[Voices of Sisters]
[Horizons]
[Religious Life]



A cross, a clay jug and a candle sit beside a note in Spanish reading, "A call…how shall I respond?" (Flight in V)



by Flying in V Formation

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February 20, 2026

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There are memories that remain intact in the soul. I was 11 years old when I experienced something that marked a before and after in my life. I did not know how to name it, but something within me changed for good. I felt that Jesus looked at me differently, as if he were speaking my name in the deepest place of my heart. It was not outwardly dramatic, yet inwardly it reshaped me.

From that moment on, a quiet dialogue with God began to accompany me through adolescence. I took part in youth ministry, served as a catechist and shared mission work in vulnerable communities. In each encounter with children, young people and wounded families, something in me was confirmed: My life found meaning when it was given away. In prayer, in long silences and personal reflection, the call grew like a patient seed, sustained by God's grace and by the close witness of the sisters in the congregation. Without pressure or persuasion, they showed me through their lives that it was possible to love in that way.

My discernment was not linear, and it was not free of tears. There were inner struggles, questions, fears and misunderstandings. Although my parents raised me in the faith and taught me the value of generous service, it was not easy for my mother to accept that her daughter wanted to become a religious sister. I remember her silences, her doubts and her deep love. That process changed us both. I learned to wait, to respect the pace of others and to trust that if the call came from God, he would open the way. And he did. Over time, resistance softened and a steady peace took root within me.

The day I formally entered the congregation, my mother was the one who brought me to the community. That gesture sealed my story in a way that still moves me. I came to understand that vocation does not sever bonds; it widens them. God's love does not compete with human love; it purifies and deepens it. Since then, I have walked with the humble certainty that I was called by grace, sustained by community and sent to love without measure.

In faith, I know my vocation was born from a personal encounter with Jesus, from the experience of being called by name: "Do not fear, for I have redeemed you; I have

called you by name, you are mine" (Isaiah 43:1). That first encounter, which once sounded like invitation and promise, unfolded over time as commitment, accompaniment and self-gift. The call carries both God's tenderness and the weight of my own history. At times it unsettles me; it also sets me in motion and teaches me trust. As he said to the first disciples, he says to me: "Come and see" (John 1:39), and later, "Follow me" (Mark 2:14).

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Following Jesus is a living movement that runs through my entire life. I do not understand the call as a decision made once and for all, but as a relationship to be cultivated and renewed — a relationship that continues to unfold and transform me. Along the way, I discover reasons, convictions and intuitions that sustain me. I also learn to discern between the voice of the Spirit and the many voices within my own searching heart, where God is also present.

To follow Jesus is to take on his way of being in the world. For me, consecration does not mean stepping outside the world or seeking spiritual shelter. Jesus did not call me to withdraw, but to be sent (Mark 3:14). I understand consecrated life as a living memory of mission. I try to live it with my heart anchored in the Gospel and my feet grounded in reality. Following Jesus today urges me to listen to the cries and hopes of his people, to allow myself to be touched by the wounds I encounter, to walk patiently and accompany processes over time. Mission is not about offering ready-made answers; it is about entering the places where life cries out, allowing myself to be changed by encounter and discerning signs of the reign of God emerging amid human fragility.

I experience community as both mediation and home. There I discern, find support, celebrate and renew the call. Within it, my vocation is woven with threads of humanity, grace and patience. I was not consecrated for myself, but to share freely and gratefully the gift I have received. Accompanying one another, listening, offering correction and comfort — these are not extras; they are part of my missionary life. In daily tasks, shared decisions and ordinary gestures, I see how vocation takes concrete shape, as together we seek the will of the God of life, who continues to guide my journey.

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My vocation is also embodied in my own story. I am a person with memory, enthusiasm and fatigue. I inhabit a body that seeks meaning, needs connection and learns how to love. The call does not erase my humanity; it transfigures it. I cannot speak of vocation without speaking of affection, limits, wounds and longing. Jesus called real people with specific histories, with shadows and desires. "Do not be afraid" (Luke 5:10) were among his first words to those he invited to follow him. God understands that fear, vulnerability and searching are part of the call.

I have learned that vocational fidelity does not mean never wavering; it means returning again and again to the source who called me. It means returning to first love and allowing myself to be seen once more, just as I am. To remain is to stay open in trust to the grace of the God revealed in Jesus, who calls, invites and equips us to respond. I live vocation as gift and task, mystery and response. In moments of crisis, darkness and distance, I discover that following Jesus is sustained by grace. "Abide in my love" (John 15:9). For me, to abide is to dwell in the relationship. I trust that he remains faithful even when I grow tired.

In this season of my life, following Jesus in consecrated life also calls me to be reshaped. Reality asks for new forms of presence, mission, accompaniment and listening. It invites me to name fragility, to review what I do and to ask again about the meaning of being sent. That reexamination opens paths of Gospel living and reconnects me with the deepest core of my call.

I believe consecrated vocation is a living reminder that life is best understood when it is given, and that love, when embodied, becomes service. I feel called so that God's reign may take flesh, even a little more, in this world. Within that mystery I continue to discover that following is an ongoing journey — not about arriving, but about walking; not about possessing the truth, but about allowing it to shape me.

In the end, I can sum up my vocation this way: God calls, I respond, and in that exchange life becomes a path and history becomes grace. To abide in his love is to abide in mission. And in that abiding, the call continues to echo, whispering my name and sending me once more to where life is crying out.