



FCC Membership Biography



Karen Mackesey

My way to Jesus is probably not a lot different than others. I went to Church (Sunday School) during my younger years up to about the age of 11 or 12. For some reason, we stopped attending as it was more fun and easier to stay home Sunday mornings eating powdered-sugared donuts, reading the comics and watching local 'wrestling' on TV in our pajamas. It was also the only quality time we got to spend with our dad as he worked many, many long hours on the nightshift. Sunday was a time when we could spend it as a two-parent- one-sister-and-myself family.

I was quite independent as a child which led to being an independent, free thinking, stubborn adult. I was on the cusp of conquering scholastics, achieving more, being more, doing more, making more money, having more, not depending on anyone for assistance or emotional support, being my own person and not, not, not being like everyone else, especially my family.

By not being like everyone else, I also started to question God, Jesus, Church, death, life, Darwinism, the Virgin birth, healing people, the flood and Noah, Moses, etc. I was 'smart' and used 'scientific' statistics to begin to steer me away from believing in God. I was spiritual, but could not understand how God could do what He did. There was no scientific evidence, testing, documents, which told me how water could be turned into wine. It was not plausible. It didn't make sense in my mind. Part of my failure at understanding God was I did not have enough understanding or knowledge of Him; I left church at a young age. Secondly, as an independent adult, I did not want anyone 'telling' me what to do, how to act, how to feel. I was independent and did not want to be like 'the masses.'

I entered adult life and started on my career. After 20 years I left the workforce and moved with my husband to South Texas. It was during this time I truly sought to understand God and how my relationship was not strong with him. I wanted to believe without questions, without exception, without any "but, what ifs."

The pinnacle of the journey was probably at a retreat, Walk to Emmaus. It was a 3-day retreat of women learning, sharing, listening, exposing their feelings and confessing their faith. It was an extremely emotionally draining, yet fulfilling experience.

There was a point in the weekend, it was in a quiet, small, emotionally and spiritually combustible room, where I realized that it is OK to depend on God, it is OK to show an outward love of God, it is OK to let someone else be in charge, it is OK to let others love you, it is OK not to be strong, it is OK to show a love for others as God has shown His love to me.

As I've become more dependent on God, I have given less weight and influence to the critics and 'goals' of the world. It is no longer my goal to be 'like the rest,' live unabashed and freely with no ramifications. I still have goals, beliefs, purposes. However, these are now driven using God and Jesus as my cartographer. They are guiding me and helping me read the map. I am not ashamed to let others know I am dependent on God for guidance and help; being dependent on God actually made me independent from the world. My dependence on God has made me stronger.