

MY JOURNEY TO

CHRISTIANITY

(BEING BORN AGAIN)

Born in a strong catholic family background and raised in that for, I became more of a catholic as I grew up in words and acts.

When I was mature enough, I was taken to join catechism classes [lower], where you are prepared to start receiving the holy communion. There is nothing much apart from knowing the laws of the religion of God, the holy days, the catholic religion hail Mary and other formulas.

From then I went for further steps in catechism where I had to study for 3 years so as to receive confirmation done by the Bishop-a stage of maturity in the catholic church.

After all these classes, all I knew about prayer was the Creed, Hail Mary, the Lords Prayer and other formulas (rituals). Through I started receiving the holy communion at a young age, I can still count the number 9 times I went to the alter for it.

Every Saturday we are seeking repentance from the Reverent Father was done before receiving the holy communion. I could always excuse myself like „ wait first“ and then the next words like „ don't go there“.

I was afraid of my mother, because she could ask me why I didn't go for the holy communion but I always dodged her questions.

Still the next Sundays I could do the same.

My doubting in receiving the holy communion increased as I grew up in knowledge. I don't know why, but my other question was, if really this is the body of Christ and his blood and in doing so we are in remembrance of Him, why are we given plain bread without wine?

Where does that bread come from, if it is a holy communion?

Why is it selective to a few individuals like when you are not engaged by the Rev. Father and not yet married by him, you are not supposed to take it.

They normally call this a holy and unholy marriage. I wondered how an unholy marriage looks like. One day, I sat with my mother I said to her „ Look you are now carrying a heavy burden as being considered as someone still in an unholy marriage and for that matter you are in a great sin.“ I said further „ Mother that is not true for the bible says clearly that a man shall leave his father and mother and shall live with his wife and the two will become one flesh [Genesis 2:24] and again in Matthew 19:5-6 says for this reason a man will leave his father and mother and be united to his wife, and the two will become one flesh, so they are no longer two but one. Therefore what God has joined together, let man not separate! Not the Rev. Father, not the Bishop or Pastor or any Preacher but what GOD has joined !“ My Mum became speechless but we left the question unanswered.

I don't know really why I trusted more in the rosary and praying to mother Mary than receiving the holy communion?

I loved to pray and I thought that through Mary my prayers would easily be answered. My rosary was always around my neck, I loved the catholic religion more than How I loved God. I feared the religion more than how I feared God.

Words like „The Holy Spirit“ are just dreams in the catholic church and I didn` t know about Him.

I was always feeling sorry for all those who were in other religion as I knew Catholicism was the only way to heaven.

In my senior 4 I was attacked by a strange disease. It was so strong for me and it wasn't an easy moment. As someone in a candidate class, I was deeply worried. The disease became stronger and stronger. In my room I could see wild cats attacking me, trying to kill me. I tried to pray, cast out the power of the devil with my rosary around my neck. Then a point came when I could breath no more. I knew I had died. Good enough my parents were not at home and my Dad was away. My Mum was nursing her mum in town. We were only children at home who could rarely come in my room to check on me.

In my journey of death I was laid alongside the coffin which was placed near the deep grave which was too dark.

I was too weak that I could not help myself from that grave and the coffin. Funny enough Mary and the rosary where not there!

I WAS ALONE!

Helpless. I could not even remember to pray a rosary, but I was scared and shaking. A voice came to me and said „David, do not shake yourself. If you do so, you will be put in the coffin and finally in the grave.“ I obeyed that voice and laid straight, motionless for a few minutes. I found myself in a quiet place, very calm with no moon, no sun, no stars, but the shinning was incomparable!

I sat down and had a look at the place. It was so wonderful, so peaceful!

I didn't think about anything. What I wanted, was to stay there for good!

Unfortunately I was brought back into the world. I found myself all well and so strong, I walked straight out of my room.

My sibilings were amazed when they seen me walking and talking!

I explained everything to my parents. They felt so sad that there I was going to die when they were not around. But I knew God was with me.

I CONTINUED TO TRUST IN HIM!

After my advanced level of education, I started moving up and down looking for better jobs.

You know what it is like when you are still in the world!

All I knew about Jesus Christ was He died on the cross.

I knew having money was the solution to everything. Good enough I had so many job opportunities, but every job that I got I felt too small for me in terms of salary.

THE MORE I HUNTED FOR MONEY, THE MORE I BECAME HUNGRY FOR THE WORLD!

City life was easy for me. I felt so miserable, I saw myself as a failure!

By this time I had completely left receiving the holy communion but my fighting gun in life was the rosary.

Time came, when I got stuck in the world.

Job opportunities were no more there. I cursed the city. I had to go back to the village to see how I could fix myself in village life. It wasn't easy but later on I became more of a villager.

Life itself got more worse. I had to run to the nearby tea plantation to see if I could get a job.

By then I was a driver by profession. Finally arriving there only to hear that they had no jobs for drivers, but they needed lots of pluckers [tea pluckers]. I had no option! I was recruited as a field loader and by then it was a heavy rain season, sacks full of fresh tea leaves were too heavy for me but I had no choice. With time I became a Senior loader. From loading I was given a machine to start plucking. I started with 50 kgs each kg for 20000 Ugandan Shillings. At this point I accepted that my life was completely ruined but I kept on praying my rosary. When I started joining bars noosing with old people then I realised that I was finished!

WHEN I STARTED JOINING BARS
BOOSING WITH OLD PEOPLE
THEN I RELISED THAT

I WAS FINISHED!

It was night when I received a call from Kampala that they needed a driver to drive school kids. I couldn't believe it but it was true! Ever since I had left the driving school I had never driven any car on the main roads but this time I was going to start driving within Kampala City!

On my way to Kampala my prayer went like this „Lord am not the one to drive but you Lord!“ I kept on with that prayer until I reached Kampala.

I found the car waiting for me. My driving experience on the road was zero but my boss was patient enough for me. Finally I became an expert in driving around the city. But this time I wasn't attending any catholic church rather I was always force to go to the church of my boss every Sunday and any other day. She knew very well that I was a catholic but she wanted to change me which was difficult. What surprised her was to see me with a bible and then she said to me that „David you are not a catholic. A catholic with a bible it is unbelievable (impossible)!“

I personally loved to read the word of God but I didn't have a bible of my own. But I had made a vow to myself that if I started working the first thing to buy will be a bible and I fulfilled it. My first time in the day „Born Again Church“ was very strange to me: the way of praying, praising and worshipping the Lord. My first time to hear the whole church calling and inviting the Holy Spirit to take over and take control. I was asking myself „ what is the meaning of this?“ I didn't know who the Holy Spirit is but I felt His presence.

The way of praising and praying really moved me. I felt a little bit changed.

On my way home my boss tried to convince me that being born again is the only way to salvation but she couldn't tell me what it means to be born again.

In order to save my job I had to accept being born again.

BUT IN MY HEART
I WAS STILL
A CATHOLIC!

The next Sunday when the Pastor was asking whether there could be someone who hasn't given his or herself to Christ to rise his hand and stand up.

I was the first and another one followed. The whole church was very happy and after the service we were taken for counselling.

The first question was „In which religion were you?“ I said „catholic“. But in my heart I knew I was still a catholic. And then we were told to fast: „ Do try to fast for three days!“

I couldn't believe this, because in my life I had never spent even one single day without eating!

This time I was going to survive on my own saliva! With three days of dryness, I became too weak. Still I had to drive the kids 66 kilometres every day! The character of my boss really couldn't convince me enough to leave the catholic religion.

SHE KNEW,
I WAS BORN AGAIN
BUT
IN ME I WASN'T!

She didn't reflect any good example to me and other people. She was always proud, money minded, taken by the riches of this world, so boastful, always angry, so arrogant, treating her employees as slaves and rubbish! All those gave me a bad picture towards her Christianity. Surprisingly we were forced to fast even though we didn't know what we were fasting for! Life became miserable again! I was like in prison! Every day I grew weaker and weaker. But I could pray my rosary in secret. She enjoyed torturing workers. Even though she realised that you wanted to leave the job what she could do was confiscate your belongings!

One day I made a plan after we had gone to church with two cars. After the service she told me to tell all the people at home that she was to come about late.

My heart felt a lot of joy, because I knew it was the time for me to leave!

I had already packed everything in my bag.

Reaching home, I gave the car keys to one of the people at home only to see me marching out of the gate.

I got the bus of around 2 pm with a lot of relief.

Spending one month in Kampala without a job wasn't easy for me. This time I had change a little bit. I could no longer put on the rosary, neither did I pray it. This time I had little trust in it.

It was only kept in my bag.

I went back to the catholic church but this time it was so boring! I really missed the other church.

Then I came to realise that I was not the real David!

This time I was staying with my uncle who was also born again. Being born again, the whole family together went to church. I went with them and prayed from their church. It was good! The Holy Spirit was mentioned but I didn't know His reality! M

My spiritual life started changing though I was still jobless.

One day my cousin brother called me, informing that there was a green house project going on and casual workers were needed. I went straight away. We did the work but this time the manager was a man of God from Germany. Here we worked only one week and the project was accomplished.

While on that project I received a call that a driver was needed to immediately start driving children. I could not wait. I reached the school ground, collected all the kids in the van, then I started dropping them off to their respective homes.

I drove for one week and unfortunately the first school term ended. But I was assured that the second term was for me to drive as well. During this time, my uncle and brother called me again, that there was some piece of land which needed to be cleared and dug properly. I said „ Don't worry, digging is ok.“ I could not wait. The next morning I was the place. This time the people who needed the land cleared and dug were or former boss from the green house project. I agreed to the contract. Tools were given to me and I had to start then and there. It wasn't easy for me.

The land was water locked but I tried.

They shown me a lot of love for the very first time. They were caring while always bringing some lunch. I could believe it ! Next to this experience, I had a task of walking around 26 km to and fro, morning and evening.

THAT
WAS THE MOST DIFFICULT MOMENT
IN MY LIFE!

After 3 days of walking I told my brother that I was giving up the work. He said to me „Please, don't do it!“ That he was going to talk to our family friend who is nearby so that I can start residing from there. Then I praised the Lord for that provision, because I needed the money being on holiday (here in Uganda no one who has got work connected with a school is paid during the school breaks).

Having solved the problem I got serious at work. These people of God from Europe their love for me was extraordinary!

I came to love the work the more. While I had started working there for a while, Sabine A Walker a Christ-like born again Christian came to me and asked me a question that was too spiritual! The question was „David you look so worried and you feel like you don't know how your future life is likely to be“ I was speechless!

I WONDERED
WHAT KIND OF PERSON IS THIS
WHO IS ABLE TO ASK ME
THE VERY THING
THAT I AM THINKING?!

And her husband Mark E Walker a Christ-like born again Christian asked me the same thing!!! I went and told my brother about it,

IT WAS TOO STRONG FOR ME!

I opened myself to them and explained all the challenges that I was going through. I told them that I was a driver and the school term was almost starting but I will be coming in to complete my work.

The were very very grateful!

Their love for me was unmeasurable! They cared for me as if I was their biological child!

To be realistic,

THIS WAS
MY
TURNING POINT!
TO
REAL CHRISTIANITY!

Time came when they offered me a chance to come and start staying with them. My life time changed!

As I came nearer to them I had more time to chat with them. They taught me the meaning of being born again in Christ, where you become Christ-like. I got more and more a picture, knowledge and understanding the real meaning of being born again in Christ.

As time went on I wanted to know about water baptism and they gave me the full teaching and the scriptures concerning it. I went on through Matthew 28:19, 1 Peter 3:21, Romans 6:4+3, Galatians 3:27, Mark 16:16, Acts 2:38, Acts 8:26-40.

ALL THESE WERE ENOUGH
FOR ME
TO BELIEVE!

Everything that they did reflected the life of Jesus Christ. And it wasn't long that I asked to be baptised in deep water, not the droplets that I got in the catholic church. At this moment I had already destroyed the rosary. It was rubbish to me.

They taught me clearly who the Holy Spirit is. I felt crying because I realised that I had annoyed and grieved Him quite often. From there I received the baptism of the Holy Spirit as I was praying alone in my room I could not understand myself as I continued to pray I felt my flesh moving away, my hair was like it was being taken away from my head. I started touching myself to see whether I was the one or not?! When I did it I was brought down and humbled, then I thanked the Lord God Almighty for the gift of the Holy Spirit who is now my friend, counsellor, teacher, intercessor, helper, advocate, strengthener, standby and comforter. He has revealed to me most of deep things of God. He has given me knowledge, wisdom and understanding of this world.

MY LIFE NOW CHANGED
MY HOPE RESTORED !

I am loved and cared for!!!

BUT WHATEVER WAS TO MY PROFIT
I NOW CONSIDER LOSS
FOR THE SAKE OF
CHRIST !

(Philippians 3: 7)

God has indeed blessed all the work of my hands and may the good Lord always bless Mark E Walker together with Sabine A Walker in each and everything that they'll be doing. May the good Lord bless „Hope for Bukasa“!

May the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ
and the Love of God
and the sweet fellowship of
The Holy Spirit
be with us all!

AMEN.

