

Leif's Story

I began my Catholic journey quite in the same way someone falls into a pond to learn to swim on an icy day. I started out perusing the local bar district for something to do though I had sworn off drink some time ago. Two young ladies on a mission were talking with my cousin, a young musician lacking in direction. It struck me as odd that these two would be talking with my cousin for seemingly no reason when he was effectively simply begging while playing guitar. I care much for my cousin but the life of a musician brings him down roads I wish he would not travel. I chose the austere life of a writer some years ago and make my living on a disability pension afforded me by a generous Canadian government though I still find the odd few extra coins to travel on a student's budget. I write my story now from a hospital room full of computers in what most would refer to as the funny farm. I can not end in expressing the gratitude I have for Catholics who helped show me the way into the true faith as I now see it or the priests who delivered sermons. Sadly due to a shortage of priests there are few here. I myself have thought of the priesthood but after some counselling and a few RCIA classes I have realized the priesthood just isn't for me. I can only write now a short time before I have to dash off to yet another program here at the hospital, but one day I am sure I will have the time to sit and write the great North American classic that I one day dream of writing.