

Brian Krasovec

My story begins with my parents. I was born into a nominally Catholic home and baptized as an infant. Within a year, some neighbors invited my parents to a Bible study in their home. There they came to know God personally, through a relationship with Jesus, in the pages of Scripture.

That was the soil I was planted in. I now realize my parents were new believers. As a child, all I knew was that my home was saturated with God's love. There was a passion for the Bible, small groups in our living room, and long sermons to sit through. I have vivid memories of coming downstairs in the morning and finding my mom at the kitchen table, Bible open, study in progress. That's how the Gospel reached me. I accepted it as a child accepts things.

Fast forward several decades. Erika and I have been married for 24 years, and we've lived in Evergreen for about 15 of them. Together we have five children: Sophi (21, married to Micah Hemness), Eli (19), Faith (17), Eva (15), and Ezra (12). Professionally, I design and build software that crunches data.



That's the snapshot. A lot happened in between. Sometimes I think of my faith walk as an ownership transfer. I was given these things, planted in this soil, but faith can't be inherited. That transfer has happened in many ways, and I'd like to tell you about two of them.

The first is understanding. Part of owning your faith is reconciling it, working at it until the pieces fit and you can say why you believe what you believe. That work began as a teenager, when sermons stopped being long and boring. God's word came to life as something rich and practical and relevant. In college, godly men sat with me one-on-one and patiently answered my questions. As an adult, my focus has been the continuity of Scripture: I want it to cohere, to fit, to be internally consistent. For some that leads to theology, to systems and frameworks. My questions led me toward history. Our faith isn't only a set of ideas. It happened, in real places, to real people, and chasing that down has been deeply rewarding. And the more I understand, the clearer the main thing becomes: living my life as a disciple of Jesus. For me that means being a forever student, not only of ideas, but of His ways. I want to be like Him.

The second is suffering. Part of owning your faith is finding out whether it holds when everything else is taken away. Leaving home and my family of origin, I learned to trust the Lord alone. A prolonged illness took my physical strength and stability for a time. These experiences recalibrated my dependency away from myself and toward the Lord. But the hardest came early. Soon after I graduated from college, I was married. About eighteen months later the marriage imploded, ending in divorce a year after that. There were biblical grounds for it, but that didn't make it any easier. In that season it felt like so much was lost, both present and future. What I learned wasn't information. It was the reality of James 4:8, draw near to God and He will draw near to you.

I share that for two reasons. First, transparency: if you don't already know this about me, I'd rather you hear it from me than from someone else. Second, because my family is a living example of God's ability to bring beauty from ashes. I'm glad to tell that story, and glad to give God the glory.

There's more to my faith than these two things, but they fill in the gap years and sketch me fairly well. My ministry grows out of these roots. I love God's word and I love people, and both are eternal. I love to counsel, teach, and listen, and I'm not afraid to walk with someone through a trial and stay until it's over. That's what I have to offer my family, my friends, and the people God has placed in my life. Nothing is wasted.