



In Memoriam – Wang Hak-Yee, Harry
汪克義

(August 17, 1944-January 19, 2006)

Studied at Wah Yan College, Kowloon, 1955-1961

A. Years at Wah Yan College, Kowloon, 1955-1961

P6B - 1955-1956

F3B - 1958-1959

F1B - 1956-1957

F4C - 1959-1960

F2B - 1957-1958

F5B - 1960-1961

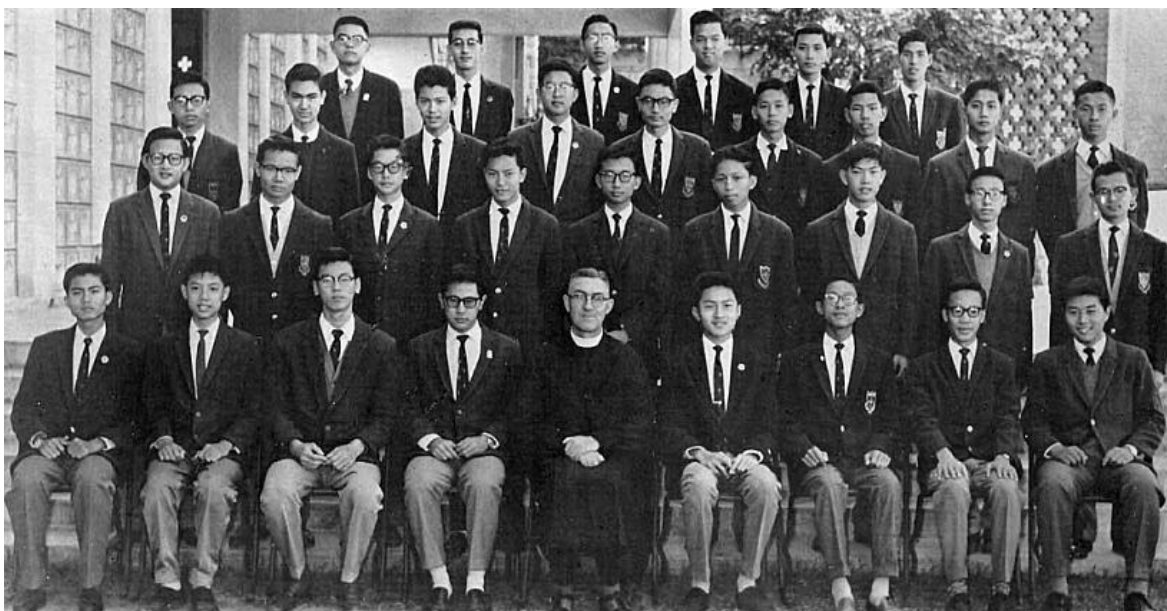
B. Class Photographs, a selection

PRIMARY 6B.

Form-master: Mr. S. P. Aras



P6B, 1955-1956 – top row – 3rd right



FORM V B, 1960 - 1961

F5B, 1960-1961 – bottom row – 3rd left

C. Class Lists, a selection

FORM II B (1957-1958)

1. Aitken Harry	焦 哈 利	22. Leung Ting Chue, Felix	梁 廷 柱
2. Chan Ming Yiu, Anthony	陳 銘 耀	23. Leung Wing Kuen	梁 永 權
3. Chang William	張 偉 亮	24. Li Chi Kim	李 自 儉
4. Ching Benjamin	莊 長 庚	25. Liu Kow Sang	廖 九 生
5. Chow Chah Ming	周 哲 民	26. Loo Pok Wing	盧 撲 榮
6. Chow Hing Ming	周 慶 銘	27. Ng Choi Chiu, Peter	吳 在 釗
7. Chow Ting Chu	周 鼎 鑄	28. Ng Shiu Kim	吳 小 儉
8. Choy Chun Chiu	蔡 鎮 潮	29. Ng Yue Sang, Michael	吳 羽 生
9. Choy Ting Pong	蔡 定 邦	30. Pang Chi Kee	彭 智 基
10. Chu Yun Lum	朱 潤 林	31. Pang Hung Yin	彭 鏗 然
11. Fung Kam Biu	馮 錦 標	32. To Hin Leung	杜 顯 亮
12. Hui Man Kong	許 文 江	33. Wang Hak Yee	汪 克 義
13. Lai Ping Kuen, Michael	黎 炳 權	34. Wong Chi Hok, Bernard	黃 志 鶴
14. Lai Tin Wah	黎 天 華	35. Wong Cho Yin	黃 祖 賢
15. Lam Yuk Ming	藍 玉 明	36. Wong Kon Yin	黃 幹 賢
16. Lau Yat Yeung, Joseph	劉 一 陽	37. Wong Yuk Lung, John	黃 玉 龍
17. Lau Yik Tong, George	劉 弈 棠	38. Woo, John	吳 振 亞
18. Lee Chuen Kam, Martin	李 傳 錦	39. Wu Hoi Chuen, Patrick	伍 海 泉
19. Lee Hing Ping, Francis	李 慶 平	40. Yue Ming Luen	余 明 倫
20. Lee Sing Lum, Peter	李 成 林	41. Yue S. Y. Andrew	余 樹 川
21. Lee Lap Sun, Robert	李 立 信		

F2B, 1957-1958

FORM III B (1958-1959)

1. Au Yeung Kar	歐陽嘉	21. Lee Hing Ping, C.	李慶平
2. Chan Hoi Cheong	陳海昌	22. Leung Chak Lam, T.	梁澤霖
3. Chan To Ming	陳道明	23. Leung Wing Kuen	梁永權
4. Choi Hak Shing	蔡克成	24. Liu Kow Sang	廖九生
5. Chow Hing Ming	周慶銘	25. Luk Chung Man	陸仲文明
6. Chow Ting Chu	周鼎鑄	26. Luk Chung Ming	陸仲明
7. Chow Chi Cheng, R.	周持正	27. Mak Cheuk Bong	麥焯邦
8. Chu Yun Lum	朱潤林	28. Ng Chun Bong	吳振邦
9. Fong Chi Tung	方之棟	29. Ng Kwok King	吳國經
10. Fung Fai, F.	馮 聲	30. Ng Joy Chiu	吳在釗
11. Ho Chue Kwong	何曙光	31. Pang Chee Kee	彭智基
12. Hui Man Kong	許文江	32. Pang Hung Yin	彭鏗然
13. Lai Ping Kuen	黎炳權	33. Szeto Pak	司徒柏
14. Lai Shiu Cheong	黎紹昌	34. Tung Sui Tung	董瑞棟
15. Lam Hon Chung, A.	林漢中	35. Wang Hak Yee	汪克義
16. Lau Chor Kin	劉楚堅	36. Wong Ka Kee, P.	黃家麒
17. Lau Yat Yeung	劉一陽	37. Wong Kong Wah	王江華
18. Lau Yik Tong	劉奕棠	38. Wong Yuk Lung, J.	黃玉龍
19. Lee Chee Ming	李自明	39. Yu Ming Lun	余明倫
20. Lee Chuen Kam	李傳錦	40. Yue Shu Tsuen, A.	余樹川

F3B, 1958-1959

勤學

Prim. 6A 林星橋

「勤有功，戲無益。」這是人所共喻的諺語。我們要知道，求學的時候，應該努力讀書，才不會辜負了雙親和師長的期望。

什麼叫做勤？勤就是殷勤讀書，上課時候遵守校規，聽師長的訓導，因為學無止境，就算讀書到老也讀不完的。有許多的偉人，都是能够在小時勤讀，立了良好的基礎，所以有這樣的好成就。

且看昔人車胤、匡衡、孟子、曾子、孫康等，因為他們能够把握求學機會，結果後來都成為名赫一時的人物。因此，我們可以知道勤學對我們的關係，所以，我希望現在正在求學的青年們，不要錯過這個大好時光，應該勤奮讀書，力求進取，因為這就是將來成功的開始。

足球比賽參觀記

Prim. 6B 汪克義

同學國華是一個足球迷，也是一位足球健將。有一天，他拿了兩張球票來找我，來意不問而知是約我去看足球比賽了。他說：「今天比賽的隊伍是本港有名的勁旅，這一次兩雄相遇，定有一番龍爭虎鬥。我對於足球本來是不甚感興趣，經他這麼一說，也就跟他一起趕到球場去。入場不久，兩隊健兒相繼出場，觀眾不約而同報以熱烈的掌聲。」

到了四時，哨子一響，比賽開始，球員的動作，把觀眾吸引住了。今天的球賽，雙方陣容都很強盛，正是旗鼓相當，勢均力敵。兩方都是寸土必爭，十八分鐘時，甲方右翼得球後，盤球沿邊疾走，遇到對方來搶奪，便輕輕一撥，交給近門之右輔，祇見右腳一起，球兒便應聲入網，守門員雖然身手矯捷，鎮定應付，可是球勢如箭，只好望門興嘆，甲方先拔頭籌，一時四座的掌聲如雷。開球後，乙隊不甘示弱，先由中衛傳給左翼盤球直上，舉步如飛，到了底綫，把球傳給左輔，左輔近門舉足發射，球兒射中門柱撞入網裏，機緣湊巧，觀眾齊聲讚美。再次開球後，甲方五個前鋒有如水銀瀉地，無孔不入，乙隊中衛因救球心切，無意中鏟跌了甲方的球員，結果被判罰十二碼，甲方由右翼主射，結果一射中的，而且美妙得很，門將欲救無從，甲方以二比一佔先，不久上半場完結。

休息片刻，換位開球後，甲方又大舉進兵，再次由右輔交給中鋒，中鋒頂上開花，球兒便竄入網內，三比一，甲方佔先。乙方抱齋哀兵心情，努力進攻，果然由中鋒從廿五碼外勁射，百步穿楊，球兒飛入網內，三比二甲方仍然領先。中綫開球，乙方仍然拼命進攻，意圖挽回敗局，可是甲方門將身手不凡，屢次化險為夷，力保不失，直至完場，甲方以三比二獲勝。

我們二人，隨着如潮水似的人羣，緩步離開球場，一路說着球藝，國華對我說：「這場球賽十分精彩，不但球藝好，合作緊密，體育精神更好。」我聽了，也很以為然，從此以後，我對於足球的興趣濃厚得多了，也許有一天，我也像國華一樣，成了球迷。

參加會考記

Primary 6C 黎湛釗

今年的小學六年級會考是在五月二十二日至二十六日，一連四天舉行，這個會考相當隆重，相信很多同學都想知道經過的情形，現在且將我自己的經歷和感想寫出來。

本校一共派了十二位同學參加，試場是在廣東道警員子弟學校。

第一天，第一堂考算術第一部，題目有三十條，這些題目雖很普通；但只有四十分鐘，時間未免太少，連想也沒有時候，以一個小學生的能力，是不能達到的。

第二堂考國語第一部，填充的題目是講空氣，不是屬於國語科而屬於自然科的。改錯字這一項，印得不太清楚，常誤把正字當錯字，其餘都沒有超出課本範圍，四十分鐘內是可以答完的。

第二天，第一堂考英文第一部，題目雖然淺；但我們要非常小心地看一遍，如果看不清楚，便會上了當，答完後，還剩下很多時間。

第二堂考常識，試題有些是超出課本範圍，如（J.P.），還有其他字母，幸而我們學校教了一些。紙張不大好，寫下去時墨水時要化散，以致字劃模糊不清。

E. Reunion Photos in Toronto, 1999-2002



1999 AGM 61 Grads Table – 4th left



2001, with Mr Hsueh, Mr Ho & Mr Tam – 6th left



2002, with Yu Fong-Lun (from US) & Teachers – seated – 1st left

The following sections are from “A Life of Dedicated Service” published by Toronto Chinese Methodist Church Jan 2007 kindly provided to us by Mrs Gertrude Wang

F. A Short Biography

汪克義弟兄
Harry Hak-Yee Wang

1944年8月17日 — 2006年1月19日
August 17, 1944 – January 19, 2006

Born in Wen Zhou on August 17, 1944, Harry Hak-Yee Wang spent his first four years in China before moving to Hong Kong in 1948. He accepted Jesus as his Savior when he was young and was baptized in the Christian Convention Centre (Hong Kong).

During his early teenage years, Harry attended the Kowloon Methodist Church where he spent countless hours playing badminton and ping pong. He also loved to race down the long steep ramp beside the church on his ten speed bicycle, showing off his amazing skill. Those happy years at church helped to lay the foundation for his love and loyalty to Toronto Chinese Methodist Church (TCMC).

Harry graduated from Kowloon Wah Yan College in 1961. He went to Wood College, a small college in a Mississippi town, to further his studies. Armed with a stylish crew cut, a black leather jacket, and a fearless heart, Harry set sail to the United States at the young age of sixteen. It was in Mississippi where he witnessed deep rooted prejudice against black people, who were segregated in buses and public places. It was also here in Mississippi that he learned the value of tolerance. Being tall, sociable and fluent in English, Harry was so different from the stereotyped Chinese in the minds of those living in the southern states. He was able to captivate and charm lots of people around him, including the local judge who would lend him his own car. At Wood College, Harry spent most of his time, not at studying, but at horse back riding, dancing to juke box music, and writing to his girlfriend, Gertrude, in Hong Kong.

Drawn by the opportunity of big cities, Harry moved to Detroit in 1963. He studied Chemical Engineering in Wayne State University, supporting himself with work as a part time waiter. He was dubbed "waiter king" because of his superb service and his ability to earn large tips.

In 1967, Harry came to Toronto to study pharmacy at the University of Toronto. With a generous disposition, he was very popular among his friends. This was especially true when he owned an old VW Beetle, which he fully utilized to help friends move or learn to drive.

After many years of long distance romance, Gertrude decided to join Harry in Toronto. They got married in 1970. They settled in Scarborough, and had two lovely daughters, Tammy and Karen. Harry was blessed with a grandson, Riley, in 2004.

After graduating from U of T, Harry worked for Safeguard Drugs. He started as a pharmacist, then became a manager, and eventually a supervisor at the head office. He was responsible for setting up over twenty large drug stores throughout Ontario. It was during this time in his career that he developed valuable skills in the areas of negotiation, supervision and management. Those skills were fully utilized in later years while serving at TCMC.

In 1983, Harry teamed up with Christine Ho to open their first pharmacy, modeling it after the large drug store format with which Harry was familiar. Within a few years, the store was expanded to three locations. With mutual trust and respect, the partnership became a lasting and enjoyable relationship.

Recognizing the change of time and customer need, Harry consolidated the three drug stores into one, and relocated in Agincourt. The format was changed from a full scale pharmacy to a small local one with focus on added value service. Harry often would go beyond the duties of a pharmacist, helping customers, especially seniors, in various ways. It was this approach to his work that gained him countless loyal customers.

With his root in the Methodist Church, Harry was very active at TCMC right from the start in 1983. Throughout those years, he was involved in numerous tasks, both large and small. He was especially blessed to be able to serve as church president for nine years.

Harry saw the building of the new church at Warden & 401 as the biggest achievement in his life. He was instrumental in selling the old downtown church and acquiring the new property. His undying energy and tenacity in dealing with the contractors, his innovation in fundraising methods, and his passion in serving the church truly amazed those around him.

Harry was always a fun loving guy, but was not a particularly religious person. However, through years of serving the church and our Lord, he was able to fully experience God's providence and grace. Harry did a lot for the church, but in return, he gained a whole lot more from the experience and became a better human being because of it. It was Harry's vision to see this church, not only as a beautiful building, but as a place for worship and ministry to the community. His dream was of a place full of vitality, dedication and love.

Harry struggled with heart failure in the past two years. During this time, he prayed for God's healing power, but he also prayed for an accepting heart. While pondering the mystery of life and death, Harry became even more devoted to his loved ones at the end.

On January 19, 2006, surrounded by his family, Harry Wang passed away peacefully. While he went home to be with our Lord, his incessant energy and compassionate personality will live in our hearts forever.

Postscript

Tammy gave birth to a second son, Benjamin Wu, in June, 2006. The whole family rejoiced in the Lord.

G. From the Wang Family

From Mrs Gertrude Wang (wife)

克義，再見了

Good Bye. See You Again

汪何秀梅 Gertrude Wang

I find life very fascinating but death is more intriguing.

Harry passed away on Thursday, January 19, 2006 at 7:05 pm. A second ago, he was alive. The next second, he was gone. What was it like to be near death? Did he know he was dying? Did his parting spirit really talk to Karen just before he took his last breath as Karen said? Did he encounter the bright light as reported by some people who had near death experience? Where is he now?

Although I had been warned by the doctors in Toronto General Hospital (TGH) about the seriousness of Harry's heart problem, I was hopeful he would recover. Since he was saved from a similar condition only a few months ago, there was no reason why he could not be saved again, especially when the whole church was praying for him.

For a few days after being admitted to TGH, the doctors were able to stabilize Harry with various medications and machines and he was making steady improvement. Unfortunately, his condition was complicated by fever a couple of days later. Despite numerous tests, the doctors were unable to determine the cause of infection and thus could not treat him effectively.

When I went to TGH around noon time on January 19, Dr. Ross, the chief cardiologist on call told me in the most sympathetic manner that "he is dying". Although I was prepared for the worst, nothing could prepare me for the inevitable. Those three words hit me like lightning. They numbed all my senses. There was a big void inside me. I had no tears. I had no pain, except immense sadness.

During the few months before he died, Harry was very frustrated towards his failing health. He wanted to spend more time with his family and friends, but he was too tired. He wanted to play with his grandson, but Riley's exuberant energy was too much for him to handle. He knew a heart transplant was the only hope for real recovery and he was praying for such a chance. Although he was depressed at times, his faith in God allowed him to face the grim reality with hope and courage. His accepting attitude towards impending death truly amazed and touched me.

God did not answer our prayers in healing Harry, but He showered us with even greater blessing. He spared him from further suffering and relieved us from the anguish of seeing him deteriorate further. Harry had "fought the good fight" and he had "finished the race" (Timothy 4:7). I am sure Harry is in a better place now, a place of eternal bliss; a place that knows no pain. It is with this conviction and a grateful heart that I am able to face every day with enthusiasm and to face the future with joy and anticipation.

Life is not the same without Harry, but I do feel his presence around me all the time. I tend to hear him in the wind. I seem to feel him in the warm sun. At the break of dawn and in the dusk, I think of him. I see him in the glorious sunrise, happy and content, looking down to his family and friends. I wave him goodbye in the magnificent sunset, wishing him a good night with God. I enjoy the solitude with him in the moon light, ever so quiet and serene.

Good bye, Harry. Someday, we will meet again.

From Karen & Tammy (daughters)

持久的影响 Lasting Impact

汪加敏、胡汪加琪 Karen Wang & Tammy Wu

Drop a pebble in the water, just a splash and it is gone,
but these are ripples of impact circling on and on and on,
Spreading from the center, flowing onward to the sea,
and there is no way of telling where the end is going to be.

- Anonymous

This poem is a fitting reflection of our father, Harry. Although Dad lived too short a life, he touched many lives. Like the pebble in the poem, Dad's life caused a ripple effect. We know that for those who knew him, the impact will be lasting.

The first circle of impact was in our family. Dad loved his family very much. He was a devoted son, always looking out for his parents. He was also a proud brother to Helen. As children, they were good playmates. As adults, they were true friends with much respect for each other. In recent years, Harry and Helen found great joy and satisfaction serving together in TCMC.

As a father, he was a hard-working provider. Because of him, we had a comfortable home and a chance to go through university without any financial worries. Dad rarely complained about the frustration at work or his long hours. We have certainly learned from the example of Dad's amazing work ethic. Dad made it a priority to spend time with us as a family. Despite the fact that he was a very busy man, he bought a cottage, so that he could spend more time with us. Even with Dad's struggling health, he enjoyed being a grandfather. He was truly delighted to see Riley, Tammy's first born son, especially when Riley blew him kisses.

Dad was also a fantastic uncle. We know that all our cousins loved him very much. He gave all his nieces their first jobs at Trinity Drug Mart. As teenagers, we and our cousins did not always take our jobs seriously. We would write notes or play scratch tickets behind the counter, and sometimes would even be short money in our tills due to carelessness. Nevertheless, Dad was always willing to give us summer jobs.

And of course, Dad was a loving husband. We recently discovered a multitude of photos that Dad sent to our mom, Gertrude, years ago. Each photo had a note on the back - some were funny, some were romantic, and all were a reflection of Dad's care for our mom. Over the years, Dad and Mom had many precious times. They were able to both tackle life's challenges and enjoy God's blessings together.

A second ripple of Dad's influence was on his friends. Whether in his youth or in the later years, Dad enjoyed being in the company of friends. As a young man, Dad was fun-loving and full of energy. We have heard many tales of his adventures with his university buddies. These same people have been present throughout his lifetime, and we, his kids, know them well. That surely is a testament to the power of Dad's friendships.

Dad also enjoyed going to restaurants together with his friends. He always had stories to tell. With his booming voice and lively gestures, Dad could manage to get the whole table captivated. For many of his friends, get-togethers over meals will not be the same without Dad and his humorous storytelling.

However, Dad's sphere of influence was far greater than friends and family. He made a positive difference in the lives of his pharmacy customers. When Dad and his business partner moved their store to Scarborough, they built up a whole new clientele. Dad prided himself on his prescription delivery service. For many of his elderly customers, he would provide additional services to them, such as helping them to read and interpret English mail. He would even help them file income tax returns so that they could receive the maximum government benefits.

Finally, there was the big ripple of Toronto Chinese Methodist Church (TCMC). Over the years, Dad served in numerous positions such as secretary, director and president. He also took on many additional roles such as being a youth counsellor, basketball team manager, and organizer for special social events.

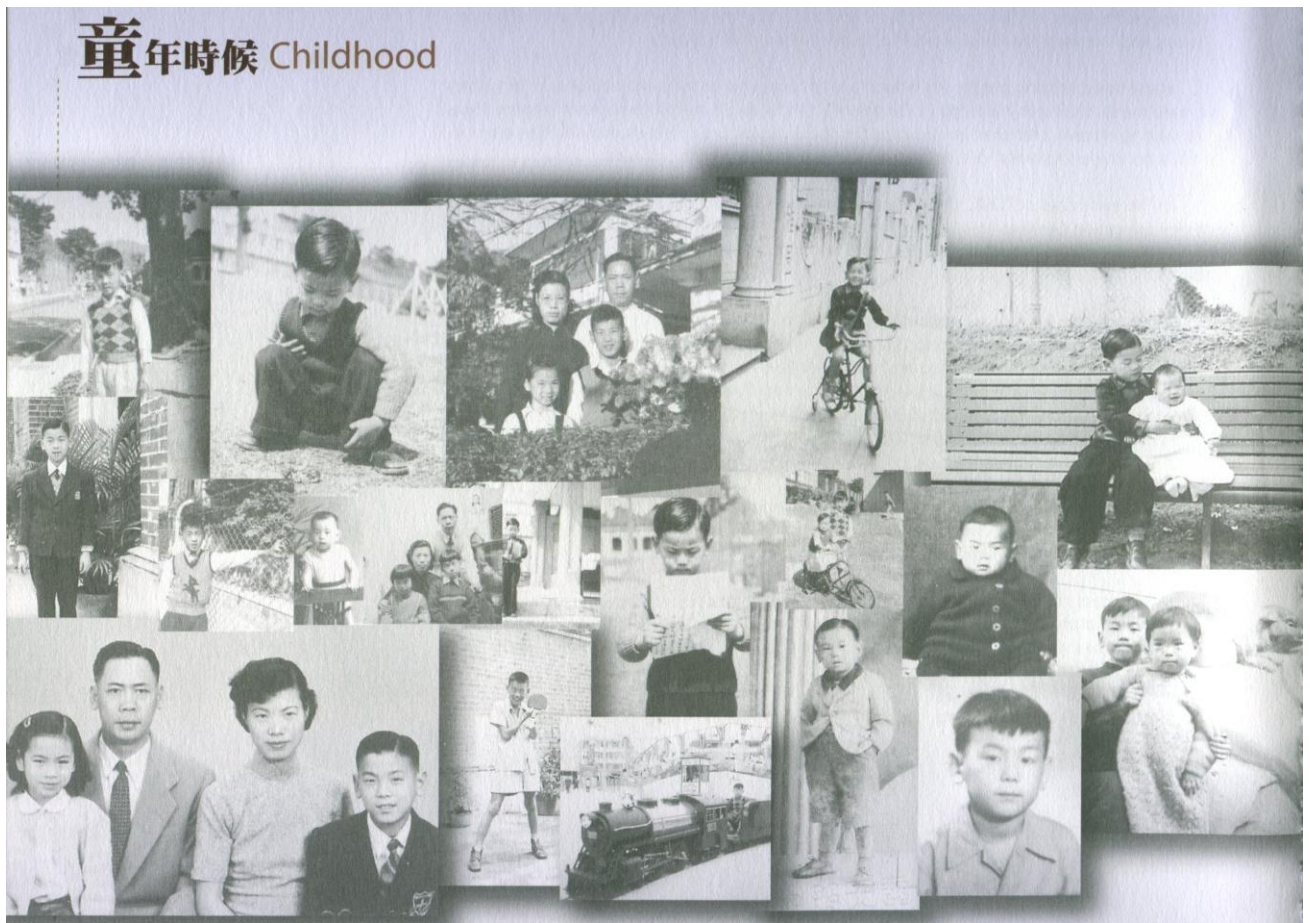
Dad's greatest pride and joy was his involvement in building the Metropolitan Road location of TCMC. Building the church certainly was not a one-man job, and required the teamwork and dedication of many church members. Dad felt honoured that God would use him to lead this project and was passionate about it. He would visit the building site before going to work, addressing issues with the foremen and resolving problems before they became unmanageable. Dad was willing to use his time and skills for God.

In the latter part of 2005, with the deterioration of Dad's health, he spent much time contemplating life and death. He shared with us that it wasn't the number of years of one's life that mattered, but what one accomplished during that time. He felt he had a full life, with a loving family, numerous good friends and an important role in building TCMC. Dad told us that he would have neither regrets nor fear even if he were to die soon.

In our last days with Dad, we realized what a remarkable and fearless man he was. He remained positive and hopeful. Our hospital visits allowed us to have the opportunity for many heart to heart talks with Dad. These intimate times allowed us to know and understand him better. We were truly lucky to have had such a wonderful, charismatic, funny, generous and loving man as our father, and his "words of wisdom" will live with us forever.

The pebble that was our father's earthly life is now gone. Yet we know with certainty that the ripples caused from his life's actions will carry on through the people who were affected by him.

H. Photos



人



A collage of 12 color photographs from the 1960s and 1970s, depicting various family moments. The photos are arranged in a grid-like fashion with some overlapping. The subjects are primarily young adults and families. Key scenes include: a couple in formal wear (top left); a wedding party with a bride and groom (top center); a couple in casual attire (top right); a group of people outdoors (middle left); a couple sitting on a car (middle center); a couple in formal wear (middle right); a group of people outdoors (bottom left); a couple in formal wear (bottom center); a couple in casual attire (bottom right); a couple in formal wear (bottom center); a couple in casual attire (bottom right); and a couple in formal wear (bottom center). The photos are in color and show a variety of settings, including outdoors, indoors, and on a car. The subjects are dressed in clothing typical of the 1960s and 1970s, such as sweaters, button-down shirts, and formal dresses. The overall tone is nostalgic and celebratory.



共享天倫 With Family

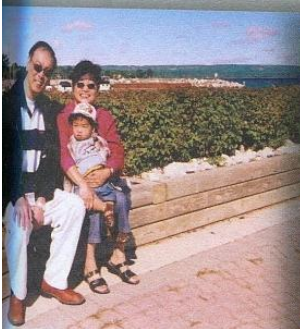
愛人



與朋共聚 With Friends



甜蜜時刻 Special Moments



興建新堂 Building the New Church





I. Tributes & Memories

恩典路上的同路人

A Companion on the Journey of Grace

韓錦昌牧師 Rev. Kevin Hon

In our journey through life, God keeps molding and transforming us, giving us plenty of opportunities to grow. Along the way, He also provides us with many companions who would walk with us, encourage us, experience the various ups and downs in life, and pray with us constantly. When I left Hong Kong to study in Toronto in August 1983, it became a turning point in my life. And God had prepared many companions for me to walk through this phase of my life and one of them was Harry Wang.

When I first arrived in Toronto, I was taken care of by many uncles and aunts. I was deeply moved by their steadfastness in faith and their involvement in church life. Harry was one of them. He served with passion and loyalty in church affairs, regardless of the importance of each job. He later became the counselor of our youth fellowship and his relationship with the young people grew close. When our church moved to the Logan Avenue location, Harry, together with many other uncles and aunts, brothers and sisters, helped with the cleaning and maintenance work. Since I moved back to Toronto from Hamilton in 1988, I had many opportunities to serve with Harry. From him, I learned the meaning of commitment, loyalty and humility. We together experienced the many aspects of church life, like the church retreat, family prayer meeting, sports day and the New Year's Eve service. I was given more opportunities to serve with Harry when I started serving on the church council, and it was through his encouragement and advice that I continued to grow.

In the summer of 1989, I entered the seminary in response to God's calling. Harry gave me continuous support and encouragement. When I was about to graduate, He again encouraged me to take up the important task of planting the Milliken Church. When I began to serve full time as a pastor, our relationship moved on to another level. We really became co-workers and shared truthfully our experience in serving. Whenever we encountered problems, we would pray together. Even though he was still my "Uncle Wang," he respected me and gave me great support. Many times after a meeting, he would put his hand around my shoulder and showed me his encouragement and care. Once, when he discovered that I faced some great difficulties in my service, he called me to show his concern and comforted me. We could really serve together and became good friends in Christ.

In the construction of our new church, we really thanked God for giving us Harry. With the abilities given to him by God, he was able to lead us courageously through the planning, fund-raising and construction process. At the inaugural service on the completion of the new church in August 2001, Harry stood with me together beside the black marble corner stone to worship God. We then entered the sanctuary, and sang the hymn "Amazing Grace" as we were acknowledging God's grace together. We were truly companions on this journey of Grace. I thank God for letting Harry to become my "uncle," my counselor, church leader, co-worker, friend and companion.

Today, we remember Harry. May his life be a testimony that will motivate us to continue working diligently as faithful disciples of Jesus Christ, and become companions to other people on this journey of Grace.

At the funeral service for Harry, I had quoted from 1 John, chapter 4 and Psalm 23. The title for my sermon was: "Let Us Love One Another." Indeed, even though we are temporarily separated with Harry, his commitment to love and to build a church that manifests love still encourages us. May we all continue to strive to love and give glory to God.

在那段日子

During Those Days

何錦珊牧師 Rev. Suzan Ho

A tall guy with friendly smile was my first impression of Harry when I first met him with Rev. Hon at the café of Holiday Inn nine years ago. Harry welcomed me as the new worker at TCMC with a warm hand shake. That was the beginning of my friendship with Harry.

In the subsequent months and years, I had the chance to sit down with Harry individually, and sometimes together with Rev. Hon, at church office, the donut shop across the street...you name it – to share the visions of TCMC and its ministries, and, of course, our own personal struggles. He was always available and willing to offer a helping hand.

Harry was the one who always put God and His church as first priority. He was not just a DREAMER for God's kingdom and church, he was also a DOER. Not only did he take on the leadership of building our new church, casting vision and raising funds, but he also lived out this vision himself. I always saw him in the church, checking the floor, the walls...etc., to make sure things were alright, especially after heavy rain.

Even though Harry did not involve in planning evangelistic events, he did have the heart for the seekers of Jesus Christ. I remembered when Mandarin speaking people kept coming to our church as we first moved into this new building, Harry was very supportive to serve this group of people, knowing that we built the church in order to spread the gospel. Under his encouragement and affirmation from other leaders, Mandarin Worship began two years ago in September 2004. He was the one who kept on encouraging me to carry on with this ministry as I had already started building good relationships with the Mandarin speaking friends. Without his great support and the other board members' encouragement, I would have never gone so far as today.

For the past years of serving at TCMC, Harry was the one who was always there to help me stretch myself to grow. He has demonstrated to me the example of true servanthood with humility. Thanks to Harry for his encouragement which has made a great difference in my life.

During the time when Harry was sick, I had the chance to visit him quite often. At one point he was very sick, but he still asked me things about the church. Yes, Harry had given his life wholeheartedly to his own family and God's family. Forever, I will miss him as my good friend, who had so faithfully served God with all he had.

As 2 Timothy 4:7-8 said, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith. Now there is in store for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will award to me on that day--and not only to me, but also to all who have longed for his appearing." I am sure God is well pleased with what Harry has offered to Him faithfully.

一百倍

100X

周贊平 Tony Chow

I accepted that Harry was seriously ill, but I couldn't accept the fact that he had left us.

Many of us still remember the old days at Logan, whenever a rainstorm hits; we prayed that the church basement wouldn't get flooded. Harry would not sit at home. He drove to the church every rainy day and vacuumed the water before he went home for dinner.

For years that we have all lost count of, Harry chauffeured people to service every Sunday. He would then go and prepare hot water and refreshments for gatherings after the service. Weeks after weeks, months after months, years after years, he served quietly.

Harry volunteered himself to be our manager when we were constructing our new church. He did it for the love of God. Many days he would visit the site shortly after 6am to check out the progress and make changes because the workers quit around 4 and 5 pm before he got off work.

For over a year, we went before the Municipality Council Board and fought to rezone the land we bought. With the grace of God, we finally won the battle. Along the way, we made friends with city councillor, Norm Kelly and The Salvation Army.

Personally, he assisted me in liaising with banking matters. At that time, money was extremely tight and I had to watch the bank account so we would not be overdrawn. Harry would get a printout from our bank and stopped by before heading home for dinner. We would figure out which cheques we had written but had not been cashed, which invoices we might delay paying and the timing to write the rest of the cheques. Harry was there for me when I could not go to the bank because of my job restriction.

Harry was truly a natural leader. He was not only a faithful brother who served his church well, but also a good friend and a good neighbour.

When Harry learned that we were looking for a new house, he enthusiastically informed us of a house up for sale within a hundred yards from where he lived. After we bought the house, Harry volunteered to help us move some small articles and clothings every evening. The first Saturday morning after we moved, Irene and I were awakened by some irritating noise in front of our house. We stuck our head at the window and there was Harry busy mowing our lawn! Has anyone experienced that in your life? I got so embarrassed that

I got changed quickly to go out and together we finished cutting the grass and went out to lunch. I forgot who picked up the tab. Most likely Harry did.

Irene and I go on one to two trips a year and every time Harry was there to feed our cats (both Casper and Snack) and collect the mail for us. Harry said that was an easy job for him.

What happened in 2000 was certainly no easy job for anyone. One evening in May, we had an incredible rainstorm and our basement was nothing less than a mini Niagara Falls. Water was pouring in from the tiny basement window. Irene just had a serious car accident a couple of days earlier and was suffering from carpal tunnel syndrome. Water was coming through much quicker than we could handle. What do you do after you pray? We called Harry! He brought Gertrude along under heavy downpour and howling wind. The four of us managed to stop what would otherwise be a severe flooding to our basement. It was almost midnight when they left. I was fighting back tears when they walked through the door to go home. I thanked God for friends like Harry and Gertrude as I watched them disappear around the corner of the street.

I will miss Harry. I will miss him tremendously. He will not be coming through my door to bring me bank information any more and he will not come to drop off the Salbutamol that I use for my asthma. But he will live within me. Every time I do something extra because of what I learned from him, he will smile down on me. I will miss seeing the holes on his socks when we host our next prayer meeting but I will never forget how generous he is when it comes to giving to others in need!

I know it is tough on Mrs. Wang senior, Gertrude, Tammy, Karen and Helen. Despite all the close and quiet embraces, I am sure they will lean on God entirely.

Rick Warren said it so well in chapter 6 of "Purpose Driven Life": Compared to eternity, life is extremely brief, that earth is only a temporary residence for us all, our citizenship is in heaven. In closing my favourite chapter, he reminded us all - at death you won't leave home, you will go home.

"Lord, remind me how brief my time on earth will be. Remind me that my days are numbered, and that my life is fleeing away." - Psalm 39:4

Harry did not waste any of his time during his 61 years on earth. It is not how long you live that matters; it is how well you live them. I thank God for letting Harry into my life and yours.

I am in the midst of reading a book by Bob Buford. In the "introduction" of his book "Half Time", Bob knew what he wanted to be engraved as his epitaph on his gravestone: "100X" He took it from Matthew chapter 13. It means 100 times. He wanted to be remembered as the seed that was planted in good soil and multiplied 100 fold.

Harry, you deserve to be remembered by "100X"

Adios, Harry!

憶忘年摯友

Remembering My Dear Friend

林浣維 Yat Chiu Lam

樂於助人之雙手

Helping Hands

鍾維昆 Vera Ho

I fondly remember Harry, my brother-in-law for 35 years, as a person who always went out of his way to help whoever was in need, rich or poor, sick or healthy, friend or family, in good times and bad. Despite our in-law relationship, we never kept to formalities. He addressed me as "Ah V" and I greeted him as "Har Lay". It is undisputable that he was everybody's friend.

I cannot recount the numerous times he had extended his generous helping hand to me but on several occasions, I felt most grateful to have him there.

In the fall of 1972, I had to travel alone back to Toronto to give birth to my eldest daughter. The 30-hour flight from Singapore was routed through Dubai, Saudi Arabia; London, England; and New York, USA before reaching Toronto, Canada. It was a very tiring journey especially for a six-month pregnant mom-to-be. With a big tummy and traveling by myself back in 70's, I looked completely out of place. You can imagine my joy and relief when Harry rushed from work to pick me up at the airport. For the first time after what seemed like days, I met a familiar face that I could trust, not strangers with suspicious glares at the airport, on the plane, on the train and immigration officials in all the cities!

Another time was his involvement in helping David and I get settled in Montreal and then Toronto. He opened his home to us and "Piggy" Wing. Being a very down to earth person, he was very hands-on and did not expect anything in return.

Knowing that Harry was a good "operations" guy, I took advantage of that twice again when we married off our two younger daughters, Ming and Ying. I asked that he take on the task as general manager to oversee every aspect of the church ceremony, the lunch reception and the dinner. He was in fact quite overwhelmed with his business and church work, yet when I threw this tedious "ball" at him, he caught it with open arms. Being good at giving orders and be heeded, he did a superb job both times.

Besides my deep appreciation, I also learn a valuable lesson from him, i.e. wherever, whenever, whatever and whoever, if I can be of help, do it willingly and selflessly.

May God reward him with a blissful rest! I wonder sometimes if God keeps him busy up there to help others as well.

Immigrating to Canada in December 1983, I met up with Harry at the Tri-Congregational Churches where our church rented its premises. In fact, we both attended the Methodist Church in Kowloon, Hong Kong. I was the Choir Conductor then and he was a member of the Youth Group. Shortly after, Harry left for further studies in the States. It prevented us from developing a close tie.

Harry was friendly and jovial, bringing lots of fun to other people. He was playful as well. One time, when he found the praying of one Sunday School teacher to be a bit too long-winded, he cracked open a rotten egg and placed it by a breezy window. The staunch brought the prayer to an end and much laughter for the whole class.

He was a pharmacist. His profession kept him busy and occupied. Yet he still found the energy to take care of a lot of church matters. He left foot prints in every corner of our church premises. He served God with great devotion in heart and body without any complaint. His conduct was exemplary to our young generation. He was also very kind-hearted and loved to help others, expecting nothing in return. He often extended his helping hand to new immigrants attending our church by offering them jobs in his pharmacy stores to alleviate their financial burden.

In 2002, when my wife was hospitalized, he offered much-needed assistance and immense comfort to us with his frequent visits and with running around for our chores. My wife and I are genuinely thankful for his support to ease our helplessness and loneliness at that time.

The planning and construction of our new church began while he was President. At least three times a week, he would gather at my home to discuss solutions to iron out issues concerning the building project. To facilitate the work and progress, he had to bear the load of dealing with various government departments as well. As a church community, we were not financially strong. With limited resources, how were we to foot the huge construction costs? We put our heads together to design a strategy for soliciting donations for the building fund. With fervent prayers, God's grace was bestowed upon Brother Harry. He was blessed with a firm commitment to persevere and to lead us towards achieving our goals. In the end, he accomplished God's challenging mission by completing the great task of building our new church. May all glory be to God. Today, we still bear a debt of several hundred thousand. We trust that God will continue to bless and guide us in overcoming all the stumbling blocks along the way.

Without doubt, we need to recognize the contribution made by Harry, my dear friend, to the Toronto Chinese Methodist Church. For that, he should find comfort in Heaven. Even though he is no longer with us, we will treasure his friendship for years to come.

但教心似金鋼堅 天上人間會相見

Till We Meet Again

馮麗玉凝 Yuk-Ying Chow Fung

I am sure everyone who knew Harry welcomes the idea of publishing a memorial book in his honor. For me, I still hold him very dear to my heart and think of him quite often despite his having departed this world almost a year ago.

I came to know Harry in his adulthood as a successful professional and business man. He served our church wholeheartedly in all aspects, from executing major decisions to managing trivial chores. He was also a "people" person and was eager to offer hands-on assistance to the old and young, to the rich and poor. His smile was genuine and his concern was sincere, especially to the older folks. His display of Christian charity had allowed me to know him better and to appreciate him more.

After the passing of Rev. Philip K.H. Fung, pastoral duties were left on the shoulders of my late husband, Rev. Luen Wai Fung, who was already quite advanced in years and was not well attuned to the North American way of life. He was able to pastor the congregation during this interim period with Harry's advice and the Board of Directors' support. Under God's guidance, we smoothly sailed through this difficult time. When the new pastor took over, Harry was elected President of our church. He continued to devote his effort and time to the church, befitting himself as God's useful vessel.

On top of running his demanding drug store business, it is indescribable how Harry also found the energy to head up the task of coordinating the building of our landmark church - from securing the land, to planning its construction, to selling the old church, to dealing with the local government. God, knowing full well his desire to serve, guided him along. To me, this is a testimony of God's plan for him. God also used him to lead the whole congregation. Our overseas friends donated generously towards building our church too. Working in unison to show our love for God and His church, we are the proof that, by God's grace, we were given the chance to be His helpers in this project. Whenever I look up now to see our church under the blue skies, I am deeply aware of God's profound grace and the concerted efforts of Harry and all the brothers and sisters.

When he was ill and weak, Harry still held onto his firm commitment to serve. He continued to muster up enough energy to take care of church matters and to show his care for others. Without a doubt, he had left his mark in every corner of our church premises. Stepping into our church, I can still feel his presence, as if I am hearing his carefree laughter and soft whispers of concern to the seniors in spite of his absence.

This October's fund-raising endeavor surpassed last year's total, thanks to the generosity of our brothers and sisters. When the President, Helen Lee, announced the results, I vividly recalled how Harry last year climbed up to the podium in weak steps. I remember how he showed his thanksgiving with an insuppressible smile and spoke in a faint but firm voice. Indeed, he has never left us.

Harry was blessed with family members that are God-loving - his parents, a sister, her husband, a nephew, a wife who is courageous and has been his inner strength, two intelligent daughters, a son-in-law and two grandsons. Even though we are physically apart, I am convinced that he is still working with us in spirit to fulfill God's mission.

Let us hold firm our golden faith that we will meet in heaven one day!

愛心關懷長者及病人

Taking Care of the Sick and Elderly

溫華昌 Yip-Cheung Wen

Brother Harry Wang was the most respectable young man in our church. He was always willing to help without discrimination. He contributed a lot to the church while still at Logan, and he continued to do so when he became the President of TCMC. He was in that post for nine years consecutively, working diligently for the Lord and contributing to the welfare of our church.

For over nine years since 1990, I was ill and needed to take medication regularly. Harry worked in his pharmacy store during day time, and delivered medicine to his clients in the evening. I benefited from his service and he always delivered promptly no matter it was raining or snowing heavily outside. He was indeed a loving and caring man, and I would be always grateful for his service.

Later on, his workload increased with the building of our new church. He had to raise funds; supervise work progress at the site; and deal with the government and the contractors. It was a gift from God that our new church was completed in 2001. Since then, the church has grown steadily, and Harry's contribution was important.

In 2005, Harry had made arrangements with the Yee Hong Centre, offering discount service for the elderly. Apart from his delivery service, he would speak regularly in health seminars at the residences for the elderly. When he became weak through illness, he still insisted in continuing to serve the elderly. It was unfortunate that he had left us so early. But we will always remember his contribution to the church. I am sure that in heaven, he will be rightfully rewarded and is now enjoying eternal bliss.

難得的好老板

An Outstanding Boss

譚紫沅 Lani Tam

As an employee of Brother Harry, I loved and respected him deeply, and missed him dearly. He was a good leader who acted wisely and was indeed a faithful servant and a good housekeeper of the Lord. He was also a loving and obedient son to his parents and a "godson" to all the elderly people, treating everyone around him with love and care. And he was a man who would take up responsibilities without complaints.

In the business field, he was a reputable and successful man who was highly respected by all. Always helpful, he ensured that every customer departed his pharmacy store with a satisfactory smile. He was most concerned about the wellbeing of the employees. When he noticed a staff member was feeling down, he would approach him/her quietly and gently enquired about the cause to see whether he/she was sick or just being upset. He would let the employee take a break, go outside to get a drink and pray. When an employee committed a mistake and was scared of being reprimanded or broke down in tears, he would comfort him/her ensuring the employee that everything would be alright. His trust, patience and forgiveness to his employees made him an outstanding boss.