

Along Memory Lane...

When I first arrived from Indonesia, I spent a couple of months going to St Stephen's Cathedral. Then, one Sunday morning, I missed my bus to the Cathedral in the CBD. I ordered an Uber to the nearest Catholic church—and I ended up at Holy Family Church.

That unexpected detour changed everything. From my very first visit, I noticed how close and warm the parishioners were. Within a month, people were making the effort to learn my name and ask where I came from. But what struck me most wasn't just the friendliness—it was the way they treated me as completely "normal," simply as another parishioner. I say this because they asked me to do the reading. Back home, I would never have imagined being invited to do that, because I wouldn't even have considered my disability in that space.

Holy Family Church in Indooroopilly will always be my church. Even when I complete my PhD and return to the Kei Islands, Indonesia, it will remain a home in my heart.

With kind regards
William