

## Saint Paul

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It is a wonderful morning, having just received the good news. Jesus is indeed working in and through me.

Yesterday was the feast of the conversion of St Paul, the Apostle (January 25th). I had a long-scheduled lunch with a friend who is near and dear to me. He reminds me of the way I was a year and a half ago – lost and broken. My Pastor, Fr. John O'Hara told me when I first met him that my conversion was "Paul" like.

Sadly, our conversation began with more of the same. He came for counsel and advice. In the past, he would leave and nothing would change. This time, he asked me about prayer. I was pleased to learn he attended Sunday mass with his daughter. I asked him if he understood the Eucharistic prayer and he replied no. I was blessed to learn it from Msgr. Gerald McCarren at a retreat on November 18, 2006. I proceeded to explain what I knew and tears welled up in his eyes. I asked him when was the last time he went to confession and he said, "twenty years." I told him I had been away for thirty-five. My whole life changed when I got right with God. I explained God would love to help him, but could not until he had rid himself of the sin. Once it was released, all the good stuff that was being crushed by it would start to come out. I explained it was like a filthy windshield. Once cleaned, you could see so much clearer. Jesus could then go to work. He had been waiting ever so patiently.

I always carry the day's scripture readings with me in my pocket. I pulled it and read parts of the first reading. Again, tears welled up. I suggested he ask a priest to hear his confession. I told him he would be most welcomed to "be not afraid." I even went as far to suggest that the priest would be giddy, like a child playing in a sandbox.

I suggested he start praying the rosary. He indicated his late Mother left him her rosary beads. She had prayer cards too. I told him it was a wonderful way to honor his mother's memory. I told him it would be easy to find instructions on how to pray the rosary.

The call came in this morning. Immediately upon leaving me he stopped off at his local church. When the happy and delighted priest welcomed him, he knew he would be just fine. The priest reminded my friend that it was Jesus who brought us together for lunch. "Jesus had other ideas on how you were going to spend your afternoon," he was told.

My friend now has a new heart and a spirit. He also received an instruction booklet on how to pray the rosary.

The priest read the same scripture verses I did earlier in the day.

He was reminded it was happening to him on the Conversion of St Paul.

I love You, Jesus. You are quite a guy!