

Chapter 5 The Anointing Oil and the Cup of Blessing

(Ages 62–86; 2001–2025; A Season of Spiritual Harvest)

"You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies; You anoint my head with oil; my cup runs over." (Psalm 23:5)

I. A Table Prepared in the Presence of Enemies

The High-Handed Conduct of JS

JS, a fellow co-worker, bore significant responsibility for the split in the South San Francisco church. Originally an overseas Chinese from the Philippines, he possessed a remarkable gift for languages, speaking fluent English, German, Tagalog, Hokkien, and Mandarin. He was married to the daughter of Dr. Kwok from Hong Kong—a relative of the Lee family—making him a distant kinsman of the Lee clan. During his time in the U.S., he had rendered distinguished service to the Lee family—particularly in legal battles in places like Berkeley and Boston—and was one of the most articulate and capable leaders within the "Witness Lee" faction of the church. However, during the "Knocking on Doors" movement, he fell out of favor with Lee's second son, Philip Lee, for failing to curry his favor. Consequently, he was demoted from the inner circle of power and reassigned to Germany. Yet, he remained a "regional potentate" of sorts, dominating the scene in remote Europe for a time. I attended his special conferences in Stuttgart, Germany, on two occasions and was treated as a guest of honor, hosted by his chief assistant and his in-laws. However, his imperious, "I-am-supreme" attitude clashed with the proud nature of the Germans; he was eventually ousted from Europe and returned to the South San Francisco church to live in relative obscurity.

During his time in South San Francisco, he continued to act arbitrarily, showing no regard for fellow elders or the saints. He was particularly antagonistic toward saints who had immigrated to the U.S. from Hong Kong, deliberately sowing discord by invoking the doctrine of the "local ground of the church." On one occasion, during a co-workers' conference in San Francisco, he used the pulpit to mock colleagues who had abandoned the "local ground" doctrine—an act that nearly caused me to take the blame for his words. During a break, while I was walking along the bay with my wife, we encountered Joseph Feng and David Wang. Brother Feng spoke to me in an angry tone: "If he keeps talking like that, I'm going to teach him a lesson!" This was a primary factor leading to the split in the South San Francisco church. Co-worker Wu Chenghui (under whose leadership JS had been in children's classes during his youth) became a target of attacks by the faction that had split off from Hong Kong, simply because he was an honest man. In reality, JS held Wu Chenghui and the other elders in contempt. He habitually skipped the Tuesday night prayer meetings and the coordinating meetings for responsible brothers. Whenever the elders publicly announced the church schedule on Sunday mornings, JS would take the stage and completely override their announcements, even dismissing reports that had

been presented at the co-workers' meetings. On one occasion, acting on a sudden whim, he attended the Tuesday night prayer meeting and the coordinating meeting; however, just as everyone was rejoicing, he asked for the reason behind the gathering, only to fly into a rage out of embarrassment. He stormed out, declaring that he would not preach the following Sunday. Yet, when the time came for the Sunday meeting and another person was compelled to step up to preach, JS publicly told the young people not to listen to the sermons of the older generation, urging them to go up and preach themselves instead. The elders of the South San Francisco church tearfully recounted these events to me.

Luring the tiger away from mountain › I myself suffered the consequences

Hoping to defuse the situation by moving him elsewhere, I encouraged JS to relocate to the Fountain Valley church, where two of his daughters lived; I believed I could tolerate him. He actually heeded my advice, and the couple moved down. Unexpectedly, this proved to be a case of "dropping a rock on my own foot"—it caused me great harm, and I was eventually forced to quietly leave the Fountain Valley church.

I can cite a few examples of JS's behavior at the Fountain Valley church: (1) He frequently arrived late for the Sunday morning meeting; regardless of the fact that the service was already underway, he would steer the meeting in a completely different direction the moment he arrived. (2) Sometimes he would skip the Sunday meeting for very flimsy reasons—such as a burst pipe at his daughter's home that he insisted on repairing immediately. In reality, the main water valve could have simply been shut off until the meeting concluded, with the repair performed afterward. (3) Young people were compelled to attend gatherings to "call upon the name of the Lord" and "pray-read the Word" (practices advocated by Lee). Week after week, my eldest son found this tedious and stopped attending the Saturday night youth meetings; JS then attacked him during the gatherings, effectively forcing him to leave the church.

Whether at the South San Francisco church or the Fountain Valley church, JS displayed a strongly exclusionary attitude. When the South San Francisco church displayed books written by others for free distribution during a conference, he immediately ordered them to be cleared away. Yet, he frequently boasted about his own booklets, claiming that in Germany, new believers were so moved after reading them that they spontaneously requested baptism. He often emphasized that he read **only** the Bible and never the works of others—a claim I believe to be dishonest. In earlier years, he had certainly read books by Watchman Nee and Witness Lee, and more recently, he had switched to reading e-books online. His rejection of books written by others fundamentally contradicted the spirit of gathering to hear sermons—whether delivered by others or himself—because, while the forms differ, both written and spoken messages essentially represent a person's digested understanding of the Bible shared with the congregation.

On one occasion, a family of believers who supported him visited from Spain. I suggested to JS that we treat them to breakfast; he and his wife chose the venue—Cocos, a Western-style restaurant—and the time, 8:30 AM. However, the guests from Spain and my wife and I waited from 8:30 until 9:30 before the couple finally arrived, unhurried and without apology. Their only explanation was that they had waited for their young granddaughter to wake up so they could say goodbye before she went to school. This excuse was truly unacceptable, clearly demonstrating his disregard for others.

The prophecy of the date of the Lord's return ended in failure

On one recent occasion, acting on a sudden impulse, he predicted the date of the Lord's Second Coming. He even displayed a countdown timer on his website, ticking away the seconds toward May 2025—the date he had forecast for the onset of the "Great Tribulation." His theory was that, three and a half years after a peace treaty was signed between Israel and three small Arab nations, the Antichrist would break the pact and usher in a three-and-a-half-year Great Tribulation, culminating in Christ's appearance in the air to bring this age to a close. Ultimately, his prediction failed; when questioned, he merely offered a nonchalant response: "The prediction was off; I was wrong." Yet the Lord's words state clearly: "But of that day and hour no one knows, not even the angels of heaven, nor the Son, but the Father alone" (Matthew 24:36). JS's audacity in attempting to predict the exact moment—down to the second—revealed the full extent of his arrogance. Regrettably, some saints—particularly young Germans known for their pragmatic, fact-oriented nature—continued to follow him blindly; this can only be attributed to Satanic deception, as it defies all reason.

Due to JS's domineering style, my three children—along with their spouses—left the Fountain Valley church one by one. My wife and I followed suit, transferring to the Irvine Chinese Christian Union Church, where the ministry focused primarily on students from the University of California, Irvine. During this period, I also frequently traveled to China and various Southeast Asian countries to minister to the saints.

GMJ's Duplicity Toward Me

Regarding GMJ: while he was ministering to the churches in Thailand and Singapore, his son and daughter became engaged to the daughter and son of Li Wentao—a fellow co-worker and banking tycoon from Jakarta, Indonesia. Li purchased a villa near the Geylang seaside in Singapore (locally known as a "breezy house") for GMJ, his wife, and his youngest daughter to reside in. Later, for reasons unknown, both of GMJ's children broke off their engagements with Li's children and instead married the son and daughter of Hong Qin-cheng, another wealthy tycoon from Taiwan.

Wherever GMJ went, he invariably stirred up controversy. Brother Joseph Qu once personally told an older brother I know that "GMJ is a very difficult person to deal with." In Melbourne, Australia, Brother Wu Guangwu also told me personally, "Wherever GMJ goes, he brings political problems to the local church" (implying that he caused turmoil within those churches).

Sometime after 2001, I met the veteran brother GMJ in Singapore and specifically invited him to a restaurant on Orchard Road for a meal. During the meal, I asked him—in his capacity as a senior co-worker—to help mediate the issues between JS and Brother Wu Chenghui, who were both serving in Northern California. GMJ, however, gave me a perfunctory, evasive response, acting as if he were completely unaware of the situation; he told me, "Please have Brother Wu Chenghui contact me directly and explain the issues." After returning to the U.S., I called Brother Wu Chenghui and learned the true situation: he had, in fact, already complained to Brother GMJ about these matters on multiple occasions. Not only did GMJ feign ignorance with me, but two days later—as he was preparing to fly back to the U.S. and was being driven to the airport by Brother Chen Qiyu, a young elder from the Singapore church—he actually warned Chen to be wary of me (Huang). Brother Chen Qiyu immediately consulted the veteran Brother Cheng Ruifu. Brother Cheng told me about this and said he had advised Chen that the person he ought

to be wary of was GMJ, not Caleb Huang.

Following this incident, GMJ took advantage of the passing of the veteran Brother Luo Yingqin to travel among the churches in Thailand. He appointed elders in his capacity as an "apostle," attempting to bring the Thai churches under his own sphere of influence. He would claim to others, "JS has Europe as his territory, and I have Southeast Asia as mine; if I don't cooperate with him, with whom else would I cooperate?" Ultimately, however, he had a major falling-out with JS's daughter and son-in-law at the Cupertino church in Northern California—his own home base—and the dream of their collaboration vanished into thin air.

GMJ Orders the Cessation of the English-Language Meeting for Young People

My younger brother served at the Cupertino church in Northern California and was highly regarded by the brothers and sisters. He was an upright and hardworking man who truly served without complaint, bearing whatever burdens were required. The grandmother of a young man—known as Mother Peng—once called me to speak highly of my younger brother. Brother Xu Qiangsheng, a distant younger relative of Watchman Nee who had retired from the Santa Ana church in Southern California to settle in Northern California, also held my younger brother in high regard.

One year, my wife and I traveled to the Cupertino church in Northern California for the wedding of Brother Wu Chenghui's eldest son; we spent the entire Saturday with Brother GMJ. The next morning, just fifteen minutes before the Lord's Day meeting began, Brother GMJ suddenly called to say he wanted to yield the pulpit to me for the day, adding that the church had decided to begin a study of the Book of Philippians. Upon hearing this, my younger brother's eldest son, Joseph, exclaimed, "So soon?"—implying that having only fifteen minutes to prepare for a one-hour sermon was an incredibly tight turnaround. I gladly accepted the challenge and successfully completed the task.

This incident also precipitated a split in the Cupertino church, causing the congregation to shrink from over three hundred members to fewer than one hundred. Many brothers and sisters urged my younger brother to start a separate meeting, while others simply left the church or even returned to the "Wetness Lee Assembly." The Cupertino church is now controlled by Brother GMJ's only son and grandson—the latter of whom can only preach in English—while both of GMJ's granddaughters have married non-believers; the situation is truly lamentable.

The Rosemead Church Incident

My knowledge of this incident goes beyond mere hearsay; because the victim's parents were like siblings to me, I felt the impact firsthand. When the attempted sexual assault occurred, I heard the details directly from them. However, no one wanted to publicize the scandal. The perpetrator was temporarily transferred away from the Rosemead church and lived quietly in the nearby city of CE for several years. Once the controversy had subsided, he returned to the Rosemead church, singing hymns and praying loudly as if nothing had happened. This behavior caught the attention of Brother YTS—who had recently transferred from Northern California to serve at the Rosemead church—leading him to view ZYY (whose English name is DC) as a rare talent and to consider recommending him to lead the youth group. Meanwhile, ZYY's old habits resurfaced; despite being married with children, he attempted to seduce a married sister into eloping, a scheme thwarted only by the intervention of a close friend. Years earlier, the victim's parents had

stepped in to block ZYY's nomination for youth leadership, deeming him unfit for the role, though ZYY vehemently denied the allegations.

ZYY's elderly father was an elder at the Rosemead church, and ZYY's cousin-in-law had admitted that the father had committed the same kind of misconduct back in Taiwan—a case of the same vice plaguing two generations across different locations. The situation was further complicated because the son of another elder WZR, he was originally a colleague I respected, but for some reason, he ended up in a situation where two elders were covering up for each other's sons., shielding one another despite the awkwardness of the situation. While other fellow elders insisted that no one else should interfere, the vast majority of the saints in the church firmly refused to tolerate any attempt to downplay such serious offenses or sweep them under the rug. Consequently, the elders invited John Ingalls and Joseph Chu from the Westminster church; the former quoted the famous words used by Witness Lee: "Let any one of you who is without sin be the first to throw a stone at her" (John 8:7), while the latter pounded the pulpit and wept openly while speaking.

The saints found themselves in a legal battle against the leadership. Because the Rosemead church had originally registered with the government as a "non-profit religious organization without a membership system," the leadership prevailed in court. Most of the saints withdrew from the church in dismay, and the congregation shrank from over four hundred members to fewer than one hundred. The unfolding of these events was truly lamentable.

Excluded from WCCC Fellowship

I attended the WCCC (West Coast Christian Conference) annual conferences on multiple occasions—held in locations such as Seattle, San Francisco, Santa Barbara, Long Beach, and Biola University. Initially, the conferences were led by prominent co-workers like Steven Kaung, Christian Chen, Lanslanber (who was Jewish), and Wang Guoxian. One year after they all deceased, I was stopped on the spot during a breakout session simply for briefly introducing my website, making it clear to me that I was not welcome.

Encountering Titus Chu in Shanghai

Titus Chu was once a key figure in the "Witness Lee-affiliated church" (often referred to as the "Local Church" movement), having trained hundreds of young successors in Taipei. At the time, he used to mock young people in Taiwan for pursuing studies in the U.S. merely to burnish their credentials; ironically, not long after, he moved to the United States himself. Establishing his headquarters in Cleveland, he became a dominant figure across the U.S. Midwest and the Toronto area in Canada. Following Witness Lee's death, thirty-one co-workers from the movement jointly expelled him, accusing him of harboring ambitions to usurp Lee's position and become the supreme leader of the organization. At that time, I wrote him a private letter urging him to let go of the "Lee" affiliation—to stop waving the banner of Witness Lee and instead look solely to Christ as the Head; I suggested that doing so would open up vast horizons and great possibilities. However, he never replied to me.

Prior to this, I had no personal contact with Brother Titus Chu. I attended a special conference he convened in Shanghai specifically to visit Brother Jiang Honglong—whom my younger brother had personally led to the Lord—and later attended two other conferences in Taipei organized by Brother Lin Fengming for Brother Chu. My impression was that Brother Chu did not respect the

brothers and sisters who had traveled from afar to attend; he would spend the first half-hour or more of each session simply chatting casually on the platform. Only after much time had elapsed would he hurriedly read through his prepared outline, effectively just going through the motions. Such an attitude was highly inappropriate. I once raised this issue with Brother Ye—his right-hand man at the time—but the claim that casual conversation was merely for the purpose of gathering information was a rather far-fetched excuse. Brother Chu may have intended to take over my Bible study website, but I handed it over to Brother Jiang Honglong. Brother Jiang was then dismissed by Brother Chu for recommending Rick Warren's "Straight to the Goal" to the brothers and sisters. In this way, Brother Chu effectively severed ties with me.

Surrounded by opposers, I draw closer to the Lord.

I thank the Lord for the circumstances He has arranged. From the outside, I seem to be experiencing what the Apostle Paul faced: "glory and shame, infamy and good reputation; seemingly deceptive, yet truthful; seemingly unknown, yet known to all; seemingly about to die, yet living; seemingly punished, yet not dying; seemingly sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; seemingly poor, yet enriching many; seemingly having nothing, yet possessing everything" (2 Corinthians 6:8-10). In my heart, I never considered these fellow workers as enemies. My only enemy was Satan behind them. Therefore, I was able to pray for them in such circumstances, using them as a mirror to ask the Lord to protect me from Satan's deception. In my heart, I feel elevated and transcended all people and things, drawing closer and more intimate with the Lord, enjoying Him as the source of my strength and satisfaction. Thus, in the years since I retired from my profession, it has been as if I were in heaven on earth, living a life where "the Lord prepares a feast for me in the presence of my enemies" every day. How wonderful that is!

II. Guidance through the Anointing

Invited to Lead the "Evergreen" Gathering in Irvine

Just as I was leaving the Fountain Valley church, a group of saints was departing from the Canaan Church in Irvine. Among them was Elder Yu Ming, whom I had met through my Bible study website; he invited me to his home to lead a gathering for seniors—known as the "Evergreen" gathering. This marked the beginning of another chapter of church life spanning over twenty years, during which I was essentially a guest in a community belonging to others. Although it was publicly announced that three individuals—Yu Chongxin (second son of Brother Yu Chenghua), Pastor Li Geshun (Senior Pastor of Ambassadors for Christ), and myself—served as the church's highest-level advisors, I was never actually consulted; the title was merely nominal.

The Evergreen gathering later relocated to the "House of Grace," a property purchased by the church. Attendance by seniors reached up to thirty people at its peak. Over time, five or six members passed away. Among them were several saints who deeply loved the Lord; for instance, Elder Yu Ming's mother-in-law, Mrs. Lin, lived to be over a hundred years old. Even in her nineties, she continued to serve as an adult Sunday school teacher at Canaan Church. Her children were all devoted to the Lord—with two sons and a daughter-in-law serving as pastors—making her a true example to the saints. Another member of the gathering was Sister

Fang Qinggui, who had come to the Lord relatively recently. While in Beijing, she and her husband had both been academicians at the Chinese Academy of Sciences. Despite suffering from lung cancer, she persisted in attending the meetings. Before she passed away, she had hoped to see me; unfortunately, due to the COVID-19 outbreak—and the fact that I had contracted the virus myself—we were unable to meet, a source of great regret.

From Rotating Preacher to Stepping Back from the Sunday Pulpit

Gradually, my speaking ability gained recognition. I took turns at the Sunday pulpit with three part-time pastors invited from outside the church; I served once a month, delivering over two hundred sermons over the course of more than twenty years. While some of the visiting pastors served only briefly—for a few sessions or a year or two—the church eventually hired a resident pastor. He would preach two or three times a month, and I once; the remaining slot was used to train several middle-aged local believers, equipping them to exercise their gifts in ministry through the Word. The church also formed a "Word Ministry Team" comprising the resident pastor and myself, responsible for organizing various aspects of the ministry, such as Sunday pulpit assignments, adult Sunday school teachers, and leaders for Bible study groups. By the end of 2024, I voluntarily stepped down from Sunday pulpit service; throughout 2025, I preached from the Sunday pulpit only once.

During these years of pulpit ministry, my methods evolved: I transitioned from handwriting outlines on paper to using a laptop and an iPad, and from distributing photocopied outlines to projecting them. As times changed, my ministry skills improved accordingly. Prior to the COVID-19 pandemic, I spent over two years conducting a series of "Ministry Equipping Training" sessions for middle-aged church members. This program covered four major categories—truth, spiritual life, character, and ministry—comprising thirty-nine lessons, each lasting approximately an hour and a half. All participants gained a solid foundation.

Frequent Visits to Churches in Various Locations

In addition to serving as a guest speaker at churches in Southern California (Torrance, Santa Ana, San Diego, Temple City, San Gabriel, Rowland Heights, Culver City, and Santa Monica) and Toronto, Canada, I frequently led seminars at retreats in places like Seattle, Marlboro (New Jersey), and Delta (British Columbia). I also traveled to China and various parts of Southeast Asia to visit churches and preach by invitation. On one occasion, I even attempted to deliver a sermon in English at a predominantly white church in La Puente, Southern California. In Japan, I frequently preached or shared messages in Japanese. Whenever I returned to Taiwan, I was invariably invited to speak, most often at the Yongkang Street Church in Taipei.

On one occasion, I was asked on short notice to co-lead a conference in Santa Barbara with Brother Shi Bocheng—one of the "Four Great Pillars" of the movement in Taiwan. His son-in-law (the son of Zheng Tian'en) had fallen critically ill with terminal cancer and could not attend, so I was asked to step in. He delivered the main messages each evening, while I spoke each morning; in the afternoons, other co-workers led workshops.

Signing a Three-Year Office Lease by Faith

Because my writing required consulting numerous spiritual reference works, for a period of time I

spent five hundred dollars a month purchasing a large number of spiritual books. These were kept at various meeting halls—such as those in Garden Grove and Westminster—where, in addition to my own use, they were made available for the saints to borrow from the library. However, I stamped every book I personally owned on the inside covers to clearly indicate that they did not belong to the church. When I left the Westminster church, I took my books with me with a clear conscience; yet, to my surprise, rumors circulated claiming that I had made off with the church's books. In reality, when the meeting hall was acquired, the Westminster church board had agreed to designate two rooms next to the church office for my private use—serving as an office and storage space for my writing ministry—and allowed me to keep my personal library in the church's collection for the brothers and sisters to borrow. In return, I looked after the premises. On one occasion, when the mischievous children of some Zoroastrian neighbors threw dirt and stones onto our property, I went over to speak with the person in charge to resolve the matter.

After leaving the Westminster church, I needed to find a new office for the books I had taken with me. I prayed earnestly that the Lord would allow me to find a suitable space near my home. While praying, I had a vision of the Jordan River blocking my path; yet, as I watched the waters suddenly dry up, I sensed the Lord opening a way for me. I set out to search and soon discovered a medical building available for lease just a few hundred meters from my home. One of the units featured four rooms—an ideal space for my writing and for storing my books. Feeling a sense of peace, I signed a three-year lease at an annual rent of \$10,000 USD. Upon returning home, I asked the Lord to provide the funds for the rent. Sure enough, about a week later, an elderly brother named Wang Fangyuan traveled from Los Angeles to see me. He explained that he was battling two types of cancer—colon cancer and prostate cancer—and that his wife had suffered a sudden stroke, leaving her unable to care for herself. He asked if I would be willing to look after them and manage their assets. I replied, "Back when I was a high school student, you nurtured my spiritual growth; now that you are facing physical hardships, I would be delighted to repay that kindness."

Brother Wang took me to a law firm to notarize the documents appointing me as the executor of his will. He then entrusted me with \$200,000 in cash to deposit in the bank; the interest generated was to fund my writing ministry, while the principal was reserved for their living expenses and any unforeseen medical emergencies. Their regular, day-to-day expenses were covered by their monthly pension income. I placed the \$200,000 into a three-year certificate of deposit (CD) with an annual interest rate of 5 percent, yielding exactly \$10,000 in annual interest—precisely the amount needed to cover the office rent. The Lord's answer to my prayer was swift and exact; not a single dollar more or less than required. Later, I hosted a family birthday dinner for my elderly mother in that very office; all my siblings and their children—over thirty people in total—gathered together in unity and joy, creating a truly wonderful memory. My youngest brother even suggested making it an annual tradition, though, regrettably, that was not to be. As for the spiritual books, I eventually distributed them free of charge to churches in South San Francisco, Fountain Valley, Irvine, and other areas.

Caring for Brother Wang and His Wife Until Their Passing

I discovered that Brother Wang and his wife were living in a Los Angeles neighborhood dominated by Mexican-American gangs—a very dangerous area. To look after them more closely, I used their own funds to purchase a unit for them in the residential complex where I

lived. I also used their money to hire their second daughter—born back in China—to attend to their daily needs, paying her a monthly wage. During the move, I noticed that much of their regular diet consisted of canned goods; some of the metal cans were already rusted—hardly surprising, then, that Brother Wang had developed colon cancer. This reminded me of a time my wife and I were hosted by Sister Yang Liu Xiuhua in Taipei. She was the wife of Yang Ji-quan, the chairman of Huanan Bank; the couple was quite wealthy, yet they habitually ate expensive dried goods that others had gifted them years prior, repeatedly reheating leftovers for every meal. They stored these items in the basement; even after being soaked in floodwaters, the food wasn't discarded—they simply dried it out and ate it as usual. Ultimately, both of them also died of colon cancer.

Under the care of myself and his second daughter, Brother Wang lived for several more years before being taken home by the Lord; during that time, I would rush him to the emergency room whenever sudden midnight crises arose. I have always remembered something the elderly brother said to me: "Every day I live now is a bonus; I must live it well before the Lord." When he passed away, I specifically asked Brother David Wang to arrange the memorial service and to invite John Ingalls and Brother Joseph Chu to attend and serve as keynote speakers, but both declined. Brother Wang then invited Yuan Qi'an to speak instead; however, Brother Yuan rambled incoherently during the service, spouting nonsense and talking only about himself. After Brother Wang passed away, the daughter of Sister Wang's eldest sister—who lived in Fresno, Central California—wished to take her in and care for her. I therefore brought Sister Wang to Fresno and paid her niece a monthly fee for her care until she, too, was taken home by the Lord; I also purchased a burial plot and casket for her in Fresno and arranged her funeral. As for the burial plot Brother Wang had pre-purchased at Forest Lawn in Southern California, it was gifted to his eldest daughter. The collection of banknotes and silver dollars that Sister Wang had amassed during her lifetime was given to her niece. Furthermore, in accordance with Brother Wang's will, and acting as the executor, I provided notarized copies of the will to his three daughters and their children, distributing the assets to them exactly as stipulated in the document.

III. The Lord Alone Is My Portion

Household Finances in Retirement

I took early retirement at age 62; consequently, I received only 70 percent of the standard state pension throughout my retirement years rather than the full amount. Initially, our combined monthly income was approximately US\$2,400 (with me receiving \$1,600 and my wife receiving half that amount, or \$800). After deducting about \$200 each for health insurance, our net monthly income was roughly \$2,000. We lived on this pension—supplemented by small voluntary contributions from various churches and fellow believers—for over twenty years. The pension payments saw only minor annual increases, never by a significant margin.

My former employer did not provide a 401(k) plan, so I personally contributed \$4,000 annually from my salary into an IRA account. After retiring at 62, I made annual withdrawals within the tax-exempt limits to hire several university-educated sisters-in-Christ in China for typing and English translation work. This continued until the IRA funds were exhausted, at which point I provided each sister with six months' severance pay. Regarding wages, I paid the prevailing

market rate for university graduates at the time (2001–2005): 2,000 RMB per month, an amount that was later slightly increased; I believe I treated them fairly and generously. They translated my entire set of New Testament commentaries into English, while other sisters compiled commentaries by various authors, organizing them by chapter for the "Gleanings" section of my website. These efforts greatly enriched the content of the Bible study website. Regarding my writing ministry, I echo the words of the Apostle Paul: I am "most gladly spend and be spent" for your sake (2 Corinthians 12:15). May the Lord bless the readers of this website.

Content with a Condominium

We had originally intended to move into a retirement community, but after waiting on the list for over two years, our turn never came. Fortunately, we sold our house in Anaheim and had over a hundred thousand dollars in cash on hand, so we purchased the condominium where we now live in Fountain Valley. It is a two-bedroom unit (with a shared land title) measuring only about 750 square feet; the purchase price at the time was \$95,000, though by 2025, the value had risen to over \$400,000. Thank the Lord, my wife is quite satisfied with the layout; each of the two bedrooms has its own bathroom, allowing us to host guests when necessary. Over the years, we have hosted guests about a dozen times. The location is extremely convenient, situated just a hundred meters from an entrance/exit to the 405 Freeway. Within a 300-meter radius, there are the city hall, police station, fire station, library, a large church (Chinese Baptist Church), a large retail store, a large gym, a major hospital, a small park, two large hotels, three major banks, and over a dozen restaurants of various types. Just beyond that 300-meter mark lies a massive park covering one square mile, featuring two golf courses, various sports fields, two small lakes, and frequent visits from migratory birds.

Furthermore, the weather here is pleasant year-round—like perpetual spring. Rainfall is scarce, the air is dry, and the average temperature hovers in the low-to-mid twenties (Celsius). Summer temperatures occasionally exceed 35°C, but they quickly drop back to the twenties after a few days; in winter, the temperature sometimes dips to around 10°C but soon returns to the twenties. For over five years now, we have never turned on the air conditioning in the summer nor the heating in the winter. The area is also close to the coast—about five miles from Huntington Beach—and a drive of just twenty minutes or so takes us to the famous Newport Beach and Laguna Beach. All in all, it is truly a wonderful place to live.

****Active in Retirement: Diligently Writing****

Although I retired from secular employment at the age of sixty-two, my service to the Lord never ceased; it will continue until the day I meet Him. My daily routine begins at 4:00 a.m. I wake my wife at 5:30 a.m., and together we observe our morning watch from 6:00 to 7:00 a.m. After breakfast at 7:00 a.m. and a half-hour walk at 8:00 a.m., I sit at my computer until 10:00 p.m. Aside from lunch (I usually eat only two meals a day), a nap, a shower, and prayer, my time is dedicated to writing books. I work diligently for eight to ten hours a day—putting in more effort than a salaried employee—because my "boss" is the Lord Himself, and the "wages" He pays me are Christ as my portion.

Beyond completing commentaries on the sixty-six books of the Bible, my goal is to care for many saints, devoting my time, energy, and heart to sharing God's love.

****Visits to Lebanon, Israel, Syria, Jordan, the Philippines, and Australia****

As a Bible teacher, I had the privilege of joining a tour group organized by Brother Chen Xizeng with my wife. We visited the Holy Land and surrounding nations, seeing towering cedars, tasting "Peter's fish" from the Sea of Galilee, walking upon the ruins of the Third Temple site, and immersing ourselves in the salty waters of the Dead Sea. Experiencing the landscapes of the Holy Land firsthand was truly a rare and memorable experience. We also traveled extensively across the Philippines, visiting Baguio (a resort city in northern Luzon), Quezon City and Manila (in the central region), Cebu City (in the south), and Davao City on Mindanao Island along with its surrounding mountain areas. In Sydney, Australia, we were warmly hosted by the elderly Brother Sun Wuxin and his wife, who accompanied us to the seaside for a day of delightful conversation.

****Visits to Japan, Taiwan, Singapore, and Thailand****

Between March and April of 2024, my wife and I spent a month and a half visiting her family home, various churches in Japan, churches and relatives in Taiwan, and churches and saints in Singapore. In Bangkok, we met with six church leaders who had flown in specifically from China, as well as local saints from Thailand. When my sister-in-law's family home was destroyed by a massive earthquake, we went to offer our concern to the younger relatives there and provided \$10,000 to help rebuild the house—a modest sum, yet a token of our heartfelt care. My mother-in-law had bequeathed shares to her daughters, but we gifted them all to our niece. We traveled the length of Taiwan—from north to south—without pause to visit relatives we hadn't seen in years and to share the grace of the Lord with fellow believers. In Singapore, we revisited the Nanyang University campus where we had once served and reconnected with the saints there, including Mr. and Mrs. Lin Anqing—believers who are our seniors in age. While in Thailand, I made a special trip to Chiang Mai to visit the descendants of a late fellow believer, providing them with financial assistance (amounting to several thousand dollars). I then returned to the United States filled with joy. During the return flight, my blood pressure spiked to over 200; I felt groggy and lethargic the entire way, barely able to move. Yet, after arriving home, I spent the next year and a half conducting a full series of ministry training sessions via Zoom for churches across various regions in China.

Vacationing in the Colorado Mountains

In August 2024, my wife and I—along with more than twenty brothers and sisters from the Dallas, Texas area—traveled to a retreat ranch south of Denver, Colorado, near Mount Elbert (the second-highest peak in North America). There, we were warmly hosted by Brother Huang Tingchun. By the ranch's small lake, we baptized three brothers and sisters who had recently come to the Lord. We spent eight wonderful days there—a taste of heaven on earth. My wife especially loved gazing at the starry night sky, where the stars seemed to twinkle right before our eyes. While trying to hand her the telescope, I tripped and fell, cutting my forehead, though fortunately, the injury was minor.

Shocked to Hear of Brother Jiang Honglong's Passing

Brother Jiang Honglong was ten years my junior; he had come to the Lord during high school

through the guidance of my younger brother. In 2022, I had handed over the administration of the Bible study website to him, intending that—should the Lord call me home first—he could maintain the site's operations for at least another decade. Unexpectedly, the natural order was reversed: he went to be with the Lord before I did. Truly, man proposes, but God disposes. He was a gentle, honest, and diligent man who devoted himself wholeheartedly to caring for younger believers. In late June 2025, while weeding a farm alongside a sister who was his partner, he suffered a sudden stroke and collapsed, never to rise again. I miss him dearly and deeply lament his passing.

I thank the Lord that a six-person team—fellow workers with backgrounds in the "meeting place" tradition across various U.S. states and Taiwan—immediately felt the burden to take over the website ministry, putting my mind at ease. They are the brothers Lu Huichen, Chen Jiliang, Lin Jianli, Li Jianxi, Zeng Huaxi, Zhang Zhu'en, and others.

****Managing the Assets of Four Individuals Over the Course of My Life****

Throughout my life, four individuals entrusted me with their funds for temporary safekeeping. These included: (1) My employer from my time working in the United States; I served as the legal representative for his assets. (2) The U.S. bank account of the wife of Yang Jiquan (Chairman of the Land Bank of Taiwan). A sister who had previously managed the account had misappropriated approximately \$100,000; after the incident came to light, I took over the management and successfully handed the funds back years later. (3) Funds totaling approximately \$2 million remitted over time by Elder Cheng Ruifu of Singapore; the trusteeship concluded successfully after the final balance of over \$60,000 was remitted back. (4) The personal assets of the elderly Brother Wang Fangyuan and his wife; following the passing of both, the estate was successfully settled in accordance with Brother Wang's will.