Growing up I never thought that I would be a religious brother or priest. I didn’t see myself teaching high school. I didn’t expect to be a campus minister. And until recently I certainly never expected to be director of novices. But each of these has been a challenge, joy and blessing beyond my imaginings.

The ministries have been enriching, as have been the opportunities to live, work and develop friendships in Kalamazoo and Toronto. The chance to travel a little and to live with Marianist brothers from many other nations has opened my eyes to the world and to the international Marianist family.

More than anything else, what I treasure most is the lifestyle of the Marianist brother: the rhythm of prayer, meals, and ministry; the common mission; the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, lived in a challenging and supportive community of brothers. Key to this is the way community helps me pray, and makes liturgy a celebration. I am more in tune with God, myself and others, a more faithful disciple of Jesus, and a more alive, joyful human being when I am living in community with my Marianist brothers under Mary’s formative influence.

I wouldn’t trade this surprising and mysterious vocational journey for any path I could have dreamed up on my own.