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Following in the Footsteps of my Parents

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Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

When I was very little, around the age of 4-5, I was baptized at the Cobleskill Methodist Church on Chapel Street. And my family, which consisted of my mom Theresa, my father Kevin, and my twin sister Kate and I, at the time, were quite devoted to our faith. We were Christian and every Sunday my sister and I would attend Sunday school and we would attend Sunday mass as a family. I would say that we were fairly religious in general because we would always attend our church's functions and we were strict in our faith.



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But as my sister and I grew older we became very dedicated to sport, my parents became very busy with work, and going to church became more of an obligation. We had a lot of things going on in our lives and it seemed like there wasn't enough time to do anything but work, sports and school. But even though we weren't going to church as regularly as we wanted to, we were still very faithful to our religion. We still found time to eat together as a family and our belief in God didn't change one bit. One huge influence that my parents have had on my religious beliefs is that no matter what the circumstances are, and if I am attending church or not, God is still a very prevalent influence in my life.

That is how my parents lived their lives and now that is how I live mine. Even though I am in college and I am away from my hometown church and I don't attend Sunday mass or

church functions, God is still a part of my life. I think in my early teen years I started to fade away from my faith due to the fact that my parents didn't force me to think any certain way. They mostly let me decide how I wanted to interpret my faith on my own and think what I wanted to think when it came to religion. So in my early teen years, not attending church as much and being very busy with sports and school and other things, I didn't give religion that much thought. I never doubted my belief in God nor did I forget my Christian beliefs, but I started to fade away from being a devoted Christian. Then when I was about 15 years old my grandmother was admitted into the hospital with heart complications.

My entire family was in shock because we loved my grandma and we were very close with her. I remember us going to the hospital and visiting her and seeing her look so sick and exhausted and I remember thinking that the only thing I needed to do was pray. I never was and still am not the type of person to wear my emotions on my sleeves so I didn't want to show my parents that I was upset, but when I got home from visiting her I remember going up to my room and praying. I believe that in that moment, praying in my room, I realized how much my faith was still prevalent in my life and how much I needed it in my life. My grandmother ended up getting healthy and released from the hospital and I am a firm believer that my prayers had something to do with it.

But back to how my parents could have influenced this: if my parents hadn't installed religion and the belief in God into my life when I was really young I would never have had that thought to pray for my grandmother. My parents, by putting my sister and me through Sunday school and showing us how important religion is in our lives, allowed me to have a firm belief in God and Christianity today. Now as I get older and I focus more and more on my religion, I can confidently say that when I have a family in the future, I will make sure to show

my kids how important religion is. My parents have had a huge influence in my life, and how they have influenced my belief in God is a very good example of it.



In the Heart of Tournai, Belgium

(Photo by MC)