



## **Josh White**

**College 1**

**Pontifical College Josephinum**

**Notre Dame, Clarendon Hills**

**Birthday: July 8**

I grew up in Westmont, Illinois with five siblings. Four sisters and my older brother. Of the six kids, I was the fourth to be born. Growing up, there was an unwritten association that made my older siblings one group, and then myself and my two younger sisters another. Being the oldest of the younger siblings I felt a slight responsibility towards being there for my little sisters. Whether it meant helping them by giving them my perspective and advice, or stealing the controller for the TV and reminding them to respect their elders, I was there to help guide the path. My older siblings and I had a different relationship. They treated me similarly to how I treated my younger siblings, the difference was my perspective. When my older siblings gave me tips on what to wear or how to act, I took it seriously. How could my siblings be wrong? They are older than me so they are basically superheroes. My siblings over the years have become the focal point of everything I am and everything I desire to be.

I have been a parishioner at both Holy Trinity in Westmont and Notre Dame in Clarendon Hills. Growing up I was always curious about God and Catholicism. I would ask questions about heaven and the Eucharist, although they usually were questions that would challenge their validity. I would go into church confused and I would leave church even more confused. I always had questions and was never satisfied with the answers. I am surprised that I did not give my Mom more migraines than I had. After my sophomore year of high school, I signed up for my first mission trip. After that mission trip, without even knowing, my heart began to understand who God is. After I graduated from high school, I knew I had to stay close to these experiences, so I began to get involved with the youth ministry at Notre Dame.

One day while helping out at Notre Dame, a certain Father Ryan Adorjan invited me to visit St. John Vianney Seminary in Minnesota. I would have said no, but I had already been invited by two previous priests to visit and had said no two times. On my visit to the seminary, I remember sitting on the bus and thinking, I have to get something out of this weekend. I can't waste this experience. After the first night, everyone woke up early to go to Mass. I got there early and with an open mind began to read the bible until Mass started. During Mass everyone sang, unlike what I have ever seen, and everyone prayed, unlike what I have experienced. When it was time for the Eucharist, I experienced it like I never had before. I went back to my chair and knelt down, my eyes were closed but my heart and everything inside of me felt like it had been opened for the very first time. God could have done that at anytime in my life but he waited until I was out of my comfort zone and at a seminary. I am not sure what God wants me to do, but if I was a detective this would be the obvious first step in finding that out.