

The Strange Roman Catholic

„Is Jesus really calling me?“ This is one of the most difficult questions that I often have in mind especially in my meditation. When I look back to my past experiences, I've come to realize that there were so many unusual experiences that happened in my life. Some of those experiences have become a stumbling block in my life, but others were helpful which have brought me up all through this pilgrimage. However, one of those unusual experiences that I've encountered in my life is my conversion to the Roman Catholic Church.

My conversion to the Roman Catholic Church was in 2009 when I was doing my grade ten. Actually, I was brought up in a Protestant family background. In the family, I was taught about reading the Bible, praying, and doing all kinds of activities that the Protestants usually do. When I was at the age of seven, I built an intimate relationship with our neighbor's son. His name is Herbert Kombe. This friend of mine was brought up in devoted Catholic family background.

One Saturday afternoon, while we were playing football, my friend asked me, “ Are you willing to follow me and my parents to our Church for Confession?” At the time he asked me, I was feeling a bit hesitant, but not to disappoint him, I determined to accompany him. When we were at the entrance of the Church, I told my friend, “ I won't follow you into your Church, but just open the door a little bit so I can have a look. However, when he opened the door and I glanced through, I was instantly attracted by the cross above the altar.

On my journey back home, I was still wondering about that cross, hoping that one day I would have one in my Church. However, on Sunday before dawn, I had a very strange dream. In that dream, I saw my friend and his parents going to their Church. When they entered the Church, the Priest asked my friend, “Where is your friend George?” With a great surprise, I immediately leaped out from my bed and ran down the stairs. I thought it was real, but later I realized that it was only a dream. At 6:30am while my parents were in their slumber, I quickly had my bath, got myself dressed and ran to my friend's house. When I arrived at my friend's house, his parents were really surprise to see me, without saying anything they took me and we went together to their Church.

At 8:30am, when the clock struck, I heard the door bell ringing. When I turned around, I saw everybody was standing up from their benches and beginning to sing. A minute later, I saw the Priest with his altar servers were walking towards the altar. Thus, this was a new thing to me and so I kept staring at them until they reached the altar. At the end of the Mass, I told my friend that, next Sunday I would go again with him to his Church.

When we arrived back home, I didn't know that my parents were longing to see me. By the time I arrived, my mother asked me “Where have you been? Are you going with your friend to his Church?” Without denying it, I said, yes. Unexpectedly, she yelled out and said, “ Aren't you aware that the Catholic Church is worshipping idols?” Without saying anything, I faced the ground and began to weep.

Some years later, after completing my primary school, I was selected to the High School to do my grade nine. However when I entered the high school, I was behaving well at the beginning of the semester but when it came to the middle of the semester, I was involved with my peers in many bad activities. Consequently, at the end of the year, I've found out that all my academic marks were getting very low. As time went by, I came to realize that all these things that I'd been doing were not vital in my life.

One Sunday morning, I went with the Catholic student to their Church. When I entered the Church, I felt really nervous, and so I decided to sit at the last bench. After the Mass, I told one of my classmates that I want to become a Catholic. In his astonishment, my friend asked me, “Do you indeed want to become a Catholic?” “Of course!” I replied. However, he replied and said, “If you want to become a Catholic, you must receive these three Sacraments: Baptism, Holy Communion and Confirmation.

On November 14th 2009, I received all the three Sacraments. However, before I was to sit for my grade 10 Exam, I prayed to God and said, “Father if you have a plan for me let me continue on with my studies.” Unexpectedly, after I sat for my final examination, I was also one of the selected students to continue on to grade eleven.

When I went to Secondary, I was behaving well at the beginning of the year. However

when it came to the middle of the year, I began to get involved again with my peers in doing all kinds of bad activities. Consequently, at the end of the first semester, I've come to realize that some of my good friends were isolating themselves from me, my teachers were not happy with me, and my academic marks were getting very low. When I realized this, I determined that I must change my life. In the night when I was sleeping, I had a strange dream. In that dream I saw that there was a clash among the students. Some of the students were chasing each other with the weapons into the chapel. A minute later, I saw the Statue of mother Mary was collapsed on the floor. Without saying anything, I calmly walked into the Chapel and picked the Statue up from the floor. To my astonishment, I felt a huge hand at my back, when I turned around I saw a strange man holding a brown rosary on his hand. With an amazing smile, the man slowly handed the rosary over to me and said, "Save my People." Astonishingly, I woke up from my bed and began to weep.

A month later, the conviction of becoming a Priest was growing substantially in me. However, before I sat for my grade twelve final examinations, I applied to St. Fidelis Seminary. On November 8th 2013, I was accepted to enter the Seminary.

All in all, according to my study in the Seminary, I am aware that all the comments that the other churches usually say about the Roman Catholic Church such as the Pope is representing the beast on earth, the Catholic Church will persecute the Christians in the end times, Catholics are worshipping idols, and so forth are dramatically false. And so as a Protestant convert, I can say that I 'am proud to be a Roman Catholic, and also I'll firmly affirm that the true Church of God on earth is the Roman Catholic Church. Last and not the least, I would kindly thank my beloved brother Herbert Kombe for the gift of Catholicism.

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