

Destiny's Child: He Chose Me First

Growing up in East Malaysia, on Borneo island, I often wondered about the future. What could I expect from my life? What lay ahead for me?

I pondered the pattern that I could predictably follow. I would grow up. I would go to church. I would go to school. Eventually, I would go through high school, get my diploma and graduate. I might go on to university or other higher education. Then I might get married and have a family. And then I would die.

Life seemed pretty short that way. There might be different landmarks along the way, but looking at what could be considered a "normal life" I had to ask: "Is that all there is?"

I was very disappointed. I knew there had to be some higher purpose—some reason that Betty Lau existed in this world. I partied a lot, but in a good way—I just wanted to have fun and enjoy what my life appeared to be. I had no real sense of commitment.

But even my home began to seem too small for me. As much as I knew that there had to be more to my life than what I was living, I knew there had to be more to my world than just Malaysia. I was looking for answers. I was seeking direction.

One night, a friend of mine invited me to a concert. I love music, so I said, "Sure. Why not?" As the music played, I noticed a man standing in the crowd. He had his hand above his head and he was holding a book. "I know the plan for your life," he declared confidently.

This certainly got my attention, but I was a little miffed. How did he know the plan for my life—for anybody's life?

"I know God's plan for your life!"

God's plan? For my life? I had to have that book!

I approached him after the concert and asked: "The book that you had in your hand—can I buy it?"

"What book?" he responded.

"The book that you had—that you said had the plan for my life!"

"Oh," he replied. "You mean the Bible."

The Bible? I stared at him. But I already had the Bible. I had grown up in a Christian home—a nice church and all the nice Christian activities. Yet in the face

of my many Muslim friends and Buddhist relatives, I had come to believe that all religions led to God. I knew that there was someone out there far bigger than myself, but beyond that I had no meaning in my life.

I thought that this man was offering the blueprint I had been looking for, but it was a book I already knew. Or did I?

"I already have the Bible," I said.

"Have you ever read it?" he asked me. That was a challenge I could not ignore. I had gone to Sunday School and read the Bible "here and there", but did I really BELIEVE it?

"Do you know what you will happen to you when you die?" he asked.

"No," I replied. "No one can know." I was fairly skeptical. I grew up in a religious home, but all my friends were religious too. I didn't believe in absolutes.

"The Bible says that you can. Do you think that God would lie to you?"

"No," I said. "But you might."

Patience, he showed me the verses in the Bible that explained that Jesus Christ had died to give me ETERNAL life. I could know with certainty what would happen to me not only in this life, but after my death. Jesus—the one and only way to God—had already paid for my sins.

Jesus died for me. The life that I looked ahead to with such apathy was so important to Him that He gave His life for me. He chose me.

I gave my life to Christ that night. I knew that I had found the destiny that I had been seeking. I know now that I'm more than just an insignificant speck among so many. Christ gives my life purpose and meaning—my relationship with Him provides the significance that I once believed could not exist.

Credit – Betty Lau