

## My Journey Back to the Catholic Church

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My mother was a Catholic, and my father was an Agnostic (from a Protestant background - Southern Methodist, I think). Be that as it may, I was basically raised outside the Church since my dad wouldn't allow my mom to give me any religious training. Due to the way in which my older brother was given his First Communion (behind my dad's back), my younger brothers and I were not allowed to go to church or to Catechism. That doesn't mean I didn't have any religious background at all. My mother would make sure we got some instruction whenever my dad was gone. He worked on the railway post office, so he was away several days at a time.

I grew up in a small town at a time when it wasn't all that dangerous for a small boy to be out during the early evening. I remember wandering all over town in my childhood. My brothers and I had paper routes, and often helped each other, so we learned the town quite well. There were also times, especially when a matinee was being shown, that we were able to go to the movies by ourselves. Those were much more peaceful days, especially in small mid-western towns.

One Autumn afternoon when I was about 10 or 11, I received permission from my parents to go to the movies and see what I thought was going to be a comedy (I thought the title was *The Nut Story* or *The Story of the Nut*, or some such title - for non-native English speakers, a nut in American English is a someone who is crazy). It turned out to be *The Story of the Nun* (I think is the title - maybe *The Nun's Story*). Walking home after this movie, I had the really strange (for me) desire to stop by the church on the way home and go in and pray. I had to go by the church to get to my house, and mom had told me that it was always open, so I figured I could go in and pray. I even planned on what I was going to say when I went in. I was really looking forward to it, but when I got there, I just didn't dare go in. I kept thinking "Somebody might see me" and was too embarrassed to open the door.

I often wonder how different my life would have been if I had actually gone in. But I didn't. Next to the church was a small shrine with a statue of the Virgin Mary. So, instead of going into the church, itself, I went up to the shrine and, feeling rather foolish, looked at the statue, said a Hail Mary, and then said something like (I don't remember the exact words), "I wonder if you

are real. Is your Son really the Son of God? Does God exist? I really don't know if I believe in you or in God or not, but if you really do exist, please let me love your Son. Let me draw close to you, and through you, to Him." Then, feeling foolish, I went home. Nothing happened that night, or in the following days or nights, and I eventually drifted away from the Church, and forgot all about that incident, except for an occasional remembrance whenever I saw the shrine. I don't recall any answer to that prayer until 2001, but that is getting ahead of the story.

A couple of years later, when I turned 12, my dad told me that I could go to church, and could choose any one I wanted. (But what boy of 12 who has no habit of going to church will do so on his own?) But I did go occasionally, and even considered receiving first communion. When I went to church, it was the Catholic Church (with my mom). Off and on, I was registered (usually, but not always, against my will) in "Religious Education Classes" (I think this was a forerunner of RCIA). I would go for a while, and then drop out. At one time, my younger brother and I were sent to take classes with the priest. However, when he started talking about why the 144,000 in Revelations was symbolic, I started wondering if I wanted to take these classes. It's not that I thought it was literal or even thought of it at all; it's that I had never heard of it before, and didn't care one way or the other anyway.

During my adolescence, I would occasionally go to church. I remember one time that I promised God that I would go to Perpetual Help services from then on if I passed a math test. I don't remember if I passed or not, but I started going. That lasted a couple of months. But since I didn't receive Communion, I soon stopped. In college I was elected Vice President of the Newman Club. Of course, the only reason I went to the first meeting is because I thought it was for freshmen. I also met my first girlfriend - a Catholic - and started going to church again (until we broke up that spring).

To make a long story short, the Navy sent me to Puerto Rico, where I met my wife on a blind date. When I got out of the Navy, we moved back to Puerto Rico, where my first child, a daughter, was born. I still hadn't joined the Church. I would sometimes attend with my wife and in-laws, but I was more into *espiritismo* and other new age philosophies. One day, after the birth of my third daughter, I was sitting on the carport of my house, reading, when a woman from up the road came by. She asked if we would allow the eldest to join the catechism class she was starting, and remembering how my dad had forbidden my brothers and me from going, I told her that I would make sure my daughter was there the next Saturday.

Who took my daughter to Catechism? Who studied with her? Who did everything possible to make sure she knew the Catholic faith? Not my wife, the Cradle Catholic. I (the agnostic-new age-*espiritista*) did. Of course, that meant I had to study it myself. And equally of course, I found myself growing closer to the Church.

During all this time (from about 18 through my early 30's), I often considered myself a non-Christian (and sometimes considered myself almost a Buddhist). But whenever I thought about Christianity, the protestant denominations never attracted me. If Christianity were true, it was Catholic, not protestant.

About two months after Lisa received her First Communion, I spoke to a colleague - a male religious - about finishing my instructions. He got me into contact with an English speaking priest (a Redemptorist) in a neighboring parish. I began my own preparation -- one that consisted only of reading and discussing John 6. Father Martin was quite helpful. We met on a weekly basis, and studied John 6 until he thought I was ready. Then I had my First Confession (which I later learned was not really complete - he had me confess the two or three worst sins I had, and then granted me absolution - (and what man of 32 who has never been to confession has only 2 or 3 major sins?)). That weekend, when I told my wife that I was going to receive my First Communion, I thought she was going to go into shock. It had been strange enough that I had started attending Mass again; but that I was taking instructions for Communion had never entered into her head. That was in 1981, and I was 32 years old.

So, at the age of 32, I finally returned to the Church.

When I visited Father to ask if he would prepare me for Confirmation, he sent me to my Spanish professor friend. Brother Robert agreed, provided I went to a *Cursillo de Cristiandad*. So, my daughter went to her Confirmation catechism, and I met with Brother Robert (and went to the *Cursillo*). Finally, the big day came. Roberto was my sponsor, and one of my wife's nieces was my daughter's sponsor. We were confirmed in the same ceremony, and no, I was not the oldest person there. I noticed several other adults also being confirmed, some of whom were 20 - 30 years older than me.

During the next four years, I became very active in my parish. I was elected an officer of the *Cursillos* in Moca, joined the Knights of Columbus, and started attending Cursillo Leadership School and the Diocesan Pastoral Institute. My two older daughters and I were active in the ministry of music, and I gave free Conversational English classes to the priests in my parish. You might say I had become a fanatic.

Of course, I burned out. Within four years of returning to the church, I had stopped being active. I had tried to go to Mass at least 3-4 times a week, but now I tried to go to Mass at least every Sunday, (but didn't worry if I missed a week (after all, "God will understand")). I had tried to be everything, and ended up being "nothing". I had gone from an Agnostic to an active member of the parish, to an indifferent believer in four (maybe five) short years.

I was too busy with my work and other materialistic aspects of my life to really believe. My prayer life all but disappeared. Oh, I kept going to confession ("Father, forgive me, for I have sinned. I missed Mass last week"). My confessor (because I always tried to go to the same priest each time) could have probably recited my confession as soon as he saw me come in. I mean, over the course of a few years, after hearing the same person say the same thing every month, he must have had it memorized. I had become what I so despised - a "social" Catholic - one who is Catholic because it is "in" - the thing to do.

For the next several years, my wife and I, both, sort of drifted along. We tried, but it was so hard to follow Christ as He wanted us to follow Him. We went to church, and made sure our kids went to church and to religious summer camp and to retreats, but we seemed to be in neutral. My

wife had always been more devout than I had been, and so she tended to make sure that I went to church. But she was not always successful.

I had always wanted to obtain my Ph.D., but didn't want to leave home to do it. I had decided that I would study at Indiana University of Pennsylvania (IUP) because I liked their program, and because I could do my residency in two summers. One day in 1993, my wife suggested that I ask for a one year leave of absence and go there. She knew I wouldn't go if it was in the summer. It took a year to get the paperwork done, but in August 1994, I turned the chairmanship of my department over to my replacement, boarded a plane, and all nervous and shaky (because I had not been apart from my wife for an extended period of time since getting out of the Navy), parted for Indiana, Pennsylvania. In the long run, it may have saved me.

My trip to IUP was uneventful. I arrived at the University early Sunday morning and went in search of the nearest Catholic Church. I finally found the Newman Center, but Mass was just ending, so I didn't go that week. It was the start of an on/off relationship with the Church that would last for another seven years. In general, I tried to go every week, but then again, if I missed "God would understand." Yep, I still believed that. But God had other plans for me. He even enlisted the aid of a couple of Protestants to make sure I remained Catholic.

The first person I met at orientation was another first year doctoral student named Tim. Tim and his family sort of adopted me. He was one of the few Christians in my group, so he and I tended to hang out together. None of us (there were three - Tim Presbyterian, Tim Episcopalian, and me (Catholic)) tried to convert the others, but all insisted that the others go to church on Sunday (me to Mass, and the other two to their services).

When possible, I would go to church on Saturday afternoon or to the early Mass on Sunday morning. In fact, it soon became a ritual - church at 9:00, breakfast (usually the "Super Slam") at Denny's after Mass. Tuesdays soon became "Dinner at Tim's" followed by an hour of television. Sometime during that semester, I decided that I would dedicate my dissertation to St. Jude and to the Virgin Mary. Nothing much else happened until December 14.

The story of December 14 is one that I have long meditated on. Classes were due to end in early December, so I bought my ticket back home for December 15. I bought it as soon as I knew when the last day of class was.

December 14, 1994: Classes were over. Tim was going to drive me to the airport the next morning, and make sure I got on my plane. My flight was at 7:00, so I had to be there by 6:00. The night of the 14th, Tim called and invited me to join his family in a trip to the Mall and I agreed so I could pick up some last presents. We had a nice time, and it was time to go back and get some rest before he was to pick me up for the trip to Pittsburgh. It was a rainy night, and the Mall was due to close at 11:00. We walked to the car in the rain (which can be quite cold in Pennsylvania in December) little knowing what was in store for us.

We got there. The car wouldn't start.

What to do? What to do? Tim thought it might be wet gasoline (since he just had a rag instead of a gas cap). As we're trying to start the car, two women (who later told us the never stopped for strangers) pulled up and asked if they could help. Tim asked if they knew where he could find some "dry gas". They did, and took him to get it. The stuff wouldn't work. They took him to a pay phone, and he called for a tow truck, and waited with us until the truck arrived. It arrived about 12:00.

Here's the problem. We were 1 1/2 - 2 hours from Indiana and I had to be at the airport in 6 hours. Two hours home, pick up my things, and two hours back - plenty of time. No problem. No worries. But the tow truck driver had his wife with him, so he couldn't take all of us. Only one could go back to get the other car (fortunately, they had two cars). The obvious choice was Tim. But now it's getting a bit tight. Two hours to Indiana, two hours back, two hours to Indiana (again) to get my things, two hours back to the airport - wait(!) That's 8 hours. It was impossible.

Well, what was to be done? The two women agreed to take Tim's wife and kids and me to an all night restaurant - which we soon changed to Dunkin Donuts. So off we all went. While we were at the donut store, I stopped and thought, "Hey, why don't we have Tim pick up my things and bring them with him?" Yeah, but how were we to tell him? I called my apartment, but my room mate was unwilling to help out. Then we asked the clerk at Dunkin Donuts if he knew of any place we could rent a car. He told us of a place up the street that might be open and that might rent us a car, so I walked up there. It was closed.

I walked back to Dunkin Donuts praying, and decided that I just couldn't do it on my own. So I turned everything over to God. Here I was, in the outskirts of Pittsburgh, with my best friend's wife and two children, waiting for her husband to get his other car to pick us up and get me to the airport. Well, if God wanted me to get home and be with my family, it would happen. If not, well, I would spend Christmas by myself in Indiana. I would just have to accept it.

This decision made, I got back to Dunkin Donuts. Tim's daughter freaked out "Uncle John's going to be stuck here and it's our fault." Her mother and I finally got her to calm down. I don't remember how it happened, but shortly after we got the girl calmed down, a man got out of his seat where he had been drinking coffee and came over to us. He asked us to do him the favor of allowing him to take us to Indiana. He told me (on the way to there) that, for some reason, he had brought his wife's van instead of his usual jeep. There was room, so the children could sleep and Tim's wife, Wayne, and I could talk. When I offered to at least pay for gas, he would accept nothing - just told me to pass it forward to the next person we saw in trouble.

To make a long story short, we got to Indiana about the same time as Tim. We picked up my bags and tickets, and I arrived at the airport on time to be home with my wife and children for Christmas. I often think of Wayne. I had his address, so I sent him a Christmas card, but I don't know if he ever received it. I sometimes think he may have been my guardian angel sent to help me once I had let God take over. And he didn't do anything *until* I had turned it over. You would think I had learned my lesson. If so, you obviously do not know human nature.

In January, I was back at IUP for my second semester. Nothing much happened during that semester and the summer that followed. I continued my studies, finally returning to Puerto Rico

in August 1995 with only one course, my comprehensives, and my dissertation to finish. The course, and independent study in Second Language Literacy, took me a year to complete. Over the next few years (until 2001), I continued to attend weekly Mass (when I didn't have to do anything more important - which was often the case - besides, I had my dissertation studies to complete, so God would understand).

I took several more trips to IUP - to meet prepare for my comprehensive exams, to take my exams, to meet with my dissertation committee, to work on my proposal, and so on. And, during all of this, I continued to attend weekly Mass (when I didn't have to do anything more important - which I often did).

Then, in 2001, things happened to change my life forever.

In August 2000 my wife noticed that I was unable to continue my studies. I kept being appointed to more and more committees and given more and more administrative functions. One of my colleagues noticed the same thing, and recommended that I request a sabbatical so I could finish my dissertation. My wife said that she agreed, so I started the paperwork for a sabbatical. So August 2001 found me back in Indiana, PA. I was on a one-year Sabbatical to actually finish my dissertation. Unlike my previous trips, now, in 2001, I returned for the final steps, not to return to Puerto Rico until I had graduated.

Before I left Puerto Rico, my younger brother and I had made plans to meet in St. Louis on Labor Day weekend to visit with my older brother. He made all the arrangements (including paying for the tickets), and I was able to fly there on August 31 and return on September 4. We were able to stay with one of my cousins and her husband, so neither of us had to pay for a hotel room. And I was able to see where my mother and my father were both buried. My older brother was much worse than I had thought, and it turned out to be the second to the last time I would see him alive. (In November, I was able to spend Thanksgiving weekend with him and his family. He passed away just before my graduation.)

I found myself very nervous during this visit, and couldn't figure it out. My guess, at the time, was that I was worried that the plane would crash, and my wife wouldn't know what had happened to me. I was, supposedly, in either Penn State (at the library) or at the Library of Congress in Washington. Considering things that happened a week after I returned to Indiana, however, I wonder if it was more than this.

Most people remember where they were on September 11, 2001. I woke up listening to what I thought was a comedian making fun of President Bush and the election results in Florida (yes, they were still telling jokes about that). It took me a while to realize that I was not hearing a joke, but that it was really President Bush speaking, and that he wasn't talking about the "disaster that occurred in Florida", but one that had just occurred in New York. This essay isn't about September 11, though, so I won't say very much about it, except that it affected me much more than I realized at the time.

As one example of how it affected me, I actually bought a TV, and spent much of my time either watching the news (and later, EWTN) or watching World War II movies on DVD. Now doctoral

students, especially those who are working on their dissertation, do not generally have a TV. Those who do have one generally do not watch it. But I spent the rest of September, and most of October, either surfing the Internet, or reading, or watching Fox News, or watching WWII movies. Then I remembered a web site I had visited some years before, and went to see if it was still there. While at that site, I read the first 8 chapters of *Pierced by a Sword*. I wanted to find out how it ended, so I sent for a copy, thinking it would be only another five or six chapters. The book arrived less than a week later, at 3:00 in the afternoon, and the thickness was a bit daunting. I finished reading it at 6:00 the next morning.

I know many people will tell me that what happened a few nights later was all psychological. I know they will claim it was reading this book, the occurrences of September 11, watching the news, being by myself so far from home, and a host of other psychological reasons. They may be true. But that doesn't explain why it affected me as much as it has. It doesn't explain why it happened when it did. It doesn't explain much of the symbolism that I (and several priests) have seen in it. But the nights of October 18 and 19, 2001 are burned into my memory. Even when I talk about them (or write about them) I can still feel the fear I felt then.

On Thursday, October 18, I went to bed as usual and had the first of two dreams. It wasn't all that long. But it was quite scary.

I was all alone in a completely dark, closed room. I could see, hear, and feel nothing at all. I suddenly realized that it wasn't all dark and that I wasn't all alone. There was a dim red glow, a lot like fire, but much dimmer, as though at a distance. In front of me was a "being" that I didn't think was human; but I could not recognize what it was. There was a definite feeling of evil emanating from it, so I decided it must be a demon. The being looked at me, raised a hand and pointed a finger at me and said, "You belong to me. I have come to take you to the eternal fire." I replied, "But, but, but, what have I done?" It responded with, "I have come to get you." I then gasped out, "But why? I haven't done anything bad." With that, a voice came out of the darkness surrounding me, "Precisely, you have done nothing bad. But you have done nothing good, either. You are lukewarm."

I woke up in a cold sweat and spent the next few hours in prayer (especially the Rosary). But, I finally got back to sleep, and woke up late the next morning. (When I tell my story to groups, I generally start with Revelations 3, 15-16 "15 I know your works; I know that you are neither cold nor hot. I wish you were either cold or hot. 16 So, because you are lukewarm, neither hot nor cold, I will spit you out of my mouth.")

The next night, Friday, October 19, 2001, I had a second dream. This one was longer, more complicated, and really drove me to consider how I was living my life.

I was sitting on a ledge in front of a plate-glass window in a "tourist town" when a girl came up and sat down next to me. In my dream, I knew she was one of my students, and that she, together with some other students, had come to this town with me. She showed me an old plaque of the type that is used to identify tourist attractions. This one was old, covered with verdigris with strange markings that I didn't recognize. It was actually ancient and I told her to keep it. While we were talking, a boy came over and showed me an ancient book. It had the same appearance of

the plaque, and the same symbols were on the cover. I told him that it was really old, and that he should keep it. He asked if I wanted to hear part of it, but I told him that we needed to get moving, so he could read it as we walked. I stood up and we crossed the street.

The scene shifted and I found myself at the head of a group of people going up a long hill. The girl with the plaque was walking to my left. The boy with the book was walking at the rear of the group. He was reading aloud from the book. The road was made of cobbles and about wide enough for one car to drive up it. The sidewalk we were walking on was about as wide as the road. To my left, on the other side of the girl, was a waist-high stone wall that only I could see across. (I don't know why, but that stuck in my mind). When I looked across it, I saw a rough ocean crashing against the shore. Then I looked up the road, and saw that it made a turn to the right (not a right angle turn, but more of a curve). (There is a place much like this, but without the sidewalk, and much wider - at least 4 lanes - on the way to San Juan. It reminds me much of the road in my dream.)

Then, I saw (is if in a vision) a group of "beings" dressed all in black, with cowls over their heads, walking in file down a street. I knew that they would soon turn and come straight towards the spot where the road I was on ended. (Shades of Tolkien - but these weren't horsemen). I thought to myself, "I know where he is leading us, and it is evil." Since I didn't want him to hear me, and tell me to be quiet, I whispered an *Our Father*. Nothing happened. So I said it a little louder (just loud enough for the girl next to me to hear it). She looked at me angrily and moved away.

We were getting too close to the top of the hill for me to continue on this way, so I said, at regular conversational level, an *Apostles Creed*. The whole group looked at me with dislike and with anger. The landscape sort of shivered. The student in the back (who was reading to us) actually looked like he hated me. So I said a *Hail Mary*. The scene started to shimmer even more. I knew that I had to do whatever was to be done before starting down the road at the curve. As we arrived at the top of the hill, I shouted out, with all my strength, another *Hail Mary*. This time, the whole universe resounded with the prayer. It was as if the entire cosmos was praying with me.

The scene shifted. The beings dressed in black kept walking straight ahead, passing the spot where they were supposed to turn, and disappearing into the distance. I found myself alone at the bottom of the hill. (I never could figure out where the others had gone to.) There were houses on a beach, and priests dressed completely in grey came out of the buildings and greeted me, welcoming me to the village.

I woke up and felt as though there was something in my apartment looking at me with hate-filled eyes. I spent the rest of the night in prayer. The next day I went to confession (that is why I remember the date - made it a point to go to confession every month on the Saturday closest to the 20th, because that would be one month.) The priest told me that he thought it was a beautiful dream and even told me that the book and the plaque were things from my past that I was getting rid of. Maybe so, but I couldn't sleep at night for the next three nights. I had to doze off during the day, and leave the lights on all night. (Even now, I am unable to be in the dark - especially when I am alone.) I knew that, if I went to sleep in the dark, I would be lost. I spent my sleepless



nights with all the lights turned on, praying. I didn't turn the lights off again until I left for vacation in December.

I spent a lot of time considering my future. Total Consecration to the Immaculata was appealing to me, but I couldn't decide if I should (if I was ready). I asked the opinions of both the priest where I was and my pastor back in Puerto Rico, and both said basically the same thing - "Think about it." I took that as a "yes" and decided to consecrate myself (in the "Spirit of St. Maximilian Kolbe") on the first Marian feast day after defending my dissertation. That day was March 25, Monday of Holy Week, Feast of the Annunciation. That was the day I made the most expensive decision I have ever made. - I made my act of consecration and joined the Militia Immaculata. It didn't cost me a cent - but did cost me my life. I have been restless ever since. I can no longer just sit and let the priest (or anybody else) do everything. If I find something that needs to be done, and which I, as a layman, can do, I talk it over with the pastor or with my spiritual director, and, if he is agreeable, try to do it.

Those dreams still haunt me, even though I have never had them again. I have had trouble writing this because they bother me so much. Every once in a while, I describe them to my spiritual director, and he and I try to find more of what was in it. I do not think of these as foretelling anything. If anything, they were a warning for me to straighten out my act. I have described them publicly only once. This essay is the first time I have actually put them in writing, and it has taken over two years to do so. They still haunt me. I still wonder about why I had them when I did. I see literary symbolism all through them (I mean, let's face it, evil beings dressed in black robes with cowls over their faces do sound a lot like Nazgul.) But I also recognize that God often uses what we already know and/or are familiar with to bring us back to the faith.

Some of the symbols are fairly straightforward. But it sometimes takes translating them into Spanish to recognize them. For example, when I told Father Leo about the stone wall, I called it "*un pared de piedras*". He told me, "Oh you mean like the Church was keeping the ocean (chaos) away." I realize that many symbols have culturally or psychologically specific meanings. Water, for example, is often used as a symbol for sexuality. However, after reading analyses of Genesis, I see it as symbolizing chaos.

I can see that my being in front was my leading them - and basically leading many to lose heaven due to my actions and words. (Something I constantly ask God to forgive me for. I know that my childhood and youth was not the best; that my example or my word may have turned others against God. I can see this as symbolizing this.) I also recognize that the first *Our Father* had not effect because I didn't want anybody to hear me pray it. (You might say I was a secret Christian.) I also realize that the *Hail Mary* was effective because I was willing to shout it out (no longer secret) and because it is one prayer that people recognize as being Catholic - so I was proclaiming my Catholicity by shouting out the Hail Mary. There is also much more involved, but with that is enough for now.

Then, there is that experience in De Soto when I was 10 or 11. Was my dream the Virgin answering that long ago prayer in front of her statue in the shrine next to the church? But I have

also come to realize that this entire dream may have been an answer to that long ago prayer in front of the shrine in De Soto. I think Mary was finally telling me how to find her Son.

While still in Pennsylvania, I went to Confession every month on the Saturday closest to the 20th. But my parish doesn't have Saturday confessions (we have every day except Saturday), so I soon changed my confession to the Thursday closest to the 20th. Now, I have returned to Saturdays since the parish next to ours does have them, and I can also go at the Institute on the Saturdays I am there. But I have also gone from once a month to every two weeks. I see this as stemming from that prayer the day I was too embarrassed to open the church door and walk in.

Even more, I know that my problem when I returned to the Church in the 80's was a lack of roots. No Christian can truly practice his faith if he doesn't know it. I decided I should learn as much about my faith as possible. I started taking classes again, reading books by people such as Cardinal Ratzinger (now Pope Benedict XVI), Sheed (*Theology for Beginners*), and, of course, Desmond Birch (*TTT*), and joined groups like the MoG and Knights Immaculata. I returned to the Diocesan Pastoral Institute, and returned to the *Cursillo* Movement.

Mass? It's the high point of my week - every Monday, Thursday, and Sunday (and sometimes on other days as well). Prayers? Morning, Noon, Night, and in between. I soon became much more active in my parish, such as visiting the sick, becoming a reader, and in general, trying to not just "not do anything bad" but to do what good I can. But I've been there before, and know that I can always fall again. But then, there are those two dreams that continually haunt me. There is Wayne appearing just when I needed him. There is Mary, Mother of God and our Mother, who doesn't want to see even one of her children abandon her only begotten Son. And then, there are the Mother of God and the KnightsImmaculata discussion groups - people who I know pray for me.

There's not really much else to say about my return. Except for one thing: when I reverted back in the early 80's, I thought I had finally returned to the Church. This time, I realize that reversion/conversion is an everyday/ every moment action. It doesn't matter that I returned definitely on October 20, 2001, if I don't return every day. My reversion (or conversion) has to be constant, or that dream of October 18 can easily come true.

This has been written for my own spiritual growth. I needed to get it down on paper so I could analyze what has happened to me over my life. But it is not secret. Others may read it. If so, let it be for their growth. May the Peace of Our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of His Mother, the Immaculate Conception, keep any who read this and guide all of us into His kingdom.