

I grew up in a loving, but basically non-Christian home. When I was in third grade I made a profession of faith and was baptized. My parents, though not opposed to my going to church, were busy with other things in their life and rarely made church attendance a priority. As I grew up in church I encountered people who gave time and energy to teach me during the angst of my tween and teen years.

Fast forward to graduate school and Tempe, Arizona. My Christian walk had become a mix of head knowledge and relative obedience. I had decided that with an adequate amount of theology and hefty dose of self-discipline that I could pretty much feel good about myself. Again, God brought people into my life that spent time with me, befriended me and taught me more about the gospel. Gradually, and somewhat painfully, I began to understand more and more about my need for gospel in my daily life. As one of my favorite authors summarizes: I am more sinful than I ever imagined, but more loved than I ever could have hoped.

In the last few years God seems to have had many lessons to teach me: a better understanding of my sinfulness, the work of Christ on the cross in my behalf, and most recently, loving people. He has repeatedly used people (and given them a seemingly unlimited amount of patience and a healthy sense of humor) to walk with me and teach me about Him. It seems natural and fitting that I try to live my life so that I share life with other people in an effort to point to the love that God has for us.

I never thought of trying to become a deacon – even up until nearly the end of the Deacon Class. However, hearing what the leadership of Church on Mill wants to do with and for the women here gets me excited. The vision of women growing in relationship with the Lord in ways that affect daily life because of sharing life with other Christian women is exactly what I want to encourage.

