

SIX TESTIMONIES ABOUT SISTER LEE

Testimony from Esther Cheng, Granddaughter of sister Lee

A Pattern of One Who Was Living and Dying to the Lord

I would like to give a personal testimony of my experience with Sister Lee. As her granddaughter, I grew up with Sister Lee and spent a lot of meaningful time with her, coming to know her in a close and personal way. At the end of her life, I had the privilege of caring for her, along with the other serving ones, as she went through her final months of preparation to go be with our dear Lord Jesus. I would like to honor my grandmother by sharing with you some of the aspects of her life that she has shared with me and also some of my experiences with her.

Sister Lee was a pattern of one who was living to the Lord.

In 1954, when Sister Lee was a teacher in Tainan, there was a time when she was seriously ill with a digestive disease which did not get better. This caused her to seek the Lord desperately, and she asked the Lord what to do. The Lord's reply to her was, "Consecrate yourself." In the midst of her struggle, one of her students, a young nineteen-year-old, who was also young in the Lord, came to visit Sister Lee in her room.

Sister Lee was a popular teacher and was like a mother to this student. Sister Lee asked her to read the Scriptures to her. Not knowing what experience Sister Lee was passing through, the young sister opened the Bible and read Romans 12:1, which says, "I exhort you therefore, brothers, through the compassions of God to present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, well pleasing to God, which is your reasonable service." Upon hearing this word, Sister Lee wept and was immediately clear that this was a confirmation from the Lord. It was at that point that she had a solid consecration to the Lord regarding her life, and she unreservedly consecrated herself to the Lord.

In 1955 when Sister Lee was asked if she would like to serve full time, she went before the Lord regarding this matter, and the Lord's word to her was, "Aren't you a consecrated person?" She experienced an inward peace and joy from the Lord and did not have any struggle.

At the end of 1959, when some brothers asked her how she felt about marrying my grandfather, Brother Lee, Sister Lee told them that she would pray. In her fellowship with the Lord, the Lord's answer to her was again direct and simple, "Aren't you a consecrated person?" One who has consecrated to the Lord has no right to say anything.

When Sister Lee went to tell her eldest brother, who was twelve years older than she, regarding marrying Brother Lee, he gave her two conditions. One of the conditions he gave her was that a portion of Brother Lee's income would be set aside for Sister Lee. Sister Lee told her brother that she did not feel to bring this matter up with Brother Lee. She said that this was according to the worldly standard, to leave something for one's self. She told her eldest brother that she was a consecrated person to the Lord and that she did not want to secure any kind of material wealth here on this earth, and she would never ask for that. She said that if the Lord would put her in a situation where there is abundance, that is fine; if He would put her in a situation of poverty, that is fine. But she did not desire to keep anything on this earth as any kind of security for herself. Her brother got upset and told her that she was foolish for not listening to him. While Sister Lee was alive, she told me that if her eldest brother were alive today, she would tell him that even now she does not want anything.

During the period of engagement, Brother Lee had some dresses made for Sister Lee. He picked out the fabrics and designed the dresses as well. He also brought her to have a pair of shoes made. Sister Lee never paid attention to her feet, always knowing it was hard to buy shoes, since her feet were bound when she was young. Brother Lee had two pairs of shoes made for her, one to travel with and one to wear every day. There was someone in the shoe shop who spread rumors that Brother Lee spent a lot of money buying shoes for Sister Lee. Because of this, for many years Sister Lee chose to wear only fabric shoes handmade by her sister-in-law. Nobody said anything anymore after that. In her youth she was outgoing, active in sports, a debater, and as a student, teacher, and co-worker, she had always lived in corporate living. However, once she married Brother Lee, she entered into a life of restriction.

In her marriage life with Brother Lee, my grandmother not only took detailed care of his health, but she bore the same yoke together with him in faithfulness. Her consecration to the Lord was absolute and steadfast throughout her whole life through her service to Brother Lee. In the early 1980s Brother Lee and Sister Lee were traveling through Hong Kong for a training. Brother Lee, knew how much Sister Lee deeply loved and missed her second eldest brother, whom she had not seen since 1948, so he strongly urged Sister Lee to take this chance to visit him. Sister Lee thought deeply about it and eventually made the difficult decision not to go. Her response to Brother Lee was, "If anything happened to you during my absence, how could I come back and face the Lord?"

When Brother Lee and Sister Lee traveled together to different localities, quite often the saints would prepare the living situation for them. During one conference in the latter part of Brother Lee's ministry, Sister Lee realized there was only one good bed in the apartment they stayed at. She gave Brother Lee the better bed to sleep on, then she removed the blankets and slept on the floor. In the morning she put the blankets back on the bed so that not the even the serving sister who traveled with them knew. One time in their travels to the Far East, the local brothers there had a good heart and bought a new mattress, so there was an old mattress and a new mattress for them to sleep on. But it was so hot and humid there, and to sleep on a new mattress was even more unimaginable for them. So Sister Lee let Brother Lee sleep on the old bed, and then she lined up three meeting hall chairs and slept on them!

In her own words Sister Lee said, "Recalling all these past years, I can only say that everything is the Lord's grace and mercy. What we need to do is simply stand in a consecrated position. 'Arise! the holy bargain strike.' We do not have anything. All we have is ourselves. I have gained so much from the Lord. His faithfulness has never failed or departed from me. I have never lacked anything. Every day He supplies me with His riches. The all-inclusive Christ lives in me, and I shall lack nothing. Christ in me is the hope of glory. The New Jerusalem will be my end. In the world our future has become ashes, but in the divine and mystical realm, we have the hope of glory, which has as the glorious result the New Jerusalem. What we have given to the Lord is not a loss but 'the fragment for the whole.' The more you take the way of consecration, the more joyful you will become, and the more you will realize how faithful God is. Those who have taken this way can testify that we do not need to be anxious and that He is rich."

Sister Lee was a pattern of one who was not only living to the Lord but also dying to the Lord.

On October 11, 2012, when I told Sister Lee of her condition, that the cancer had

spread to the bones in her lower back, her response was mature and strong. She immediately responded by reciting Romans 8:35-39, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation or anguish or persecution or famine or nakedness or peril or sword? As it is written, 'For Your sake we are being put to death all day long; we have been accounted as sheep for slaughter.' But in all these things we more than conquer through Him who loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death nor life nor angels nor principalities nor things present nor things to come nor powers nor height nor depth nor any other creature will be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." She then said to me, "The Lord has shepherded me all of my life. To my Father God, I say, 'Amen.' To the enemy Satan, I say, 'No!'" Thus began the last course of her life.

Not long after, Sister Lee said to me, "Esther, be strong. Do not weep. I want you to walk with me to the end." This was a difficult charge she was giving to me. She was serious, and many times before going to bed, she would say to me, "When I sleep, you sleep. When I eat, you eat. In this way you can walk with me to the end."

In this walk with her, I saw a pattern of one who was mature not only in the human life but also in the spiritual life.

Sister Lee was not hurried, and she was not rushing to mature at the end of her life, because she was already mature. She continued a regulated walk with the Lord every day, until she walked happily into the Lord whom she loved.

Sister Lee was always ready to preach the gospel. In mid-October, on the way to the hospital in the ambulance, the EMT asked Sister Lee, "What's your secret to living this long?" Sister Lee happily answered, "I eat simple, I exercise, and I believe in the Lord Jesus!" While we were waiting to be admitted into the emergency room, she took the opportunity to share the gospel with the two young men.

She was always gracious and pleasant to each one of us, despite the steady decline in her health, and she bore us in our various and diverse imperfections and weaknesses day and night. She was also very gracious to all those who visited her, even though she was very tired.

Sister Lee didn't pray that the Lord would heal her from her sickness. This past December she had a difficult time taking in food and at one point could only eat two teaspoons of food. I said to my grandmother, "Popo, if you don't eat, you will not have the strength to pray." Right away her face lit up, and after she woke up from her afternoon nap, she was hungry and willing to eat. She told me to tell her when it is time to eat, and she will try to eat. When others would come see her and pray for her, often she turned the prayer away from herself and prayed for the Lord's recovery, that He would strengthen His recovery. She prayed for the upcoming conferences and training, for the release of the word, and for the strengthening of the brothers.

During the course of her sickness, Sister Lee never complained. At every opportunity she thanked the Lord for His grace and mercy toward her, and she received each day from the Lord. Even during the last few weeks of her life, when she earnestly desired to depart and be with Him, the Lord kept her here on this earth to remain and fight one last spiritual battle for the truth.

Sister Lee never stopped enjoying the Lord and often wanted to memorize verses. When she made a phone call to her former student, who lives in the Bay Area, her student asked her if she was eating and sleeping well. She did not know that Sister Lee had not eaten for many days. Sister Lee replied, "Living on this earth is not for eating and sleeping. But living on this earth is to enjoy the Lord and enjoy the green pastures."

During these last six and a half months I witnessed the Lord's faithfulness toward her. The Lord's loving provision began by His placing her under the care of a doctor, a dear believer. Through his foresight and care, her pain was controlled, and she did not suffer much. She was able to finish her course in a comfortable way. The Lord provided six serving sisters from different backgrounds to care for Sister Lee around the clock, and He supplied us all in an incomprehensible way. He also provided the right hospice nurse, who also went above her professional capacity and cared for her. The Lord took care of all Sister Lee's concerns, from the big things to the little things. In nothing was she put to shame, and He took her in a dignified way.

The Lord honored Sister Lee and blessed her with a glorious and triumphant departure that exceeded her own desire. Sister Lee had asked that if she passed away in her sleep, whoever discovered her first would proclaim, "Jesus is God, Hallelujah!" Instead, for the entire hour and forty minutes before she departed, she was with a group of ten saints—praying, singing, calmly enjoying—until she seamlessly departed from one realm to another. Less than an hour before she passed away, she smiled and said, "Hallelujah."

I treasure my grandmother, and I treasure all the days we were together according to the Lord's arrangement. Like many of you, I love my grandmother, Sister Lee, very much and will always miss her. May we all continue to walk with her to the end, living a consecrated life unto the Lord, in oneness with Him, caring for His interests on this earth, until we finish our course and meet again.

What a Treasure to Us and What a Treasure to the Lord!

Memories and Impressions of My Time with Sister Lee – By Marijo Favors

I had the privilege to come to serve with Sister Lee on November 24, 2012, and was with her until the moment of her departure on April 30, 2013. What a journey! What an experience! What a victory! There is not the adequate utterance to explain what she and those of us around her passed through together.

Her prayer after a nap the first day that I was serving was, "Thank You, Lord! You are the I AM! Whatever I need, You are. You are my bountiful supply! We are mingled together with You. I love You and the church! " Then together we prayed for the Thanksgiving conference.

During those first few months she was sitting in a chair in her bedroom most of the day and evening, with naps at various times. She was very clear and alert. She seemed to hear and see everything. Her spirit and voice were strong to release prayers of thanksgiving and praise and to intercede for the Lord's recovery, the churches, the full-time trainings, the traveling and co-working brothers, the elders, the brothers and sisters in all the churches, the young people, the children, and the sisters serving around her.

On February 27, she prayed, "Lord Jesus, I still love You! Strengthen Your recovery! Strengthen Your church! Bless Your recovery! Bless Your church! I love Christ and the church!" (She prayed this prayer many times during these months.)

Sometimes we would sing. It was pleasant. Sister Lee's granddaughter, Esther, was there almost all of the time as a companion and advocate for Sister Lee in big and little ways, making sure that the care for Sister Lee was slow and gentle. Sister Lee herself would also kindly remind me. (My natural disposition tends to be fast and rough, so this was a real perfecting.)

Many times we would just be quiet. The quiet was as sweet and sanctified as the speaking.

On March 20, when I came back from a visit to our home in Boston, she smiled that beautiful smile. I said, "I missed your smile," and she said, "I missed your smile." She asked me about my husband, who had been ill. She would often ask about and pray for the sick and suffering saints.

Julie, one of the serving sisters, told me that when Sister Lee was having a near fainting spell, she said, "I am going." And then she prayed, as if her final prayer, "Lord, bless Your church! Bless Your recovery!"

On March 24, the hospice doctor came to visit. He was a gift from God. He called her Popo and was very kind to her and also was a dear believer.

That day she found out that she may have a week or less to live. She had been ready to go for some time, but now she seemed really released to go. Because of some near fainting episodes, the doctor recommended that she stay in bed. She slept and rested quietly in bed most of the time. She did not eat, drinking only a little water. She continued, as before, to memorize and speak verses like Romans 8:35-39.

Her mind was clear and her spirit strong. With the help of Esther she called people and said goodbye. She invited her family to visit so that she could say goodbye to each of them. She was so peaceful and beautiful, full of blessing and going on from glory to glory.

On March 27, she called her hospice doctor to thank him for his care in making her comfortable. She blessed him to continue his care for others in the same way and to love the Lord and His Word.

Benson Phillips, Andrew Yu, Ray Graver, and Rick Scatterday came to visit and thank her. She prayed very strongly for "glorious and beautiful oneness and one accord" among the brothers, asking for the Lord's blessing on His recovery and for His spread to the whole earth.

On April 2, Sister Lee began to ask the Lord to take her home. When some of the brothers came to visit her that evening, they agreed with her and joined her in her petition that the Lord would take her home. After this she was able to open to them something that had been weighing heavily on her heart. These brothers were like a big umbrella over her and over all of us serving with Sister Lee. Thank the Lord for His faithfulness to release this burden from our sister in a timely way. This was a glory to Him and a shame to the enemy through the fellowship and prayer in the Body! Sister Lee expressed her gratefulness to us, the serving sisters and Esther, and to the Lord, knowing that we would walk with her to the end.

On April 9, during the prayer meeting of the church in Anaheim, the church prayed for Sister Lee in a particular way.

On April 10, Sister Lee was no longer asking the Lord to take her home but was rather declaring that Jesus is God! She brought us all into this declaring, which, on one hand, was like being in a battle and, on the other hand, was really enjoyable!

On April 13, I wrote in my records, "While lying on her pillow, Sister Lee looks more beautiful today than yesterday. More Christ! More glory!"

On April 16, she was teaching me how to declare "Jesus is God" in Chinese.

She had a constant smile on her face as we declared it again and again in Chinese and English with intermittent Hallelujahs. During these days she was so happy and peaceful and beautiful, falling asleep with a smile on her face. As we were rejoicing with her, she told us that "this is the real overcoming." She told us to turn off all our phones and

electrical devices and calmly and quietly enjoy that Jesus is God. We realized that she was still shepherding and perfecting us in this way.

She told us she could “happily go, overcoming, declaring Jesus is God.”

I started to sing in Chinese, “Jesus is God, Hallelujah, Jesus is God, Hallelujah” to the tune of the chorus of Hymns, #1025. She enjoyed this new song, and we all began to sing it in between declaring it. We sang this song again and again in the final days.

On April 22, Sister Lee told Esther that whoever was with her at her last breath should quietly declare, “Jesus is God. Hallelujah!” She said, “My last breath will be glorious, overcoming!” After this she said, “No need to declare, I will just smile and go.” Then she said again that whoever was with her at her final breath should declare that Jesus is God!

On April 26, she was reciting Romans 8:35-39.

On April 27, she was memorizing Ephesians 1:17-23. The same day she told Julie, “I want to bless you, what do you want?” She answered, “More God!” Then Julie said that Marijo is here too. Sister Lee asked me, “What do you want?” I said, “More God!” Sister Lee blessed us, saying, “More Jesus, more God!”

That evening the FTTA sisters came to sing to Sister Lee. They were in the garden right outside her window. While they were singing Hymns, #30, she said, “I can go now.” She later requested “What Miracle! What Mystery!” After they sang, she began to declare and enjoy it with sisters around her.

On the morning of April 29, she wanted to eat for the first time in over a month. We sat her in her chair, and she ate a little. Then she wanted to stand, but she was too weak. Esther asked her if she wanted to go in the wheelchair, and she agreed, so we pushed her around the house and the garden. After this she took a long nap. When she awoke, she was not able to speak, and we thought she might go. We declared, “Jesus is God,” and we prayed and sang.

On the morning of April 30, at about 9:30 Sister Lee wanted to sit on the side of her bed. She leaned heavily and closely onto her granddaughter, Esther. Those of us around her were declaring and singing and praying that she would be released to go. Some sang the last verse of Hymns, #671 in Chinese, where it mentions the pathway of the past. We prayed over this verse. Following this, Sister Lee said very quietly, “I am going.” (In Chinese it can also mean “walking.”) “Can I go?” Some of the sisters said to her, “Yes, go.” She moved her feet, as if walking, as she sat there. She smiled and said softly, “Hallelujah.” This was her last audible word. She gradually stopped breathing while still sitting and leaning on Esther. At 11:07 she departed so peacefully, sweetly, and victoriously!

The Sister Lee I Remember – By Kwanmin Lee

I used to be somewhat skeptical when in the training the brothers would describe their experience with Brother Lee and what kind of person he was. I was skeptical because I did not believe a person could be so perfect. After spending some time with Sister Lee here and there since 2005 until now, I can now share with some confidence that God’s economy does work. By being open to the operation of the divine life and staying open continually to the environments the Lord arranges, a person can reach a maturity that is very human and yet divine. This is what Sister Lee means to me. Her life and her living encourage me greatly. I want to be like her when I am old, growing

in grace and allowing grace to come in and flow out freely.

Sister Lee had the spirit of a learner. One time several years ago when I was staying with her for a period of time, I came home rather excited because I had fellowshipped with a brother unexpectedly that day, and he gave me an overview of that week's morning revival. Sister Lee sat me down and asked me to speak to her what I saw. So, to the best of my knowledge, I tried to speak how the roman numerals were connected and how they applied to us. She listened attentively and afterwards smiled widely with satisfaction. A week later it was her who infused me with the truth. When we came home after the prayer meeting, she regaled me with the points on the morning revival. (The Chinese saints always had a time of overview on the week's morning revival after the prayer meeting. Sister Lee had enjoyed the speaking that night very much and re-spoke it to me.) We enjoyed the Word together in this way many times. It was spontaneous and organic. Sister Lee also grasped opportunities to learn English. Even in March of this year, she asked me what a particular English phrase meant. One time after a brother came and shared something from the ministry with her, she asked me to speak to her again what he said. I feel that this aspect of her learning spirit is a window to her being; she was always open to the Lord, desiring to learn something from the situation and not shutting up her being to any possibility that the Lord had arranged.

But Sister Lee was also very wise and prudent. She was very open to the Lord, but she was also prudent in not letting the enemy come in. Many times if I said something foolishly or behaved inappropriately, she would just smile and not respond, which effectively cut off whatever I was saying or thinking. Over time I gradually learned that when I was with Sister Lee, I had better be in my spirit and not be loose, because she would know it, though she would not correct me directly. One time during the course of a conversation with several people present, it dawned on me that Sister Lee had really perfected me in helping me stay in my spirit and, by doing so, enjoy the corporate spirit that is in the Body. This may sound very lofty and spiritual, but actually it often happened in a very human activity, like talking with others, eating a meal, taking a walk, or going to the bathroom. This realization means a lot to me. I believe this is what the corporate God-man looks like, every saint living and having their being according to the spirit in an ordinary way. I have learned the truth concerning the last revival with a corporate God-man, but I did not know what it would look like. The Lord used the living of an older sister to show me a glimpse and convince me. How can one stay the same after seeing such a vision?

A good example of showing the kind of person Sister Lee is, is the way she took her food. Whether she learned it from Brother Lee or not, I don't know, but Sister Lee lived a very regulated and scheduled life, which kept her healthy most of her life. One time, while she was still able to walk to the dining room but was getting weaker every day, she seemed particularly feeble and her walk was not steady. She sat down before her food in the special chair fashioned by the saints with love, and she bowed her head and prayed faintly in Chinese, "Lord, You are my life. My life and my breath all depend on You." Later on she became even more weak, and her appetite decreased. But no matter whether she wanted to eat or not, no matter if was difficult for her to eat, she always prayed, "Lord, thank You for this wonderful food. Use it to nourish my body. Amen."

I am forever grateful to the Lord for giving me this special time to be with Sister Lee and for strengthening my faith by allowing me to see in a real way to what extent a person could be gained in His economy.

A “Man of Prayer” – By Elinor Kennard

I had the honor and the privilege of spending the last six months with Sister Lee. I was very much touched by her prayer life. Throughout the day she would spontaneously utter short and quick prayers. This way she could pray for many items and for the same items many times throughout the day. She prayed for the meetings or whatever gathering the church had on that day; she prayed for the Lord’s recovery and for all the churches all over the earth; for the upcoming conferences around the world; for the upcoming LSM conferences or trainings; for the older saints, then the young adults, then the young people, and then the children in the church; for the brothers who travel for the ministry of the word; for the saints who are ill; for the saints who need a job, and for the saints who have a job to keep their jobs. I believe that daily she would say at least once, “Lord, bless Your recovery, bless the churches.” This was a pattern to me of someone who had the Lord’s interest continually in her heart and a pattern of a man of prayer.

I also remember Sister Lee singing hymns by heart. She would spontaneously start singing a stanza of a hymn and while she was singing to the Lord at these times I felt she was entering into intimate and sweet fellowship with Him.

After the last winter training, Sister Lee endeavored to memorize the twelve points for prayer. Up to one week before she went to be with the Lord, she was reciting Ephesians 1:17-23. She was a person who was always pursuing and stretching forward. She ran the race. She fought the good fight. And she finished her course. May we all follow such a pattern.

A Course of Resurrection – By Sarah Mo

Sister Lee had been in a sort of cheerful yet watchful wait ever since the doctor told her that she had only a few weeks to a few months to live.

She would take her meals and medications regularly, and whenever the doctors updated her medications according to her physical condition, she would not only be the first one to adjust but also remind us of the matters needing our attention.

In dealing with every person and matter, she was always full of weighty and cautious considerations in spirit. Hence, even though she was the patient, she was our pillar and support who steadied us on and kept us from panicking, for we truly could not know what would befall her. In the early stage of her illness Sister Lee and I did not have too much conversation. But in every move we called on the Lord’s name together, enjoyed the peaceful and solid supply in spirit, and were full of joy and had a fresh, unhindered flow between us.

In her terminal stage, which lasted more than a month, Sister Lee was often comforted, cherished, and encouraged by the Lord’s Word and had a big smile on her face like a contented child. Although she had not had any physical food for thirty-five days, she called me to her bedside one night and asked me, “Why are you depriving me of the Word? Quick, please share what you have been enjoying.” I then shared the

Life-study of Hosea with her. Afterward, she said she admired my enjoyment and application of the Lord's word, and right then I felt that I should thank Sister Lee. For the Lord had indeed prepared our sister for our Brother Lee so that our brother could have a pure and simple environment to finish unfolding the Word, so that people such as I, with only a rudimentary education, could comprehend and enjoy the Word and even share it with Sister Lee, and so that she might enjoy the fruit of her labor and coordination and be satisfied in her last days.

I ought to mourn in speaking on an occasion such as this, but I cannot, after passing through the course of these seven months. It was a course of resurrection, through which I was made more firm in taking this way, and my goal, more clear, and my being, full of the hope of glory.

Testimony of sister Julie Good, a nurse of sister Lee

I was privileged in my years of serving Brother and Sister Lee in their home to observe and to witness how proper she was in caring for Brother Lee. The way she took care of him enabled him to be free, unencumbered, and released to focus on the Lord's word to release the ministry of the age. She always served him first, took care of his needs first before her own. She served his meals before her own, ensured that he rested in the afternoon before she did, and I never saw her retire for the night before he did. She always made sure he was settled before she herself would rest. She even took the restriction of staying home from the meetings with him if he was not able to go, and then in his latter years he wanted her to stay home with him all the time and asked her not to go to the sisters' Thursday morning prayer meeting, which she loved to go to. Willingly, lovingly, she submitted to his request. I never witnessed any friction between them, and the house always had a calm atmosphere.

She was a fellow bond slave of Jesus Christ, often considering herself an unworthy slave, not thinking of herself as anything special and never expecting to be worthy to receive anything. She never thought that the Lord would provide such care for her at the end of her life. She felt like she was a burden to us and would pray, "Lord, release me and all those around me." Despite our reassurance to her that her care was the Lord's provision for her and a divine arrangement, she was still concerned that she was keeping those serving her from their lives and families. We told Sister Lee it was a privilege.

In all the years of serving with her and Brother Lee, I never saw her lose her temper, and she always kept her composure. Even when the pain in the beginning of her illness was so bad, she maintained her composure and dignity.

One thing that really stood out to me was that she was so proper in all her relationships. We as serving ones never experienced any honey in our relationship with her; everything was so proper and for the building up of the Body. She told us that she saw us as building materials for the Lord's Body and that our experiences with her and with one another were for God's building.

After hearing the fellowship on prayer from the Thanksgiving conference, she said to me, "We need to pray. We need to spend all our time in prayer. We should have no small talk, no gossip. The Lord told me that I don't have much time left and that I need to spend my time now in prayer. That's right, turn all the gossip into prayer and all our criticism to prayer." And this is what I witnessed until the day she went to be

with the Lord.

She loved the Lord so much and His recovery. She loved the Lord's appearing and couldn't wait to be with Him. One day in March she had an episode when her blood pressure dropped very low while she was sitting in the chair, and it gave her the feeling she was going. "I'm going," she joyfully declared, "Hallelujah! Lord, bless Your Lord, bless Your recovery." She wanted her last words to be in prayer. That time we laid her down, and she recovered, much to her disappointment. She said, "Why did you bring me back? Why didn't you let me go?" Sorry, Sister Lee, it was not your time yet.

Her illness did not take any ordinary course. Actually, what I told her would happen when one dies never happened. She never got sleepier, then became unconscious and passed away. No, in the last few weeks she became more awake; she was reciting verses and declaring. She had more life. The medicine we were giving her, which should have had a side effect of causing drowsiness, did not have this effect on her at all. She was more awake. The course of her passing was not according to the textbooks. It baffled us and the medical doctors. What we were seeing was one whose physical body was getting weaker, but all her vital organs were still functioning, despite her not having any food for thirty-five days, and there was an unexplained energy within her that just seemed to get stronger and stronger. Her spirit was getting stronger and stronger, and we saw it even giving life to her mortal body.

Four days before she passed, she said to me, "Julie, I want to bless you. What do you want?" I said, "O Sister Lee, I need more God." She said, "O Lord, bless Julie with more God, more Jesus, more God." Then she proceeded to ask me, "Julie, how do you get more God?" I proceeded to tell her. Then she was silent. I realized she was letting me know, "Yes, that is the way to get more God, so go practice what you speak to me." I felt like she was full; she was mature in life and ready to meet the Lord.

The morning she passed away, she wanted to sit on the edge of the bed. And she did so for one hour and forty minutes until she passed away. She sat with her head resting on her granddaughter Esther's shoulder. She did not want to lie down. We noticed her breathing was changing and thought maybe she is going. Those with her in the room started to sing and pray and declare, "Jesus is God." She was holding on to Esther's arm and started walking with her legs and said quietly, "I'm going, I'm going, can I go, can I go?" "Yes," Esther and I said in unison, "you can go, go." "Hallelujah," she said, "I'm going." And after a short while her breathing just slowed down, and she went. She walked with God and then was not! It was glorious. We witnessed her being translated; she just went.

Praise the Lord for our sister. Her passing was victorious. I have to say that from my knowing of her, I can testify from what I witnessed in her living and in her dying that in nothing she was put to shame, but humbly in her body she magnified Christ. Praise the Lord for such a pattern that the Lord has given us.