

# Testimony - Part 3

by Jackie Pullinger

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*Jackie Pullinger shares her experience of living and working in the Wall City, a place of darkness and poverty, and how she learned to share Jesus' love with the people there.*

**Duration:** 9:57

**Scripture:** Psalm 82:3-4, Proverbs 14:21, Isaiah 58:10, Micah 6:8, Matthew 25:40, Luke 10:25-37, James 1:27

**Topics:** "Testimony"

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## Description

In this sermon, the speaker reflects on the overwhelming number of people in need in Hong Kong. They express a desire to understand and love the people in their community, but feel overwhelmed by the sheer number of faces and stories. The speaker then shares their realization that they can make a difference in a specific area called the World City, where there is a need for a nursery to care for babies and support for teenagers who cannot afford to go to school. They also mention the presence of homeless individuals in the area. The speaker sees this as their calling and a way to make a positive impact in their community.

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## Transcript

Because mother had to go out to work and couldn't afford to have anyone take care of the children and couldn't afford to send her to the nursery, so they looked after the babies. And I thought, well, Lord, I could have a nursery and look after those children. And then there were the teenagers, and they couldn't afford to go to high school because their parents needed the money to take care of the other children in order that they could go to school.

So they began to work when they were very young, and all the money they gave to their parents so that they could support their family and pay the rent. But there were still more. There were those that slept in the middle of the road.

They slept in the partition, going down the road, because they had no homes at all. There were still many of them. Some of them make little shacks, and many of them have nothing, just a plastic bag with their identity card and their other important things in, just a little plastic bag.

And as I saw these people, I said, well, God, maybe if I stayed in this street, maybe if I spent my whole life here, I could just about love this street. I could just about understand it. You see, my mind isn't very large.

My heart isn't that big. But maybe if I stayed here a whole life, I could just about love them. I could do something about this street.

Oh, but the awful thing is, in Hong Kong, you walk out of one street and into another, and there's more faces and there's more people. And then you walk into another, and then you walk into another. I said, no, God, that's too much.

I can't understand all of that. Would you please show me? What's my bit? And he showed me a place called the Wall City, which is a strange area. It's peculiar because, although it's in Hong Kong, it's outside British rule.

And this was because last century, when Britain and China made their arrangement between them, they left this bit out, because this bit said that it always had its own Mandarin governing it, so it refused to come under British rule. For some reason, she was allowed to retain this special arrangement. And later on, Britain tried to change it and said, well, after all, we want the Wall City.

But China wouldn't change it. So from last century until now, even though it's been right in the middle of Hong Kong, British territory, it's been unadministered. And China says it's really hers, and Britain says it's really hers.

And meantime, it's been a wonderful place for criminals to hide, because police never used to go in. They do go in now, but when I first got to Hong Kong, they didn't go in, except every now and again to make a patrol. I didn't know where I was going when I arrived.

A missionary took me in, and she said, would you like to go to the Wall City? And I said yes, and she said, would you like to help in my school? And I said yes. And I thought I was going to a quaint sort of Chinese village, you know, and it would be poor, but quite sort of quaint and sweet. And I was surprised that we got there, because it was just a street of false teeth.

Maybe you call them dentures. And the whole street was dentures, and everything smiling at you. And we squinted in between two of these denture shops, and the missionary said, we're here.

And that's because all these dentists are illegal. They've learned from daddy or someone, and they don't have a license to practice, so they all have their shops on the edge of the Wall City. There's no wall now, because Japan took it down during the occupation to build the runway of the airport with it.

So, the only way that you would know how to get in would be if somebody took you. There were, at that time, about 32 what they call teamantois, or watchmen, weathermen, who guard the outside of the Wall City, because the triads, this is the gangsters that operate it, employ these weathermen or watchmen to make sure that policemen in disguise or narcotics agencies or other gangs, they're called triads, don't go in. So, they didn't look very like guards.

They're just sort of old men or young thugs with sort of bats or bricks or something sitting around the outside, and they would stop you going in. Anyway, I went in, and it was dark inside. That's because the streets are just two or three feet wide, and there are open sewers beneath your feet, and it's better to look down anyway, because the buildings are built so close together that you can't see any sunlight.

Above the first level of houses, they built them so that they nearly touch, and they can hardly open the windows from one to another. It's just as well anyway, because as there are no toilets in there, when



So I found a little prostitute. I didn't know how old she was, but she was always squatting over a sewer. And there was nowhere else to squat, you see, because the little room that she used, well, all it had in was a bed.

There was nothing else. So she squatted all day outside her room. And she couldn't read.

And she hadn't got a radio. So that's all she did was to squat over the sewer. And when the men came out of the Blue Film Theatre, which is just a shack, she used to pull them in.

Oh, I knew all about the God of Love. I knew that he'd died to save me. I knew that he gave up his life for me.

I knew that he made me fall. But what did she know? I went up to her and I touched her.

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