

Katherine Penner November 19 2017

At the beginning of this school year the question of finding your calling became very prominent, like a neon sign that you can't ignore. With the start of grade 12 also comes the constant barrage of "what are you doing next year?" "Are you excited to graduate?" and every other variation of those questions. Everybody means well and I do appreciate that people care but for many people like me this just brings on an overwhelming sense of anxiety. I could go anywhere or do anything, and many paths may be good but which one is the best? Where is God calling me to go? The advice of many and my own thoughts as well are suggesting that CMU would be a good place for me.

There are many things that make me to want to go to CMU but there is also a lot of uncertainty. There are many worries that accompany the thought of leaving home. Moving to Winnipeg would mean leaving everything familiar behind, my home, the care of my parents, my best friend, the freedom that comes with being comfortable in my surroundings, and coming here to church. I especially don't want to leave this congregation and the comfort I find in coming to church on Sunday. It's hard to imagine living without all of these routines, I can't picture it being so different. I don't want to miss out on everything that will continue on at home while I'm away. I've gotten used to life being a certain way, the change that comes with growing up, is obviously eventually necessary, but is very scary. It's hard to trust that God is guiding me down the right path and that I'll end up where I need to be.

On the other side of all my fears there is a lot of excitement too. Going to CMU and moving to Winnipeg would come with many good opportunities. I wouldn't truly be leaving everything behind as I already have several friends attending CMU that I would really like to go to school with again. I would also get to spend a lot more time with my Aunt. I know I would enjoy getting to talk to her more, going to bookstores and doing all the things we normally only get to do a couple times a year, she would help me become familiar with Winnipeg and I'm assuming she'd also enjoy having me closer. I wouldn't be completely alone and there would be glimpses of familiarity, it would become normal enough after a while. Going to a smaller, faith based school would continue on the type of learning like

I've had at RJC and the close community feel is something I really enjoy. Not to mention the campus is nice and small, has an incredible café and the library is very nice. The smaller class sizes and interesting courses that combine theology with other topics are also an aspect that I find very engaging. I think I would enjoy many of the classes quite a bit. Spending time on the CMU campus vs the U of S campus has a very different feeling. CMU seemed like a place I could really feel at home in. The U of S felt very busy, chaotic and impersonal, there are so many people and there's no connection to anyone. I want to have meaningful interactions and I fear I would just get lost in the crowd at the U of S. There are many good things happening at the U of S but someone like me would struggle to find them. I think I would form deeper connections at CMU, I would learn in a way that better reflects my personality.

As I've been considering the options of going to CMU or to U of S, I've been told that I'm trying to make a practical decision instead of following my heart. This statement came from my dad and it is very true. I'm considering financial obligations, weighing pros and cons and thinking of logistics, when I should be thinking about which place feels more right, where I think the best experiences will come from. This struggle of listening to my head or to my heart is a very common one, one that I don't really know how to deal with. Especially when the thought of answering God's call comes into the mix. I feel like I'm being pulled in many different directions and all of them could be good, but eventually I will have to make one decision. And so I've been doing a lot of thinking and praying. Asking for God to help me decide what to do and I've also been asking a lot of questions to everybody around me, asking what they did, how it was and what their advice would be, I'm trying to absorb every bit of wisdom I can. I have found that one thing is certain, I think my heart is in God's hands, and that the right thing will happen if I can find a way to give up control and let it happen. Control is a hard thing for me to give up but I think that's what I'm supposed to do. So I'm kind of hoping that God's call to me will just eventually come.