

In order to get to know me a little better, I think these readings are a great place to introduce some of my vocation story. In particular my discernment over many years to enter the seminary. Our readings this weekend talk about the sacrifices inherent in being a disciple of Christ. The first reading also talks about all the earthly things and our mortal and limited perspectives that keep our minds from seeing our world and time as God does.

I had always been blessed to have parents that took me to Mass, no matter how busy life became, faith was always a priority. As I left home and went to college a few things happened, first I kept going to Mass on my own. Secondly, I began reading philosophy and theology, and thirdly the relationship I had been in most of high school ended. I was a college leader for a high school youth group at the time, and I began to ask the question what is your will for me God? I know I wanted to be an instrument of God, but what avenue, I had always assumed husband and father, but the more time I gave to God the more I realized he was pointing me towards the priesthood.

By my sophomore year in college, I started to look into seminary, I meet with the vocation director, and he told me to continue praying about it and finish off my undergraduate degree, and in my senior year I applied for acceptance into the seminary. I cannot tell you how many times I wrestled with God concerning marriage or celibacy, and my unworthiness to be called to the priesthood. There is no real way of calculating the cost of following the will of God the best we can do is make an educated guess and leap. For myself that leap of faith was the first year of seminary, where discernment does not end but truly begins.

I would like you to spend some time in prayer this week praying for someone that is still discerning who God is calling them to be. Someone you know in high school or college or a young adult that wants to follow where God leads, and needs the time to figure out what kind of instrument they will be in the hands of our creator.