

As the Reformed Church in Plano was in the process of dissolving, the leaders organized group visits to other churches to help us with that transition. During one of those visits, I was standing in the Narthex when this short gray-haired lady approached. She looked up at me and announced, “Hi, I’m Nell.” After I got over my astonishment, I answered, rather weakly, “So am I.” Then we both burst out laughing. We knew the odds of that conversation ever happening.

That alone was not enough to make me join Grace. But it was enough to make me explore more. In that exploration, I ran into more people who accepted me for just me. They didn’t have any expectations or preconceptions of what I should be. After joining Grace, I met people who valued me for my unique-to-me talents. And some of them pushed me into areas that might have stretched those talents a little bit.

That’s what I love about the people of Grace. You are accepted for who you are. It doesn’t matter what color your skin is, what color your hair is, how tall you are, or how old you are. It doesn’t matter that you are a natural introvert—someone will get you talking. It doesn’t matter that you sometimes don’t communicate well—they have the grace to listen to what you are trying to say.

Nell Bezinque