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One of my first and most significant faith experiences came toward the end of my college career. At the beginning of my last year in college I began buckling down in my beliefs and started attending weekly Mass.

After a school year of continuous Sunday Masses, I walked out of church one Sunday evening and met two friends to continue our studies in the library. During our walk, I felt a happiness unlike anything I had experienced. This joy had me shining like the sun and made me belt out, "God is great; Mass makes me feel so good!"

My friends cracked a smile, as this was a break from character because we never touched much on religion. But this was a unique feeling, a breaking forth of God in my life – maybe it was the virginal point Thomas Merton loved to contemplate. At this point I was graced with the gift of Faith.

After a year of a constant effort to seek God, I had taken a step past obedience and opened up my heart. I took a leap into complete surrender and received the gift of faith, because from that moment on God had all my trust.

Now I still enjoy Mass very much, but I don't know that I've shouted and thrown my hands up in jubilation after Mass since then.