Praise the Lord,” I shouted. Dragging our over-exhausted bodies back to our apartment, I could not sleep but thank the Lord for His answer to our prayers. I could see the seed of God’s love planted in Blair’s heart.

## Stories, stories and more stories

"I was only 5 years old when we first met," said Hannah. Now twelve and almost as tall as I am, she proudly told me that she achieved an average of over 95% in all subjects at school, and that she wanted to be a teacher when she grew up. "Do you remember we played badminton over there?" she asked, pointing to an open space beside the pharmacy building. Of course I do. I remember the laughter we had playing together, I remember the singing we had at dinner with the local hospital staff, I remember the rich fellowship I had with my team mates, and I remember the little boy with uncontrollable seizures and the emotionless faces of his parents. These and many other images from that trip in 1999 are seared into my memory.

"Let me tell you the story of the big rock," enthusiastically said one

of the hospital administrators during our welcome dinner. "Not again," I thought to myself, "I have heard it many times already!" He continued, unaware of my silent protest. "It was in 1998 when the roads were not as good as they are now. I went to Chengdu to pick up the medical team. A big rock rolled down the hill and completely blocked the road. We had to wait for someone to come and put explosives into the rock and blow it apart before our vans could continue our journey." He went on to count the people on that first team: Stephen, Po Kee, Richard, Carter, Peter, Derek and Matthew. He hardly had any occasion to use English in his daily life, yet he had committed these 7 unfamiliar English names to memory. Those 7 gentlemen must have left an indelible impression on his mind.

"Christians are

Dr. Wendy Cheung

different!" our driver declared. He went on to back his statement up with evidence. "I have picked up and sent off every single medical team since 1998; and I have watched you. You guys don't wear flashy clothes and with the exception of one lady doctor, none of you wear any gold or silver jewelry. Moreover, when you ride on my van, you always leave it as clean as when you board it. You don't spit, litter, smoke or swear, and you're always polite. You guys are different!" What astute observation! I didn't even notice the absence of jewelry on my team mates! We sometimes feel hindered that we cannot share openly. Yet opportunities to witness abound, often in the smallest of details! Our actions and reactions in various circumstances have become a 'tract' for others to read. Through the last eight years, little by little, one team after another, one story at a time, seed was being sown and fruit is coming forth.



**"You are almost as tall as me!" said Wendy.**

***"Christians are different! ' Our driver declared. He went on to back his statement up with evidence."***

### **A letter from the student**

*"Thank you for flying to Luzhou in such a hot summer to teach English for us. Thank you for the joy, the passion and the love that you brought us, thank you for such lively lessons that you prepared hard for us..."*

*Yours,  
Daisy*



Janet and her friend

## MSI Canada Professional Services

128 Cornwall Road  
Sherwood Park, AB  
T8H 2L4

Phone or fax: (780) 417-4753  
Email: info@miscanada.org

*To glorify God by mobilizing Christ-like professionals to serve in China*

WWW.MSICANADA.ORG

## Surprises

Janet Johansson

What should a naïve westerner expect upon arrival in a city with a population the size of Canada, with a university population of 22,000? What were some of the most poignant experiences? For me, one was meeting a delightful young freshman on campus who took most of his Saturday afternoon to help me find prescription sunglasses. He was in no hurry to run off to his young friends and in our time together I learned that he had been orphaned by the age of 10 and was being supported by his brother, who sells chickens, and his sister who sells combs. My heart went out to him and I asked him whether he felt alone in the universe. He felt that he had been abandoned. As we talked, he came to realize that he was not alone when his father died when he was 8 and when his mother passed away when he was 10. At that time of horrendous sorrow and loss he was loved more than he ever knew.

Another friendship which I will always treasure is with a formerly rebellious junior who feels he does not fit in. It's true. He doesn't. He is an independent thinker who challenges everything! During a "Listening Workshop" he questioned whether Quebec, my home province, would separate from Canada. We had a great discussion about things not always being what they appeared to be. This is a young man with extraordinary potential who continues to challenge and seek truth. What a great asset China has in him! These were only 2 of so many precious young achievers whose hearts are open and giving. Our team shed tears more than once before we left. We experienced the heart of young China and are forever changed.

## Love is a Universal Language Carmen Yan

During my first venture into China as an English teacher this past summer, I discovered what it means to show love and receive it from a people of whose true culture and language I know relatively little. God's works were evident as we met person after person whose hearts were wide open to us and what we had to teach them.

Halfway into the first week, Tom asked when we were going to teach them the song "The True Meaning of Love" (based on 1 Corinthians 13) – a song we weren't even planning to

introduce until the end of the week! As it turned out, he had walked past another discussion group just as they were looking at PowerPoint slides with those song lyrics on them. He explained that he recognized it because his dad, a doctor, had learned that same song from a MSI medical team some time ago and had sung it at home. Wow!

Sensing Tom's stress about his upcoming nation-wide examination, our conversation turned to such topics as self-worth, true success, and the meaning of life (i.e. striving to become #1

shouldn't be the primary focus of your life). We had some good discussion, eye-opening for both parties, and then we shared a tasty meal.

Even after I returned to Canada, my Father showed me that our absence would not mean the end of His work. Waiting in my e-mail inbox was a message from Tom: ... *I'm so happy that I could spend the wonderful time with you. Because of your correct views of life, I will feel happier in the rest of my life. As you can see, a person who doesn't have a correct view of life is like having no soul.* May His love continue to spread unabated throughout this thirsty land!



"Yum... Thank you for the supper," said Carmen (3rd from the left).

**Answer to China Trivia:**  
**Ron is drinking the bone marrow of a pork bone!! YUMM...**