

Sophie Weber's Testimony - July 26, 2026

Good morning everyone.

For those who don't know me, my name is Sophie, and I wanted to share a little about my journey to faith and how Jesus found me during a season when I needed Him most.

I didn't grow up in a Christian home. My dad struggled with alcoholism, and because he had been forced to go to church as a child, he didn't want us going to youth group or church with friends. My mom was the one who held everything together. She and my dad ran a French bakery together, and she worked so hard, doing everything she could for our family. But eventually, my parents went through a messy divorce that tore our family apart.

Carrying that background into my twenties, faith still wasn't part of my life. I was searching for purpose through adventure—going to music festivals, partying, and living for whatever seemed fun in the moment. I started traveling, fell in love with scuba diving, and became determined to build a life in the diving industry. That path is actually what led me to Belize, where I met my husband, Robin.

Looking back, even with all the excitement, the ocean adventures, and the travel, I didn't realize God was quietly arranging the pieces of my life. If you had told me back then that I would one day be standing in front of a church sharing my testimony—or that Sundays at church would become one of my favorite days of the week—I honestly would have laughed. I never imagined this would be my life.

But God had a different plan.

A little less than a year ago, back in September, I started noticing something that kept showing up on my social media. I would see Christians talking about their faith, and I found myself wondering, Why do these people seem so happy? Why do they seem to have such peace and so little anxiety and worry?

Around that same time, I met a mother through a Facebook moms group. We started talking about Christianity, and she gifted me a Bible. Not long after, I spoke with my sister, who told me she had been baptized before leaving for college. When I shared that I felt drawn toward faith, she encouraged me to lean into it. My sister-in-law was also finding her way back to God, and I realized I was suddenly surrounded by people who believed in Him.

One day, I decided to open that Bible and start reading. I began with the Gospels. As a mom with a young child and a baby, I read whenever I could find a few quiet moments.

One evening, while nursing my youngest son, Carter, in a pitch-dark room, I was reading my Bible with the flashlight on my phone. He was just two months old at the time. I remember

texting my sister and telling her how confused I felt. I said I was trying to understand everything, but it all felt so big and overwhelming.

She simply replied, "Just pray and ask God."

Prayer was completely new to me. I had never really prayed before, and it felt awkward. But I decided to try.

The next morning, while everyone else was still asleep, I sat down with my Bible. Before I started reading, I thanked God for another day and asked Him to help me understand what I was reading.

As I was reading, something happened that I will never forget. In the middle of a chapter, I was overwhelmed by a sudden wave of peace and clarity. I began sobbing. Right then, I understood something I had been searching for all along: the reason Christians have peace is not because their lives are perfect. It's because they surrender everything to God.

I cannot fully explain what happened that morning. I only know that God answered my prayer. He opened my heart, and suddenly I understood. From that moment on, I knew I wanted to give my life to Christ.

Since then, I have experienced moments with the Holy Spirit that are difficult to put into words. Once you've experienced God's presence, it becomes undeniable.

I am so thankful that Jesus found me during the exact season of life I was in. Becoming a stay-at-home mom was a huge transition for me. I had so many fears and doubts about whether I could do it—caring for a three-year-old boy and a brand-new baby, with my family far away in California and my in-laws in Ottawa. There were many moments when I felt lonely and overwhelmed.

But God met me right there. He walked with me through those fears and showed me that I was never alone.

My husband, Robin, is not yet a believer, and at times that has felt lonely too. But I love him deeply, and I pray for him every day. I pray that his heart will remain open and that he will come to know the love of Christ for himself.

Looking back, I can see how much God has changed me. I have become a more patient mother. I have become kinder with my children. I have become a better wife—not because of my own strength, but because God has been working in me.

I am incredibly grateful for the grace, peace, and love that Jesus has brought into my life.

Thank you for letting me share my story.

