



A MUSTARD SEED OF WISDOM

very ordinary church building. I was a young mom who had recently woken up to the beauty of her faith. I was a case-manager and child development specialist for our community teen-parenting program. Life was good, great even, I was not looking for a course correction and I certainly was not looking for job in ministry. My own up-bring in the Catholic Church would best be described as "deprived" so working for the Church seemed ridiculous. But I said I would, so I went to just see...

As I opened the door to the atrium and walked into the room my breath caught. I recall sensing the stopping of time. I was swept up in wonder, I was taken,...the beauty of the space, the quiet of the peaceful small children, the whispers, the art, the materials, the low lights. Looking back now, I can say I felt like I was "home," home in the same way I felt when I met my husband, or when I held my babies for the first time. Home in a way that called for a joy-filled response. It was what I had been looking for but didn't know yet that I needed. It was a crazy, unexpected gift from God, a perfectly tailored outfit to fit me when I wasn't even shopping. How silly to think now, that I just I went to see...

What followed was a new job, the gathering of volunteers, the building of four atriums, formation at all three levels, formation leadership, a masters degree, and many, many beautiful children who through out the past twenty-one years have been the source of my ongoing formation as a catechist, as a Christian, as a mother, and as a human being. All because I just went to see...

Autumn Domingue

Catechist

Formation Leader

It was not my doing; I was making a visit to see a near-by atrium out of obligation to a dear friend who was also our parish liturgist. The atrium was in a neighboring town at an Episcopal church. It felt like a grand adventure to satisfy my long held fascination with the inner workings of another faith tradition. I really don't recall that I had any real concept of what I was going to see, just that there would be hands-on materials, as an early childhood educator, I have a love affair with hands-on materials and besides, my friend said, "you just have to see to understand." I went to just see...

In our daily lives we open doors all of the time. We do this automatically, mechanically even, without much thought for what is on the other side. I certainly did not think that opening the atrium door at St. Barnabas Episcopal Church would alter the direction of my life. There were no clues, no foreshadowing, it was simply an ordinary door in a