



*Crying Pen  
Productions*  
**will be heard**

# Lost in Church

So many voices

He had heard about the church long before he ever stepped inside it.

People talked about it like it was a city of answers. They said if you want to grow, go there. If you want to serve, go there. If you want to find your place, your purpose, and where you belong, go there. It was the kind of church people mentioned with a certain look in their eyes, as if just being near it meant something in your life was about to change.

One Sunday, he went.

From the parking lot alone, he could already tell this was not the kind of place you simply walked into. Cars lined up row after row, like a weekly gathering too large to count. Men in pressed shirts, women with polished smiles, children moving between them as if they had done this a hundred times. The building stretched wide and high, its glass catching the morning light, banners near the entrance bearing words that sounded good from a distance. Welcome. Belong. Next Steps. Purpose.

He stood still for a moment, looking up at it.

It was beautiful.

Not in a way he could explain right then, just in a way that made him feel small before he even reached the door.

Still, he went in.

The first thing he encountered was not silence. It was movement. People everywhere. Voices layered over one another. Music drifting from somewhere deeper inside the building. Laughter from one hallway. Directions from another. The kind of energy that made it seem as if something important was always happening just around the corner.

A woman near the entrance smiled as if she had been waiting for him. "First time?"

He nodded.

"You're going to love it here," she said, and pointed him forward before he could ask anything else.

He walked where she pointed, then slowed almost immediately.

The lobby opened into more than one hallway. Signs hung overhead, clean and polished, each one pointing somewhere that sounded important. Main Sanctuary. Children's

Ministry. Growth Track. Prayer Wing. Volunteer Check-In. Community Hall. Leadership Development. There were so many ways to move that standing still began to feel like making the wrong choice.

Someone brushed past him and said, "Sanctuary is that way."

Before he could take more than a few steps in that direction, another voice called out, "If you're new, you need the welcome desk first."

He turned.

A man near a table waved him over with confidence, the kind that made people move before they even thought.

Then a third voice came from behind him. "No, no, if he wants to understand how things work, he should start downstairs."

He looked from one person to another.

All of them sounded sure.

That was his first mistake. He thought certainty meant truth.

He smiled politely, nodded like he understood, and started moving. Not because he knew where he was going, but because everyone else looked like they did. He did not want to be the only one standing in the middle of something so large, so organized, so practiced, and still admit that he had no idea where he belonged.

The deeper he went, the more the church seemed to open instead of narrow. Hallways turned into intersections. Intersections led to stairwells. Doors lined both sides of the walls with names that sounded meaningful but told him almost nothing. He passed rooms full of people, rooms full of silence, rooms full of activity, and with every turn, he felt less like he was arriving and more like he was disappearing inside the place.

He told himself to relax.

It was just a building.

But after a while, it no longer felt like a building.

It felt like a maze built by good intentions, shaped by many voices, and filled with people who had directions for everyone except the lost.

"Service is this way."

"No, you want the main sanctuary."

"Have you signed up yet?"

“Bible study is downstairs.”  
“You should talk to leadership first.”

He nodded to all of them.

Because they all sounded right.

That was the problem.

He followed the voices. They led him down a wide hallway lined with doors. Each door had a label, but none of them said what he needed.

*Growth Room.*  
*Next Steps.*  
*Vision Hall.*

He opened one.

Empty.

He closed it and kept walking.

Another voice caught him.

“You’re going the wrong way.”

He turned quickly, relieved.

“Come with me.”

The man followed. Faster this time. Confident now. This one sounded sure.

They turned corners. Took the stairs. Passed people who didn’t even look at them.

Then the voice stopped.

“Actually... I think it’s back the other way.”

The man blinked.

Back?

They were already deep inside.

“I’m not sure,” the voice admitted, already walking away.

The man stood there alone.

The noise hadn't stopped. It had grown.

Voices from every direction now.

"Over here."

"No, stay where you are."

"You need to learn first."

"You need to serve first."

"You're not ready yet."

"You've been here before, right?"

"Just keep going."

He turned in circles.

Every direction looked the same.

Hallways that led to more hallways.

Doors that led to more rooms.

People who spoke, but never stayed.

The building wasn't helping him.

It was swallowing him.

He started walking again, faster now. Not because he knew where to go—but because standing still felt worse.

Left.

Right.

Down another corridor.

The music faded.

The crowd thinned.

The voices didn't.

They followed him.

"You're close."

"You missed it."

"You need more."

"You're not doing enough."

His pace slowed.

Something in him began to break, not loudly, but quietly. The kind of breaking that doesn't show on the outside.

A soft light poured from under a door. Not bright like the main halls, not loud like the rooms filled with voices, just steady. Calm.

He pushed it open.

Inside, people sat quietly. Heads bowed. No one rushing. No one calling out directions. No one telling him where to go next.

For the first time since he entered the building.

It felt right.

He stepped in slowly, like he might disturb something if he moved too fast. No one stopped him. No one questioned him. They made space without speaking.

He sat down.

His shoulders dropped.

The noise outside faded to a distant hum. His breathing slowed. The tension that had been pulling at him since he walked in finally loosened its grip.

"This is it," he thought.

Not because anyone told him, but because it felt like peace.

He closed his eyes.

And for a moment, he stopped searching.

But something stayed unsettled.

Not loud. Not enough to shake him out of the seat. Just a quiet awareness that this peace wasn't complete. Like sitting in a place meant for rest, not direction.

He opened his eyes.

No one spoke.

No one moved.

No one led.

It was quiet, but it wasn't guiding him anywhere.

And slowly, the truth settled in:

You can sit in a quiet place and still be lost.

He stood up.

No one stopped him.

No one asked why.

He walked back into the hallway.

The noise returned instantly.

And this time, it came with a presence.

A man stood at the center of a wide intersection. Well dressed. Confident. People gathered around him, listening like he had something they needed.

His voice carried without effort.

"You're not lost," the man said, smiling. "You're just not aligned yet."

The words sounded good.

Clean. Certain.

The man stepped closer.

"Most people walk in here thinking they need direction. What they really need is structure. Order. Process."

He gestured down one of the hallways.

"I can get you where you need to go."

The man hesitated.

"You've helped people before?" he asked.

The leader smiled wider.

"I help people all the time."

It wasn't a lie.

The man looked at the hallway. It was organized and labeled clearly. People moved in and out with purpose. It looked right.

"What do I need to do?" he asked.

“Start here,” the leader said, handing him a list. “Follow this. Stay consistent. Don’t question the process.”

The man took the paper.

Step one.

Step two.

Step three.

It all made sense.

Too much sense.

He looked up.

“And this will lead me... where?”

The leader paused just long enough to be noticed.

“Forward,” he said.

The man felt it again, that quiet unrest.

Not confusion this time.

Discernment.

He handed the paper back.

“I’ve been moving this whole time,” he said. “Forward hasn’t helped me yet.”

The leader’s smile faded slightly.

“You won’t make it far on your own,” he replied.

The man nodded.

“I know,” he said.

And walked away anyway.

The voices came back stronger after that.

Not just directions now, but pressure.

“You’re missing it.”

“You’re doing it wrong.”

“You had your chance.”

“You should’ve stayed.”

He kept walking.

Not faster.

Not slower.

Just steady.

The same hallways he once chased now stood open in front of him.

Rooms he almost settled in.

Paths he almost committed to.

People still speaking.

Still directing.

Still certain.

But now.

He passed them.

Not because they disappeared.

But because he stopped giving them authority.

He didn't turn his head every time someone called out.

He didn't stop every time something sounded right.

He didn't follow every voice just because it spoke.

He walked.

Straight.

Focused.

Until the noise started to fall behind him.

And then.

He heard another voice.

Not loud.

Not competing.

Clear.

"Come to Me."

He stopped.

Not confused this time.

Not searching.

He knew.

Not because someone explained it to him.

But because something deeper than the noise finally aligned with the truth.

"My sheep know My voice."

The words didn't come from the hallway.

They didn't echo from a room.

They settled inside him.

Steady. Certain.

And he understood.

This wasn't another voice in the building.

This was Jesus.

Not a program.

Not a process.

"I am the way... the truth... and the life."

He didn't need another sign.  
Didn't need another person to confirm it.

The building was still full.  
The voices were still speaking.  
The paths were still open.

He stepped forward.

Not toward a room.  
Not toward a crowd.

Toward Him.

And as he walked, the confusion that once held him broke without force.  
The noise lost its pull.  
The pressure lost its weight.

Because the way out was never hidden in the building.

And the ones who belong to Him.

Don't follow every voice.  
They follow the voice of Jesus.

And in following Him, they are no longer lost.

Not in church.  
Not in the world.  
Not anywhere.

Because His voice does not lead people in circles.  
It leads them to Him.

And in a world full of voices, only one voice leads the lost home.