

Walking into the beautiful brightly lit room, I could see the windows that dragged from floor to ceiling. Walking down the aisle next to rows and rows of white benches, I saw the marble stairs that led up to the altar, which cascaded over everything else. Sicily told me to pick a seat and I entered us into the third row. I sat there looking around thinking this is what Sicily sees every Sunday when she goes to Mass.

My dad has been in town this whole weekend and I decided to take him to the TCU Catholic Mass. I could tell he sat there the whole time just looking around and thinking. But I wonder what exactly was going through his mind on that Sunday morning.