

ignored him. In the next a few days, my father kept calling me and told me that Grandma had been ceaselessly praying for me and she wanted me to pray to God too. But I did not listen to them. On the sixth day after the incident, at night, I opened the window of my dormitory on the 4<sup>th</sup> floor, thinking I would rather jump out the window than endure the torture. But if I died jumping out the window, people would even more firmly think I was guilty of stealing the money. Furthermore, I missed my family. With all the thoughts in mind, I felt that I was hopelessly cornered and could neither live nor die. In the end I fell on my knees, cried, and asked God to save me. Right after the prayer, I felt my burden was lightened up a bit and peace came into my mind. The next day I once again requested the bank managers visit the client with me. There when the client was describing the incident, she unwittingly revealed what denomination of bills she had given me. Then we found out that the amount she gave me for deposit was incorrect. The managers asked the client to think through the whole process and then we left her home. As soon as I got back to the bank, I called my father and told him the development of the case. While we were still talking, someone yelled out aloud, "Zhong, come upstairs quickly, they returned the money!" I immediately hung up the phone and ran to the office. They asked me to count the bills but I was too excited to count the bills with my trembling fingers. I hugged the friends who had been with me during those days, smiling yet tears running down my cheek. The joy was beyond description. Lord, It is You who saves me and reopens a way for me.

Several years later, I bid farewell to my relatives and left for the US. I had no idea when we could be together again. After arrival in the US, I worked odd jobs and delivered take-outs in a restaurant. I worked over 13 hours every day, was on multiple occasions robbed at gun point, several times nearly run over by cars. I could hardly endure the enormous stresses. It was beyond description the feelings when I thought about my family and longed for reunion with them during the quiet long nights. I made phone calls only when there were urgent needs as phone calls were expensive. Every time the call lasted less than 5 minutes and I always told my wife that things were fine with me. She sent me cassette tapes with recordings of her conversations with my son. I couldn't help listening to them over and over again. Thank God for his mercy and grace, I finally obtained my American visa and went back to China to visit my family. My wife, my son, and my father met me at the airport. Upon arriving home, I saw from afar Grandma standing at the door and holding a candle in her hand. There happened to be a power outage that night. I could not hold my tears. It was she who prayed for me day and night. And God granted us one last opportunity to see her before she was taken home by the Lord.

Grandma went to be with the Lord in July 1996. Ten days later my wife's immigration visa was granted. I went back to take care of Grandma's funeral arrangements and then returned the US with my wife and my son to Greenville, SC, on September 1. Shortly afterwards, we three were all baptized in a Chinese church there. I was excited with them joining me; in the meantime, I felt that I had more obligations and pressure. Facing various daily difficulties, we were full of faith in God. Together we offered thanksgiving to God and asked for God's guidance. We moved five times that year, but we were always joyful. I still remember in our 4<sup>th</sup> relocation that we drove to New Mexico from Atlanta for a job and had to return to Atlanta after being there for only 20 days. My son did not have enough time to remember all the names of his classmates. He made up songs himself and sang, "Where is our home"? On our way back an accident happened to us, in which a drunk driver hit our car from behind when we