

The background of the entire cover is a photograph of a dense forest. The trees are covered in mist or fog, and bright sunlight rays are streaming down from the top, creating a dramatic and ethereal atmosphere. The leaves on the trees are mostly brown and yellow, suggesting an autumn setting.

J. P. Lee

# GOD

In The Mist

(Second Edition)

J. P. Lee, author of *Dusk To Dawn* and *On The Road*, gives a personal account of piercing the mist to rediscover the God he has hidden from himself.

# GOD

## In The Mist



J. P. Lee - a Colombo Plan scholar, Singaporean dental surgeon, author and publisher, has written other books on childhood trauma and the healing of memories too. His first publication *Dusk To Dawn* was an instant success, having sold 10,000 copies just in Singapore and Malaysia. It has helped many readers to get in touch with their true feelings of fear, pain and insecurity. Lee also gives talks on Spirituality and Self Awareness, by combining Scripture with medical science and psychology. He also conducts workshops based on the theme 'To learn the truth, you first need to unlearn the untruth'.

I find this book, *God In The Mist*, to be a very honest and open account of the author's personal experiences of, and insights into, the spiritual life. I am sure readers will benefit from it - *Fr Chris Soh, SJ*.

This book is about the struggle between good and evil; it prompts us to ask ourselves where God is in our lives and why some people cannot experience God at all – a superb reflection and a most thought provoking book - *Fr William Heng, CSsR*.

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I have been privileged in being able to work with John, the author of *God In The Mist*. I first met him in 1988 at the time of his spiritual emergence. At that time, he did not quite understand what he was going through, but neither did his family and close friends, who saw him as someone who was “acting strangely”. As he began to confide in me, I took on the role of being a spiritual director to him.

The obstacles he encountered in his search for truth and God were many; mostly uphill in nature. He shared this honestly in his first book *Dusk To Dawn* and then dramatised his experiences through his second book *Come; Come Fly With Me*. He then went through a reprieve that motivated him to write another book, entitled *Laugh, Laugh, Laugh*, when the *SARS* crisis was at its peak.

As I accompanied him through his spiritual journey, he began to own himself anew through his inner child. This had the effect of triggering off the process of ‘healing of memories’, by grace, through perseverance in prayers and faith in God. One of the memories took him back to his childhood days, as he reflected on the stories of Hakka tradition and culture his mother had told him. He then weaved these into a novel – his first, *Curse Of The Green Dragon*, and then its sequel *Breaking The Curse Of The Green Dragon*.

In September/October 2004, he went on a pilgrimage to Fatima via Spain, and shared the experience in his book *On The Road*, a testimony of his continuous spiritual journey with God.

Now in his latest book *God In The Mist*, he shares his experience of the struggle between good and evil. His sharing prompts us to ask ourselves where God is in our lives and why some people cannot experience God at all – a superb reflection and a most thought provoking book.

Fr William Heng, CSsR.

## INTRODUCTION

It's true, you know, what they say - that one becomes mellow with age, and more subdued too, I would add. Somehow it just does not matter anymore, who is right, who is wrong. Growing older has gifted me with a keen sense of observation and rewarded me with an important learning: the clever speak; the stupid argue; the wise listen.

With time many things change. Events and situations change; laws and governments change; the environment changes all the time. People change; I change; my attitude changes too. Change is growth, and growth is a learning process, on-going and ever-changing. Do not be confused, for there is limited growth - for example the growth in height; there is unlimited growth such as the will to do what is right; and there is inner expansion on which I am about to write.

I am now at a point in my life where I am able to share with you a very intimate area of my private life. For a long time (after letting go of my feelings of self-importance), I have been experiencing a sense of self-worth and inner love. This love of self leads me to dare to explore deeper to enter the darkness and quietness within where I often find myself speechless with awe and wonder at the mystical drama gradually unfolding. Something is brewing and stirring - quite frightening really - very much like an outer storm, only it is not. I am helpless. There is nothing I can do except to wait. Wait out the storm, they say. Yes, precisely like this, just waiting and ... hoping. Somehow, in the stillness of the calm that follows, I learn to accept people as they are rather than wanting to be accepted.

When I continue doing this stillness exercise, words become fewer but more fruitful; and whatever little there is, it is enough to enkindle a spark that holds more wisdom than words can teach. Here, in the gloomy silence, I choose to remain, for I can feel the presence of a loving kindness with a great gentleness, natural and unspoiled. As I allow myself to be wrapped in silent solitude, peace flows like a river, and I offer up a prayer. I use just a few words but they are

unspoken. Here, normal speech becomes obsolete, totally useless.

Sturdily, I utter these unspoken words.

Silently, I proclaim them.

Secretly, I pray, and ....

Seemingly, a gentle voice echoes ... softer than a whisper.

Steadfastly and humbly, I listen.

Delight fills my soul in timely revelation and my spirit rejoices in the KNOWLEDGE imparted.

In faith and with conviction, I continue to pray – hiding quietly and keeping still, my puzzled soul yearning for some form of security. Finally, amidst patience and hope, a heavenly mist of serenity seeps in, filling the channels within, like the first rays of dawn filtering through the branches of the great trees in a forest, like water irrigating the fields in a land, parched and dry. The EXPERIENCE of inner security brings stability and offers relief. It is a feeling of being embraced by the soft arms of gentleness that lights up my life, giving rest to my soul.

I acknowledge the presence of an infinite greatness; I welcome the sense of everlasting love, and I savour the essence of uncompromising truth. It is an experience of rediscovery. All - greatness, love and truth – become one, and I learn the meaning of simplicity through the rediscovery of a simple word. It is a small word but it is enough. It is everything. The word is “God”.

God then becomes the substance of my prayer.

It is a ceremony, sacred and matrimonial, and I celebrate. The union of Knowledge and Experience has produced an understanding.

While the knowledge is received in my spirit, the experience is perceived deep within my soul. It is a spiritual emergence, when my emerging spirit finds comfort in and compatibility with my mutually consenting soul. This spiritual marriage (the union of spirit and soul) gives birth to the ultimate understanding - and truth is conceived.

The truth is grace, which means - I now have a share in God's own life. With grace comes an offering, the sacrificial death of my old self. After death comes the gift - the gift of myself, my gift to God - a new creation.

Everything changes after that. My prayer changes too and I use it for defence and in attack against the forces of evil, for this prayer is both a shield and a sword - a gift of nature and of grace that finally opens my eyes.

Like many others, I have been longwinded, often too eager to want people to hear me out. I talk; I try to explain, sometimes even demand attention, and I get frustrated when I am being misunderstood. However, who can understand me when I speak so many words? Then again, only one is needed. When help is needed, I will just call out, “HELP!” When there is a fire, I simply shout, “FIRE!” To reply, I just answer, “Yes” or “No”. Too many words kill the message. The result is ‘meaninglessness’ (also known as confusion).

Thus, when I am decisive or indecisive, clear or unclear on critical issues, whether feeling carefree or troubled, happy or unhappy, sensitive or insensitive, caring or indifferent, saintly or sinful, I cling on to this one word. I call out this one Name: God.

I bow low, remove my shoes and kneel on sacred ground before I enter and revisit this safe place, still in darkness, still quiet, but ever more comforting. Here, sheltered and at rest, I continue to pray in secret, now pretending I am all alone and that no one hears me – pretending, so as to muffle the voices of logic and reason. I hear nothing; I see nothing; I remember nothing. My one desire is to shut out every thought, everything that I can imagine, whether good or bad, holy or unholy. Any attempt on my part will only be a hindrance and in vain. I strive, therefore, to forget everything I know, everything I ever knew. To achieve this, I need to pretend nothing else exists, not even God, for God will manifest without any help from me. Until then I am contented to remain in this unrevealing mist, this cloud of uncertainty, for I know not what awaits me.

From the depth of me, I announce quietly, “I am here.” Silence beguiles.

In the secret of my heart, I impart, “What is your will for me?” Silence still.

In spirit and soul, I implore, “Teach me, O God, to do your will.”

A gentle breeze sweeps past my face, and hot tears, like melting wax, begin trickling down my cheeks; they trickle; trickle; trickle. I remain in contemplative prayer, calling out this sacred name I have grown accustomed to. Repeatedly I pray, “God, God, God” till my perseverance bears fruit, till I become the prayer – like burning wood becoming one with the fire.

My secret prayer is no secret anymore.