

Sr. Roland Giard, p.m.



The
Will of God
will never take you
where the
Grace
of *God*
will not protect you.



I was born on June 11, 1942 in Lewiston, Maine. My parents were good Catholics. They belonged to Holy Cross Parish. That's where I was baptized on June 13th. When I was old enough, I went to Holy Cross Catholic School where the Sisters of the Presentation of Mary taught. At home as a child I knew God was important because my parents talked about doing God's will and they brought us to church on Sundays and Holy Days.

The seed of my religious vocation was planted early. I remember my godmother asking me when I was just a little girl, "Do you want to be a nun when you grow up?" My answer was "I don't know." I remember that at school, the sister asked the girls in my classroom to raise their hands if they wanted to become nuns. Many hands went up, but mine didn't. I moved my right hand but very low. I wasn't sure.

In seventh grade, I recall one particular question that my teacher asked in Religion class one day. "What do you think is the best thing you can do for God?" Nobody in the classroom knew the answer. Sister said to us, "Go to Mass." I never forgot what she told us that day. I started going to Mass daily. One morning a girl invited me to her house after Mass. She was older than I was. In fact she had entered a convent somewhere but left for some reason. She had something she wanted to give to me. It was a prayer about asking God to help me do what He wanted with my life which I prayed daily.

I went to Lewiston High for four years and graduated from there. Throughout those years, I continued to go to Mass every day. My father was an early riser and one morning as I was getting ready to go to Mass he said to me, "If you want to become a nun, I won't stop you." I didn't say anything to him but just nodded as I passed by him.



One day I was watching television which showed a marriage ceremony. The Lord seemed to be telling me that that this vocation would be for my three sisters, but not for me. One particular day, the priest asked me if I wanted to become a nun. I surprised myself when I said yes to him. He asked me what community I would like to join. I told him I did not want to live behind a grill. He suggested that I go see the sisters who had taught me. I told him that I was too shy and that I could never teach. He said, "You will overcome your shyness." I believed him. When I was a senior in high school. I went to see the Sisters of the Presentation of Mary and they were happy to learn that I was interested in joining them. My seventh grade teacher helped me with the next step. I'm grateful to God for giving me the grace to respond to His call.

