



Recently, I was talking with a friend I consider a mentor. We were talking about security and some how we got into a discussion about home.

She asked me, "What is home?" My response was "a place that is secure". Home is memories on the wall, a space of gatherings, feelings of laughter and sadness.

There are people I know that refer to the church as home. Some have attended church since they were five years old. The

space of memories. Home.

So many of us have the wonderful benefits of attending church, of the feeling of home that it gives, but what about the attachments that come with it?

To enjoy a sense of ever-renewing confidence in our life? To feel stable, grounded, less prone to emotional extremes?

When does church become a hideout, a haven from hardship, a sanctuary *from* life rather than *in* life?

We will hear in the Scriptures this Sunday about Abram and Sarai being told to leave with their possessions to travel to a new place. Both were in their seventies to begin a new life.

In the Gospel, we hear Jesus calling his hearers and us to leave what perceptions we have of ourselves and others to step more into life.

Are there answers? I am sure that Abram, Sarai, the disciples had a lot questions that they had to face in following God's call. The answer I believe is to leave our perceptions of church

- brave discomfort talk about our vision, meet new people and ask. It will be difficult for all of us.