

Pastoral Letter August 2026

Dear friends,

Thank you for allowing me to walk with you during this part of your spiritual journey. When we pause and reflect on our lives, most of us can see moments when God met us, guided us, and quietly shaped our path.

The story of my spiritual journey began before I was aware of it - with my mother. Many years ago, my mother and grandmother left Shanghai for Hong Kong, seeking safety from the violence of the civil war. My father served in the Kuomintang air force and had gone to Taiwan with General Chiang Kai-shek. On her way to Hong Kong, my mother stopped in Nanjing, where my older sister was born. While she was resting there, my mother had a dream - or perhaps a vision - of a man named Jesus. He showed her heaven and hell and told her to put her faith in Him. She had never heard of Jesus, so she set the experience aside and continued to Hong Kong. My father later left Taiwan and joined her there. A few years later, he found work with Shell Oil in Seria, Brunei, where I was born. Until then, our family had never attended church.

When my mother later gave birth to my brother, serious complications led the doctors to fear that she might never walk again. While she was recovering in the hospital, an Anglican priest visited her and told her about Jesus. She immediately remembered her experience in Nanjing and became the first member of our family to be baptized into the Christian faith. I was about five years old when I was baptized, and I still remember the cool water being sprinkled on my head.

I share this story because every life is a spiritual journey, whether we recognize it or not. Along the way, God is our quiet companion. We may not always notice His presence, yet each day, "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the sky above proclaims his handiwork." We often take creation and life itself for granted, as though everything continues on its own. But God sustains us and speaks gently into our lives. We are never alone.

Because of my mother's conversion, our family began attending an Anglican church. After we immigrated to Canada and settled in Duncan on Vancouver Island, we attended St. John the Baptist Anglican Church. There I learned the Apostles' Creed and the Lord's Prayer, sang in the choir, and served at the altar. Yet although I believed the creeds, the prayers, and the teachings of the Bible, it was later that I personally encountered Christ. I have never forgotten that moment.

There is much more I could tell, but one truth has become clear: God often speaks through the people He places in our lives. For me, He first spoke through my mother and an Anglican priest, and later through pastors and the fellowship of God's people. None of us becomes a follower of Christ alone. We are welcomed into a family - the family of God.

So treat one another as family. Listen for God's story in the lives of those around you and through your fellowship in this community of faith. You never know where those stories may lead. The Lord has led me to many places, introduced me to remarkable people, and now brought me back to you. Trinity Baptist Church was where I first learned what it means to be a pastor. It was not always an easy place to serve, but it was rich in stories and deeply important to my spiritual formation.

I am grateful that the Lord has brought me back, completing a circle in my life. His leading is often quiet, yet profound. May you value this church as part of your own spiritual journey. Through your fellowship with one another, may you hear His gentle voice speaking to your hearts and gradually transforming your lives. I believe He is speaking. Our calling is to be still and know that He is God.

Many blessings,
Pastor Tom Mei