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Hi, my name is Frank Kwok, I was born in Hong Kong in 1933, the youngest of three children. Being brought up in a wealthy home with many servants, it seems to me that life was nothing but fun and enjoyment. As long as I can remember, I always attended church as I grew up. My dad was an elder in a Protestant Church and a successful business man. My mom was a medical doctor but she never practiced after she got married.

As dad grew more and more prosperous in his business, we as a family seem to have developed double standards. We have our church friends on the one hand and business friends on the other hand. Our involvement with the church seemed to be mostly formal and official. Our real affection seemed to be with business friends and family. My mother specially loves mahjong. She played the game with consummate skill and often come home with handsome winnings in cash. My dad tried to stop her many times without success and so gradually this was accepted as part of our family lives. Friends would come sometimes several times a week to play mahjong followed by dinner parties. If the pastor were to visit us, they would hold off till the pastor is gone and then continue their game.

Dad rarely played. He like to read books like Gandhi or Winston Churchill and discuss issues of love and why Communism must fail and so on. When dad carried on with his pet subject, most of us would endure with a smirk in our faces. There was never any family bible study nor family prayer time. The only time we pray was to give thanks before food. In all other ways, our home was happy and peaceful.

Some of the best time I can still remember is when we take our Austin 7 (Pre-war) with an open sun roof to go to the beach. We stood with head outside and sunroof and sang to our hearts content.

Though dad was a sincere Christian, he was not convicted of the need to train us up biblically in the way we should go. Rather he assumed that we would

automatically become good Christians. Besides that, hypocrisy in the way we lived have made our Christian witness ineffectual. As Children we seemed to think that life is all about successful career and family. Serving God and becoming Christlike never enter our minds.

Because of the servants, none of us have any household duties and all our spare times were spent in doing what interest us individually. We were an independent family and not an interdependent family. Mom and dad sometimes would go out socializing every night of the week and we would only see them by the weekends.

I had a sister 10 years older than me and a brother 6 years older. Even though they both were brought up attending church, my sister when she grew up drifted from the faith and married an unbeliever. They were divorced later. My brother gave up his faith to become a Communist. He taught music in China all of his life.

Being the youngest and the darling of the family, I was spoiled since the day I was born. I had a personal amah till I was 8 years old. I was mom's favorite. In all of my childhood, I only had one beating from mom.

I wish I had more. I seemed to have all praises and no correction. I believed mom and dad were influenced by Dr Spock's teaching that permissive upbringing was the right way to go. The result was that I grew up with the idea that I can always manipulate others to get what I want. I had low view of sin and very high self esteem and self confidence. Over confidence lured me into sin much easier than otherwise. The lack of clearly taught biblical standards also make it easier for me to transgress.

At the age of 13, I was baptized by immersion although I had little understanding of what that was all about. I did what mom and dad wanted me to do. I joined the choir and some youth group activities but I was more interested in the girls than things of God.

By the time I was 16, I got involved with a group of rich teens from my father's business friends and as we began to venture into dancing parties after parties, I dropped all my Christian youth activities and concentrate on worldly pleasures. I still went to church but that was more to please mom and dad than anything else. I only had two things in mind in those days, have a successful career as a doctor and experimenting on girls. Because my mom was a doctor, she always wanted me to be one and I had never wanted to be anything else.

The next big step in my life was coming to Australia to study medicine.

Given the good academic minds from my parents, passing exams was never much of a problem for me. I was admitted into medical faculty at Sydney University. Apart from studying, all my spared time was spent on going out with like minded boys.

During my senior years, I moved into Wesley College which was already becoming very liberal in theology. I learnt the Australia culture at college and tried to be one of the boys. I picked up the habit of beer drinking after school with the boys.

In 1957, I got serious with a girl from Hong Kong. She was a nominal Christian and she attended the same university and we were much "in love" All these years in Australia, except for the first few months, I never attended church. I had no problem with believing Christ but that was merely a head belief and very little at that. All I wanted was to get married and be a successful doctor. When I graduated, we got married almost immediately and we moved to Newcastle where I did my intern in hospital. Our married life seemed to be quite smooth. Soon she got pregnant and gave birth to a son.

After the arrival of the baby, my wife became totally undone. She didn't know how to handle the baby and I wasn't much help either. We were both used to servants but where in Australia can we find Chinese amahs?

Australian house maids were not suitable for her. Her mom came to help but she only added to the confusion. For months she had pleaded with me to return to HK but I was too pig headed and selfish to agree. I have adopted Australia as my country and I wanted to pursue my medical career here. I believe I had every right to decide what to do with our future.

Finally, she decided to take her son back to HK and left me alone in Australia. By that time I was almost glad that she went because of the constant friction that we had. After she left, I was upset over the separation for a few days but I didn't feel any guilt because I believe I was in the right and she was in the wrong. Soon I decided to put the past behind me and started to live my own life afresh. There were plenty of "fish" in the ocean, I thought. The idea that we vowed to be joint together for better for worse till death do us part never came across my mind. My pride was hurt. I was in a way humiliated by the whole thing. I retaliated by cutting her off and would not even make any attempt on my side to be reconciled to her. When well meaning relatives tried to intervene, I kept insisting, "If she wants me, she knows where to find me" all the time knowing that she will never return on those terms. Self centeredness blinded me to realities.

Over the next five years, I underwent the vigorous preparation to become a surgeon. I spent two years as Anatomy demonstrator at the Uni of NSW.

After that, I past the primary exam for the College of Surgeons and was posted to work as Surgical Registrar in various hospitals. Meantime I lived in sin by having girlfriend after girlfriend. In 1964 I got my surgical degree and right after that I divorced my first wife and remarried a nurse. She seemed so obedient to me at the time but again she was not a Christian. Everything seemed to work real well for the next 8 years until my private practice had become real busy and I neglected my wife and our two children. Worse of all, there was no spiritual input in our lives for all that time. We lived a life of work, materialism and worldly pleasures.

Towards the end of that time, adulteries took place on both sides and without any warning or counseling, my wife took the children and left me on my own. The loss of my children hurt me deeply and in desperation I cried out to God for help. God mercifully send a friend to give me the gospel. I went back to church, studied the bible, got divorced and remarried but all the time the question hangs in my mind was that “what am I going to do with Christ?” I have been weighing up the cost of giving up my hedonistic life style for godly living and church involvement.

Finally in NY Eve 1973, at a mid night service I surrendered my life to the Lord. I don't even remember what I said but the gist of it was for God to take over because I had made a mess of my life. The Holy Spirit came upon me that night and gave me eternal life. I can never forget the deep peace that I had the next morning and the joy and the love that so filled my heart. God was real and He was my Father. He cared for me and answered prayers! I was walking on cloud nine for months telling everyone about my wonderful conversion experience.

My wife was a Catholic and she had no idea what was going on. Thankfully in time she too saw the light and came to receive Christ for herself. Being saved was wonderful but it didn't solve the problem that I had created. My children, Jane and Mike, were with their mom and we were greatly burdened by the ungodly lifestyle she was imposing on her children. We love to bring them up the Christian way but circumstances were against us.

However what was impossible with men was possible with God. He had mercy on us and brought the children home after 18 months. The judge rewarded them back into my care after hearing the evidences for three days in court and personally interviewed the children. He was convinced that it was in the best interest of the children that they lived with their dad. Thank God for His great mercy in giving us a wise judge.

That 18 months long trial early in our Christian life really strengthened our faith in God's unfailing goodness. After that, God graciously gave us two more sons and now we were a Christian family of 6 and best of all free to raise them up God's way. In those days Christian education was just starting in Australia and so were fundamental bible believing churches.

We were in a Baptist Union Church in which the pastor did not believe in creation, Christian education or door to door evangelism. We had no one to guide us except the bible and the Holy Spirit.

For the next year or two, we had to learn the painful lesson of coming out from an established church to help plan a new church that is more in line with biblical truth. We have to help the children find genuine Christian education. Sometimes my wife had to drive them over an hour to school.

The most important change I made as a Christian leader in the home was to give up 50% of my work hours in order to minister spiritually to the family. Daily, we have long personal and family devotions and systematic scripture memories. I was careful to teach the family God's commandments and made sure to implement them when they were violated. That daily worship time was absolutely sacred and everything else must give way to it. I think that has a big part in helping to shape the children's life for Christ. God honored these sacrifices and I think looking back, in hindsight, these are the days when their young minds were impressed with the need to be faithful to God's word.

Putting to death self centered lives also greatly improve my love for my wife and her submission to me. I can never thank God enough for the wonderful partner He had chosen for me. My dearest wife did the lion share of the work for the children. In early years, we rely on Christian school and then in later years we resorted to home schooling. We didn't have TV for years but somehow we let the box come

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back in again and I really think that was a bad move.

For years as a medical doctor, I have never entertained the idea of giving up the profession for the sake of the gospel. My motto as a Christian was always knowing Christ and then making Him known. My idea was that every time I met somebody, if he was a non Christian, then I should steer the conversation to winning him to Christ. If he was already a Christian, then my focus would be to say something edifying to him. Evangelism or edification, that was my idea of serving the Lord.

Being a doctor gave me good opportunities to evangelize but then much time is spend on carrying out my duties as a doctor which has nothing to do with either evangelism or edification. As the years went by, it suddenly occurred to me that the desires of my heart was all about the gospel and very little about practicing medicine. After praying about it, I felt sure that God was calling me to some kind of full time service in His kingdom.

So I sold the surgery, and took the family over to the USA where I was enrolled as a seminary student at the age of 57. After 2 years, I came back to Australia and was called to pastor Fellowship Baptist. That was 1990. My son Mike joined me in 1999 and as I got older, he gradually took over as the leading pastor of the church. My daughter Jane married a missionary and they are are ministering in Vanuatu. My two other sons, Ben and Jeremy also got their MDiv. They were married and are serving the Lord as pastor and Christian school administrator. Our marriage is now 37 years long and getting sweeter by the year. We have 14 lovely grand children. As I looked back in my life, I never ceased to be amazed at what the grace of God can do for a miserable sinner like me! Praise the Lord!