

Naturally Supernatural

The Life and Faith Journey of Adrian & Mae Chua

Vinny Tan

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First edition

Contents

<i>Praise for This Book</i>	i
<i>Foreword by Lee Soon Teck</i>	iii
<i>Foreword by Faith Lee Soo Feng</i>	v
<i>A Legacy of His Life Through Us</i>	ix
<i>How This Book Came About</i>	xvii
<i>Prologue: Walking on Water</i>	1

Part 1: Foundations of Faith

Chapter 1 Marked by Fear.....	3
Chapter 2 A Still Small Voice	5
Chapter 3 Little Welcome Gifts	9
Chapter 4 The Unseen Shield	13
Chapter 5 The Warning.....	15
Chapter 6 A Vision.....	19
Chapter 7 Not That Road	23
Chapter 8 Fleece Test	29
Chapter 9 The Threshing Ground	33
Chapter 10 And Then, They Came.....	37

Part 2: Discovering God's Character

Chapter 11 The Father He Never Knew	45
Chapter 12 Bread for the Journey	47
Chapter 13 The \$10 Days.....	53
Chapter 14 He Is Interested in Our Inside	57
Chapter 15 Whose Assignment Was It?	61
Chapter 16 The Seed Sprouts and Grows	65
Chapter 17 Exactly As Many Days	71
Chapter 18 I Prepare You for Battle	77
Chapter 19 I Kept the Door Open.....	81

Part 3: Into the Supernatural

Chapter 20 Why Have You Forsaken Us	85
Chapter 21 The Lowest Valley	89
Chapter 22 Foreigners at Home.....	93
Chapter 23 Old Enough to See	97
Chapter 24 The Unknown Giver	101
Chapter 25 An Hour a Day.....	105
Chapter 26 From the Same Pocket.....	109

Chapter 27 The First Night.....	113
Chapter 28 From the Front Row	117
Chapter 29 Room, Not Stage	119
Chapter 30 What She Taught Them.....	121
Chapter 31 Farther Than He Knew	125

Part 4: In Their Own Words

Naturally A Man of His Word	129
Naturally Front Row Seats	135
Naturally The Son Who Came After	145
Naturally She Decided Alone	147
Naturally The Unspoken Sermon in Vietnam	153
Naturally We Came for Our Weekly Bread	157
Epilogue: The Pattern Behind the Miracles	161
About the Author	

How This Book Came About

I met Adrian and Mae first as their marriage mentees, one of many who sat under their mentoring, learning alongside my husband Jeff Tong what it looks like for God's word to live inside an ordinary marriage instead of staying a Sunday-morning idea.

I am not a professional writer. I came to this book the way most good things arrive: sideways, through years of mentorship that deepened into friendship.

It was not originally mine to write. It began with a friend, a woman whose own story sits gently in these pages, without her name. She had walked closely with Adrian and Mae for years, and one day she offered to write their life story down. Not a polished platform biography. A legacy for the next generation, something their family could hold, something a stranger might pick up and hold too. She wrote three or four pages, beautifully, all by herself. Then in 2022 she passed away before she could go further.

A few years later, on a hike, Adrian and Mae asked if I would carry it forward.

There was no studio. No interview schedule, no recorder set carefully on a table between us. Most of this book happened on a weekly drive to Johor Bahru, just across the causeway, where the lower cost of living has turned grocery shopping into a routine border crossing for many Singaporean families. My family made that run every week. Adrian and Mae started joining us, the four of us in a car for the length of a causeway and back, talking about whatever the week had carried in.

I would ask about a struggle, a quarrel, a decision. What came back was rarely just an answer. It was a story, unfolding the way stories do when someone has lived long enough inside them to know which details still matter. More than once I drove home thinking about the goodness of God in one ordinary life.

One week it was obedience. Another, the particular discipline of contentment. Another, what it costs to trust someone you cannot fully verify, and what it means when that trust is repaid.

This book is built from three layers: raw notes Adrian and Mae kept across three decades of ministry, recorded interviews once the project found its shape, and those weekly conversations that began with a grocery list and ended over some new-found food stall in JB.

I have tried to write it the way it was given to me. Where a name needed protecting, I protected it. Where Adrian or Mae or their daughter Rachael could speak in their own words, I let them.

The friend who began this book is here too, though you will not find her name. She wanted the story told, not the storyteller remembered. I have tried to honour that.

What you are holding is not really mine. Jeff and I were only the ones free on Monday mornings, willing to keep asking questions until the whole shape of it came clear.

Prologue: Walking on Water

What does it actually cost to step out of a boat?

Not the sermon version. Not the poster version, where a man walks toward Jesus across an impossible sea and we admire him from the safety of our own dry boats. The actual cost. The moment before the foot leaves the wood. The water that looks no more trustworthy up close than it did from a distance. The other men, watching, not all of them believing this will end well.

This is a book about a man who stepped out of several boats over more than thirty years, and kept stepping out of new ones long after the first should have taught him caution. A career. A flat he owned outright. A country he had never visited, a language he did not speak, a people his own family did not entirely understand him for loving. Each time, the water beneath him looked exactly as solid as water always looks.

It is also a book about his wife, who did not always know the water was rising until she was standing in it. Who learned, across decades of moving and waiting and being protected from the full shape of their need, what it means to trust a man who could be trusted, after growing up certain no man could.

Naturally Supernatural

A daughter grew up watching both of them, from the back seat of different cars, through the hallways of more homes, flats, condominiums, borrowed rooms, than most people occupy in a lifetime. She absorbed, without being taught it, an expectation that the next provision would come. At twenty-one, in a church in Jerusalem, she decided the water was hers to walk on too. Not simply hers to watch.

There are strangers in these pages. A friend who gave from a savings account built out of her own hardship, and asked never to be named for it. A man who remembered, after twenty years of silence, a teenager he had once taught about God. A woman who felt a prompting and gave, one week after a funeral, before she had any way of knowing what had just been lost.

None of them walked on water because they had unusual faith. They walked the way anyone does: one uncertain step, then another, sinking sometimes, caught every time by a hand that was apparently never as far as the water made it look.

This book answers one question, without the safety of a sermon's distance. What does it actually look like, in ordinary days and real dollars and one city's particular pressures, to trust a God who asks you to leave the boat?

What follows is not a theory. It is thirty years of the actual answer. It is what it looks like to live naturally supernatural: not above the ordinary, but inside it, one uncertain step at a time.

Chapter 1

Marked by Fear

Adrian never had a birthday celebration. Not once.

A fortune teller had told his mother: 如果他庆祝生日，灾难将降临到他身上 — if he celebrates his birthday, calamity will befall him. She took the words as truth. No cake, no wish, not a single acknowledgement of the day he was born.

For years Adrian thought nothing of it. It was simply the way things were. The youngest in a Buddhist family of six, he had learned to accept tradition without question. His father was largely absent, yet remained a faithful devotee, with incense burned and offerings made morning and night without fail.

To understand Adrian's upbringing is to understand the deep-rooted beliefs in Chinese Singaporean culture. In the early and mid-20th century, many Chinese families in Singapore adhered to traditional spiritual practices, often influenced by a blend of Buddhism, Taoism, and ancestral worship. Fortune telling, feng shui, and superstitions played significant roles in family

Naturally Supernatural

decisions, shaping how parents raised their children. The fear of bad luck and unseen forces dictated daily practices, from the timing of births to the avoidance of certain numbers and celebrations.

Christianity had its own reputation in circles like this. *Jiak kentang*, "eat potato," was the phrase for someone seen as too Westernised, too far from his roots. Buddhism was for people like them. Christianity was for someone else.

In Adrian's case, his mother took the words of the fortune teller as truth. Many families sought guidance from geomancers or religious advisors before making major decisions. For her, skipping his birthday was a small price to pay to keep misfortune at bay.

So the rituals were not questioned. They were inherited, the way a surname is inherited. Adrian never needed reminding to burn incense or bow before the altar. It was second nature. While other children counted down to birthday presents, he found something steadying in the smell of sandalwood smoke curling into the air. It was not ceremony to him. It was duty. A way of keeping peace with what he could not see.

But something began to stir beneath the surface.

I asked him what changed. He paused before answering.

Chapter 2

A Still Small Voice

In 1990, Adrian was like many young adults trying to make something of themselves. At twenty, he stepped into the insurance industry, driven not by passion but by the promise of progress. It was a fast-paced world, competitive, fuelled by ambition, the kind of job that rewarded the hungry and the tireless. A saying echoed through the hallways and training rooms: "Fake it till you make it."

Everyone did. Chasing targets. Climbing ranks. Comparing pay cheques and possessions.

By twenty-four, he had worked his way up to Agency Development Officer, responsible for recruiting and coaching new agents. It wasn't glamorous, but it was forward motion. Every goal ticked off felt like a small victory in the race. There was no time to pause. Like everyone else, he was caught in the rush. His bedroom cupboard was lined with handwritten goals, a private scoreboard of ambition.

Naturally Supernatural

My curiosity got the better of me. "So, what was your list of goals?"

He chuckled. "I can't remember all of them. But I remember a gold credit card and a Rolex. A condominium? Not quite. We never bought one, but we rented for almost ten years. Close enough."

For a young man from a modest background, these were not small things. The gold card was a key that unlocked a world he had only ever seen from a distance. The Rolex was a declaration: the boy who grew up with incense and silent birthdays had arrived. And the condominium, even rented, meant something too. Most Singaporeans grow up in HDB flats, government-built public housing where more than 80 per cent of the population lives.



HDB (Housing Development Board) flat

Naturally Supernatural

A condominium, privately owned and gated, carried a different weight entirely. Together with cash, a car, and country club membership, it rounded out what was widely known in 1990s Singapore as the "5Cs", the benchmark of a life well-lived. Like many of his peers, Adrian measured himself against it.

But success has a way of slipping through your fingers just when you think you've got it figured out. The agents he had recruited weren't performing. The pressure to deliver weighed on him. A career that had been rising began to stall, and the cracks in his professional life mirrored the fractures in his personal one. He found himself tangled in relationships he already knew were unsustainable.

One night, alone in his room, exhausted and overwhelmed, he did something he had never done before. He cried out to God. "God, why are You not helping me?"

An unexpected reply came.

"Why don't you come to Me directly?"

He froze. It was not the booming declarations of temple priests, nor the whispered superstitions of his childhood. It was something different. A still, small voice, unexpectedly gentle, yet impossible to ignore. A voice that carried authority wrapped in calm, as though it had been waiting patiently for him to finally ask.

Then an image: a pair of hands, reaching out toward him. An invitation. He didn't understand what it meant. But he knew something real had just happened.

Chapter 3

Little Welcome Gifts

Not every story begins with a dramatic moment.

Some begin like *kopi* in the morning. Warm, familiar, but somehow exactly what you need. Kopi is the local word for coffee, ordered dozens of ways depending on how you take it.

His journey began with Mae, his girlfriend at the time and now his wife. They met in their early working years. Mae had a quiet strength about her. She wasn't one to argue or insist on her way. Easygoing and calm, she carried a natural gentleness that drew people in, a steadiness that made others feel at ease even in conversation.

Church had once been familiar to Mae, part of her younger years, though it had long stopped being central in her life. Still, something stirred in her, a prompting she couldn't explain. She felt led to invite Adrian to church. He said yes. Not because he was particularly interested, but because Mae had asked. Love

Naturally Supernatural

makes you do things you wouldn't normally do. Week after week, he sat beside her in the pew. Just another face in the crowd, listening to a preacher speak about things that felt far removed from his world.

Then one day, his sister found out he'd been going to church. She didn't question him or offer advice. She simply handed him a copy of the *Good News Bible*, a version known for its plain English, widely used across Asia in outreach and youth settings. It wasn't wrapped or explained. Just handed to him, like it had been waiting all along.

That night he took it home and began to read from Genesis, the first book of the Bible, filled with beginnings and families and promises. For him, it felt like stepping into a story far older, and far bigger, than his own.

We were sitting over my *kepi kosong* ice, iced black coffee with no sugar and no milk, similar to an Americano, when I finally asked. "What was so interesting about the Bible? All those ancient names, unfamiliar places, how did any of it make sense?" He shrugged. "I just believed what was written."

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Kopi kosong ice —
Singapore's iced black coffee, no sugar, no milk.
Similar to an Americano, served over ice.
The drink on the table during
every conversation that became this book.

He didn't call it faith. Not then. But looking back, that simple trust, quiet and unquestioning, was the start of something sacred.

A few days later, he was accompanying Mae to a hair salon. Hairdryers hummed, shampoo mixed with the chatter of ladies trading stories across the chairs. He sat waiting, flipping through the usual magazines: hair trends, celebrities. Then something unusual caught his eye. A Christian magazine about prayer, tucked in among the rest. Of all places, a neighbourhood hair salon.

Naturally Supernatural

He read it cover to cover. On the very last page was a simple prayer, an invitation printed at the bottom: the sinner's prayer. That evening, alone in his room, he whispered the words. He didn't fully understand what he was doing. But it felt like someone had been arranging the pieces for him all along.

The church invitations. The Bible. The magazine.
Each one a small gift, placed exactly where he would find it.

Chapter 4

The Unseen Shield

Adrian didn't see it coming.

As Singaporeans, we pride ourselves on getting things done. We live in a city known for its rules, routines, and quiet efficiency, where even the roads are designed for safety and flow. But sometimes, even in a place built on order, something breaks the rhythm. And when it does, it isn't just what happens. It's what shifts inside.

It was 1992, an ordinary evening. They were newly married, out for a short drive to meet his sister for supper, the kind of routine dinner that fills Singaporean family calendars. Until everything changed.

The crash came without warning. One moment they were discussing what to order. The next: a blinding flash of headlights, the screech of tyres, a brutal slam. Metal twisted. Glass shattered. The world jerked sideways into chaos.

Mae's leg was pinned, bleeding heavily. He was disoriented, blood running down his face.

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As they recounted the scene to me, I couldn't help blurting out, "Who was the first person who came?" Mae burst out laughing. "The tow truck uncle!" she said, shaking her head at the memory.

Even in the chaos, sirens wailing, people shouting, this uncle had strolled up in a T-shirt and shorts, casual for Singapore's heat, and in true task-oriented Singaporean fashion, asked nonchalantly: "Boss, want to tow your car?"

Only later could they laugh about it. The absurdity of it all. People who saw the wreckage couldn't believe anyone had survived. The car was destroyed.

When his mother heard, it confirmed something she had feared since he was a boy. Don't celebrate his birthday, or disaster will come, a fortune teller had once warned her. Here was proof. Her son had started going to church, reading the Bible, even celebrating his birthday, and look what had happened.

But Adrian saw something completely different. "What could've killed us didn't," he told me. He knew, in that moment, it wasn't luck. It wasn't just a narrow escape. What others saw as a close call, he recognised as grace. It was divine protection.

And it marked the beginning of his supernatural walk with the Lord, not as a distant deity, but as a Father. A Father who shields, who watches, who gently redefines what fear had once shaped. But protection wasn't the only thing God would reveal. A warning was coming, quiet, persistent, and impossible to ignore.

Chapter 5

The Warning

Mae was still on crutches, a visible reminder that not every wound heals overnight.

Life around them seemed to return to its steady rhythm: work, family, church, the same Sunday-to-Friday pattern that holds most Singaporean households together. The city is small enough that no commute, no errand, no relative's flat is ever more than an MRT ride away, and yet somehow the days were always full.

But beneath the surface, something had shifted. Adrian couldn't shake the feeling: they had been spared for a reason. And soon, a warning would come, one that demanded more than just attention.

In this season, he began to listen more intently. Not just to sermons or conversations, but to the stirring inside him. There was a hunger growing, an awareness that God was inviting him to listen differently. To listen not just with his ears, but with his spirit. And then came the word.

Naturally Supernatural

It was 23 May 1992. He had attended a prophetic conference, one that included a time of personal presbytery, where believers could receive personal words from the ministers. The prophecy came clearly.

I asked him about it. He paused, then reached across and drew out a clear folder he had kept close for more than thirty years. Inside, written in the hand of the one who had spoken it, was the word.

First Prophecy on 23rd May 1992

“God said don’t you dare look in any other direction but Jesus – don’t you dare look in any other directions because God is handling it. Before you were in your mother’s belly, God knew you, God fashioned you and God formed you and He formed you for a purpose, and a reason and I want you to know is to gather these reasons. Don’t you dare look in any other way because my Hand is upon you said the Lord – there is a mantle on your shoulder and is going to be fulfilled” ~ Russell Sage

Naturally Supernatural

He did not need to read it aloud. He had carried it long enough that it had become part of how he understood his own life. I asked if I could share it here. He said, "Sure. It helped me understand my walk with God and shaped how I live out ministry. It's why Mae and I started weekly fasting and prayer, to keep our hearts right and stay focused on Him. Otherwise, it's too easy to get lost in the work and forget who we're doing it for."

The fasting itself would not begin for nearly a decade. It started only after 2001, once they had returned from Japan and lost the flat along with it. But the posture the prophecy demanded had already taken root, years before he had a name for the discipline it would become.

The phrase "Don't you dare" hit him the hardest.

"I realised I couldn't live like everyone else, couldn't just follow what others were doing. I had to always ask myself: *is this what God is calling me to do?* I'm very conscious in every decision I make. For the past thirty years, this prophecy has guided me and kept me focused on what I'm doing. A lot of people have told me what I should be doing, or what I shouldn't. But at the end of the day, I have to return to what God told me."

Something had been placed on him.

Not just a message, a mantle.

Not just a calling, a posture of obedience.

Naturally Supernatural

And the prophecy didn't make the road easier. If anything, it made it more difficult.

More deliberate. More lonely.

"Don't you dare look in any other direction."

That one sentence became a compass. While others rushed ahead, he often found himself waiting. Sometimes it looked like hesitation. Sometimes it felt like invisibility.

"People assumed I wasn't ready. Or that I wasn't interested," he said. "But it wasn't that. I just couldn't move unless I knew God had said so."

The mantle was there.

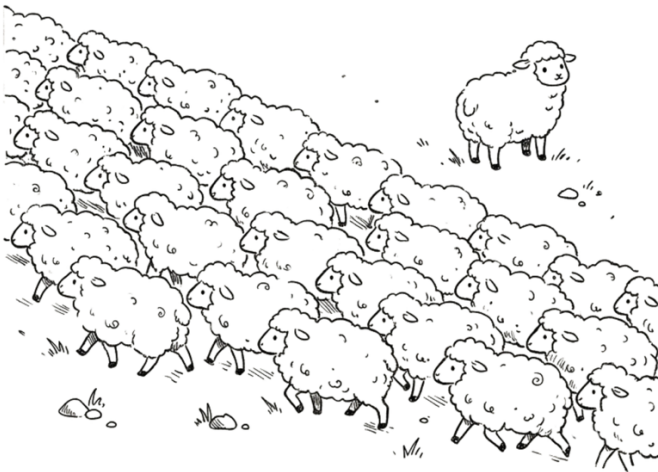
The calling was real.

But the timing belonged to God.

Chapter 6

A Vision

A flock of sheep, all moving together in one direction, heads down, following the familiar path. And then, one sheep breaking away. Alone.



A flock, and one sheep breaking away.

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It was a simple scene, but it stayed with him.

At first, it felt wrong. Didn't Jesus say we are the sheep and He is the Shepherd? Wasn't wandering a picture of disobedience, of being lost? That's what Adrian thought too.

The image unsettled him. We are wired to belong, to stay with the group. It's safer. It makes sense. To walk away from the flock felt like stepping into danger.

He remembered exactly what a woman said to him after the service. "I saw a flock of sheep, all moving together in one direction, and you were stepping away from the flock. But that was God's will for you." She didn't explain it. She didn't add any meaning. She simply shared what she had seen.

In Singapore, stepping away from the crowd isn't often celebrated. It's questioned. We value safety, security, predictability. And if the Christian life was about staying close to the Shepherd, why did this vision show him moving away from everyone else?

The more he prayed about it, the more unsettled he felt. Until one day, the still, small voice he had first heard in his room when he cried out to God spoke again.

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"This is the road I am giving you."

Suddenly the vision made sense.

It wasn't about rebellion or wandering. It was about calling.

The earlier prophecy came flooding back: don't you dare look in any other direction but Jesus.

The vision wasn't rejection. It was redirection. The Shepherd wasn't abandoning him. He was inviting him to follow a different path, not away from His presence, but away from the familiar.

To walk deliberately.

To follow differently.

And he said yes.

Chapter 7

Not That Road

Not That Road

/nɒt ðæt rəʊd/

noun

1. A path that appears right, safe, or expected — but is not the one God has chosen.
2. The journey we leave behind when we choose obedience over convention.

His career in insurance had once lit a fire in him. He thrived on hitting sales targets, mentoring others, scaling the ranks. But over time, the same job began to feel like wearing shoes that no longer fit. Each step forward became less fulfilling. The work was steady. The meaning had gone missing.

He wasn't burnt out. The drive was still there. But it now pointed somewhere else.

Naturally Supernatural

That somewhere began to stir more clearly in his spirit: full-time ministry. So, Adrian did the natural thing. He went to his pastor.

"I think I'm being called to ministry."

In Singapore's Christian circles, that usually meant one thing: become a pastor. Go to Bible school. Join church staff. It wasn't glamorous, but it was respectable. Structured. Not financially rewarding, but at least a recognised path.

His pastor's response was immediate. "Trinity Theological College. That's where you need to go."

Trinity was, and still is, the most established seminary in Southeast Asia, the default answer whenever a Singaporean pastor is asked where a serious call to ministry should go.

It was the obvious choice, and a daunting one. The programme demanded strong academic qualifications, A-Levels among them, and years of theological training. The environment was rigorous, academic, intellectual. For someone who hadn't come through that path, it felt more than intimidating. It felt closed.

Still, he tried to press on. He wanted to be useful. If that was the road to serving God, he would find a way.

The deeper he explored the application process, the heavier it felt. The system was built for someone else. Every step reminded him of what he lacked: the formal education, the theological grounding, the credentials.

It wasn't just hard. It felt unreachable.

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Then came an unexpected encounter.

At a church apologetics meeting, he found himself chatting with an Indian brother sitting in front of him. They exchanged small talk, and soon he shared his burden: the stirring in his heart, the closed door at Trinity, the growing conviction that he wanted to serve but didn't know how.

The man listened quietly. Then, without hesitation, he said, "Not necessarily. I know someone who might be able to help."

That sentence cracked something open. It was a divine detour. A door he hadn't seen.

Soon after, he was introduced to the principal of a Bible school, and a whole new path unfolded.

The principal was known for his pastoral warmth and prophetic insight, a man with a heart for raising leaders who hadn't taken the traditional route but carried a genuine call of God. He listened to Adrian's story and extended an alternative.

"Write five theological theses. If they're solid, we can confer a degree on you."

It was unorthodox, but it felt like grace. He agreed.

The first thesis poured out of him. He spent weeks immersed in Scripture, reading, writing, revising. When he submitted it, something settled in his spirit. *I'm finally moving in the right direction.*

Then he sat down to write his second thesis.

Nothing came.

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It wasn't writer's block. It was deeper than that, a heaviness in his spirit, a quiet resistance he couldn't ignore. He tried to push through. This was his open door. His chance.

But the weight only grew heavier.

Finally, he stopped.

A question rose gently: Why are you doing this?

The answer came quickly. To become a pastor. Because that's how I can serve You. That's the only way, isn't it?

Then came the confrontation, still gentle, but piercing:

It's your insecurity you need to deal with.

God arrested him in that moment. It wasn't about a degree. It wasn't about serving God. It was about proving something, to others, to himself. The degree meant legitimacy. The pastoral title meant identity. Even if it paid less than insurance, at least it would be respectable.

But God wasn't asking for respectability. He was asking for surrender.

He sat in silence before his half-written thesis. Everyone knew he was on track to become a pastor. It was the logical next step. The path made sense.

But deep down, he knew. This wasn't his road.

The principal encouraged him to continue, the door was still open. But he made a decision that would surprise even himself.

Naturally Supernatural

He closed the laptop. Set the books aside. Walked away from the degree he thought he needed.

Not because he couldn't do it. But because he finally saw God was never asking for that.

He had confused the pastoral route with divine approval. Now he heard the Shepherd's voice, and it was calling him elsewhere.

It was that one sheep. The sheep that stopped. It turned. Not because the road ahead looked better, but because it heard something the others didn't.

The Shepherd's voice.

Chapter 8

Fleece Test

"Lord, if this is really You, show me."

It was not a demand. It was a desperation. Like Gideon, sometimes faith needs a fleece. No degree to pursue. No secular job. Newly married.

In Singapore, marriage and home ownership move almost in lockstep. Most young couples apply for an HDB flat, government-built public housing where more than 80 per cent of Singaporeans live, the moment they register their marriage, because that is simply the order in which Singaporean life is expected to unfold: marry, apply for the flat, secure the income to service the mortgage. For Adrian and Mae, a private condominium bought without a stable salary was never the real question. The question was whether they would have any income at all.

Adrian stood in a season most would call unstable. He had no roadmap. Only a stirring in his spirit. He wanted to serve. But

Naturally Supernatural

how? He had an idea. With no formal position and no financial plan, he approached his church leadership with a proposal.

"Let me serve," he told the pastors. "Full-time. Six months. No salary. Just let me help wherever I'm needed."

It wasn't glamorous. It wasn't even strategic. But it was his fleece, his way of asking God to confirm the call.

For six months he threw himself into church work. Youth ministry. Evangelism. Administration. Whatever needed doing, he did it wholeheartedly. At the end of those six months, the leadership was still unsure. "We're still not clear about your direction," they said. "How about another three months? This time, we'll give you a small allowance."

Nine months. Nine months of serving without knowing where it would lead. Was it frustrating? Yes. Humbling? Very. But that was the point.

In 1994, the breakthrough came. The church offered him a formal role, not as a full-fledged pastor, but as a Pastor-in-Training. He served as one of the youth workers, taking care of evangelism and the School of Growth, the church's discipleship and education arm.

It was a lot: managing teams, preparing lessons, running programmes, all at once, and all without formal training. But he didn't flinch. He dove in.

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No one said the fleece would be easy. But it was confirmation.
God had honoured the test.

He wasn't just discovering his calling. He was being trained for
it. But the threshing was still ahead.

This chapter was the start of his service. He was no longer an
observer. He was in the field.

Accountable.

Responsible.

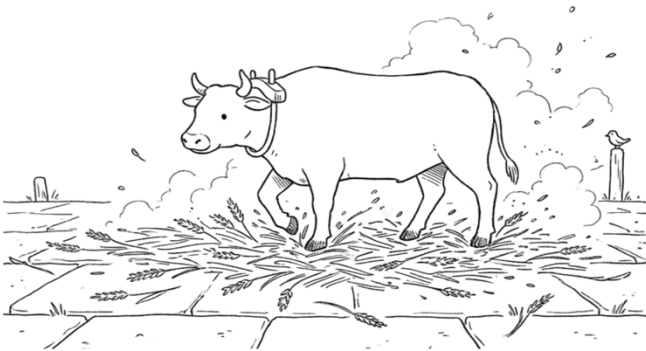
Visible.

But while the fleece had been tested, his heart still needed
refining. That part of the journey, the invisible threshing, would
come next.

Chapter 9

The Threshing Ground

In ancient times, the farmer did not bring his harvest home and rest. The hardest work came after. The wheat was spread across a flat, unyielding surface, stone or packed earth, baked hard by the sun, and then the oxen were driven over it. Their hooves broke the stalks. Their weight forced open the husks. The air turned thick with chaff. The sound was relentless. It went on longer than seemed reasonable, longer than the farmer would have chosen if the choice had been his alone. But it was not his choice. It was the nature of the thing. You cannot eat wheat with its husk still on. It has to be broken first.



A threshing floor, where grain is separated from chaff.

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He had been given responsibilities, leadership positions, visible roles, the kind that feel, at first, like arrival. But visibility, as the farmer understands and the wheat does not, is not the destination. It is the condition under which the real work begins. Scrutiny reveals character. Pressure exposes what was always there. God was not building a platform. He was forming a person.

Each year, the church held an evangelistic dinner, a hotel event, grand in scale, heavy in cost, long in tradition. It carried the weight of all traditions: done because it had always been done, that history alone giving it a kind of sacred inertia. He was given responsibility for it. His years in insurance, building relationships, reading numbers, understanding what it actually costs to bring people into a room, turned out to be exactly the preparation this required. He had not seen it that way at the time. God, it seemed, had been readying him for this long before he knew there was anything to be readied for. He threw himself in. And then he sat down and looked honestly at what the numbers said.

The deficit was real.

The fruit was modest.

One or two salvations each year, a handful of visitors, enormous effort for a small return.

He prayed.

He wrestled.

Naturally Supernatural

Then he went to leadership, respectfully, with open hands, and made a quiet suggestion.

"Perhaps," he said, "we can pause this year."

He was not expecting applause. But he was not prepared for what came.

"This is our culture," one leader said. "We have been doing this all this while."

The disagreement did not stay in that room. It went up to the board. Adrian found himself the only dissenting voice, singled out, rebuked, stung in the way that only public correction stings: slowly, deeply, long after the meeting has ended.

He left quietly. The oxen kept going.

When he shared this story, I asked him one question. "What does the Lord want you to learn?"

Without hesitation, he said one word. "Submission."

Submission, he said, is not compliance. Compliance bends because it has no other option. Submission is a decision: God places authority over a life for its shaping, not its comfort. The authority does not have to be perfect to be trusted. It only has to be God's.

There was one line he would not cross: anything that asked him to defy God's clear word. Short of that, he stayed under the authority he disagreed with. Not because the leadership was right. Because submission was never about their rightness.

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It frees a man from needing to be right, to be recognised, to be vindicated.

Not how to be right. Not how to make them understand. The lesson was about what was happening in the interior of the man who had been rebuked, the place where the oxen do their quiet, necessary work. The real threshing floor is not the meeting room. It is the ordinary hours that follow: continued service without recognition, without vindication, without the satisfaction of having been proved right.

He stayed. He served. Slowly, something in him began to shift. He stopped serving for recognition. The need itself began to loosen its hold. He served because it was what God required of him. That was all. That was, it turned out, entirely enough.

The freedom that came was not the freedom of getting what he had wanted. It was the freedom of no longer needing it.

The farmer knows something the wheat does not: the breaking is not the end of the story. It is the condition for it. What remained, when the chaff was gone, was grain.

Chapter 10

And Then, They Came

"Lord, send me a mentor. Teach me the way You taught Paul."

It was a quiet prayer. No audience. Just a man on the other side of a hard season, newly emptied, asking God to fill what the threshing floor had cleared. Not a prayer for success. A prayer for formation, for someone who could work on him the way a craftsman works on wood: patiently, with the grain, caring about what the thing becomes.

God heard it. Not immediately, not all at once. But they came.

Two years after the first word, at an Apostolic-Prophetic Conference in 1994, a second prophecy came. He kept this one too, both pages of it, handwritten, in the same clear folder.

Naturally Supernatural

Adrian Chua - Personal prophecy at Apostolic-Prophetic Conference (1994)

God has called you to be a prophet. Your kind of prophetic ministry will not be the kind that stand at the pulpit & say "thus says the Lord". But God will begin to give you prophetic insight in the sense of understanding. You will begin to look at situations in people's lives. I can see the word perspective. You'll begin to look into situation in people's lives & what is happening in their lives & you are going to look into situations in ministries & you are going to look at all those bad facts & you'll have the ability to look with perspective, meaning you will have the ability & the wisdom to pull the past & look into the future & pull the present & the past & the future together & let them hold together with the present. You'll be able to balance everything together. You'll be able to bring understanding to people as to why certain things are happening & why certain things are not happening & why certain things have to wait before it is happening. The Spirit of wisdom & revelation will begin to come into your life. God'll begin to bring you to a place of leadership where you'll begin to lead by supporting other leaders. You'll play a supporting role as a leader but God is saying to you today, You are a leader as well. But now is not the time for Him to put you to be the man beside man. But God will give that prophetic gift, the ability to look with perspective into situation of the lives of people & ministries. From today onwards, you'll begin to walk past people and as you begin to walk past people & as you begin to look into the face & countenance of people, you'll begin to feel something. The Lord is saying to you that feeling & emotion is the way God is going to speak to you about the lives of people. You often ask God, could you speak to me through my ears or through the inner sensing of my spirit, or could you Lord speak to me through dreams & visions. But the Lord is saying to you today; "I have chosen to speak to you through your emotion that you may feel the emotion, that you may feel what is happening. I'll cause you to be very sensitive as you move around people." I can see you sitting at the corner with your head in between your knees as if you are in anguish. There'll be time in your life where the Spirit of God

Naturally Supernatural

will come upon you that you are going to feel so much for the hurt and for the mediocre of the people that you'll be so burden to the extent that the spirit is as if you are in anguish. But in time like this, I can see the word 'Come unto Me, all ye who are weak & heavy laden.' In time like this, go to the Lord. This ministry that the Lord has given to you will cause you to bless many people but it has the potential to destroy you. It has the potential to bring a lot of problems into relationships of your life. I do not know what kind of relationships & what level but I'm telling you, this ministry that God has given to you, unless you have the willingness to pour your burdens unto God, those burdens that the Spirit of God has placed upon you will destroy especially your relationships with people. But the Lord will say to you: "My son, my yoke is easy & my burden is light,"^{*} So let not the spirit of fear come into you but my son, learn to unload your burdens." I can see a heart, now the heart, it looks so hard as if it's very old & it's already cracking. I can see some grim juice coming out of that heart. Brother, you have been carrying a lot of burdens in your heart. But of course you have been so positive, your faith in God has been so sure, but the Lord wants you to know today that you are a burdensome people. You are a very burdensome person right now & God wants you to continue from today onwards to learn to trust Him. The Lord would say to you today that "you've done all that you've done & all that you can do, so rest in Me. My son, give it up to me & I'll take care of the rest." I can see the word task orientation. You are a man that is very task orientated. You work hard but the ways of the Spirit is trust. Father, I pray that the prophetic anointing will come upon this brother, I pray that the spirit of wisdom & revelation will come upon him & I pray most of all, the discerning of spirit will come upon him. I activate the gift of the discerning of spirit & I activate the prophetic gift in the Name of Jesus. And Father, I pray right now as I touch his heart, I pray that You will pour upon him the ointment of the Holy Ghost, bringing softness & sensitivity back into his heart, remove the tiredness in the mind, cause it to be restored. I pray that You'll begin to restore the health of this brother from the crown of his head to the tip of his toe, restore the sharpness in his mind. I Jesus' wonderful Name. Amen.

Naturally Supernatural

The two prophecies together mapped the shape of a life he had not yet lived. He did not know it then. He only knew he had to keep them.

In the Singapore of the early 1990s, the church was growing fast. This was not a given. Singapore is a deliberately multi-religious country, Buddhism, Taoism, Islam, Hinduism, and no religion at all sharing the same HDB corridors, the same workplace canteens, the same family dinner tables. Christianity had always been one strand among many, and choosing to pursue it seriously, let alone prophetically, was a counter-cultural decision in most households and most offices. And yet the evangelical churches were growing. Larger congregations, more programmes, more of everything that could be counted. Alongside the numerical growth, something less visible was stirring: a charismatic and prophetic renewal was moving through Singapore's churches in those years, bringing conferences, personal prophecy, and a hunger for the gifts of the Spirit that went well beyond the Sunday service. The energy was real. But in the background, a quieter movement had been at work for decades, one that measured progress not in attendance figures but in the depth of a single changed life, who then changed another.

The Navigators had been in Singapore since 1962, when their pioneer walked the island from south to north and prayed for disciples who would go from this small city into the nations. Their method was stubbornly simple: one person, one Bible, one

Naturally Supernatural

honest conversation at a time. Scripture memory. Personal accountability. The slow, unglamorous investment of one life into another. In a culture that measured achievement by scale, they insisted the most important things could not be scaled.

The first mentor came from that tradition. Quiet sessions. No curriculum beyond the Word itself. What he passed on was less a technique than a posture, a way of being formed by the text rather than merely informed by it. Two things he said became load-bearing walls in everything built afterwards.

The first was blunt, almost startling in its directness, the kind of thing a man says when he has lived long enough to have earned the right to be plain.

"Never look up to a speaker with a big stomach," he said. "A man not strong in self-control physically is the same in the spiritual."

It was not a remark about appearances. It was a remark about authority. If you cannot control your flesh, what you eat, how you live, the appetites you indulge without thought, you will find the same looseness in the spiritual realm. Self-mastery in the body and spiritual authority are not separate questions. They are the same question, asked in different rooms. A man who has not learned to govern himself has not yet learned to govern anything.

Naturally Supernatural

The second was quieter but cut just as deep.

"Before you open your mouth to teach," he said, "make sure the Word has first worked in you."

Not studied. Not prepared. Worked. The difference matters. A man can study a passage and deliver it accurately without it having touched him at all. What the mentor was insisting on was something prior to preparation, a life genuinely formed by the text, so that what comes out of the mouth has already been proven true inside the man saying it.

The second mentor came later, and not without a detour.

He was a minister with a prophetic gift, moving in a register entirely different from the first. Where the first had grounded him in the Word and its daily demands, the prophetic minister led him into prayer, intimacy, and the specific discipline of listening to God's voice. Two streams. Both necessary.

When he first asked if the prophetic minister would take him on, the answer was gentle and clear. "The Lord has not spoken to me about this."

He accepted it and stepped back. No argument, no side door. The threshing floor had made him capable of exactly this: receiving a closed door without treating it as a verdict on his worth.

Naturally Supernatural

That was 1995. The following year, he sensed the Lord calling him out of his current role, toward nothing visible, simply away from what was. He resigned. No next step in hand. Just trust.

Not long after, his phone rang.

"The Lord spoke to me," the prophetic minister said. "I am to mentor you now."

The year between the no and the yes had not been wasted. It had been the space in which the asking was refined, so that when the mentorship came, it could do its full work without the static of ego.

With one, the Word took root. With the other, the fire was kindled. Neither came through networking or planning. Both came through prayer. Two men, different gifts, one intentional God.

Chapter 11

The Father He Never Knew

Adrian never really had a father. Not in the way that mattered. His dad was physically there. Sometimes. Emotionally, absent. Arguments filled the house. Tension was the air they breathed. And when things got too heated, his father would disappear. No calls. No explanations. Just silence. For months, no one would know where he'd gone. And when he returned, nothing was said.

The distance wasn't just physical. It was relational, spiritual. That kind of instability does something to a child. He never learned how to lean. He learned how to brace. Not to be fathered. To survive.

He fought for stability. He fought to feel secure. He fought to believe he mattered. He never learned what it meant to be held by a father. To be guided. Protected. Seen.

Naturally Supernatural

They rarely had real conversations. Even at the end of his father's life, their words remained few and distant. Whatever should have been healed, wasn't.

But God, the true Father, would write a different story. Not with one grand miracle, but with daily bread. He began to father him in ways his earthly dad never could.

A gentle leading.

A timely provision.

A whisper that said: *I see you, son.*

That was where it began. Not with a programme, not with a sermon, but with a whisper. And the whisper, it turned out, was only the start of what the Father intended to say. The chapters that follow are the rest of that sentence.

Chapter 12

Bread for the Journey

Every provision was a sentence his earthly father never spoke. God said them all.

Provision doesn't always arrive like a flood. Sometimes it's an envelope. A phone call. A cheque the night before everything was due.

He had stepped out of the boat. No salary. No title. No guarantee. Just a call he couldn't shake, and a family that needed feeding.

The first sign came in 1994. A \$600 love gift. No note. No fanfare. Just enough.

That same year, he counted the cost and decided to sell the Datsun. Full-time ministry meant the \$500 monthly instalment no longer made sense. He sold it. That was as far as his plan went. What he didn't expect was his sister stepping in and

Naturally Supernatural

sponsoring the next car entirely, a second-hand replacement, fully covered, unprompted.

He had released what was in his hand. God had taken care of what was in his heart.

Enough bread to mean: I see you

In 1995 he needed a break. He had saved \$500 for a trip to Malaysia, not a luxury, just a short breath of rest. It had taken effort to set aside. Then the prompting came: give it away.

It was not easy. He had been looking forward to the break. The money was real. The need for rest was real. But he obeyed, and shelved Malaysia quietly, the way you fold a plan and put it away.

Not long after, he walked past a poster. Christmas Island, a remote Australian territory in the Indian Ocean, famous for one of the natural world's great spectacles: each year, tens of millions of red crabs migrate from the forest to the sea, covering roads and cliffs in a moving tide of red. It is the kind of place that catches the eye.

He stopped. A quiet thought came: how nice it would be to go there with Mae. The two of them, hand in hand, somewhere beautiful and far away.

Then he walked on. He had shelved Malaysia. He would shelve this too.

Naturally Supernatural

Then \$1,500 arrived. Then \$500 more. Exactly \$2,000. Exactly the cost of the trip. No fundraising. No appeal. No explanation except this: he had obeyed first, and trusted second, and the Lord had written the cheque before he even knew there was a trip to take.

Obedience before blessing. Trust before sight. That was the lesson Christmas Island taught him, not about crabs or coral, but about the sequence God prefers.

Enough bread to mean: obedience comes first

Every month, while serving in that church, an envelope appeared on his desk. \$300. No name. No explanation.

At the end of December 1996, he left that church. And the giving stopped.

Not just the envelope. The belief behind it. The support had been tied to his perceived legitimacy. When the system stopped recognising him, some people stopped recognising the call.

It was a hard lesson. Provision from people is real. But it cannot be the foundation. Only the One who prompts the envelope can be that.

Enough bread to mean: I alone am your foundation

Naturally Supernatural

In 1996 they moved into a four-room flat. No money for renovation. Bare walls. Bare floors.

He had one quiet desire he had never said out loud: a fireplace.

He asked the contractor to leave a plug point for it. Just in case. The money wasn't there. A few days later, someone blessed him with exactly \$2,000. The fireplace was built.

A fireplace. In Singapore. In a country with no winter.

It wasn't about warmth. It was a question he had quietly asked: *do You see me? Not just my needs. Me.*

The answer came in fire that did not consume. Like Moses at the bush.

God meets needs. But God also meets wants.

Enough bread to mean: I see your little faith

End of that same December. No paycheck. No next step. Just the weight of a decision made, and a family to keep feeding.

What he carried out of that church, alongside the weight of the decision, was the knowledge that Rachael had already arrived five months earlier, born in July, her name chosen before any scan confirmed she was a girl, planned and prayed for across

Naturally Supernatural

four years. She was six months old. She had never known a season when her father had a salary.

God had sent provision ahead of the need. A church member blessed Mae with a confinement lady, something no one in his family had ever received. She was a gifted cook, cleaned, ironed, and watched her drama at 6pm sharp, which meant dinner had to be on the table by 5.30. That small domestic discipline, adopted under duress, has stayed with them to this day.

And every Christmas, for the first three years of that long wait, someone would appear, not with condolences, but with blessing. Mae would be taken shopping. No budget discussed. New clothes for the New Year. \$200. \$300. Whatever she needed. No announcement. Just love, arriving on schedule.

Enough bread to mean: I have not forgotten her

Chapter 13

The \$10 Days

1997. The budget was \$10 a day.

That was possible because of a room. Through a prayer meeting, someone who needed a guardian for a nephew rented them one of their rooms in exchange. \$800 to \$1,000 a month came in.

From that, they worked out what was possible. \$500 for the house mortgage. \$300 for meals. The balance, whatever remained, was for daily necessities. Every dollar was counted. Everything mattered. For a Chinese family in Singapore, rice is not a side dish. It is the meal.

Pagoda Rice was a premium label, whole grain, fragrant, the kind that signals a certain standard of living. NTUC FairPrice house brand rice was something else, part of a cooperative founded in the 1970s by the labour movement to keep essentials affordable. Reliable. Clean. Roughly half the price. He switched from Pagoda to NTUC. No one outside the kitchen would ever know.

Naturally Supernatural

But inside that decision was a theology: we are living within what we actually have.

During a church meeting, a missionary lady mentioned in conversation that she had started using lard instead of butter to save money. The Lord rebuked her for it. "Believe Me for the butter. Don't go lower than you need to go."

He heard it. Something shifted.

The lesson was not about butter. It was about posture. The difference between choosing NTUC rice because it is wise, and choosing it because you are afraid. The first is faithfulness. The second is fear dressed as frugality. I asked him once, "So after that revelation, did you switch back to Pagoda?"

He laughed. "Yes!"

"Millet and basmati," Mae added.

These days, their cupboard holds all three.

Singapore is a city of extraordinary food. Wet markets open before dawn. Supermarkets stock every cut and variety imaginable. In that season, they shopped differently. When most families buy salmon, they buy the fillet. He bought the bones. The frames left after the flesh was taken, sold cheap, sometimes given away. He scraped every bit carefully. Wasted nothing.

Naturally Supernatural

Tao ge, bean sprouts in *Hokkien*, stir-fried with gizzard, chicken kidney, the cut that costs almost nothing at the wet market but holds up across a whole meal and into the next. Canned food. One whole chicken, simmered in ginger and black sauce, stretched across lunch and then dinner.



Salmon bones and *Tao ge* (豆芽) —
Both are sold cheaply in the wet market.

Each item chosen not for preference. For stretch. They never told anyone. It came up once in conversation, about how they made do with salmon bones and heads, the parts most people passed over. A close friend, hearing it, drew his own conclusion: they must love salmon bones. It became a known thing. That same friend, to this day, still sends them salmon bones as a gift. He never knew he was marking a season of scarcity. He thought he was honouring a preference. The salmon bones arrive. They receive them. They say nothing. Some things are kept not out of shame, but out of a quiet understanding: the story belongs to God, not to their reputation for frugality.

Chapter 14

He Is Interested in Our Inside

If you cannot steward the little that is given to you, how will you steward the greater things?

That question runs through the whole of these years. God's plan is to prosper. He will provide. But He watches how you handle what you have before He adds to it. Not because He is withholding. Because He is forming.

The principle was simple: do not live beyond what you have. Do not spend what has not yet arrived. Do not let the gap between your income and your lifestyle fill quietly with debt, with pressure, with the shame of owing what you cannot repay.

I learned something sitting at their table that I could not have learned from a sermon. They could only say what they said because they had lived it. And because they had lived it, they had

Naturally Supernatural

authority to speak into it, not as theory, but as testimony. If you have not walked the road, you lose the right to give directions.

Quality time, in those years, was simple. In the afternoon, they would buy *you tiao* and *rojak* paste from the hawker stall. They would bring them home. Wait. At 8pm, after Rachael was asleep, they would go to the kitchen. Mae would toast the *you tiao* in the pan until it crunched. They would eat it together, dipped in the *rojak* paste, in the quiet of their own kitchen, just the two of them.

That was their date night. A toasted fritter and a dipping sauce, eaten after the child was down. It was enough.



You tiao (油条) — dipped in rojak paste.

Naturally Supernatural

You tiao, long fried dough fritters, a staple at every Singapore hawker stall. The name in *Hokkien* means "oil strips." The story behind them goes back to Song dynasty China, where street vendors shaped dough into two figures, a corrupt official and his wife, and fried them together in hot oil as the people's verdict against injustice. Over time, the figures merged into one long strip. The political charge faded. What remained was the food.

In Singapore, *you tiao* is a staple, eaten as a tea snack, a mid-morning break, a simple pleasure between meals. One long strip each, two dough figures per portion, with your favourite hot drink. *Kopi*, dark and sweet. Teh, milky and strong. Soya milk, warm and clean.

In the \$10 days, there was sometimes only one strip between them. One strip is two dough figures, joined together. To share it, you pull them apart. It is not easy. The dough resists a little. And when you have separated them, each half is less than what a person needs. One is not full. But one is what there was.

I was at their home when he told me this. A simple meal. And somewhere in the telling, his eyes filled. I have sat in rooms where people cried about losses much larger than half a you tiao. But I have rarely felt something as quietly devastating as that moment: a man remembering what it meant to go without, so the person he loved could have something.

Naturally Supernatural

They still share one packet of instant noodles when they have a simple meal at home. Not because they lack. They don't. But the habit of contentment never left. Eating just enough is more than enough. That is not a phrase from a book. That is a life.

What God was doing in those years was not keeping them poor. He was keeping them honest, about what they needed, what they could spend, what brought them joy.

God is not primarily interested in our circumstances. He is interested in our inside. In the man beneath the ministry. The person beneath the provision.

What do you do when there is only one?
What rises in you when the simple thing is all there is?

In those years, what rose in him was generosity. Not the performed kind. The quiet kind, given in private, to the person across the table.

That is what God was after.
That is what the \$10 days were for.

Chapter 15

Whose Assignment Was It?

1997.

During one of Adrian's quiet devotions, a vision came. A man ploughing dry land. Hard, cracked, resistant soil. The kind that does not yield easily. He did not know what it meant at first. But he knew the land. Tibet.

It was not his mission to begin with. It was the prophetic minister's, a hundred thousand dollars raised during the recession, enough to cover them both, seven trips planned across the breadth of Tibet.

The Holy Spirit's prompt was specific: go and assist him. The prophetic minister needed someone who could interpret from English to Chinese for the tour guide. Mae and Rachael stayed behind in Singapore.

Leaving them was its own cost. Rachael was small enough to still reach for his hand at the door. Mae would carry both

Naturally Supernatural

households, hers and his, for however many weeks each trip took, alone. He did not yet have a category for what it meant to be obedient and absent at the same time. He would learn it, one departure at a time.

April: the first trip. Altitude sickness. The body failed before the assignment could begin. Tibet sits above 4,500 metres in places, with thin air, brutal cold, a land that does not receive visitors gently. The sickness was not a sign that he had heard wrong. It was the first lesson: some ground costs you something before you can stand on it.

May: the second trip. Breakthrough. The altitude did not touch him this time. His body had already learned the ground, no sickness, no physical setback, just the work itself. He does not speak easily of what happened up there. But something shifted in the spirit over that land. The ploughing had begun.

June: the third trip, and this time, he was not needed. The prophetic minister was plain about it: no explanation was owed him, and none was given. Another group was already available to assist that round, so it was optional, not a rejection. The door was simply left open, if he wanted to walk through it.

Everything in him wanted to walk through it. The trip was already paid for. The recession money covered it whether he went or not; there was no cost to say yes, only, it seemed, a cost

Naturally Supernatural

to say no. A door already open, already covered, already cleared: how often does an opportunity like that knock twice?

Seven had become his own number by then, not just a figure on someone else's plan. To be left off a trip felt like being handed an unfinished thing, by his own count, if not by God's. Would he insist on going anyway, because he wanted to see it through? Or would he let it be someone else's trip to finish?

The world would have told him to go. A rare opportunity, paid for and open, does not stay open for long. Take it while it is there. But the prompt that had sent him to Tibet in the first place had been specific, and this was not it. If the invitation was not from the Lord, no amount of convenience made it one.

He could name the difference now, looking back. The first trip, he had gone out of obedience. A door opened, and he walked through it because he was told to. This one was different. He wanted to go out of ambition: the third trip had quietly become a spiritual trophy, proof to himself that he had finished what he started.

It was the Holy Spirit who convicted him, in the end. Not the lack of money, not the lack of need, but the realisation that wanting to go, for the first time, had nothing to do with God asking him to.

He let it go.

Naturally Supernatural

In July, the prophetic minister needed him again. The fourth trip. They braced for the harshest weather of the whole mission, snow that would not let up. The mission ended there, and they both came home.

Three trips, for him. Not seven.

The obedience was complete.

Not because the original plan was finished, but because God's assignment was. The number of trips a man plans is not the measure of his faithfulness.

The number God requires is.

Chapter 16

The Seed Sprouts and Grows

October 1998. A vision came during prayer, the same outpouring the prophet Joel had once promised, dreams and visions given as evidence the Spirit was near.

A pair of hands. A golden globe. Stalks of wheat lying across it.

He understood it: the hands were God's sovereign hands, upholding a ministry. The globe was a field ripe for harvest. The wheat was the Word, the seed to be sown.

Sower's Wheat Ministries was born from that vision. Not from strategy. Not from a business plan. From a picture received in prayer, of hands holding a world made golden with the Word.

The ministry's name came from Mark 4:27: night and day, the seed sprouts and grows. Not by force. Not by the farmer's effort alone. By the nature of the seed, and the faithfulness of the One who made it.

Naturally Supernatural

This is why they would walk by faith. Not because they had no other choice. Because the vision required it. A ministry that walks by sight does not need God to provide. A ministry that walks by faith proves, with every provision, that He does.

The vision became a mark. The hands, the globe, the wheat, the same three elements from the picture received in prayer, given form.



Sower's Wheat Ministries — the ministry's mark.

The teaching began quietly. Not from a pulpit, but from a newsletter. First came the articles, shorter, occasional pieces, each one born out of whatever season he was actually living through. Obedience and ambition, after Tibet. God's vision set against a man's own, after years of watching people build. Prayer. Discipleship. Marriage. He did not write to have something to say. He wrote because he had lived it first.

Naturally Supernatural

Then came something larger: a panoramic sweep through the whole New Testament, book by book, Matthew through Revelation. Not a skim. An exposition, patient and sustained, the kind of teaching meant to be lived with, not read once and set down.

Two books followed in time: *Call of God*, and *God Intended Intimacy*. The second would not arrive for years yet, out of a marriage nearly lost and then rebuilt. But the conviction behind both was already in place: teach the full counsel of God's Word, not the comfortable parts of it.

One rule shaped how the newsletter would be used, and it never moved: it was never for raising funds. Whatever came would come the way it always had, unasked, through people God stirred, not through a mailing list turned into an offering plate. A ministry that walked by faith did not ask. It waited to be provided for, publicly, so no one could mistake the provision for a campaign.

There was more folded into the vision than the ministry alone. Even from the beginning, a prayer burden had settled on Japan specifically, the same call that would send him back again and again over the decade that followed. Long before he understood why, he was already committed to interceding for that nation the way Anna the prophetess had once served God: with fasting and prayer, for a people not yet her own.

Naturally Supernatural

And there was a further hope folded into it. That the Word, once planted, would not only feed a reader for a season but grow them, from something as small as a mustard seed into a tree of life, standing tall on the grounds of righteousness. That the ministry would not only teach, but send: raising up missionaries, ministers of the Great Commission, carrying the Word and the Spirit to places they had not yet reached.

The objective, then and now, was never complicated: to teach the full counsel of God's Word, so that the saints would be equipped and prepared for the work in front of them. Not a platform. Not a following. A field, sown.

This, too, was a character he was still learning, not just a Provider who gives, but one who gives in a way that cannot be mistaken for anything else.



The mark has been redrawn since. Cleaner lines, a different hand at the pen. But look closely and the same three elements are still

Naturally Supernatural

there: hands underneath, a globe held inside them, wheat rising through the middle.

The vision did not change.
Only the drawing of it did.

The articles, the expositions, the full body of what has been written since, all of it is kept, and still growing, at



sowerswheat.com

Chapter 17

Exactly As Many Days

1998. During another prayer, a different vision came: a red line drawn along the whole length of Australia.

Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions.
Joel 2:28

He knew what it meant. A prayer trip, mercy pleaded over the land itself. He was still young in his faith then, and he brought it to the prophetic minister to be sure. The prophetic minister confirmed it: this was real, and it was his to carry.

A vision like that does not fund itself. The prophetic minister heard the whole of it and gave five thousand dollars toward the trip. He was plain about the reason. This one was not really about Australia. It was to prepare and strengthen Mae's faith.

Six weeks lay ahead. Rachael was two, going on three. He had learned stewardship the hard way, in an earlier season, and he

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applied it now: rent a car, and make it stretch the length of a continent.

The plan settled in their hearts before it settled anywhere else: drive the coastline, the whole way around the continent, six weeks of it, stopping at one destination after another. At each one, they planted a small cross in the ground, and they prayed there, and stayed until the praying was done.

It became something else besides a mission. It became the longest stretch of time the three of them had ever simply been together.

It would not be the first time a car taught him something about God. Years earlier, in Singapore, newly married, a crash that should have killed them both had left him with a strange, unshakeable conviction: what could have killed them hadn't. He had called that grace. He was about to be asked to believe it again.

In the second week, on a stretch of unsealed coastal road, everything changed.

A road like that asks to be driven at forty kilometres an hour, if you know it. He did not. Sixty was ordinary, back home, so sixty was what his foot knew, without being told otherwise. The road was part of the coastline itself, unavoidable if the plan was to circle the whole continent.

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The back tyres found the loose gravel first. Then the whole car was moving in a direction he had not chosen, spinning, then tipping, then airborne for the half-second before the ditch caught it. Metal folded. The windscreen went white before it went dark.

He did not know, for several seconds, whether he was alive.

There was no sound at first. Then there was Rachael, crying, somewhere behind him, though he could not immediately place where behind him was, upside down as everything now seemed to be. He called for Mae. She did not answer.

He tried to move, and his own body answered back with a pain in his left shoulder sharp enough to white out the world for a moment. He pushed through it anyway, toward the sound of his daughter's voice, the way a father moves toward that sound whether or not his collarbone has just broken.

Rachael was there, not upside down, but startled and scared, without her seatbelt, crying. It was not enough to calm him. Mae still had not answered.

He found her slumped against the door, not moving, her left cheek open and dark in a way his eyes did not want to look at directly. For a moment that felt far longer than it was, he did not know if she was breathing.

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He said her name. Nothing. He said it again, closer, his hand on her shoulder, and she stirred.

That was the first mercy of the morning, though he did not have the words for it yet. He only had the relief, plain and physical, of her eyes opening.

Getting all three of them out of the ditch took longer than it should have: one broken collarbone, one half-conscious woman, one small crying girl, at a time. The road above them was empty in both directions. It was seven in the morning. There was no one to call to, and for a long moment, no one came.

He had time, in that stretch of waiting, to consider what an empty road like this one actually meant. If no one came for an hour, what then? If no one came at all?

Someone did come. A man on a tractor, working a field that ran alongside that stretch of road, saw three people standing where a car should have been, and stopped. He called the ambulance and the police, and stayed with them until both arrived.

What they learned afterwards made the morning feel less like an accident and more like something that had been managed.

The ditch had been just deep enough, not deep enough to drown them, and deep enough, they were told, that without the water in it, the impact would likely have set the car on fire instead. Without a seatbelt, Rachael had been sitting in the most

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dangerous position in the whole car, and came out of it the least injured of the three of them: a small scratch on her toe.

Their passports and their money, still in the car when it went into the ditch, came out dry.

It mattered more than it might sound. A lost passport meant a trip to the nearest embassy, with days lost to paperwork, in a city that was not on their route, in a country where every one of the six weeks had already been accounted for. A missing document could have unravelled the whole plan on its own. It did not happen. Every day of the trip stayed exactly as many days as they had left to give it.

Every measurement, it turned out, had been exact.

Chapter 18

I Prepare You for Battle

The ambulance the tractor driver had called took them to the nearest hospital, over an hour from where the car had gone off the road.

Mae was stitched up and discharged. Two small stitches, one on her head, one under her chin. For two days afterwards, Rachael would not go near her. Mae did not blame her. A bandaged, swollen face is a frightening thing to a two-year-old. But she felt the distance anyway, every time her daughter kept to the far side of the room, and it was its own kind of pain, quieter than the collarbone, quieter than the stitches, and slower to heal.

The guilt hit him immediately. He had been the one driving.

"Dear, shall we head back to Singapore?"

It was a guilty man's question, and he knew it even as he asked

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it. Money was tight, and getting tighter, but none of that mattered next to the sight of her stitched and bandaged. Her wounds outranked the budget, outranked the plan, outranked everything. If turning back was what she needed, he was ready to give it.

That night, unable to sleep, Mae prayed, not for the pain to lift, but for an answer to his question. She felt the Holy Spirit come and stand in front of her, close enough to know it was real, and with it came the strength she had asked for. She knew, in that moment, what His will was. They were to continue.

On the fourth day, they moved on.

Later, they met a man who had broken the same bone in the same place. He had been bedridden for two weeks. He could not believe the man across from him was already back behind the wheel, let alone still driving, six weeks deep into a trip he could have called off at the hospital door.

Truly, God had strengthened them.

It was a reassurance, but not an easy road. Her face stayed raw and bandaged for the miles that followed, and strangers stared. She learned, mile by mile, to stop measuring herself by what those stares said and to simply do what the Father asked. And as she chose obedience, her skin healed, all of it except for those two scars. The rest simply vanished, the way a wound vanishes

Naturally Supernatural

when it was never meant to stay.

The same God who had measured the water in that ditch to the exact inch, not enough to drown them, not little enough to let the car catch fire, had measured this too. Two small marks, permanent enough that Rachael would see them on her mother's face every day of her childhood, and be reminded, without either of them ever having to say it aloud, whose hands had carried them through.

Mae touched and showed her scars as she retold the whole incident to me. She carries them like a medal. Not proof of what she survived, but of what obedience had cost, and what faithfulness had bought.

That was the part her faith had not counted on. She had believed God could heal her completely. She had not imagined He might choose, instead, to leave just enough behind. Two small marks that would keep saying, quietly, for the rest of her life: she went anyway, and He was faithful the whole way through.

Before the ditch, her faith was something she carried. After it, it was something she wore. Only the evidence of a Father who had not left her.

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For every soldier called to active duty must divorce himself from the distractions of this world so that he may fully satisfy the one who chose him. An athlete who doesn't play by the rules will never receive the trophy, so remain faithful to God.
- 2 Timothy 2:4-5, TPT

Rachael still tells this story in her own preaching today. She grew up with the proof of it in front of her every morning, on her mother's face, and never had to take anyone's word for what God can do.

They finished the trip as injured warriors, and somewhere in those six weeks, on unsealed coastal roads, beside small crosses planted in foreign ground, husband and wife came out the other side with a faith stronger than either had carried in.

Chapter 19

I Kept the Door Open

He had not been needed for the third Tibet trip, and it turned out there was already a reason why. Even while he prayed for Tibet, another name kept surfacing in his spirit: Japan. He had no connection to it. But it would not leave.

In May 1997, the Lord spoke to him about it more directly. In June, he went, together with Mae and Rachael, on their first trip to Japan as a family, booking a week-long tour with a guide, just to get a feel for the culture first.

The trip cost fifty-five hundred dollars, and the money came in before he had finished asking for it. Two blessings rode in with it: the airline upgraded them to business class, free of charge, and let Rachael fly free besides, still young enough to travel on her father's lap.

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In 1999, a name arrived to match the calling.

A Japanese pastor was introduced through the prophetic minister; the connection ran through two threads at once. The prophetic minister had once taught at a seminar in India that the pastor had attended. And back home in Japan, the pastor's own pastor happened to be a close friend of the prophetic minister's. Between the two threads, an introduction was made.

Then they got to know the Japanese pastor's wife. What reached them was her desire for a marriage that could thrive, not just survive. Adrian and Mae had not gone looking for this. But once they knew, they were drawn to help. Two people who already believed a marriage could do exactly that.

The plan was simple, and slow.

Once a year, a week at a time, he would fly back to build the relationship.

The first visit was careful. Watching. Learning the shape of a marriage, a culture, a language he did not yet speak. No visible fruit yet. Just the slow work of showing up. The visits that followed went further than the first. Something had shifted, small, but real. The conversations went past politeness. Trust inched forward, the way trust does when it isn't rushed.

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Each trip felt a little less like ministry and a little more like family.

Still, uprooting entirely was different from visiting. Singapore was home, the only one Rachael had ever known, the only one he had ever needed. Japan was a place he still could not read without someone beside him translating not just the words but the silences between them, the pause before a disagreement that meant the disagreement would never be spoken aloud. He was unsure, for a while, whether uprooting them all made sense at all.

Then the invitation to stay, not visit, arrived on its own, without him having to ask for it.

He took it as a sign. Not proof, he had learned the difference by now. But a sign. He was building a ministry for God. A door like that does not open by itself.

He had received a prophecy once: that he was called to restore marriages, called to Japan. At the time, it had been two separate sentences, not yet a plan.

Now here was a man whose own marriage needed restoring. The two sentences folded into one. He took it as a sign. Proof enough that the pieces were connected, and connected on purpose. It was the boldness he needed to keep moving forward, uprooting or not.

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It no longer felt like a relationship being built. It felt like a door opening.

The plan took shape quickly: a bigger place, big enough for both families under one roof, three months' rent and three months' deposit to secure it. The prophetic minister heard about it and sent ten thousand dollars before they had finished making the arrangements.

Then came an invitation that was not for another week-long visit.

Come and stay.

For the first time since the word had been spoken over them, it did not feel like something they were still waiting for.

It felt like it had arrived.

Chapter 20

Why Have You Forsaken Us

They had been to Japan three times before they finally moved.

1999. 2000. Twice more. Scouting. Praying. Letting the call settle from impression into certainty.

July 2001. Certainty became action.

The four-room flat in Yishun was sold. Whatever they could not carry, they let go of.

A flat in Singapore is not just a roof. It is the one appreciating asset most families in the country will ever hold, built on decades of savings locked into it, propped up by a government grant that assumes you will stay. Selling it is not just moving out. It is closing the one door guaranteed to still be open if everything else falls through.

They arrived in Japan to begin the life they had been preparing for since the threshing floor, since the mentors, since the fourteen years of waiting.

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Selling it cost more than the address. Years earlier, buying near her parents had qualified them for a \$50,000 government housing grant, Singapore's way of encouraging young families to live close to home, credited not as cash but into a compulsory savings account, the CPF, Singapore's mandatory social security savings scheme. The condition attached to every such grant is that it must be repaid in full, with accrued interest, the moment the flat is sold. That bill came due now, on top of everything else.

What they did not know then was how long that bill would keep growing. The sale had not covered it in full. The shortfall simply followed them, gathering its own interest year after year. It stands today at more than one hundred thousand dollars, a debt that costs them nothing in cash unless they ever want to buy a new flat built and sold to them directly by the government. A resale flat costs more upfront, priced at whatever the open market will bear rather than a subsidised build cost, but it comes with no such condition attached. For more than twenty years now, resale has simply been the only market open to them.

What followed lasted six weeks. What happened in between is not easily told.

They arrived to move into the place they had planned together: the bigger rented condominium, both families under one roof, the ten thousand dollars covering the three months' rent and the

Naturally Supernatural

three months' deposit exactly as intended. There was a baby in the pastor's house, seven months old. For a while, it held.

Then, in the middle of an argument that had nothing to do with either of them, the pastor said something to Adrian that changed everything. Rachael was a few feet away, playing with the pastor's own daughter, oblivious to it.

He didn't need it explained to know it was a warning sign, not just the words, but what they revealed underneath.

Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaks.
Luke 6:45

It was serious enough that, for a period, he believed their lives were in danger. The rest of the details he has kept private.

Things got difficult from there, even while they kept sharing the same roof. The pastor started going to church on his own, leaving them out of something they had crossed an ocean, sold a flat, and waited three years to be part of.

He was left to figure out Rachael's schooling on his own. When he tried to sit down, man to man, and talk the situation through, the pastor refused. Disagreements were not settled that way in that house. It was the same silence he had once mistaken for patience, the first year he visited. He offered to fund a full year's rental if it meant the relationship, and the three years built toward it, could hold.

Naturally Supernatural

The answer came immediately: no. And with it, the support that had carried them this far was cut off, as suddenly as it had begun.

The call had not changed. The door had closed. These are not the same thing.

They flew back to a country that no longer had a flat with their name on it. What the sale had returned to them was already spoken for, the grant and its accrued interest claimed before a single dollar reached their hands. There was no home to return to. Whatever came next, they would have to find it from nothing.

Six weeks after they had arrived, they were back in Singapore.

His faith did not survive the flight home intact.

Did I hear wrongly? Three years of scouting, of visits, of a plan that had felt so clearly confirmed, how could all of it end in six weeks?

Why, God? Why have You forsaken me and my family?

He did not have an answer.

Chapter 21

The Lowest Valley

It had not been a rushed decision. Three years of praying about Japan came before the six weeks of actually living there.

Uprooting had felt like obedience. Returning, six weeks later, felt like none of it had been real, and worse, it felt like failure with an audience. He had told supporters, family, his own church back home that this was the call. Now he had to walk back into those same rooms and explain why he was home again, six weeks after selling the flat to leave for good. The embarrassment was its own wound, separate from the heartbreak.

There was also the plainer weight of it: no roof waiting for them, a wife recovering, a daughter to house and feed and school, and all of it now his to carry alone. Failure is heavier when two other people are standing inside it with you.

He wanted an answer. Not comfort. An answer. Somebody owed him one.

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The Japanese pastor never responded to a single message. So he wrote instead to the pastor over the Japanese pastor, a Canadian, connected to this whole story long before any of it began, and asked, plainly, for an explanation. He did not come to that email looking for sympathy. He came to it overwhelmed with pain and betrayal, wanting someone, anyone, to tell him why.

The Canadian's reply did not explain anything. It asked a question instead.

Were you angry with the Japanese? You are asking the wrong questions, because you may not get the answers.

It took him a while to understand what that meant. He had been asking why, why the door had closed, why three years of building had come to nothing, why God would let him sell everything for a promise that fell apart in six weeks. Those were not questions anyone could answer for him, not even the man who had introduced him to all of it in the first place. The only question that was actually his to answer was a different one.

Then another.

Can you still love the Japanese?

He did not answer that one quickly.

There was a long pause before he could even sit with the question honestly, long enough to feel the full weight of what it

Naturally Supernatural

was asking. Love them, after the words that had revealed what they revealed. After the refusal to talk it through. After the cutoff that came without warning. It was not a small thing to be asked, and he did not pretend, even to himself, that the answer came easily.

That was the question that set him free. Not an answer to why it had happened, but a decision about what he would do now that it had.

It was the lowest valley of his life. He lost trust. He lost supporters who had backed the Japan plan and did not know what to make of its collapse.

He is silent, at times, in the darkest part of the valley. He does not stop walking through it with you.

Chapter 22

Foreigners at Home

Six weeks after leaving, they were back on familiar ground. Familiar ground was the strangest place to feel lost. There was no roof waiting for them this time, only the start of something new: a season of renting, one address after another, with no idea yet how many addresses there would be. The Lord was their cornerstone. Everything else, for a while, would have to be borrowed.

It would be years before someone decided, out of nowhere, to bless them with a house of their own to keep. That story comes later. This one starts with nothing but the ground itself.

They had sold the one thing that makes a country feel like yours instead of just a place you are passing through, and what was left, for a while, felt like being a foreigner in the country they had grown up in. The old flat, and the ten-dollar meals it once made room for, were not a place they could go back to for comfort anymore. It was just a memory of a life that had already moved on without them.

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The ministry had not disappeared. Only some of its supporters had, uncertain what to make of a plan that had just visibly failed. There was no house waiting for them anymore. But the Father's house was always open, so he returned to church instead.

His first church, the Yishun branch specifically, since that was where they were living then, the same one that had known him before Japan, before the flat, before any of it. A five-hundred-dollar love gift arrived without being asked for, along with something harder to put a number on: people willing to let him serve again, in small ways, while he found his footing.

Six months in, a friend had just moved out of a five-room HDB flat on Rangoon Road and was waiting for it to sell, bigger, by a room, than the four-room flat they had sold to leave for Japan in the first place. They were able to stay there for free, only because the flat sat empty in the meantime. It came furnished with almost nothing of their own: second-hand chairs, a second-hand table. The prophetic minister gave them a television, one more gift arriving before it was asked for, a pattern familiar enough by now to no longer surprise him.

Six months was all it was ever going to be. Once the flat sold, they would be forced to rent a place of their own again.

Strangely, renting cost more that year than a private condominium would have.

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There was a younger version of him who once wrote out a checklist with a condominium on it, one of the 5Cs, a mark of having arrived. That version of himself could never have imagined it would come true this way: not as a trophy, but as the cheaper option. They began the slow cycle of renting one condominium after another. Not because they had finally made it, but because it cost less than the flat they had once thought was the modest choice.

Our God does have His sense of humour.

Rachael had no new toys that year. She built her own out of cardboard, and did not seem to notice what was missing.

A senior pastor, hearing from God rather than from either of them, was moved enough to start sending three hundred dollars a month, unprompted.

"I don't know what you are doing," he told him, "but I know you are trying your best to serve God."

He believed in him. Not in the plan, which had just visibly failed, but in the man himself. It landed as encouragement precisely because it did not ask for an explanation.

During the waiting, one instruction stayed with him: never use appearance to ask for anything. Not the clothes, not the lifestyle, not the look of need. If God moved someone to give, it would not be because they had dressed like they were struggling.

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They lived on ten dollars a day, and kept fifty dollars aside each month, enough for one date once a month, so the marriage did not become another casualty of the season.

Money was thinner than it had been in years, and most of the ministry supporters who had backed Japan did not come back. But the thinness pressed the three of them together rather than apart.

Through that valley, God would go on to use them to bless a long line of other missionaries. Men fail. God does not.

What Japan had been meant to build in a rented house with another family, poverty finished building in a flat on Rangoon Road with just the three of them.

They had felt, that first year, like foreigners in the only country they had ever called home. It took a while to understand: the feeling was accurate. Their citizenship, all along, had been somewhere else.

Chapter 23

Old Enough to See

By 2003, Rachael was old enough to notice.

She wanted to learn rollerblading, badly enough to ask, even though there was no money for lessons. The same day she asked, a friend of Adrian's called, unprompted, offering to sponsor lessons for her, so she could learn alongside her own daughter.

Rachael did not need it explained to her. She was old enough now to see it herself, and she counted it as one of her own.

Underneath these small provisions sat a harder question. More than once, he wanted to simply go and find work, steady work, the ordinary kind, instead of waiting on gifts that arrived on their own schedule.

The answer he kept coming back to was not really an answer. It was a bird.

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*Look at the birds of the air; they do not sow or reap or store away in barns,
and yet your heavenly Father feeds them.*

Matthew 6:26

The same God who had said, before anything else, *in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth* (Genesis 1:1), was not a God who ran out partway through a story. If He could make a world from nothing, He could keep three people fed inside it.

He stayed. He waited.

In 2004, a new place was offered: a condominium, five hundred dollars a month instead of the twelve hundred they had been paying, on the condition that they share the home with the owner's elderly parents.

They stayed two years. It was the kind of relief that does not announce itself as a miracle at the time, only afterwards, once the maths is done.

Rachael wanted a bicycle next. The elderly parents they stayed with simply decided to buy her one, no story about how word had reached them, no explanation offered. Within days, a brand-new bicycle arrived.

Across from the condo, an elderly couple, hearing their story, offered to tutor Rachael for free.

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Rachael was collecting a different kind of evidence now, one small provision at a time. She did not yet have the words to fully explain it. She only knew that it kept happening.

Years later, she would say she'd had a front-row seat to all of it.

Chapter 24

The Unknown Giver

2005. A group of Christian friends from OMF invited them on a ten-day prayer trip to Japan.

OMF traces back to Hudson Taylor's China Inland Mission, founded in 1865. When China closed to foreign missionaries in the early 1950s, the organisation redirected its work across the rest of East Asia, taking the name Overseas Missionary Fellowship in 1964, eventually headquartered in Singapore.

It was this group that stirred their hearts, a burden for the country neither of them had ever fully set down, not since the scouting trips, not since the pastor, not since any of it.

September. Hokkaido.

On the bullet train, partway through those ten days, a thought arrived that he could not quite call his own: this is how you reach the whole of Japan. Not one city. Not one season. The whole nation, station by station.

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He had only meant to pray from Hokkaido to Okinawa, the same simple shape as the trip he was already on, and come home. Now a larger assignment had landed on him mid-journey, three weeks in November, praying across the whole of Hokkaido, properly. He did the arithmetic. Ten thousand dollars.

Whoever heard the plan said the same thing: How? The OMF friends who had brought them on the first trip pushed back hardest; November meant snow across parts of the route, and snow meant the plan made even less sense than it already did.

He took the question back to Singapore. He and Mae fasted two weeks, not to convince God, but to find out what God had already decided. At the end of it, they booked the ticket for the sixteenth of November, the cheaper week. Two thousand dollars had come in, meant originally to cover a shortfall from an earlier trip that September. Eight thousand had not.

They booked anyway.

The night before the flight, he called a friend who kept his mail; he had moved too many times to have a fixed address of his own.

Two envelopes. No names on either. Two cheques: five thousand dollars, ten thousand dollars.

More than the trip needed. On the night before it needed it.

Naturally Supernatural

And my God will meet all your needs according to the riches of his glory in

Christ Jesus.

Philippians 4:19

One cheque came from a woman who had never met them. She had only read about the ministry in a newsletter, and knew, one ordinary morning, that she was meant to give.

She gave ten thousand dollars a year for the next five years. Not because she was told the plan. Because she was told nothing, and gave anyway, and the giving matched the plan exactly. One trip's cost. Every year. For exactly as many years as the assignment required.

"My first response," Mae said later, of that night, "I cried. I really experienced God's providence. I knew He truly cared and wanted us to go."

They kept the rhythm for five years, Hokkaido to Okinawa, every prefecture, booking before the money cleared, year after year, until the giving stopped as quietly as it had begun.

They learned, much later, that she was a doctor, living and working in Africa, transferring money into a Singapore account whenever the prompting came. She never knew the shape of the vision she was funding. She only knew she was supposed to give.

Naturally Supernatural

That is what sustaining looks like when it actually happens. Not a single rescue. A rhythm, five years long, exactly as long as the assignment required, carried by a stranger who only ever knew she was supposed to give. He had given the vision. He was always going to provide the provision.

Chapter 25

An Hour a Day

2006. A friend needed to move back into the place they had been renting, so they had to leave. Rent on the next place: fourteen hundred and fifty dollars a month, one more number to somehow account for.

Around the same time, on a visit to a church in Osaka, someone introduced them to a woman there. God had told her to meet them, she said. They sat together at a hot spring and said almost nothing to each other the entire time. It did not need words yet.

A year later, the same year they needed to move, she came to Singapore to find them. She wanted a pair of shoes. They took her to Bugis first, one of the shopping districts near the city centre, the kind of place with brand names and prices to match. She looked at the shoes there and called them too expensive, even though, by most measures, they were not. So they went instead to Toa Payoh, one of Singapore's older heartland estates, unglamorous, built for ordinary families rather than anyone

Naturally Supernatural

trying to impress anyone. She found a pair there she was comfortable paying for.

It said something about how she saw money, and how little she expected out of life for herself. She was not poor. She simply did not reach for more than she needed, which was exactly what made her generosity, when it came, land as heavily as it did.

During a time of prayer at their home, he gave her a word. Before she left for the airport, she handed him sixteen hundred dollars, cash. The friend who had brought her gave another eight hundred. Together, it covered the exact gap the higher rent had opened up. She was not, by her own account, financially strong. She gave anyway.

Around the same season, one supporter quietly stopped giving a thousand dollars a month. Another, unconnected to the first, began blessing them the same amount by hiring him for work instead of simply giving it.

In 2007, an old friend from church offered to rent them a four-room flat in Serangoon for nine hundred dollars a month, for as long as three years. God had moved her heart, she said, and that was the whole of her explanation.

Three years later, in 2010, the arrangement changed. She had promised not to raise the rent, but now she wanted to sell the flat instead. The rental market outside had climbed steeply in the

Naturally Supernatural

meantime. He prayed an hour a day for that house, not eloquently, just steadily, the way you keep at something you cannot control by any other means.

The breakthrough, when it came, arrived sideways. He had left one church for another around this time. At the new church, he was introduced to a member he took to be a property agent, and asked her for help finding a place. She wasn't one, but she mentioned their need to a friend of hers, a young man he recognised: someone from his first church, back when he himself had been a youth worker there. That friend later said God had put it on his heart to help. He committed to cover half the rent and connected them to the agent who would actually find the next place.

Small things kept arriving alongside the large one. He needed new glasses and had no money for them; a friend who had just made a five-thousand-dollar profit blessed him with the cost. The same week, another friend, who owned a spectacles shop, gave them three pairs, free. A different woman, hearing the story, took them to yet another shop for transition lenses, and to buy new clothes besides.

The hour a day had not been wasted, even in the years it seemed to change nothing. That same year, he began teaching in Hanoi. A door that had been waiting a long time finally opened.

Chapter 26

From the Same Pocket

He believed something specific about seasons like this one, and it shaped how easily both the giving and the receiving came to him.

Galatians said it plainly: those who walk by faith are heirs to the same promise made to Abraham, blessed, so that they could be a blessing. It was never a promise of comfort. It carried a direction built into it. Whoever found themselves in a position of strength, financial, practical, spiritual, whatever shape the strength happened to take that season, inherited the responsibility that came with it: to uplift, to protect, to give generously, the moment the opportunity showed up. He read these five years through that lens, on both sides of the transaction, sometimes within the same month.

2011. They moved to Far Horizon condo in March. Rent: twenty-eight hundred dollars. The same businessman from the new church, the young man he had once known years earlier,

Naturally Supernatural

from his own youth work back in his first church, still in a season of strength of his own, felt the pull of that same mandate and committed fifteen hundred dollars of it every month.

The move needed eleven thousand two hundred dollars up front. Don't worry, he told them. He would cover it, and did, in full, from April through June. After that, he said, it would depend on how his own business was doing.

For a year and a half, it depended on how his business was doing. Texting a grown man every month to ask whether the money was coming was its own kind of humbling. It came, most months. One pocket, doing exactly what it had promised, and no more.

Another friend, who ran a facial shop at the time, also felt moved to give a portion of her profits as a tithe. In faith and obedience, she set aside \$1,000 every month for almost three years.

The businessman's season of strength did not last. He had promised them three years. In 2012, just one year in, he called and asked them to move out. He offered what he could in the transition, an empty house with two ceiling fans thrown in as a gift, but the notice was sudden and the move was not what any of them had planned.

Naturally Supernatural

Were you angry? I asked. No, they said. He had blessed what he could, for as long as he could. The inheritance was never about a giver's consistency. It was about whether he moved when the strength was actually his to give.

The pattern held even in his failing. An old acquaintance, hearing they had moved into an empty house, offered his old furniture, then called back to say it wasn't suitable after all, and gave them three thousand dollars instead. A different pocket, arriving exactly when the first one had come up short.

By 2013, they had moved again, to a condo in Sembawang. The rent was high. Around that same time, a friend approached Mae with an offer: a school coordinator role, three days a week, a thousand dollars a month. She did not go looking for it. It came to her. That income carried them through the ten months they were there.

From Sembawang, they moved into a five-room flat that cost them nothing. A friend who had been quietly wanting to bless a missionary family below market rate asked what Adrian's ministry work looked like, accepted that there was no list to give him, and renewed the arrangement twice over four years.

The same mandate reached them from further away that year. He had begun teaching at YWAM in Thailand, and a couple from Switzerland, sitting through his classes without saying much of anything, wrote to him six months later, moved, they

Naturally Supernatural

said, by what they had learned, and transferred twelve thousand dollars, enough to cover that year's shortfall and the one 2012 had left behind. A man from Norway in the same room committed three hundred dollars a month for the next three years.

By 2015, the woman who had funded five years of Japan trips sent her final gift: twenty thousand dollars, spent, like everything before it, on the next mission trip rather than saved.

They had absorbed the mandate deeply enough by then to pass it on without thinking twice: covering their own airfare, feeding team leaders, giving away their own phones to missionaries who needed one more. In Beijing, learning that some students were missing lessons to cook for visiting guests, he simply paid for the meals himself, out of the same kind of blessing that had been covering his own rent.

People assumed, watching from outside, that they must have been wealthy. It was not wealth. It was the mandate working exactly as it was meant to, passing through whichever pocket happened to be in a season of strength, in whichever direction the need was pointing that month.

Chapter 27

The First Night

There would come a night, years from this one, when the only thing that mattered in the world was a set of keys that were finally, permanently theirs. This is the story of everything that had to happen first.

2016. A friend who ran a Christian tour company offered to hire him, a thousand dollars a month, steady, for someone who already travelled as much as he did. Three months in, he felt convicted that this was not what he had been called to. A regular income, however modest, was still a regular income. He let it go, to trust instead.

By 2018, they had to move again. A friend from their small group challenged him: get a flat of your own. But the numbers did not work. The HDB loan was not approved. They were short seventy thousand dollars.

They went back to praying.

Naturally Supernatural

One idea on the table was an interest-free loan. He was uneasy about it. Once you have debt, you lose your authority. But a friend proposed a manageable shape for it: five hundred dollars a month, for as long as it took.

In the end, one friend offered to loan them the whole seventy thousand outright, thirty-five of it a gift, the rest structured as the five-hundred-a-month repayment, agreeable to both of them. Separately, another old friend, the same circle that had supported them years earlier, back when they first stepped out in faith, a friendship that had gone quiet but never once questioned them, reached out without warning and gave forty thousand dollars. What was left over after the flat went into renovating it: new portions in the kitchen, an old blue cabinet finally torn out.

For eighteen years, they had been packing up and moving somewhere new every two or three years. This was the night. A set of keys, finally, that belonged to no one else's timeline but their own. On the first night in a flat that was finally, permanently theirs, that was the thing they kept coming back to. Not the house itself but not having to do this again.

Fourteen rentals in eighteen years, and then, without warning, none. It was not a bigger miracle than any of the others that had carried them this far. It was simply the last one, the one that meant they would never again have to wonder where the next address would be.

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Saving, for the first time, became something they could actually start.

It would, in time, become theirs fully, paid off outright, the kind of ownership most Singaporeans spend a working lifetime tied to a mortgage to reach. He had not drawn a regular salary since the insurance career he left behind, decades earlier, for this. By any ordinary accounting, it should not have been possible.

In 2021, someone he barely knew wrote to say his name had come to mind while they were praying. Two thousand five hundred dollars followed.

The keys stayed the same after that. Whatever else moved through their hands, that one thing, finally, did not.

Chapter 28

From the Front Row

Around 2016, he felt the Lord press him toward something else: bring Rachael along. Let her see, firsthand, what her parents had actually been doing all these years. Let her meet God on her own terms, not through theirs.

In 2017, Rachael finished polytechnic, and they made a leap of faith of their own: a full year spent travelling to mission fields instead of straight into a job. The Philippines. Taiwan. Vietnam. Madagascar. Mauritius. Worcester, in South Africa. Brazil. Israel, at the end. Fifty thousand dollars, spent without going into debt once.

The Lord provided.

In the Philippines, while he ministered to the adults, someone asked whether Rachael might minister to the youth instead. She agreed. It was the first of several doors that opened to her that year, a chance to see, directly, how missionary families actually

Naturally Supernatural

live by faith, something no one gets to witness second-hand in Singapore.

In Israel, near the end of the trip, during a church service built into the tour itinerary, something shifted in her. At the altar call, she was the first to walk down.

On the flight home, her parents asked if she knew what she was doing. She said yes.

Her own account of that year, what it actually felt like from the inside to stop watching someone else's faith and start living her own, appears later in this book, in her own words.

Chapter 29

Room, Not Stage

A Wednesday Bible study started in 2021, a small discipleship group that began with a married couple blessed through one of their marriage seminars, and grew from there. Two of the men in that first group committed a thousand dollars every quarter between them, a standing love offering that has not stopped since.

The room filled the way these things do when no one is recruiting for it: bankers next to educators, designers next to students, some already deep in their own churches, some without one at all. Different denominations, different seasons of life, all of them arriving for the same reason. Not because they had been assigned to a group, but because they were hungry, and someone had opened a door.

What made the room unusual was not the mix of people. It was what the mix of people was allowed to do. Questions were not just permitted, they were expected. Someone from one tradition

Naturally Supernatural

would push back on a point someone from another had just made, and both would be pressed to show where in Scripture they stood, not which church had taught them to think that way. It was, more than once, a real disagreement, not a polite one, carried out over dessert, between people who would still be sitting in the same room the following Wednesday.

Nobody's home church got the final word. The text did. And the room never measured itself by who had argued best. It measured itself by whether a life, months later, looked different than it had before.

The room did not look like a pulpit. It looked like a living room on a Wednesday night, with dessert on the table and people still in their work clothes. He did not preach at them. He opened Scripture and let it do what it does, not performance, but exposure: the text doing to the room what it had once done to him, alone, in a season no one was watching.

It was not a stage. It was a teacher, in a room, opening a book older than any of them, for people who kept coming back for more of it.

Chapter 30

What She Taught Them

In 2022, they lost a friend. She and her husband were the first couple, in fact, they had ever done premarital counselling with, years before either of them had any formal training for it. She had quietly supported them three hundred dollars a month ever since, out of a three-room flat of her own, and blessed Mac constantly with small gifts besides.

She was also, though these pages have never named her, the one who first put pen to this very book, three or four pages, by her own hand, before the illness made finishing it impossible. Everything you are reading now started with her.

She had lived for years with lupus, an autoimmune disease in which the body's own immune system turns against its healthy tissue, causing pain, fatigue, and damage that can flare without warning and rarely follows a predictable course. Her faithfulness through it had nothing to do with what the disease took from her and everything to do with what she chose to keep giving anyway. Her husband did not know how to care for someone

Naturally Supernatural

living with a condition like that, and when she was first diagnosed, still reeling from the news and unable to look after herself, Adrian and Mae took her in for two nights. Two rooms, barely enough space for it, all they could offer in that first disorienting stretch. Her final days, years later, were spent in hospice care.

It was not the first time serving her had felt like the smaller half of the exchange. Resilience, they learned from her, and faithfulness, the same two things they would go on to teach every couple who sat across from them, years before either had a name for it. Faithfulness, lived out that closely, teaches things no sermon can, not by being explained, but by being watched. Sometimes the blessing runs the other direction: not what you give to someone, but what their life quietly gives back to yours. That is its own kind of supernatural, dressed as something entirely ordinary: a woman with an illness, three hundred dollars, and a habit of showing up.

A week after she passed, another friend wrote to say the Lord had put it on her heart to give three hundred dollars a month, for as long as she was working. The gap their friend's death had left closed almost immediately.

Paul, too, once raised funds for other churches. The pattern was older than any of them.

Naturally Supernatural

Today, they are marriage mentors to many. A season neither of them could have named back when the prophecy first came. Called to restore marriages, called to Japan: two sentences he had carried for years before he understood what either one meant. Japan had been the harder door, and it had closed. This one, quieter and closer to home, never did.

Their hindsight became their foresight. The accident. The collapse. The years of moving. The friend they buried. All of it became material God used to minister to someone else's marriage instead of only their own.

Many of the couples who sat across from them arrived barely surviving and left, months or years later, actually thriving. Some of those same couples went on to become mentors themselves, carrying the work forward to marriages neither of them would ever personally meet.

What they taught, at the centre of it, was not complicated: marriage as God had originally intended it, husband and wife each given a role to grow into rather than a rank to defend. It was the same lesson the two of them had spent thirty years learning the hard way, now handed to someone else before it cost them quite as much.

Things, slowly, have got better.

What she taught them stayed longer than she did.

Naturally Supernatural

In 2019, they became certified PREPARE/ENRICH facilitators, one more room added to the work. It is through this that Jeff and I got to know both of them, neither of us aware yet of what we were walking into.

Their calling, it turned out, was already reaching further than either of them could see, the same way something else they had made, years earlier, was still quietly finding its way into hands they would never trace.

Chapter 31

Farther Than He Knew

Years earlier, in a season he could barely remember the specifics of, he had written a book.

God Intended Intimacy, a small work on marriage. It began, like so much else in his life, with a word he had not asked for: in 1998, on assignment in Tibet, the prophetic minister told him God would use him to bring healing and restoration to many families and marriages. Two years later, in 2000, he sat down to write it, not alone. He wrote it with someone else, the two of them working through the Song of Solomon together first, page by page, to equip themselves for what they were about to put into words.

He had not written it to become known. He had written it because he believed what it said.

The book found its way into Vietnamese early on, translated deliberately, not by accident, a decision made in those same years, so that it could reach further than English alone would

Naturally Supernatural

carry it. He and Mae paid for the printing themselves, not for profit, simply to bless whoever might read it. Even so, exactly which hands it would eventually reach, and what it would open, was never something either of them could have planned.

A young YWAM worker in Hanoi contacted him. He had read the book. He wanted to know: could the author come and teach?

He could not explain how the book had reached this particular pastor, out of everyone it might have reached. It had simply arrived, the way a specific answer sometimes arrives inside a general act of faith.

He went. He taught.

And the ministry that had been forming in the quiet, in the prayer meetings and the lean years and the \$10 economy, finally had a name and a room and people sitting in it, waiting to hear.

The call to bring the Word to many nations, he had believed it since Tibet. Now he was living it.

He had known, all along, that he was writing something. He had never known how far it would go.

One door led to another. That young man was the one who first opened YWAM to him, the same organisation whose Thailand classrooms he would go on to teach in, where two strangers in

Naturally Supernatural

the back of a room would change the shape of an entire year's finances without either of them knowing it yet. A book he had written with his whole heart kept resurfacing in places he had never sent it, opening rooms he had never asked to enter. Then came a door no one saw coming, for anyone.

2020. A pandemic reached nearly every country at once, in a way almost nothing in living memory had. People lost their jobs. People lost each other, some to distance, some, quietly, to the virus itself. For a stretch, the world simply stopped moving.

And yet, even then, the blessing did not stop.

A couple with three biological children, one adopted and one fostered, a full five-room flat, partitioned to fit them all, told them they had been praying about who to bless, and felt they had their answer. Twenty thousand dollars, right as most of their other supporters were going quiet under the weight of the pandemic.

Separately, a message arrived on Messenger from someone he barely remembered. A young man from a season, years earlier, when he had worked as a youth leader at a different church. He almost dismissed it as a scam. The messages kept coming. The man explained: he had drifted from his faith after losing touch with them, found his way back, searched for him on Facebook, and started reading his blog. Something planted decades earlier had finally taken root. He was a COO in Dubai now. He sent

Naturally Supernatural

ten thousand dollars, a little at a time, a thousand dollars a day, the most his transfer limit allowed, until the whole amount had cleared.

The world was losing everything it thought it could count on. Somehow, they were not.

He had written a book once, without knowing what it would become. He was still, without realising it, writing the same one, one unexpected door, one unlikely gift, one chapter at a time.

Naturally

A Man of His Word

Mae - Wife

The house Mae grew up in had a particular quiet to it. Not the quiet of peace, but the quiet of two people who had stopped reaching for each other, still living under the same roof. Mae was seven when she first noticed it. Her mother worked. Her brothers were ten years older and lived in a world she couldn't yet reach. She learned early what most children take years to understand: that the people who love you are not always there, even when they are in the next room, and that the gap they leave has to be filled by someone.

She filled it herself. Quietly, without being asked.

Her mother had one piece of wisdom she returned to often, shaped by her own experience of a marriage that stayed together in name and grew distant in nearly everything else. Men, she said, could not be trusted. Mae heard it. She didn't argue. She

Naturally Supernatural

filed it somewhere deep, in the part of herself that was still deciding what kind of life she would build.

She didn't know yet that the whole of her life would be the answer to that sentence.

Her father provided money whenever she needed it, a practical, distant kind of care. Her mother worked, and somewhere in the gap between an absent father figure and a mother navigating her own survival, Mae learned to be easygoing. There was no discipline in the house, no cane, no real boundary testing. She could do largely as she pleased. It was not freedom exactly. It was a kind of unsupervised growing up that left her, by her own account, without a particular struggle around trust, not because trust had been proven safe, but because no one had ever required her to extend it in the first place.

When Mae was sixteen, her mother had a stroke, half paralysed, the household's centre of gravity gone overnight. Mae learned, faster than a sixteen-year-old should have to, what it meant to manage a home, market for groceries, take on the weight of responsibility that should have still belonged to an adult. Her mother would live with the aftermath for decades, eventually succumbing to dementia in old age, passing in 2023. Her father had his own stroke at eighty and died in 2020, when Mae was fifty; the relationship between them never quite closed the distance that had opened when she was seven.

Naturally Supernatural

She knew God from primary school, but only as a religion, something practised rather than encountered. Her father was Catholic. Her mother was a free thinker. Faith was ambient in the house, present the way furniture is present, rarely examined, easily set aside. It was not unusual, growing up this way. Singaporean offices and classrooms have rarely organised themselves around a single faith, and her own colleagues in later years would turn out to be Buddhist, Muslim, Christian, Hindu, or nothing in particular, all sharing the same lunch table without it ever becoming a subject. Mae grew up inside that same easy plurality. Faith was simply one more private matter among many, no more pressed upon her than anyone else's.

She wanted, as a young woman, to fly. Literally, she pursued becoming an air stewardess, made it through the interviews, carried the dream seriously enough to chase it past O levels. Her father stopped her. She did not fight it, at least not visibly. She pivoted instead to a secretarial course, eventually working under a manager at Prudential.

That is where she met him.

Two to three years passed before she left Prudential. A year after that, she and he were married. When she tries to name what drew her to him, the words she reaches for are not romantic in the conventional sense. Assurance. Stability. A man of his word. Given everything her mother had taught her about men, that they could not be trusted, that they left, that they were not safe

Naturally Supernatural

to build a life around, the fact that Mae found in him precisely the quality her mother insisted did not exist is not incidental to the story. It is close to the centre of it.

Her mother said men could not be trusted. Mae built her entire life on the discovery that one could.

Her own encounter with God did not arrive through anyone's persuasion. There was no nagging, no campaign to bring her to faith. She describes it instead as something that happened while serving full-time in church, deepened through an accident in Australia where she experienced God's healing directly, pain on her face, and in the middle of that pain, a sensing of His presence as she prayed, asking simply whether they should continue. Watching his life unfold in front of her, year after year, did more to draw her toward God than any conversation ever could have. God did the work. She just had to be paying attention, and she was.

Through the long financial seasons, the ten-dollar days, the years of uncertain provision, Mae often did not know the full extent of what they were facing. He made a quiet decision to protect her from it, telling her only what they could or could not afford in the moment, never burdening her with the complete shape of the gap. She always had fifty dollars in her wallet. She learned, in that protected place, to be content with what she had, not because she was shielded from all difficulty, but because she had more than enough, never truly lacking, with God consistently

Naturally Supernatural

raising up people to bless her with more than she would have thought to ask for.

What drew her back to church, before she ever invited him, was nothing more complicated than a pure heart that wanted to be a Christian. Not a crisis. Not a dramatic turning point. A simple, sincere wanting, which she followed quietly until it became conviction.

When he first told her he felt called to leave his career for full-time ministry, the timeline overlapped naturally with her own life. She was already serving as a full-time ministry secretary in their church while he worked at Prudential, and the two of them had already begun taking mission trips together before the larger decision came. Her parents, when they learned of the path their daughter's marriage was taking, were not particularly bothered. There was no dramatic confrontation, no ultimatum to overcome.

The first year or two of marriage was genuinely difficult, as most marriages are, in that early season of two lives learning to move as one. They held to a single working principle that carried them through: resolve everything before the day ends. He read widely, constantly, and Mae came to understand something about leadership in those early years that she has held onto since: that giving a wife emotional stability is not a peripheral part of a husband's role. It is close to the centre of it.

Naturally

Front Row Seats

Rachael - Daughter

My parents never asked me if I wanted to believe. I want to be clear: that is not a complaint. It is simply the truth of growing up in a house where faith was not a topic of discussion. It was the air inside the walls.

From my earliest years, I had what I can only describe as front row seats to their life. I watched my father pray before every meal, before every journey, before every decision that most Singaporean fathers would have run through a spreadsheet. I watched him open his Bible every morning. Not to prepare something for others, but simply because he needed it for himself. I watched my mother trust in ways I could not yet understand, a trust that had no spreadsheet, no backup plan, no CPF to fall back on. I heard stories of provision: envelopes of money that appeared on desks, strangers who called at the right moment, a God who seemed to know about needs before they were spoken aloud.

Naturally Supernatural

But I want to tell you the honest version, not the version that sounds like a testimony given at the front of a church, but the version that includes the part where my school friends thought we were rich.

In Singapore, the arithmetic of other people's assumptions is very specific. We made regular trips to Japan when I was young, twenty-one days at a stretch, pulled out of school slightly before the holidays began, my teachers and classmates watching me leave again. The conclusion my peers drew was the only one available to them: wah, your family very rich ah. I would smile, or say nooooo, or give a short answer that explained nothing, because I had learned early that the full explanation: my father writes ministry newsletters, we live by faith, a woman we have never met who reads those newsletters sometimes sends money for our flights, was not an answer that fit into a school corridor conversation.

When I was young, I did not feel the need to explain myself. I genuinely believed people simply would not understand. But as I moved through secondary school and polytechnic, and as I began hosting friends at home, the questions came more often and more directly. The why and how of our life, how we survived, without a regular income, what my father actually did, what my mother's days looked like, were questions I sometimes wished would not be asked. Not because I was ashamed. But because the honest answers were hard to give to people who did not yet have the framework to receive them.

Naturally Supernatural

Once, a polytechnic friend went further than most. He suggested, not gently, that my father might be lying, that behind the newsletters and the prayers and the mission trips there was perhaps a stock portfolio we were concealing. I remember the heat of that moment. I remember defending my parents with a certainty I did not know I had. Not because I had been coached to, but because I had seen everything firsthand. I had been in the room. I had lived inside the provision. I knew what was true.

That argument lasted a day or two. We resolved it. We are still friends now. But I have never forgotten what it felt like to be the one person in the room who had witnessed something, and to have no language that could carry it across to someone who had not.

Life as a missionary child in Singapore is a particular kind of in-between. You move house regularly. I have lived in different parts of this island, in different kinds of housing, more times than most of my peers have moved in their entire lives. I do not remember being afraid of this. My parents' response to uncertainty was always to pray, and somehow, things always worked out. God always provided. I say this not as a platitude but as a simple report of what happened. That pattern, repeated across my childhood, created something in me: not blind optimism, but a quiet, practised expectation that the next chapter would also be taken care of.

Naturally Supernatural

I made my personal decision to follow God and was baptised at twelve. I tell you this not to mark it as the moment everything changed, twelve is young, and I had not yet been tested, but because it was the beginning of something that was becoming mine, rather than simply inherited. The faith I had observed from the front row was slowly, quietly, asking to be claimed.

When I finished polytechnic in 2017, my parents asked me to take a gap year. Not the kind of gap year that most twenty-one-year-olds in Singapore take, not a European Interrail pass or a language course in preparation for a career pivot. They asked me to spend a year travelling to the mission fields: the Philippines, Taiwan, Vietnam, Madagascar, Mauritius, South Africa, Brazil, and finally Israel. Eight countries. Approximately \$50,000 spent across the year. No credit card. The Lord would provide.

And He did. Daily manna, I would come to call it. Not as a metaphor, but as an accurate description of what the year looked like on the ground.

South Africa hit me the hardest. We stayed at a YWAM base in Worcester, and for the first time in my life I was surrounded by young people my age who understood, without explanation, everything I had spent years struggling to articulate to my Singaporean peers. The students at that base had grown up in the same in-between I had, between cultures, between countries, between a conventional life and a calling that did not fit on a

Naturally Supernatural

resume. I did not have to explain myself. I did not have to convert them to the framework. They already lived inside it.

During our time there, a prophetic word was released over my life from Isaiah 49. I will not reproduce it in full here. Some things are too particular to be generalised, but I will say that it brought a comfort and a reassurance I had not known I needed. The year 2017 to 2018 was a season in which I was actively seeking God for direction, feeling him challenge me to go deeper, to seek him more seriously. I had not told my parents any of this. I was learning, for the first time, that my faith had to be navigated in private before it could be declared in public.

In the Philippines, someone asked if I could minister to the youths while my father ministered to the adults. I said yes before I had fully decided to. I spent the night before typing notes into my phone. I do not remember what I said. I remember walking into a small, cosy room, sofas, a few stools, a small group of young faces looking up. I remember the feeling of having something to offer — not because I was my father's daughter, but because God had given me something of my own. My parents were sitting in that session. It may have been the first time they heard me speak in that way. I think I felt, afterwards, what I can only describe as accomplished. Small and terrified and accomplished, all at once.

Naturally Supernatural

That moment in the Philippines was the first time I acted in my own faith. Not inherited faith. Not my parents' faith on loan. Something that was beginning, slowly, to belong to me.

During the message, I knew that if there was an altar call, I was not going to miss it. I was brought up in an unconventional lifestyle. My faith journey was lonely and different. And I knew there was something more that the Lord had designed for me. I didn't want to live off my parents' faith journey any longer.

Israel was last. We were on a tour package, the kind that moves through holy sites at the pace of a schedule and somewhere in that itinerary was a church service led by a visiting pastor. He was preaching through 1 Thessalonians. He read from the first chapter: verses five to ten. He spoke about the transformation of faith. About being a model to all believers. About what it means to live transformed.

Then he said something I wrote down: there is a call to be singular, to be different and alone, one that we grasp hold of when we put our faith and trust in following Jesus.

I had grown up singular. I had grown up different. I had grown up alone in ways that were hard to explain to the Singaporean friends who thought we were rich, or the polytechnic peer who thought my father might be lying. I had lived inside the in-between for as long as I could remember. And now a man I had never met was standing at the front of a church in Jerusalem

Naturally Supernatural

telling me that the aloneness was not accidental. That there was something in it. That the God who had been watching my parents was also watching me and had been, all along.

When he reached the altar call, I did not deliberate. I went up before I had consciously decided to go up. The moment the call was made, I simply knew. I did not care if the tour bus had to leave. I walked forward. I was the first.

When I stood at the front, I felt the presence of God like intense heat. I do not have a more precise word for it. It felt like I had reached a new level, like a door had opened onto something that had been waiting. The inherited faith of my childhood, the observed faith of all those front row years, was becoming, in that moment, entirely and irrevocably my own.

On the return, my parents asked me: Do you know what you are doing? I heard in that question everything a parent can put into six words: the love, the caution, the quiet hope that what they had lived for had found a home in the person they had raised. I said yes. And I meant it. I was committing to take a step of faith, to answer the call of God upon my life, even if it meant being different, even if it meant embarking on my own walk of discovery rather than simply following the path my parents had already cleared.

I did not want to live off their faith journey any longer. That is not ingratitude. It is the most complete form of gratitude I know

Naturally Supernatural

how to express: that what I watched from the front row was so real, so worth having, that I wanted it for myself.

I am married now, to Joel. We have a daughter, Anna. In mid-2020, I felt the call to step into full-time ministry at our local church to leave a job I loved and step into the unknown. I did not tell my parents I was wrestling with it. I needed it to be between the Lord and me first, the way I had learned in South Africa, the way I had learned in Israel, that the most important conversations happen in private before they are declared in public. Joel was with me through all of it. We prayed together. We sought direction together. We watched God open doors in ways that required no other explanation.

What my parents gave me, and I have thought about this carefully, is not a set of beliefs. Beliefs can be passed down and set aside. What they gave me is harder to name and more durable. They gave me the sight to recognise God's hand when it moves. They gave me the expectation that provision comes. They gave me the practised knowledge of what it looks like when someone trusts God in the dark and comes out the other side still trusting. That is not transferable by instruction. It can only be witnessed. I had front-row seats, for the whole of my childhood, to a life that God was living through two ordinary people who kept saying yes.

Naturally Supernatural

I want Anna to have that. I do not yet know how to give it; every day is still a learning in surrender, but I know what it looks like. I have seen it. I carry it.

If you are reading this and faith feels like something that belongs to your parents, or your grandmother, or the person at the front of your church who seems to have access to a God you cannot quite reach — it is a blessing to have someone else's faith to stand on. But at some point, the faith has to become yours. Ask God to reveal himself to you. Do your part to grow in your personal walk with him. He will meet you where you are. And do not wait until it feels convenient or certain or safe — giving the prime of your life to pursue the heart of God is the best decision you will ever make. You can never find anything that will fully satisfy you, because you can only find true satisfaction in him. Living your life for Jesus is always worth it.

I walked to the front first, in Jerusalem, when I was twenty-one. I had not planned to. I just knew.

That is enough. That has always been enough.

Naturally

The Son Who Came After

Joel – Son-in-Law

I first met Adrian and Mae when I was a teenager, almost eighteen years ago, in church. More than six years ago, after marrying their daughter, I came to know them also as my parents-in-law. Over these years, I have had the privilege of witnessing their lives of faith and prayerful dependence on God up close. Not just in ministry settings, but in the ordinary and unexpected moments of everyday life.

One of those moments happened in Vietnam. We were at a friend's house — not for any formal ministry purpose, just for fellowship. In the course of conversation, we discovered that our friend's mother had problems with her leg and could not walk properly. Without hesitation, Adrian and Mae, together with Rachael, — offered to pray for her. Their willingness to minister in that quiet, unplanned moment, with the same faith they would bring to any pulpit, stayed with me. After the prayer, our friend's mother was able to walk without pain.

Naturally Supernatural

I think many people encounter Adrian and Mae as the teacher and the ministering couple, people of faith, and authority — because that is the context in which most people meet them. But I have also had the privilege of witnessing something fewer people see: the raw, unguarded moments of wrestling and surrender to God in the midst of sickness, of not knowing, of choosing again and again to trust God to carry our family through.

Their faith has never been confined to the walls of a church or expressed only through words. I have seen it in conversations around the dinner table, in seasons of uncertainty, and in a living room in Vietnam where a woman walked out without pain. Their faith is simply part of who they are, as natural as breathing, and just as necessary.

Their story is not just about them. It is a testimony of God's faithfulness in every season, and an invitation to each of us to trust Him with our own journey. To be given an insight into someone's walk of faith is a rare and precious gift. As you read these pages, my prayer is that you will be inspired, challenged, and encouraged to see how God is always at work — in the extraordinary, and in the ordinary moments you almost missed.

Naturally

She Decided Alone

A Friend

In Singapore, the unspoken rule about children is two. Four children, raised alone, on a single income, in one of Asia's most expensive cities, is already an act that defies the city's arithmetic. She had four. She raised them alone. And in 2018, she gave away thirty-five thousand dollars.

This is her account, in her own words. Her name does not appear here, at her own request.

I got to know them in 2013. Our church has a practice of looking out for new visitors during service, and that was how our paths first crossed. What I remember from those early days is a lunch they bought my youngest child and me after service. It was a small thing. But I noticed it. They were very genuine people when it came to offering friendship, intentional in a way that is not common, unhurried in a city that is always hurrying.

Naturally Supernatural

What stood out to me, more than anything else, was their oneness. They were always together. They did everything together, were always in agreement, and were emotionally connected in a way that is rare in any marriage. When one of them teared, the other would tear also.

I had heard the story of how they lost their HDB flat, the home they had owned before Japan, before the years of living by faith in borrowed rooms and rented spaces. They did not speak of it bitterly. But I knew they longed for a home of their own. He mentioned once, almost in passing, that she really wanted that. In that moment, I understood. I wanted to see her wish come true.

So I was the one who first challenged them to pursue the flat. I went through the sums with them. I believed the Lord would provide. And for a time, it seemed the path was opening.

Then the loan was rejected. The shortfall: seventy thousand dollars.

When I heard that number, my first thought was this: it is not exorbitant.

Let me explain what I mean by that. By then, I had been saving diligently for some years. Not because I was wealthy. I was not. I was a single parent with four children in Singapore, which means every dollar is already spoken for twice before it arrives.

Naturally Supernatural

But I had been intentional. I had a discipline with money that had been forged in pain.

There had been years, long and suffocating, — when I had been deep in debt. Not debt I had chosen for myself, but debt I had inherited and chosen to honour. Repaying it had felt like prison. When I finally came out the other side, the gratitude I felt toward God was the kind that changes how you live. I began to save again. And as I saved, I found something shifting in me: a desire to help others who were serving the Lord, with whatever I had.

So when the number arrived, I held it quietly. I did not consult anyone. I had learned, on other occasions when I had sought counsel about giving, that the answer was almost always no. If the decision affected only me, I would not ask.

What I did instead was pray. I kept the amount in my heart for a few days and asked the Lord to confirm it. I have learned to know when a thought is from Him: it stays. It does not drift. The conviction takes root, and the peace does not leave.

The figure did not change. There was no other number. There was only peace.

I decided to bless half the amount outright and offer the remaining half as a manageable monthly loan. Not because I doubted the prompting, but because wisdom is also a form of

Naturally Supernatural

faithfulness. I am a single parent with four children. Every financial decision I make carries their weight as well as mine.

But I knew I had enough. I had checked. And with peace in my heart, and no other amount on my mind, I went ahead.

I cannot fully recall the conversation when I told them. I imagine they were surprised. I imagine they were grateful. What I do remember is the relief, the weight that lifted from their faces — and a quiet knowledge, settled somewhere in my chest, that I had done what I was supposed to do.

Since then, I have gone on to give in larger ways than I once thought I was capable of. I have given to others in financial difficulty, amounts I knew were unlikely to be repaid, and I have learned to give without needing a return. The giving has reduced my dependency on money. It has taught me to give cheerfully. And I have watched the Lord provide for my own family in ways I did not arrange, unexpected, specific, quietly supernatural, for He is no man's debtor.

I am glad I gave. The relief and happiness it brought them is something I cannot put a price on. And looking back now, I feel only this: I have made a wonderful investment. One that pays dividends not in any currency this city trades in, but into eternity.

Naturally Supernatural

If you are reading this and you feel God asking you to act on a number — an amount that seems too large, too risky, too impractical by the logic of your budget — spend some time with Him about it. Ask your questions. Let the conviction either deepen or lift. And if the peace remains and the number holds, give.

More than your money, He desires your heart.

Naturally The Unspoken Sermon in Vietnam

Elisha – Disciple

2009, I was a young Vietnamese minister in Hanoi, preparing to be ordained as a pastor while wrestling with a mess of uncertainties.

I was sick of superficial religious systems. Yet, I was caught in the middle. Newly married, one half of me yearned to live true to God's calling; the other half craved a title and stability to validate myself to the world.

When Adrian arrived in Vietnam, I served as his translator. Standing beside him, I was struck by how different he was from other teachers. He spoke with the true authority of the Spirit, because the Word was lived in his life long before it was spoken from his lips. His words carried the weight of twelve years of absolute surrender, not knowing where tomorrow's meal would

Naturally Supernatural

come from. He spoke with a conviction that pierced my heart: "God calls for surrender, not just service."

That night, I asked Adrian to be my mentor.

Months later, Adrian and his wife, Mae, returned to Vietnam and took my wife and me to Sapa, a mountainous region in the north. We brought our notebooks, convinced we were about to undergo rigorous theological training. Together, Adrian and Mae didn't just mentor me; they poured their lives into both my wife and me as a couple.

Yet, Adrian opened no classroom. The curriculum unfolded with every step.

I watched how Adrian held Mae's hand on the steep mountain paths. In restaurants, he gently pulled out her chair, prioritising his wife over any looming ministry goals. That contrast crushed the traditional, self-centered husband inside me, a man who thought himself great for pastoring a flock, yet demanded that his wife serve him.

For the first time, someone saw right through us. Adrian gently pointed out that my wife and I had "become one" on paper, but were never truly one in heart.

Through Adrian and Mae, theology became flesh. They taught us how to pray, leading me into my very first three-hour continuous prayer. Adrian taught me how to live and give freely,

Naturally Supernatural

untethering generosity from the suffocating grip of a tight budget.

Watching their lives, I learned the ultimate truth: "It is all about obedience, not convenience."

Adrian and Mae were more than teachers to us. They were living a prophetic life, carrying a flesh-and-blood message for my entire generation in Vietnam.

In Sapa that year, not a single line of theology was written in my notebook. But everything about my life, my marriage, and my calling was rebuilt from scratch.

Naturally We Came for Our Weekly Bread

Vinny – Author

"Give us this day our daily bread."

Matthew 6:11

I used to think that verse was just about getting what we needed to survive the day. That changed the first time I joined one of their Wednesday night Bible studies in 2021.

I had known Adrian and Mae for years by then. Had sat across from them in a car on the JB drive, had heard the stories, had watched the provision arrive in ways that defied ordinary explanation. I thought I already understood who they were.

The Wednesday room taught me something the drives had not.

The room itself was ordinary. Bankers. Educators. Designers. Students. People still in their work clothes, arriving straight from

Naturally Supernatural

offices that had nothing to do with Scripture. And yet every one of them kept coming back.

Someone always brought dessert. The rich tiramisu from that place in town. Taiwan ginger tea that others mistook for chocolate bars. Ondeh ondeh, the small green glutinous rice balls filled with palm sugar that burst when bitten into. Silky warm soya beancurd. Nobody assigned it. It simply arrived, week after week, the way provision always seemed to arrive in their story. The ordinary, around which the extraordinary quietly settled.

What struck me was not the teaching itself, though the teaching was unlike anything I had sat under before. It was what happened to me after. I would drive home on a Wednesday night and find that something had shifted. Not dramatically, not with a feeling I could point to, but quietly. The way a room changes when someone opens a window and you only notice it once the air has already moved through.

He never performed. He simply opened the text. And with it, something that had always been in the passage, the Father's heart, patient and specific and not at all what the surface reading had suggested, would emerge, unhurried, and do what it had always been waiting to do.

I came, week after week, because I was hungry. And week after week, there was bread.

Naturally Supernatural

I had read the 1994 prophecy by then. The two handwritten pages in the clear folder. God had called him to be a prophet with the gift of perspective, to look into the situations of people's lives and ministries, to bring understanding to why certain things are happening and why certain things have to wait. Sitting in that room at 8pm, watching a group of people faithfully show up after work, watching him open a text and let it do what it does, the Father's heart emerging from verses we had heard a hundred times and never fully heard: I thought, this is what a prophecy looks like when it finally arrives. Not a stage. A room. Not an audience. Disciples.

Someone once prophesied over him that he would dig deep and relay foundational truths to many people. He has done exactly that. But more than teaching theology, he has shown us, through his own life, through Mae beside him, through everything this book has tried to set down, what kind of Father we actually belong to.

God is not done writing their story. And if you picked up this book, He is probably not done writing yours either.

So I wrote this down. Not just to remember, but hoping others might stumble into the same discovery: our daily bread is not just about getting by. It is love. It is presence. It is the Father's heart, broken, multiplied, and given. One Wednesday at a time.

Epilogue

The Pattern Behind the Miracles

Thirty years is a long time to watch the same thing happen, in different clothes, again and again.

By the time they sat with their own story laid out in full, the threshing ground, the mentors, the fireplace, the fourteen rentals, the cheques that arrived the night before, the strangers who gave without knowing why, a pattern had become visible that neither of them had set out looking for.

It had simply been there the whole time.

The pattern is this:

God does not wait for you to run out. He provides before the need is fully formed, often before the person giving knows what they are providing for. The cheques the night before the flight. The woman in Africa. The couple with the kitchen renovation.

Naturally Supernatural

The friend who wrote, unprompted, the same week another source of support quietly ended. The ditch in Australia, deep enough to cushion them, shallow enough not to drown.

None of them knew. All of them gave.

This is not coincidence repeated thirty times. It is a character.

The second thread:

Obedience always precedes provision. Not always by much. But always before.

He gave the \$500 first. Christmas Island came after.

They booked the ticket first. The cheques came after.

They sold the flat first. The rental appeared after.

The sequence never reversed. Obedience opened the door.

Provision walked through it.

The third:

The provision was always enough. Never excessive. Never more than the assignment required.

Sixteen hundred dollars and eight hundred more, the exact gap a higher rent had opened. Five years of Japan trips. The giving stopped the year the trips stopped. Not a year before. Not a year after.

Naturally Supernatural

God funded the mission, not the missionary.

A fourth thread, quieter than the rest, and slower.

The same patience that funded every rented flat had also been busy with something that took decades, not months, to show its shape. Called to restore marriages, called to Japan. A sentence spoken in 1994, folded into a plan in 2001, and only visible as an answer twenty years after that, in a room full of couples neither of them had met yet when the words were first given.

The provision came fast, most of the time, a cheque the night before, a flat below market, a word in someone's spirit that would not let them alone until they gave. The calling did not. It simply waited, the same way it had waited to be understood in the first place, until the exact shape it was always going to take had finally arrived.

And underneath all of it, the same word, spoken in different forms across thirty years:

I see you.

The \$600 love gift. The fireplace. The rollerblades. The two small marks left on a mother's face instead of none. The home-cooked meals. The flat that came in below market every single time.

Not just meeting needs. Noticing the person behind the need.

Naturally Supernatural

That is the God this book is about.

The you tiao Mae toasted after Rachael was asleep, some nights split in two because one was what there was.

Naturally. Supernaturally. The same hand. Thirty years. Not once withdrawn.

This is the pattern behind the miracles: not extraordinary faith, but an extraordinary God who never stops showing up on time.

They are still walking on water. They have not reached the boat, and by now, they no longer expect to. What sank them once, the fear of running out, the fear of no roof, the fear of an answer that never came, has been replaced by thirty years of a different expectation: that the water will hold, one uncertain step at a time, because the hand beneath it has never once let go.

If you have been asking what it actually looks like to trust a God who asks you to leave the boat, this is what it looks like.

Ordinary days. Real dollars. A hand that was never as far away as the water made it look. Naturally supernatural, for such a time as this.

