

He didn't know what to think. He had no idea there were so many different churches. Sure, he knew about the Presbyterians, the Anglicans, the Jesuits, but the Church of Jesus the Lover? Who claimed that Jesus had been gay. The Church of the Strong, who had Jesus as a lion. And there were others, who didn't claim anything quite so extreme, but who's views on God and how He expected us to stay on the Path varied greatly.

He'd always only known his Church, and Father Durony. They'd had visiting priests, but they had espoused the same things Father Durony had. For a moment he didn't know what to think. Had someone else lied to him? Had a priest led him astray? But no, Father Durony had never claimed his was the only Church, he'd never said anything about other churches, Patrick had just assumed they were all the same.

He spent hours being amazed at the variety of thoughts out there on God, and how so few of them actually preached an angry God. By the time he fell asleep his head was swimming with various images of God and Jesus.

He dreamed of floating, of being held with love by someone he couldn't see, but felt familiar. Strong arm, solid chest, deep soothing voice. He didn't know that person, and yet there was a sense of familiarity to him.

For the first time in a few weeks, Patrick woke up without feeling like his mind had betrayed him in the night. he quickly got dressed and set the table for breakfast.

"Morning mom," he said as she entered.

"Good morning Patrick." She sat and he placed two cups of coffee on the table. "How late did you come in? I didn't see you when I got home."

"I was already in bed. I was exhausted when I got home and crashed. I haven't been sleeping well recently and it caught up to me yesterday."

She looked at him with concern. "Is it anything I can help with? You know you can always talk to me."

He smiled and shook his head. "It's okay. I'm working it out." He didn't want to bring it up. He realized that as much as she wanted to help him, his father was a subject she didn't want to deal with, so he was going to drop it. Joey had been right. he needed to find someone else to talk with, and now that he knew not all Churches were as restrictive as the one he'd been going to, he though he could find someone who would listen to him and not pass immediate judgment.

It was a pleasant meal, with his mother talking about the people in the factory and at the diner. She got into the story

so much he had to point out she'd miss her bus if she didn't get going. She smiled at him, an expression he saw rarely because of how exhausting her jobs were, and hugged him before heading out.

He looked online for an hour, searching for a Church that was close enough he could go to it and suited his needs. He didn't want one that would just validate his view. He wanted genuine Church views, but without the fire and the anger.

He hadn't found it, but he'd eliminated a lot of them by the time he called the junkyard.

"Joey's Junk."

"Hey Joey, it's Patrick."

There was a moment of silence. "How are you doing?" Joey's tone was guarded.

"Better. Thanks for sending me home and telling me to find someone to talk to. I haven't yet, but I'm looking and I think I'm on the right track."

"I'm glad to heard that."

"Look, I called to say I'm sorry for how I behaved. I had no excuses, and I'll work off the damage I caused."

"Don't worry about it, just focus on working through your issues."

"No, Joey, I'm serious, figure out how much you could have made off the stuff and I'll work all of it off."

"Alright, we'll figure out something."

"Thanks."

"So, do you think you can work this week? I'm expecting the same guys as yesterday to be back tomorrow. I could use a hand."

The elks. Patrick's breathing sped up in worry. Did he really want to see them again? No, of course not, he'd acted like an asshole. They probably didn't think much of him, but he owe them an apology too.

"I'll be there."

He disconnected and felt better. he'd worried Joey wouldn't want him to work for him anymore. Loosing the money would have hurt, but loosing Joey's friendship would have been worse.

He went back to his search, spending the day sifting though information. By the time he started on dinner he had a headache, but he had the address for St-Benedict's Church. He'd read their blog and they had balanced opinions. They didn't excuse everything like some of those Churches who tried to be 'all inclusive'. They gave well thought out opinions on where they felt God stood on different topics.

It also helped it was only a few hours walk from the

house.

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Patrick watched the pickups backup, the beds filled with more large house holds items. The four elks got out and the two brothers exchanged a glance on noticing him.

Patrick didn't give himself time to worry about it. he went to them. "Matt, Jeff, I'm sorry for how I behaved."

The father looked at the three of them over the truck.

"We'll be there in a minute, dad," Jeff said, then looked at the tiger. "What happened? You seemed fine one moment an then you flew off the handle."

Patrick nodded. "Yeah, I was working very hard at not dealing with some stuff. That and what you said sent my paranoia flying. I've started dealing with it."

Matt slapped Patrick's shoulder. "Man, I'm glad to hear that, you kind of freaked me out."

"Yeah, sorry. It won't happen again. How about we get to it."

"Sure," Jeff said, "And we don't have anything that big, so there isn't any chance I'll accidentally kill my little brother this time."

They worked in good humor, and the rest of the day went well. At the end Joey tried to pay him. Patrick refused, and they ended up agreeing on half of it.

While preparing dinner Don called him and asked him to come in. There was going to be a party at the bar and he needed him to help keep things under control. Patrick was more than happy to help him out. He and his mom could use any extra money.