

# **Welcome To Your New Home**

*by Fr. Tim Church*

The vast majority of our parish knows what it means to walk into a new home. Most of our folks have moved here within the last decade or so, and the memories of the move are still alive. There are few things as dramatically important.

I still remember the several moves that we made when I was growing up. The last one, when I was in the fifth grade, meant that I would, for the first time, have my own room. I should have forgotten this elation. It was a long time ago.

I still remember that house, the yard, our club house, and everything from Christmas celebrations to visits from our priest. A house is a home when it is the place that good memories are created.

A church home might be even more dramatic than the place we lay our head at night. Admittedly, some folks only come occasionally, but when they do, it is an important occasion, one that may be life changing.

For those of us whose car knows the way to this place, this is more than home for us. It is everything. It is the focus of life. From this place, everything gains its meaning. Beauty, silence, sorrow, light, darkness, sadness, joy all seem to find their definition here.

As we move through this crossroad in our parish life, I wonder about the future and what will happen in this new church. I look at the young people more than any other. Who they are will mean so much for what happens in our world and our church.

I do not worry at all, by the way, about turning things over to them. The depth of their faith is very great, and I only hope I can be a witness to a little of what they will experience and share with us.

Some will marry here and maybe even grow their own families here. Perhaps a few will go off to seminary from here and return to celebrate their first Mass. There might be a vocation to the religious life formed here. Sadly, a few will enter into the life of heaven from here.

There will be great and grand events, laughter and tears, but it will be the everyday that will mean the most to me. I will see the sun rise through those big windows and shine through the Heart of Mary, and I will see the sun set, scattering the promise of a tomorrow into the night. It will be quiet there sometimes. Perhaps it will be another one of those places where we can focus on what is really important in life.

We can shed some private tears for those who have gone from here. We can feel close to God, and remember that he said he would always be with us, until one day he would take us to our true home.