MMU – June 1, 2026

Note from Lisa – Who I am

On the first Monday of the month, I'll be sharing with everyone a little bit about me. This week, I'm focusing on how I became a Christian. Some people are born into a Christian home; I was fortunate enough to be adopted into one. I have always known that I was adopted and that my brother was adopted, and I have always known about Jesus. But it was one particular moment in my parents' lives that changed their faith and their family.

My father was enlisted in the Air Force during the Korean War. He married my mother after Basic training. They met in Nebraska, where my mother lived, and my father visited his relatives. My father's family moved to California during the Great Depression, but his extended family continued to farm the land in Nebraska. My father went to Technical Training in Panama City, FL, with his new bride, and was soon assigned to Elmendorf Field in Anchorage, AK.

In Anchorage, they were expecting their first child when my mother slipped on the ice, miscarried, and required a hysterectomy. When this happened, my father was out repairing radios in remote locations, and my mother was alone in Alaska, far from her home and parents in Nebraska. Shortly after her surgery, the base hospital chaplain visited her. He brought flowers and Jesus' love with him. He prayed for her and for my father and helped to arrange for my father to return to her as soon as possible. Because of that chaplain, my parents, who had grown up going to church but had stopped attending as young adults, became regular church goers and eventually spent many years serving the church as volunteers and Deacons.

Because of that chaplain who went to visit a lonely young lady who had lost her child and future children, my parents became stronger in their faith. When they finally were able to adopt, I ended up in that strong household of faith. I like to tell people that I cut my teeth on a church pew, which is almost accurate. My parents were deeply involved in the church, helping with a new church development, attending two services on Sunday, and participating in mid-week service on Wednesday nights. My mother was also involved in women's groups, and my father volunteered as the church treasurer.

My faith in Jesus Christ was shaped by the love and faith of my parents, their dedication to the work of the church, their faithfulness in reading scripture, and praying with my brother and me. I believe I ended up as a pastor and a chaplain because of the one great act of kindness, care, and love that the pastor/chaplain showed my mother in her time of greatest need.