

SAMPLE FAITH STORIES FROM OTHER CHURCHES

“Faith” is just a small word but I think it requires time and experience to acquire its full meaning. As a teenager “faith” was a liturgical term. During WWII it became a confusing word. I was a German American Lutheran shooting at German Lutherans. During the post war years, in marrying the girl of my dreams, starting a family and becoming a church leader, my faith grew by leaps and bounds. And now, in these challenging “Golden” years, God continues to guide my life and my faith continues to grow. My faith in God has been the one thing through all these many years that has continued to get better with time!

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Jesus often went up into the mountains to pray. I can really relate to this because I feel God’s presence the most in the midst of God’s mountains, especially in the fall. I stand in awe of the magnificent colors, even while facing the reality that the trees will soon be bare for a period of time. There is always the comfort of knowing the trees will burst forth again with new life in the spring. It reminds me that in life we also go through many changes, with many ups and downs, but never without hope, because God is always present to restore us and bring new life.

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Coming from another religion and needing a church home was my motivation for coming to St. Mark’s. My husband was a long-time member and suggested I try out “his” church. So I did. He always seemed to have a better understanding of the Bible, so I was interested in checking the place out. I also needed somewhere to raise our daughter in faith. My first time at St. Mark’s, I was in awe. People were friendly and welcoming. We started to attend regularly and I decided to become a member. I am so thankful to be able to live out my faith and share it with others. St. Mark’s has become much more than a church home—it is my second home--my spiritual home--and the source of much of the joy and meaning in my life.

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Over my 33 years at Good Shepherd, the church has been the place to bring my children for baptism, Sunday School and Confirmation; a place of refuge and peace, a place of learning and growth. Its heart has always been the people. Through all the shifting generations – members leaving, others joining – there’s a moment each Sunday when we gather united in spirit.

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This poem was written a few years ago as my “love letter” to the people of Resurrection Lutheran Church:

Coming to the Table

We are all beautiful we of all ages all shapes all
Sizes all backgrounds all kneeling into grace beyond
Understanding we are beautiful we who sing in the choir
We who only hum and fumble we who lose our place we
Who inspire and we who crave to be inspired we the
Seekers we the believers we the aging with creaky
Joints and faltering memories clinging to things that
Were we the young fidgeting and chafing against
Tradition we in full stride of middle years with
Workday burdens we who laugh and sometimes cry we
Who only smile and paint on a public face over private
Sorrows we who serve we who fail to follow through
We the mothers we the fathers we the restless children
We are all beautiful as the child transfigured in
The innocence of eager hands reaching for the mystery
Beyond understanding