

A priest got on my bus

The driver's seat in my bus has become a wonderful place for talking about 'our Father'.

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I am a city bus-driver. On one occasion I was really upset because they had changed my route and my timetable was put out. It wasn't one of my best days. And I had other problems on my mind: my two-year-old daughter was about to have an operation.

A woman got on the bus and, seeing me looking so upset, told me that she was going to give me the prayer-card of a saint who would help me in my work. I was not interested, but I tried to smile at the woman and thank her for her concern. The saint was Josemaría.

My daughter had her operation and it all turned out much better than any of us had dared to hope. It was a complicated operation but the results were excellent.

I had (and still have) the prayer-card with me in the driving-cab. A week later, the same woman got on, and this time I was the one who spoke first. I thanked her for the prayer-card and for her concern, and said I was sorry for seeming so uninterested in it when she gave it to me.

We talked for the whole of her journey. I asked her why some

people talk about Saint Josemaría as “our Father”, and I admitted that I felt a bit envious that I couldn’t call him that because I wasn’t in Opus Dei.

She told me that that way of referring to Saint Josemaría came about because of the gratitude felt by millions of people. “I call him ‘Father’,” she told me, “because he engendered me to the life of the spirit, the life of a loving relationship with Jesus Christ.”

I was dumbstruck. She continued, “He prayed and sacrificed himself for all the people of all times who would turn to God in their ordinary life. That’s why I think of him and love him as my father.”

I asked her for more prayer-cards, but she only had one. Another week went by and the same thing happened. This time she had brought a pile of prayer-cards. “I’ve been

carrying them around with me, in case we met,” she smiled.

Now ‘our Father’ (my Father) and I drive the bus together. Some time back I nearly had an accident at a road junction. I had to swerve and brake violently. There was no damage, and no-one got hurt. Now I am cheerful even when I have some problem. The driver’s seat in my bus has become a wonderful place for talking about ‘our Father’.

About a month ago, a young man of about 30 got on the bus. He asked me where there was a temporary employment agency. I told him where it was and said the bus went by that way. He got on and we began to chat. I told him the same things the woman had told me when she had given me the prayer-card: “I know about a saint who can help you with your work,” and I gave him a card.

Two days ago (and this is why I'm writing), a priest got on the bus and said hello to me. I had no idea who he was. "Heavens!" I thought suddenly, "it's the young man who asked me the way to the jobs agency." I couldn't understand what was going on. He smiled at my amazement, and told me that he had abandoned his vocation as a priest. But when he came across 'our Father', he had second thoughts. And he had asked to be reinstated as a priest because he wanted to be faithful, like Saint Josemaría.

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