

Sophie Meinhardt Memorial Scholarship 2015

Nicholas Seger

OLV

I enjoy helping people. Especially when I'm helping someone who has trouble getting around. It was on a Monday, after school, around 3:45. It had been a rough day at school and I wasn't in the best of moods. I walked from school to the Church to see if God could lighten my day, or at least offer me a quiet place to sit and wait for my ride home. As I opened the Church door, I saw a little old lady. She was struggling to get out of her car. I didn't feel like helping anyone at the time, but something was nudging at me to anyway. I walked over to the old woman and asked her if she needed anything. She smiled, looked at me and said, "Oh, I actually do. Thank you for noticing." She asked me if I would be kind enough to grab her walker out of the back of her car. I opened the back car door and retrieved the walker. She started to thank me and I replied by saying. "Anything else?" She answered and told me she just needed one more thing. She asked me if I could grab the bulletin in the Church for her. Luckily for me, I knew where the bulletins were. When I entered the Church, I looked through the papers on the shelves in the lobby. I started searching frantically for Sunday's bulletin but couldn't find it. What was I going to say to her if I couldn't find it? I grabbed as many papers as I could and piled them up. I took the papers and brought them to her. I was hoping she didn't notice that I had grabbed the wrong papers. It's like someone wanted me to look bad because right when I thought that she noticed. She just looked up with a smile and said, "Oh sweetie, this is not the bulletin." "I'm sorry. I don't think there are any left," I replied.

Just then someone walked towards the church entrance carrying an armful of papers. She saw the pile of leaflets I had collected from inside the Church and seemed to understand we were looking for a bulletin, which she offered us. Then she carried the rest of the bulletins into Church, leaving me and the older woman outside. When the woman came out from the Church, having deposited the bulletins, the old lady stopped her and asked if she worked at Church. The lady happened to work at the parish house. The old lady said, "Well, I want you to know this young boy helped me out of my car, looked for a bulletin and found one. Young people are usually too busy for us older people, you know?" The worker laughed then smiled at me. She seemed proud.

My mom was just then arriving to pick me up. The sweet old lady told my Mom that she was raising a fine young man. This remark made my day and I'm sure it made my Mom's day as well. But what struck me the most was that maybe that nudging I felt earlier was God. He was that small voice inside my head that seemed so familiar. He was showing me that I have a purpose. My purpose is to serve him by helping others. I didn't help that woman because it felt right. Doing the right thing, regardless of the circumstances or the outcome is an act of faith. And on that day, in that moment, God wanted me to hear him, and understand that simple acts of faith are my way to feel closer to Him. I helped that woman because it was the right thing to do and doing the right thing is why I am here on Earth.