

Hi, my name is Kristina and this is the story of a man who saved my life. I grew up going to church with my grandparents every Sunday morning, Sunday evening and Wednesday. It was what we did. I heard all the stories and spent summers at VBS and church camps. For most of my life, I believed I was saved because I said a prayer many times and was baptized. As I got older, moved out, and went off to college, going to church became the thing of the past. I would go every once in a while to a church to sing and try to feel and see the wonders of God, but it was never to be close to him. It was normally because my life was a mess and I needed it to be fixed and didn't know how. Then, in 2011, my marriage and family started to fall apart. I was losing it all and again turned to church to fix it. We tried a couple of churches and things started to work itself out and again we started to stray away. It was just a big cycle that we had fallen in to. Go to church and make things good until things started to fall apart and back to church we would go. It wasn't until 2017 after being at our current church for about 3 years did I realize I was still missing something. I couldn't connect with the Bible and had no desire outside of church to read it. Yeah I could walk the walk and talk the talk. I had been doing that for my whole life, but I didn't have a zeal or excitement for Christ. Our pastor started a series on being the church and testing yourself. That's when I realized that I didn't have a real moment with God. I had "religion-fix-my-life moments", but never did I truly realize I was a sinner and needed a Savior. I didn't even know I could have a personal relationship with Christ. To me, it was like he was up there just kind of watching me live this life. Once I realized I was a sinner, I repented and truly asked God to be the leader of my life and to come into my heart and change my life. I saw a change. I had a desire to read my Bible. I remember the first time I truly started reading and studying my Bible. I learned that John the Baptist and Jesus were cousins. I was standing in a crowd of people and ran to our pastor and his wife. I was so excited to tell them I learned that they were cousins. I was probably actually yelling, I was so excited. The feeling I had and continued to have knowing Christ is always there and the relationship I am building with Christ on a daily basis is amazing. Even when I falter and sin, and Christ has to remind me of my sin is amazing because those are the moments I truly know I'm a changed person.