

I, seminarian JOSEPH MGALSOS, was brought up in a family of three children, two males and one female. I'm the third and last in the family; unfortunately my sister passed away after giving birth to twins and only two of us are now living with my father. I resided along the southern coast of East Pomio Local Level Government (Pomio District) in East New Britain Province. Very sadly, when I was at the age of seven, my mum passed away, and we were taken care of by our father. It was a great task for my father to do all the work as a mother and at the same time as the father for the three of us. Hence, I have spent my whole life with my father wherever he goes and whatever he does while my brother and sister went to school. He has taught us very basic prayers and always advised us to live a moral life and become good children in the future, but I hardly heard him say anything to me regarding the priestly life. Below is the following short information of how I entered into the seminary.

#### SPECIFIC DATES

Born on the 11th - 10 - 1982 {Guma Health Centre}

Pre-school 1995-1996 (year 1&2) {Long }

Primary School 1997- 2004 (Grade 1- 8) {Spango & Marunga }

High School 2005 -2006 (Grade 9-10) {Warangoi}

Secondary 2007- 2008 (Grade 11-12) {St. Peter Chanel Minor Seminary}

Major Seminary 2009 - 2016 (Rapolo and Bomana)

Mother's death 03rd - 10 - 1993 Sister's death 04th - 03 -2012

However, how I entered the seminary happened during Christmas when my parish priest got angry with the people about their attendance, and he just left us quietly without any Christmas Celebration. This happened when I was doing my grade five, and at the time I felt very upset and angry within me seeing people moving quietly as sheep without a shepherd. The whole day till night there were thoughts coming out about why a priest, a man of God, did this to us. When pondering on the incident, many questions and ideas come to my mind. If someone from my own village studied and became a priest, then such an incident will not occur. But how can this be, since no one in my village has the desire to become a priest? It is true that people really need a priest, but where and how can we have one? These questions somehow disappeared in my mind along the years of schooling.

By the year 2006 when I was doing my grade ten, it happened that the rector of the Minor Seminary came to our school and gave a talk with us concerning the vocation to the priesthood. Instantly the idea came up in my mind to apply to the Minor Seminary. In the following year five of us were accepted after we had applied to continue grades 11 and 12. Being in the minor seminary, my thought of becoming a priest was still shaky and doubtful because no one had clearly explained the whole process to me about what must I do in order to become a priest regarding the studies and other aspects of a human formation as a seminarian is becoming a priest.

As the time went by I began to discover new things happening in my life and became convinced that the decision I had chosen was not a mistake. After grade 12 five of us continued our studies in the Major Seminary, and from there four of my brothers, one by one, decided to leave the seminary, leaving me alone still struggling up until today.

Finally, I would say that since I had first entered the Seminary up until my fifth year, I have always felt joy and peace within me rather than regret. Even though sometimes problems have come my way, there is a solution at the end. Therefore, I'm convinced that God has a plan for me, but it is my task to always listen carefully to Him and humbly follow his holy will with a generous heart, soul, and mind.