

MY EXPERIENCE IN CANADA AS A MISSIONARY.

To God be the glory! In August 2011 I was asked to get a Nigerian passport to go on mission, to a place not mentioned. I pondered it in my heart and prayed for mission spirit. Moreover two bishops visited my congregation that same month, a Bishop from Grenada and Archbishop LeGatt Albert from Canada. On finishing my apprenticeship on August 30th 2011, I was then officially told by my Superior General Mother LeoMartha Okoraga HHCJ, that I will be going on mission to Canada.

I left my country Nigeria on 23 February 2012 to Canada. When we landed in Toronto Airport, I was overwhelmed by the gesture of the people and how things are organized. We were informed that we were an hour late and were given a ticket for the next flight to Winnipeg.

Arriving in Winnipeg, the next shock was cold, leaving my comfortable warm weather for a cold land, but the nature was good and beautiful, ground covered with snow. A week after I started working in Holy Cross School, before and after school programme. That was a good experience; I had a warm welcome by the principal and the children in the programme. The little children I care for in the programme are like the angels I left in my country, St Aloysius primary school, Archdiocese of Abuja and I see God in these little ones. Meanwhile I couldn't imagine the Nuns (Sisters) doing the work of nannies in Nigeria here in Canada. (Babe sits)

I faced another job after three months, "cafeteria Aid and care of retired priest" which I am still doing. If someone had told me this would be my job in the next 7 years after my first profession, I would not believe it but here I am enjoying working with retired priests of the Archdioceses of Saint Boniface, who are aging graciously. I long to see them each day and they love seeing my smiling face.

Working with the First Nations for a month was awesome and they are welcoming. By working with them, I cultivated a virtue of listening to people talking for more than two hours without interrupting. When I was in my country, many have the mentality that there are no poor people in white man's land, but coming here I see there are so many people in the street here in Canada more than where

I am coming from, I mean homeless. I was shock and surprised when a priest shared with me that he had a funeral of someone who committed suicide, we believe that the church does not burial such persons because we have no power over our lives.

As my mother founderness says "The lesson to be learnt here is one that takes a long, long time to learn" I am grateful to my congregation HHCJ and Archdiocese Saint Boniface for this wonderful opportunity.

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