



MARIST COLLEGE Bulletin

My Marist Journey so far

BY PATRICE TEGEUBOU

I arrived in Fiji on the 21st of August 2019 to begin as a propaedeutic student. This date is etched in my Marist story because of the incident that happened to me when I arrived at Nausori Airport. A senior student and another one from Vanuatu were meant to meet me and pick me up. They came and picked the wrong person while I was still inside the terminal clearing immigration. To cut the story short, the two students who were waiting for me saw the first Ni Vanuatu young man that came out approached him without inquiring too much about his identity, took him thinking that it was me. In fact, the young Ni Vanuatu in question was expecting someone to be waiting for him and when the two Marist students approached him, he just said yes and got into the van. Only when they arrived at Marist College that he brought to their attention that he was meant to catch another flight the next day. They found out that it was not me, so it was quite an ordeal for them. They had to bring the young man to the hotel where he was supposed to stay. A few hours later I arrived at Marist College and everyone found it quite amusing but the two students in question were quite embarrassed. I realize from that experience that many things in life can go wrong when one finds himself in a strange land. Fortunately, I was able to find my way to Marist College.



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This year is my first year as a Marist postulant and I am currently enrolled at the Pacific Regional Seminary. For the last two years, studies at the Pacific Regional seminary have been both challenging and stimulating. I cannot help but feel that if it was in French it would have been more exciting. I have found it very interesting living in a multicultural community. I have learned many new things here at the formation house under the guidance of my formators Father Donato Kivi and Father Denis Revi. I realize I have a long way to go yet but I feel encouraged by the fact that every single person whether a formator, a lecturer, the cook, the laundry lady, or a student companion has contributed to my discernment as a second-year student.

It has been quite a tough two years for me. Everything was new, the language, the culture, the community life, the people and the whole atmosphere of the Corona Virus had made it extra tough.

The hardest of all was the death of our brother the late Sosaia Vaka whom I call **"Man blong Kingdom"**. Sosaia was a good friend and strangely enough, I can never get over the fact that though he was from Tonga and in his 3rd year and I am from Vanuatu in my first year, we were very close. As I think of it now I know God connected us because we were both contaminated by the Marist virus. I lost my best friend and now I am challenged to accept his death and move on, yet I know part of my story with him will make no sense anymore to anyone. But the memories of him will live on.

These last few months have been extra hard trying to concentrate on my studies while grieving the death of few loved ones back home and trying to live through the atmosphere of the destruction of Corona Virus here in Suva. Sometimes I question my faith and God yet I know I have to remain where I am. Despite all of this, I cannot thank enough all those who have contributed in one way or another to my growth these last two years, my family, friends, formators, our two mothers Angie and Helen, and more especially my companions here at Marist College.

MERCI TOUT PLEIN!

Let us continue to pray for each other as we continue to journey together in the big family of Christ.



Learn more about becoming a Marist, contact us today.

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