

Sylvester Satu - VOCATION STORY

I would have been somebody, probably a pilot. Of course that was only a wish perhaps in the toddler's age, and I was told about this when growing up. However, it's another world now for me, to opt for something, which I desire most, interestingly had to be somehow start with something which seems motivating.

Before coming to the seminary I never had an idea or thought of what the seminary is like, but one thing that consequently led me to know about the seminary and built up my interest in coming to the seminary is only my curiosity to know who a priest is. In fact I was really marveling of the qualities a priest has, such as his education and, perhaps somewhat incorrectly, that a priest can exist probably both in the material and spiritual senses. Moreover, there were even dozens of immaturely ridiculous questions that I had in mind, positive and negative in sense alike. However, in spite of the context and manner in which the questions were asked and pondered, my interest never vanished like a sheer dream, but it kept bothering and urging me to find answers to them. It took me for a long time through, beginning from childhood and through my lower and high school education.

However through the years, even prior to my years of schooling, somebody who was very influential to me was my mother. In fact she was praying for me and eventually she came to know about it when I started to ask her some nonsense questions about a priest and she keenly smiled. She thoroughly managed to answer some of my question with some very educational and spiritual inputs that really urged me to think positively of coming to the seminary.

From there on she continued to encourage me and inspire me. In fact, that was her greatest desire that one of her children should become a priest or rather go to the seminary and be educated and become a priest. She tried to help me to nurture the seed of the calling which I had within me. Though I had this in my heart and mind through the years up to high school level, I did not have any idea of writing a letter to someone perhaps who could perhaps help me. I never talked to a priest, even though we were living close to the parish and often times I went for masses in the morning, but I never conversed with him and told him about my interest. It was because I never had confidence in myself and never trust anyone except my mother whom I trusted most because of the qualities she has as a mother. As a mother she knew all that I needed and most of all she had a great concern of my future. All of these came about through her because of God's given wisdom and a good educational background which she has to support me.

However my years were counting down and my high school years were about to end. It was only a weeks before I would have to sit for my grade 10 exam, and I only had five days for me to review my notes and, of course, to say my prayers. In fact I was asking the Lord if it was His will, then I would end up studying in the seminary somehow or become a priest. However, if not, I prayed that at least I would pass the exam and continue on to the other level of my education.

Finally the exam time came, and I sat for the exam, and then we went home, and then I came back for the graduation purposely to collect my certificates and I saw our results. I was looking forward, hoping for a good result when I had been staying at home after the exam. I had been quiet a long time while I was staying away from home, missing the love and comfort of my mother. Thus it was a suitable time to be comforted and do the other usual chores which I used to do at home just to settle the fever of all the pressure I had. When I was at home - even when at school - I never knew about what my mother did, to get a place secured for me in the seminary by already writing to the bishop with the recommendation of my parish priest where I was already accepted to go to the minor seminary to continue on to doing grade eleven and twelve. However, I learnt about it after receiving my certificate during the graduation. I went back home and then she gave the letter to me. I was really in great joy when reading the letter and thanking mother for everything she did, but most of all of I thanked the good Lord for hearing my cry, and surely I believe that the Lord called me to come to the seminary through what I have gone through, through the curiosities and the hardship I experienced personally and through my mother.