



## **John Lovitsch**

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In my life my faith has taken me places that I would never have expected to go. I was born a Catholic, baptized, confessed, and communed but it was after that my family, which has since returned to the Catholic Church, began to go to a Bible, non-denominational Protestant Church. It was there, though, God worked through me to grow deeper in the Scriptures and the love of my faith. However, in high school at Hinsdale Central, I was placed in the same Physics class as someone who took his Catholic faith and lived it out. Ryan and I would talk about the faith and he would challenge my protestant beliefs. It was there that I began to see the incompleteness of the protestant thought I was carrying. I was wondering why we did not attend church every day and began to see the fundamental difference between the protestant communities and the Catholic Church: the Eucharist. Long story short, I returned to the Catholic Church and my parents came with; I was confirmed late by the then Most Reverend Bishop J. Peter Sartain at the Cathedral in Joliet on Pentecost.

Since that turbulent time in my life of going back and forth with my faith and having my world shaken and changed by Christ for the better, God has taken me places I would have never expected to go. I began college at Indiana University studying business, then I left and went to Wheaton College, but it was still not where I would end up. My junior year of college I went to St. John Vianney seminary in St. Paul Minnesota after being accepted as a diocesan seminarian for Joliet. After my time there I was sent to Rome for my Theology training. At the North American College in Rome I could not be happier studying along side the men of the United States under the care and guidance of the Dominican Order at what is commonly called the Angelicum University. I was blessed to be able to stay with the Coptic Catholic Seminarians in Egypt and teach them English after my first year of academics in Rome; and I was able to see and experience the full breadth of the life of the Church in another country where they are suppressed and struggling under oppression.

God yet again took me to another place I didn't expect, an Italian hospital. After returning from Egypt, I was diagnosed with appendicitis. About to undergo surgery, far from home and the comforts of the United States, the grace of God was with me. The surgery was successful and I later found out it saved my life.

I have returned home to begin my summer assignment at Sacred Hear in Lombard, and I look forward to serving at home with much anticipation and joy. Yes, God has taken me places I never expected to go and some are rough, some are smooth, some are pleasant and some not, but God has been there always and that is what I can count on.