

Maya's Story

Several years ago, I had decided to take it upon myself to say the Rosary every night before bed. As I was praying I reflected not only on the mysteries, but on the little children of this world that were suffering from abuse, neglect, starvation, everything I could think of that they might be going through. A couple of nights later, when I got home from work, I turned on the TV to watch the news. A child in our city was killed at the hands of his parents, a very small child. I began to cry. Never had I felt so ashamed of being a person. I quietly told God that I was sorry, but I couldn't physically go into these people's homes and make them love their children, it's just not possible. I had assumed that God was listening to my prayers, especially since I was praying on the Rosary. Then I heard a voice inside my head. The voice said to me, that it was my job to pray and HIS job to do the rest. I picked up the Rosary again, which I really hadn't planned to do and began to pray. From now on, I remember that night and what God said to me. This isn't the reason I'm a Catholic, but it is the reason I love my Lord so much. Pray, pray, pray.

Thank you, Maya