

SOPHIE MEINHARDT MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP ESSAY

BY ALEX WENDLING

Since I was born and until now my mom always takes me to church. Usually when a little baby goes to church he or she cries, or makes noise, or always distracts the parents. But, when I was little my mom would say that I always paid attention. I wouldn't even fall asleep. It surprised my mom and others.

When I was about two and a half I had already recited the Lords Prayer and the Hail Mary. That also surprised my mom and dad. I don't really remember this much because I was so little, but I had a dream and I was in a church and there was a new priest in the Church. I couldn't really describe what his face looked like but it looked kind of familiar. It looked something like me.

When I was seven or so I would go over my grandparent's house every weekend and pray the rosary with my grandma. She was like a saint to me. She would do anything for anyone. She was the best grandma who ever lived. Until March 14th, 2002 she died of skin cancer. I was so sad. I wish I could have been there when she died. I was beginning to think that God didn't love me, so he took my grandma away from me. But, I knew that he would always love me even though he took her away. So I forgave him and moved on.

When I went over to my grandpa's house on the weekends he would teach me how to play the piano. He was very proud because I learned so quickly. And I was so happy because he made me feel special when I would learn a new song. He would congratulate me and give me a hug. Two years later when I was 9 my grandpa died of a heart attack on March 11th, 2004. I was really mad at God now. I had no grandparent's left. On grandparent's day every year I would cry because my grandparents weren't alive. I didn't know how I could ever forgive God. I asked God why he had to take away the one's that I loved so much. But, I learned to accept that they were dead and that God thought it was time for them to go.

I was about 11 and I had the same dream about the priest that looked like me. I thought it was strange to have the same dream again. Then I realized I might have a calling. A calling to be a priest. I was thinking over it for a long time. I really couldn't decide if I could make the commitment. You wouldn't get married or have children. You would have to devote your whole life to God. I didn't think I could make that commitment. But, just recently Father Eric Bowman was saying in his homily that inspired me. He said, 'Who wants to be a lawyer, an engineer, or a builder someday?' And some of the kids raised their hands. Then he said, 'Who wants to be an artist, designer, or a model?' And some of the kids raised their

hands. Then finally he said, 'Who wants to be a priest?' And no hands went up. He really inspired me that day. I am still going to Mass every Sunday and praying to God. I keep asking if I should be a priest. But, I haven't gotten an answer yet, but I know I'll make the right decision in the future.