

I grew up in an Irish Catholic home and attended parochial school for nine years. During that time, I assumed most of what I was taught was absolute truth and was fairly satisfied with the Catholic Doctrine...after all, how could an institution such as the Catholic Church, with all its schools churches, nuns, and priests be wrong?

I was happy to go along with all that I was being taught and pass it on to my own family. Even though at times I felt strangely detached, with many questions.

As a young bride I met a new friend at my job. She was an especially warm and loving person, who seemed to have an admirable lifestyle with all things in order. One day she invited me to attend her church which happened to be an evangelical protestant church. This invitation really gave me pause for thought, since my years in parochial school taught me never to even enter a protestant church as it carries grave spiritual consequences. After some time, however, I decided to accept the invite and attend. *And no...the sky didn't fall.*

After some observation, I noticed that the main difference, which I found strangely odd, was how normal it was for Protestants to carry Bibles with them, and that the services seemed to reference the bible directly, whereas the Catholics had Missals (produced by the Catholic Church) which enumerated all their important idea(s). After some time visiting the Protestant church, my curiosity grew as to why we as Catholics did not use the Bible in the same way the Protestants did...

As time went by, my sister Ann married a Jewish fellow. He was from a nice family and before long I had a nephew and niece who were half Jewish. I started to think, is it true that some of us would be "lost" and others "saved". There didn't seem to be that much of a difference in the way we live. Why did God make it all so confusing? I almost felt angry with God and questioned if He really existed. Although my observations of the wonderful world He created seemed to attest to the fact that He did. What about faith? I thought if it was God's fault that we chose to believe in the wrong things?? After all there was so much to choose from.

At the same time when these questions started popping into my head, I started to have serious problems with my eyes. On two occasions I completely lost my vision, which took a few months to clear up. My vision problems and the many surgeries I had left me legally blind and no longer able to see the vivid clarity of life.

Now most people would think that this turn of events was a negative thing; but I would not change it for anything in the world. In fact, I consider it to be the most fortunate event of my life. If not for the onset of blindness, I would not have my most precious treasure. It was this condition that led me to make some important decisions. After pining many days, nights weeks, months and years considering the fate of my children, with so many questions about God and faith; I decided that with all the varying opinions of "Correct religion" - I decided to ask God Himself through His Word... What was the dividing line of line of truth. I was in a race to accomplish this before completely losing my eyesight. I couldn't rely on what people say or believe about what God (if there is a God) expected from me, since everyone had their own opinion. I had to find out for myself...I needed to go right to the source. Since my vision was deteriorating so quickly, I had a serious sense of urgency...to read the Bible for myself. And so it was, my journey began!

When I say my journey, I mean I've read the Bible 20 [at time of this writing] times from beginning to end. I've copied it in my own handwriting once and authored it once outlined it once. I have read the Protestant version, the imprimatur Catholic Version and the Torah and ancient writings (Jewish version). I only mention this to let you know that I have spent some time and am acquainted with what I am speaking about.

On my journey, I have discovered many things, amongst them, that the answer to every question known to man can be answered on these pages. That this is the only place you can meet God and know what is expected of you. That it is a living Word. It is awesome and it is a communication with God It is an insurance policy for your life; and like all insurance policies, it should be read carefully. It is a place of wonder and miracles filled with mystery and riddles. It is an incomparable place that can bring peace and contentment.

God is our Father, he has feelings – He feels sad when He calls, and we do not come. When has a list of rules on paper ever been able to take the place of a constant conversation through life between a father and his child? Who has the right to interfere with that relationship? Who could possibly do it justice?

When I joined that Protestant church many years ago. We learned to read a chapter here and a verse there. I ask...can you tell me if you read any other book that way what would you learn? You would struggle to know the plot. So why do we read the Bible in that way? God tells us where the beginning is (Genesis – it's very meaning). I submit that you will never get to understand what the Author is saying by jumping around. God tells us to be strong and courageous because you will need to be. This journey is not for the faint of heart. But the rewards are unfathomable...you will come out absolutely knowing, not guessing or hoping, that God is exactly who he says He is and that He really does exist.