

I grew up in a church. I was blessed to have two grandparents who were great Christian examples. When I was in high school, I struggled with some unimportant aspects of who God is. During this period, the church I attended broke apart over very unimportant reasons. The combination of these things led me astray. I began to feel like a fraud in church. Eventually, I quit going because I hated the way I felt after I went.

Years later with a wife and two kids, we had an unfortunate family meltdown. God waited until AFTER I thought I had it in control to corral me in. In what can only be described as the “For Dummies” version of God intervening in my life, I now understand who God is and what is important in my life. I have been blessed with an undeniable knowledge that God IS. The very first church we attended, the very first time I decided to go back was a re-dedication of baptism, a reminder that I was still saved. I am reluctant to share my most intimate God moments but I was the second person at the rail that day. I made it from the back of the church as a guest to the front before I ever knew what I was doing.

From a worldly point of view, I am an extremely fortunate man. I am loved by people. I have three beautiful and healthy daughters. I have an awesome and beautiful wife. Yet my life is still a mess in many ways. God isn't some magic potion. He can do whatever He wants, but poofing your problems away doesn't seem to be the way God works. I pray, I study and I wait for God to do what He wants with my life. I love God and my biggest blessing is knowing that I am saved in spite of the many things I have done.

I strive to walk in humility, knowing that I am both more loved than I can imagine and more rotten than I realize. That's the good news, we're all loved so much more than we can expect, hope or imagine. Never apologize for God, He doesn't apologize for you.

-Chris