

Dear Pastor Leung,

Sorry, to me, you will always be my Uncle Leung (梁伯伯)。

I remember it just like yesterday when you stepped off the gangway of the French liner with Poon Yi Ma (潘姨) and with your 4 sons, carrying on your shoulder a bicycle (Chinese half ton). Little did I know, we would be embarked on a life long journey together.

As a small boy in a war torn country, I was definitely influenced deeply by you in my spiritual journey. During the devastation of the collapse of the children's home, you and Poon Yi Ma showed remarkable calm as you dealt with the wounded and the dead. I remember all the songs we sang during that period of time. Your songs and your prayers in a time of sorrow no doubt deeply affected me and my faith in God.

I also marvelled at the skill set you acquired in making musical instruments out of common bamboo, perfecting the pitch that comes out of these homemade flutes, and gathered as many garlic peels as possible for the reeds. I watched these scenes with envy and wonder.

You and I did have some very deep conversations even when I was at a young age. I re-member asking you, "Must we fight during the war as Christians? Your answer was simple and to the point, "We must fight the right fight". As most teenage boys have difficulty talking to their own father, you have been that someone that I could talk to. Thank you for your con-stant encouragement and not giving up on me.

Serving the Lord as a Chinese pastor is probably not what you had in mind for me. Yet, I re-member how you encouraged me to pay more attention to the Chinese language and not for-get my mother tongue as I prepared to live a life abroad; I am happy to report to you that I can work with approx 2000 characters and am able to preach in either dialect in Chinese.

When an opportunity arose to stay with you many years later in Panama. I watched you pre-paring the meals and participating in services with your vibrant congregation. These were your retirement years and a time when most people would take it easy and enjoy their grand-children, This reminded me of your dedication to service. I remember during your BIG birth-day celebration, a group of your congregation from Panama showed up in NYC. Wow, what a testimony to how you love your flock and how they loved you.

Your life service has not been in vain. You added value to everything you engaged in and eve-ryone you met. You continue to be a blessing to me and to many others. May the Lord give you rest and we will soon be together again!

Yours,

Wilson