

Scott Zuber's Spiritual Journey

An Elder since 2003, Scott grew up in Delhi and moved to Harrison in 1992. In the late 90's his family was church shopping and they had numerous acquaintances who led them to visit FCC where they joined in 2000. Scott and wife Suzanne have three children, Alexa, Samantha, and Braeden. Scott has been working for JTM for 22 years and is currently the Materials Director. His interests include sports, electronics, music, and anything involving his children. He has served in various ministries including Discipleship Team leader, Small Groups Director, Coaching leadership, Evangelism Team, ALPHA Director, Intercession, Upwards, Servant Heart, Capital Campaign Team, Kids Own Worship, Vacation Bible School, Emmaus, and mentoring young men.

Favorite Scripture: 1 Peter 1:8.



I grew up in a large denomination and went to church and church stuff until I was in my teens. My home was a good home, but not godly. My father eventually gave in to alcoholism and I followed right behind him. I played a lot of sports and had plenty of friends, but still allowed the lure of alcohol and drug abuse to be a priority in my life. I even single-handedly won the debate at my high school spiritual retreat. (I argued against the existence of God.) I had an uncle who once told me that every group had its bad apple, and I was the bad apple in my group.

When I moved into the workforce, I was able to afford a better abuse lifestyle. After a few years I realized that some of my friends scared me. It didn't bother me much I guess, because I just began to introduce my other friends to a lifestyle that would eventually mean jail time for some. I guess my uncle was prophetic.

But something strange started happening in my family. Every time we got together with my mom's side of the family, there would always be two or three of them off to one side having "quiet" conversations. Every now and then I would hear pieces of their discussions, always "God" this or "Jesus" that, and they weren't cussing anymore. (Not that they ever cussed around Grandma, but when she wasn't around I learned a few things she didn't teach me.) Soon their conversations were more and more open. They seemed to be more interested in what I was doing and what I thought about things and they began to invite me to church and "kinships" that were meeting in their homes.

Several years later I married Suzanne. We had a baby, and soon another was on the way. I knew that church needed to be a higher priority, but didn't do anything about it.

Hindsight shows a part of this story that was oblivious to me. My aunt and uncle went to a new church, meeting at Scarlet Oaks. Soon, other members of my mom's family began to go because of the exciting changes they saw in my aunt and uncle. Then Mom gave her life to Christ, as well as Dad—who went kicking and screaming at first. Undoubtedly, something had happened to Dad, but I still didn't want any part of it. After all, I was a good guy with lots of friends and having plenty of fun with life. But I didn't have a chance. They were praying for me; no doubt I had caused many sleepless nights for Mom and Dad.

Then one evening I asked my parents if I could go to church with them (they had invited me countless times, but were still shocked when I asked them). I don't remember the songs we sang or the sermon that was preached, but I do remember that when the pastor asked all of the 20-somethings to come forward to be commissioned for a mission trip, my life was radically changed. Many church members went up front to pray for them, including my mom and dad. I was very soon emotionally overcome. I don't know exactly what was happening, but every time I tried to join in the prayers I was hit with another wave of sobbing. It wasn't pain or loss, but liberation. The only thing I was sure of was that I couldn't wait to tell Suzanne about it, and I couldn't wait to come back.

I still don't fully understand what God did that night, but I do know that every time I doubt or question His existence, something deep down inside is sure even if I'm not. God took some things from me that night. He allowed other things to remain so I could learn to heed His Word. Some things He left to teach me to trust Him. I am so thankful that He is patient.