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## **From the field to philosophy**

John Miller

As I walked wide-eyed through the long halls of the seminary, my cowboy boots noisy on the fancy tiles, I couldn't help but think to myself, "You should be back in the country, farm boy." This thought kept coming to mind as I struggled to focus during the seminary tour with my parents. We continued walking through the halls, and the building seemed to be getting fancier as we marched on and on.

"I hope I remembered to clean my boots since the last time I did barn chores," I thought to myself as we walked through a fancy parlor. I couldn't believe that just 24 hours before I had been perfectly content sitting in the tractor as my dad and I finished the canola harvest. Now, I was 17 hours from home, moving my things into Sacred Heart Major Seminary in Detroit.

Growing up 12 miles from the nearest town, which has a population of 40 people, I had never imagined myself living in a city like Detroit. As a youngster, I enjoyed a trip or two to Fargo each year. It was fun to see the city, but I never desired to travel to a city bigger than Fargo. But, I was moving into the heart of Detroit.

It was hard for me to pay attention to the tour guide. My mind was a little numb after the 17-hour drive, especially the last mind boggling 100 miles. "How can this many cars get crammed into one road?" I asked myself as the cars whizzed by us bumper to bumper. I imagined that my North Dakota license plate felt just as out of place as I did. All my life I figured that if I could survive my brother's snowmobile rides, I could survive anything. But after 15 minutes in Detroit, I was no longer certain.

Four months later I am still surviving at Sacred Heart. I have learned a lot living in the big city. For example, when you go to an art museum, never touch a 500-year-old painting to see if it's an original. It probably is, and there are alarms. I miss North Dakota every day, but I'm thankful for the many blessings I have received here in seminary.

My 100-plus seminary brothers have helped me grow closer to Our Lord and our Mother Mary. There are wonderful priests here who challenge me to grow in my faith. Classes have their ups and downs, but as with all things in life, you've just got to sit strong in the saddle and never give up. I've been learning about Aristotle in philosophy class. Personally, I think that a bird weaving her nest in the spring is a whole lot smarter than him. But, for all things there is a season (Ecclesiastes 3:1).

How important is it for us to remember that each day is a gift from Our Father and he wants us to live it to the fullest, whether we are driving tractor or learning about Aristotle? Even the smallest things in life can have important meanings, for we never know what great things Our Lord has planned for us.

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