

Newman Nangain Kingi

It is really hard to predict the future of oneself. However, some people set their dreams and achieve them through commitment and dedication. My initial dream was to become a doctor. The dream was still with me when I passed from primary school to high school and secondary school.

The Christmas Eve of 2007 was a transition period in my life. At that time I was doing grade eleven in one of the secondary schools in my province, Enga. It was a time for me to restructure my life and set a new goal. God's ways are not human ways, and man can make plans, but it is God who blesses them according to his own will. What God wants of me is not what I want. Things slowly turn out to be different in my life. My whole life changed after an event.

There was a gathering of seminarians in my village. It was hosted by one of my cousin's brother (now a priest) when he was studying in major seminary. All the seminarians of my diocese came and had their meeting for almost one week. I was there helping the cooks by breaking firewood and fetching water for them. Every evening the seminarians gave some vocation talks, describing the entire life of the seminary and the life of priest. One time I was listening to them attentively, and I was really convinced by their talk. Then my desire of joining them started to grow within me. All of a sudden, I changed my direction. My new aim was the priesthood, and the old picture of being a medical doctor faded away slowly in my mind.

Half of my dream was fulfilled in the beginning. I completed grade twelve, and I went to the minor seminary at St. Fidelis, Madang. My desire of being a priest seemed to burn brightly in my heart with an extra flame. After completing minor seminary in 2011, I moved to major seminary (Good Shepherd) for philosophy study. There my idea of being a priest slowly changed into a completely modified picture. That was not just a priest but a holy priest. From then on, I had a firm conviction that I wanted to become not just a priest, but a good and holy priest.

Now I am doing my first year of theological studies in a different seminary (Holy Spirit Seminary, Bomana), and my image of being a priest is still with me. I have only four years remaining before I become the priest that I was dreaming of becoming during my long journey.

Every dawn is a blessing for me to thank my God for the vocation, my parents for their support, and my generous benefactors for their contributions in my life. I still feel that I have one more chance to thank all of them once more, not just with a word of thanks, but with profound thanks one day when I celebrate the Eucharist on the altar.