

# **A Eulogy to My Dear Father**

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My father was a devoted husband, a loving dad, and a great man. He was born on July 1, 1925 and he passed away on May 15, 1993, at the age of 68, due to bone and lung cancer. He became a Christian on May 1, 1993, two weeks prior to his death. It was sudden and unexpected because we all thought he was healthy at his age. It took him less than a month from the time of the discovery of cancer to the time of his passing away.

Ever since we, my two sisters, my younger brother and I, came to know the Lord, we often prayed for our father's salvation. He used to trust himself and thought he could anything. He was basically an atheist and if there was a God, he was God. He claimed that men did not need any kind of religion. All religions taught people to do good and so they were the same. Christianity belonged to the West anyway, he thought. If one had to believe in something, then we Chinese should believe in Buddhism. He was a good father and a great husband. When it came to faith in Jesus Christ, his attitude was firmly opposed even after my mother became a Christian two years prior. We kept on praying for him no matter what happened because we believed God's promise: Believe in the Lord Jesus, and you will be saved ---you and your household. It was a miracle for my father to come to know and accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as his own personal savior.

Early this year he got a cold and was never completely recovered. On March 15 he had a severe back pain and could not get up from the bed by himself. My mother helped him and took him to the emergency room but found nothing serious. He went home after being observed for several days in the hospital. Something were not quite right with his body drove him to see various doctors but failed to detect any cancer cells. At last, on April 14, he went to the right doctor ---my mother's doctor. My mother used to have many physical discomforts and had been seeing this doctor for several years. He told her that she had nothing wrong except hyper-anxiety. He prescribed some tranquilizers to her and told her she would be happy if she could take one tablet per day. She was taking this medication for these years. When this doctor saw my father he immediately observed something were very wrong with him. He took an X-ray check on the lung and later discovered a tumor was there. My mother was stunned to hear the shocking news and said to my father in tears: You've got to believe in the Lord Jesus, He would save you. Until then my father put his arm around her and humbly said: O.K., please did not cry. I felt worse if you cried. I promised to go to church with you.

This year April 15 was the first time in my father's life to attend church. He ended up went to that local church two times because he had to go back to the hospital soon. On May 1 he attended an evangelistic meeting in the hospital and the message was the **Prodigal Son** in the *Gospel of Luke*. The Bible verse that moved my father's heart very much was when the prodigal son returned home and said to his father: Father, I have sinned against heaven and against you. So he said he believed in the Lord Jesus because now he realized he had offended Heaven and its Law. We later learned the reason why he said so. It was because he had been going to a Christian elementary school in mainland China and thus was exposed to Christianity at his early age but later turned away to go his own way. He finally realized that God's unchanging love was calling him all his life. On May 2 a sister in Christ asked him: Are you willing if God want to take you home today? He calmly replied: I do.

On May 6 he went back home from the hospital because the doctor said although he had terminal bone and lung cancer, it was not life-threatening for the time being, all he needed to do right then was to wait at home for radio-therapy. The most difficult thing was waiting at home and doing nothing while seeing him suffering and deteriorating. He was losing weight very quickly because he could not eat much. He was losing his voice. He could not go to bed by lying down nor could sleep by sitting because he had developed a big lump in his back. My mother was devastated because everything just came so suddenly and quickly. Her doctor advised her to double the daily intake of tranquilizers to stay "happy". She was reluctant to do so because that would cause her to feel dizzy all day long. She prayed to God for strength and she finally could go by with the usual dosage. Therefore she later told her doctor she needed not take double because she was a Christian, and advised him to believe in Jesus too.

Ray, my older son, and I arrived Hong Kong from Virginia, US, on May 12 and planned to stay with him until the end of July. However, God had his own timing, as was stated in the Bible: There is a time for everything, a time to be born and a time to die. Out of everybody's expectation, he passed away quickly on May 15, the third day after he saw his first grandson. My mother and I were blessed with the opportunity of staying by him at his last moment on earth. We would never forget this impressive and solemn scene of his leaving. While mom was calling him in tears and I was holding his hand, he slowly looked up toward the sky for a minute or two and quietly passed away as he dropped down his head. We could see no pain on his face; he looked exactly like he went to sleep. Mom later said he had immigrated to God's Kingdom and Angels must be welcoming him home at the moment he looked up to the sky. I recalled the moment when Stephen, the first Century Christian martyr, was stoned to death. He also looked up to heaven and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God.

After my father had gone I remembered my mother asked him: where have you gone? I replied: He had gone to a very wonderful and happy place. Yes, indeed. He was just one step ahead of us to go to heaven, and we would see each other

again later. By God's amazing grace he was saved and was taken away quickly to escape physical suffering due to bone and lung cancer. We had to give thanks to God because He Himself and the brotherly love shown to us in Christ became our biggest strength and comfort. We, four brothers and sisters and mom, were able to share the following song, "**Immortal, Invisible**", with our friends and relatives who attended the memorial service:

**Immortal, Invisible, God only wise;  
In light inaccessible, hid from our eyes;  
Most blessed, most glorious, the Ancient of Days;  
Almighty, victorious, Thy great name we praise.**

**To all life Thou givest ---to both great and small;  
In all life Thou livest, the true light of all;  
Ye blossom and flourish, as leaves on the tree;  
And wither and perish ---but naught changeth Thee.**

In responding to God's love, we, according to mom's suggestion, offered all the money we got from our friends and relatives to two local churches that helped him to come to know the Lord and be saved. Also, we gave each and everyone who attended the funeral and memorial service a little Bible verse card to encourage each other. These verses were:

- Faith is being sure of what we hope for and certain of what we do not see. Hebrew 11:1
- For everyone born of God overcomes the world. 1 John 5:4
- For it is by grace you have been saved, through faith ---and this not from yourselves, it is the gift of God. Ephesians 2:8
- For no matter how many promises God has made, they are "Yes" in Christ. And so through him the "Amen" is spoken by us to the glory of God. 1 Corinthians 1:20
- Let us fix our eyes on Jesus, the author and perfecter of our faith. Hebrew 12:2

We are comforted by the fact that he is with our God and our Lord Jesus now. We will be able to have a family reunion someday. We all love and miss him very much. He will be always in our hearts.