

# **The House of God**

**By Maemi**

Submitted: September 7, 2005

Updated: September 7, 2005

*It is an observation report based on a topic that I chose: religion. Happy reading!*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Maemi/20068/The-House-of-God>

**Chapter 1 - The House of God**

**2**

# 1 - The House of God

## The House of God

The edifice looming ahead stared down at us as my brother turned the car left towards the building. The most convenient parking spaces were full so we had to settle for the ones further. I got out of the car gratefully breathing in the fresh and crisp air outside. My mother walked ahead, and I and my brother followed three steps behind. We crossed over a wooden bridge where the air started to smell awful. The pond below was a morbid color of dark green. The built-in decorative fountains could not even save it from its unsightliness. It made me wonder how the unbelievably healthy fish swimming around survive. Past the bridge was our destination, the House of God, a red-bricked church visited by Catholics one to seven times a week. We climbed the steps and went in.

Inside, the air was cold. I could hear the faint singing of the choir from the other room. We were late. We opened the second door to where the mass had already started. The choir was singing the “Kyrie Eleison” or “Lord, have mercy”, the song of redemption, while we sat down on a pew behind a lady wearing glasses in her late fifties. The church was not crowded. It was ten minutes past five in the afternoon, and this was the last mass held for the day. I figured most of the people had gone to the morning masses.

I looked up at the altar and behind it was a large, painted, wooden sculpture of the crucified Jesus. It gave me goose bumps. I could not understand why they could not have put a more welcoming image, perhaps a resurrected Jesus. To the right of the altar sat the priest and two sacristans, the priest's assistants during mass. Further to the right was a statue of Mother Mary holding the baby Jesus. To the left was the pulpit used for preaching and reading the words of wisdom from the Bible, and beyond was the choir and pianist. The seats or pews for the church-goers were divided in two columns facing the altar. We sat on the second to the last pew on the right column. The center space was for the offertory rites, communion rites, and any other rites needing people to form a line or two.

I heard a little girl behind me whine. I glanced at her a little annoyed. The stand and sit procedure of the mass can be a tiring task, especially for young children and old people. The priest had walked up to the pulpit. We sat on our seats quietly waiting for him to start the sermon. A priest's skill in oration is tested in this ritual that usually lasts for ten minutes. He started the sermon and for the first few minutes all were attentive. As time went by, I noticed people starting to lose interest, including me. I just could not keep my attention span that long, especially on a subject that did not interest me. The lady in front of us was still devoutly listening. I looked around and let my eyes wander. The people in the church fascinated me. Three seats in front of us was an old couple, sitting close to each other. The woman had her head resting on the man's shoulder. Their gestures showed that they were still deeply in love. It was very heartwarming to watch, but having a short attention span, I shifted my gaze. On the first few rows of pews on the left column, I saw several Asians. Some of them were Filipinos like us, some Chinese, and others Japanese. A couple of African-Americans and Mexicans occupied the following rows. There were babies, children, teenagers, middle-aged people, old people, and basically any age range of people. Furthermore, there were the rich people, middle-class people, and the not-so-wealthy people, to put it

subtly. There was so much variety. People of different races, statuses, ages and people whom I was absolutely sure would never get along in any imaginable situation in the outside world was all here gathered in this church, the House of God, for a single cause: to worship God and strengthen their faith. I found it overwhelming that such a small cause, a belief, can bring entirely dissimilar people together. "Amen," the word woke me from my thoughts. The sermon was done and we stood up to say the Apostle's Creed.

At the end of the mass, I realized the "House of God" is not just a propaganda phrase. It's the only name fit for the structure that the children of God visit every Sunday. It is our home, the house of our Father. I walked out of the church with the diverse people I have shared the house with and outside breathed in the fresh and crisp air. We crossed the same bridge with the dark-watered pond. The fish swam around impervious to their surroundings. We got to the car and drove off. We will be back again next Sunday.