

# GRACE STORY

## EXAMPLES




### Story 1

I grew up in church. I knew all the stories, went to youth group, and could give the “right” answers. But I came to realize, that for a long time, I was just performing. I believed in God but thought I had to earn His approval. That meant constantly feeling like I was not good enough.

It wasn't until college that I started asking deeper questions. I was questioning who I was and what I really believed. I was tired of pretending and trying to fix myself, which led me into a deep depression. When it felt like I was at my lowest, a friend invited me to church. I kept showing up, even though I was still confused about what I believed. But slowly, I started to focus more on Jesus, and less on myself. I learned about his grace. I remember sitting in my dorm room, realizing I needed to stop striving and just surrender. I realized that His grace isn't about being good enough – it's about Jesus being more than enough for me. That night, I prayed, asking God to lead my life. I surrendered my life to Him.

Since then, everything hasn't been perfect, but I have peace. I know I'm loved, not because I earned it but because of Jesus. I find joy in spending time with God – through reading His Word and praying. God's still working on me, but I know I'm His.

[In Ephesians, it says “for it is by grace through faith that you have been saved and not by works so that no one may boast.” I realized that His grace isn't about being good enough-it's about Jesus being more than enough for me. I want to be baptized to show this – that Jesus is more than enough for me.]



### Story 2

I grew up in a loving family, but I didn't grow up with faith. My parents were good people but didn't talk about God. For most of my life, I thought faith was a crutch. I judged Christians and those with faith, assuming it was something people used to feel better about their problems. I was proud of being independent and successful. But deep inside, I also felt a deep restlessness I couldn't shake.

Then life hit hard. I went through a breakup and some health issues—all within a few months. I started asking big questions, like “What's the point of all this?” I didn't know what to do or where to go. So, I figured I'd try what other people did – I went to church. The message was about Jesus being close to the brokenhearted. That stuck with me. I kept coming back, and eventually I realized I believed it—that Jesus really did come for people like me. I gave my life to Christ last year. Since then, I've experienced peace and purpose like never before. I still ask questions, but I know where to bring them now. I don't have to figure life out on my own anymore.

[I want to be baptized because I am a new creation in Christ (1 Corinthians 5:17) and I want others to know just how great God's mercy and love is (Acts 20:24)]



### Story 3

I've always believed in God, but it was more of a background thing than anything personal. I came to church, and then eventually, Begin because I want to know what it really means to follow Jesus.

Through this class, I've realized I've been living like my life was mine to run—but I'm starting to see that Jesus is offering me something better: a new identity, a deeper purpose, and peace I can't create on my own. I haven't figured it all out yet, but I know I want to say yes to Him.

Right now, I'm learning to pray honestly and trust that God wants to hear from me. I'm seeing grace not as something I have to earn, but a gift I can receive. I'm not finished—but I'm taking the next step. I'm still discovering who God is, but I know that I want to commit to discovering Him and knowing Him for the rest of my life.



### Story 4

I honestly don't remember a specific moment when I was saved. I grew up in a home where Jesus was always part of the picture. We prayed together, read Scripture, went to church. I can't think of a time when I didn't believe God was real or that Jesus loved me.

For a while, I struggled with that. I'd hear other people's stories—how their lives completely changed when they met Jesus—and I'd wonder if something was wrong with me because I didn't have a big "before and after" moment. But over time, I've come to see that my story is just as much a story of grace. God protected me from things I didn't even realize I needed protecting from.

There have been defining moments—times when I had to decide for myself that my faith wasn't just my family's. Times I chose obedience or came back to Him after wandering. But what I see now is that God's been faithfully shaping my heart all along. His grace has been steady, not dramatic—and that's something I'm deeply grateful for.

Today, I follow Jesus because I know Him, trust Him, and see His hand in my life. And I hope my story encourages others—especially young people—that growing up in grace is a gift, not something to downplay.

[This is why I want to be baptized. I want to declare that I trust Jesus with my life, and that I'm proud to be called a daughter of the King.]