

Before Jesus: I grew up on a farm in a wonderful family. I was given everything I needed as a kid—a strong family unit I was proud of, good health, perfect grades, close friends. Strong morals were all instilled in me at a young age. However, I was raised in a nonreligious family—so church/religion was something that was totally foreign to me for the majority of my life. Anyways, I was a pretty “good” kid, especially on the outside. Throughout my childhood/adult life, my life was essentially marked by insecurity—low self-esteem and self-image, obsession with success. My insecurities often led to sin and more unhappiness. Mostly, I didn’t have real reasons to think about religion or God because my life was full, yet I was always searching to place my identity in *something*.

Coming to Jesus: Throughout the entirety of this “good” life, God has always wanted me to know Him. In high school, He began to use a few people in my life. My two best friends were inviting me to their youth groups, though I never went. My after-school job’s manager was talking about Jesus 24/7. At some point during my senior year, I decided to get a Bible and start reading it, though I had no idea where to start. No one told me to do this—I’m not exaggerating when I say that, all of a sudden, I had a desire to read the Bible—I know now this was definitely from the Lord. By the end of high school, I considered myself a Christian, but I didn’t truly understand the Gospel.

So I came to K-State. Halfway through my first semester, I began regularly attending Vintage Faith—Sunday mornings, Thursday nights, house church, everything. I learned so much about who Jesus was and what He did through these things. I began to understand that the Gospel wasn’t this exclusionary story, true for only some. I began to understand that Jesus took all my sin on himself when He was crucified & that I was perfect and holy in God’s eyes because of this sacrifice. I began to realize that Jesus conquered sin & death forever when He was resurrected. Eventually, after a Bible study with my friend Hannah, I was baptized—I knew that I loved Jesus & wanted to proclaim Him as my Savior, so I did in April of 2015.

After Jesus: When I think about “life after Jesus”, my daily walk of faith is what comes to mind. Living for Christ is a day-to-day, even minute-to-minute, process. Though I wouldn’t call it easy, I believe that it is *simple*, in that each day, I am a forgiven (and thus, righteous) follower of Jesus. Nothing I can do & nothing I have done can ever change that. For me, I feel like following Jesus has been many small decisions over the last few years—choosing to believe He is my Refuge even when my emotions tell me otherwise, choosing to give up my comfort at times for His glory, ceaselessly believing (only by God’s grace...) that my greatest treasure is Jesus. I have found that this is the *most* satisfying way of life. One of my favorite verses (Philippians 4:19) says that, “**And my God will supply every need of yours according to His riches in glory in Christ Jesus**”. God has only *increased* my love for him ever since I first began believing in Him. He has proven to be faithful, and I know that I can trust Him with the rest of my life.