

How Did My Faith Happen

I have often said and felt that I walked into a little Methodist Church and found God waiting for me. I was thinking about that today and I thought about all the Christians that had mentored me. There were first and foremost Pastors. Pastors took the time to talk with me about my faith. The Pastor that encouraged me to service, the Pastor that talked with me about leaving home and going away to school, the Pastor that encouraged me to take on responsibility in the church, the Pastor that told me of his life and struggles, the Pastor that made me a better person, the Pastor that was a Yankee fan but we got along anyway, the Pastor that saw what I needed and sent me on the Walk to Emmaus, the Pastor that listened to me when my husband was sick, the Pastor that made sure I was taken care of when I was sick with visits from church members and the church care that I needed, the Pastor that answers my biblical questions. Now some Pastors are named more than once. One special one is named often. But this morning I began thinking of the lay people who had touched my life. Shirley Flanders was one, she took me with her on rides to Port Huron and talked to me about growing up and dealing with boys and temptations. She did this in a conversational way, not lecturing and I looked forward to our rides to Port Huron. I could ask her questions about a Christ like life, and she would answer me. Her time in my life was an important time and I listened to her talks and made it a part of me. Another great influence was Jane Wright. As Chair of SPRC there were a lot of times I had to be the go between from the people in the congregation to the Pastor. She came to me with an issue one day and I told her I would talk with the pastor and return to her. She said that I didn't have to tell her any "results," that she knew I would take care of it. Her words made me feel so good while carrying out a task that was sometimes very difficult and yet needed to be done. Such a simple thing but she gave me confidence that I could solve the problem and I did. One time I was not serving on any committees and was lost but I went up to Noel Potter and asked if I could usher, he asked when I was available, and I became an Usher. He gave me a place to serve, and I loved ushering. I did the same thing with communion, just asked if I could serve and I loved serving until I developed a familial tremor and threw bread everywhere. So many people have helped me with my faith journey, and I know there are more to come, and I am grateful.

I did not go into a church and find God as I thought I would. I found people who would mentor me, use me, inspire me, and show me how faith works and where God is in the church. He resides in each of us and calls us to be the hands and feet of his son here in this place, in this time.

Lord may we each be touched by your love this day. May we be servants to each other. We ask that you be with those that are ill and those that grieve, may your arms enfold them and comfort them. Help us Lord to serve those who need your comfort and your care. May we be your hands and your feet here in this place and reach out to those who seek you. We thank you for our homes, for our food, for the love in our lives, may we share what we have and who we are with your children. In Jesus name we pray. Amen

Grace Epperson