

Hello Hill Country Fellowship!

My name is Scott Frerking, a born and raised Texan who is so excited to have the opportunity to be a part of Hill Country Fellowship, along with my wonderful family. Growing up in Seguin and San Marcos, church was always the best part of my life. It was my family. I was blessed to see the Gospel of Jesus lived out by normal, everyday people who loved God and loved each other, even as imperfectly as it happens oftentimes. Jesus gave me a great love for His church early on and I was blessed to be a part of some excellent people.



As a young man in college, I felt called to commit my life to ministry, and because I knew that Jesus saved me from myself and my struggles, I simply said “I will go where You send me and do what You ask of me,” not knowing that would take me on a journey around the world, doing things I had only read of in books (I assumed I would become a banker in Dallas, live in a high-rise, drive a BMW, and serve faithfully on Sundays). It was at age twenty-one that I first stepped into full-time missions, and my life was changed for the better in a way I could never have imagined – I was forever ruined for the ordinary. I was blessed to serve for over six years doing missionary work in over thirty-eight nations. I served with Youth With A Mission (YWAM), committing to live and die on the mission field if that was what God had for me. I just wanted to love people like Jesus did, reaching the unreached, the cast-offs, and the unloved ones of this world.

It was also during this time on the mission field that I met the most spectacular person in the world, and somehow convinced my Alaskan girl to marry this rough around the edges Texan. Sarah was raised in church, too, as a pastor’s kid, so she loves church and considers it her family as much as I do. We were married in December of 1996, stepped out of global missions, and began as ministers in San Marcos in the church that patiently endured me as a teenager (no small task indeed!). We enjoyed loving and discipling teens, then felt led to move to Omaha (NE) to pursue an MBA and work with troubled teens, helping them overcome severe behavioral issues and simply loving them where they were, for who they were (much like Jesus did for me all those years).

After earning my MBA, we were asked to help start and oversee a private Christian school in Georgia, so we jumped on the opportunity to join with friends and do something new and exciting to reach the lost. Our goal was to aim for non-Christian families, teach their kids well, and blatantly love them the way Jesus does. It was certainly unique, but what a joy to see the fruit grow even to this very day.

During this time, we endured tragedy and trauma, culminating in the death of our firstborn child. This event broke us, and we soon found ourselves back in Omaha, receiving ministry from some of the best people we have ever known – people who loved us back to a place of wholeness and healed hearts. It was during this time that the Father heart of God for me (and us) was so plainly revealed. Thirteen years later, I still marvel at God’s deep love for me and His amazing grace in rescuing me. I deserved nothing, yet He came for me. He chose to redeem me in my darkest moment, even though I put myself there. This truth completely changed the way I saw my God – and I wanted to know Him all the more. I still remember the day I asked God if He would use me to love the most broken, seemingly hopeless, hard-hearted people – I begged Him to let me love others the way I had been loved.

And since that moment in time – September 2003 – I have been so amazingly blessed to love people when they were hurting, work with marriages that seemed impossible to fix, care for the ones who suffered traumatic events, and be a kind heart to those who were quite edgy (I like to call them “crusty”). Sarah and I

were asked to be on staff with that same church that cared for us, where my heart for shepherding people started to be cultivated by the Holy Spirit.

Then to our great joy, after two miscarriages and burying our firstborn, we had the healthiest child on the planet. Zion Scott (now 11) was born, and God again showed His great love and care for us. In 2005, we were asked to be a part of an adventure we never imagined, as a friend from Alaska invited us to join him in pastoring a new church that was seemingly ready to grow. So we sought the Lord, heard clearly, and went north to Alaska to shepherd people, reach the broken, and create an “emergency room for the soul”. And wow, did God grow it (and taught us how to pastor and get a vision on the fly)! We started a wholeness ministry that became a place of healing and refuge for hundreds, then thousands – it was like watching a fast-paced movie play out in front of us.

We loved it. Broken people came looking for hope and found THE hope of Jesus. Divorced people came to deal with grief and sadness – and got healed and set free (five couples even remarried!). Those planning to commit suicide would “stop by” and be forever changed. The most bitter, unforgiving people would learn to forgive and then have a complete transformation. It was amazing to see Jesus redeeming and restoring. It was here that I began to understand the grander plan of Jesus “making all things new”, and how incredible it is that I got to be called into His plan to redeem everything.

The church kept growing, so we started planting churches near us, while continuing to move out into global mission in every way we could find. We fell in love with this world Jesus made, and we loved going to the nations to make Him known as a part of His redemption plan around the world. So we just kept going where He led us. We got to plant a church in western Ireland, along with twelve wholeness ministries throughout Ireland and Northern Ireland.

Along the way, God kept blessing us with kids, as we had our only girl, Hadassah Renee (now 9), followed by Levi Allan (7), Kian Sean (4), and Finnlay Ryan (2). Our deep love for Ireland is the reason we named our last two with good Irish names. My kids are something special – if I ever need to get a good dose of how much the Father loves me, I just think about them – the gift they are. We are blessed indeed.

Then, after almost nine years in Alaska, shepherding people, doing local and global mission, and equipping leaders, God clearly called us to step away from there and move to Texas, because He was preparing something else for us. So, in May 2014, we left a church we called home. For the past two years, I’ve been serving as a pastor at Mission Church in San Antonio – preaching on Sundays, shepherding people, meeting with as many lost and hurting people as I can have coffee with, counseling individuals and couples, and doing real life with those in our church. Sarah leads the women’s ministry and does a lot of counseling and premarital counseling with me.

But we just knew that God was still preparing us for what would be our home – a church that would be our family and place to raise our kids to know Jesus and do real life with others. That’s what led us to Hill Country Fellowship. We greatly desired to be in a small community and in a missions-minded church that loved people well and was a place of healing and refuge.

So here we are – honestly, as excited as I have ever seen us (and we get really excited). We are thrilled to join God in what He has been doing – to step into real life with a church that desires nothing more than to be a part of Jesus’ redemption plan. We want to seek and save the lost, just like Jesus. And we want to shepherd and mature believers, like Paul writes to us. It is the greatest honor we have ever known, outside of when Jesus invited us into new life with Him.

Scott A Frenking

