

Notes from School of Community with Father Julián Carrón
Milan, December 20, 2017

Reference text: J. Carrón “At the Beginning It Was Not So!”

http://english.clonline.org/default.asp?id=559&id_n=21674

- *Balada de caridade*
- *Be Thou my vision*

Glory Be

Veni Sancte Spiritus

Hello everyone, both present here and watching via video connection. The work we gave ourselves for the past month was to verify how we lived the connection between the content of Beginning Day and the Food Collection and AVSI Tents gestures, and how we answered the needs we met for the good of all. Some questions have come in from people who haven't clearly grasped what the relationship between faith and gesture is—the gestures were not understood as the expression of the origin that is faith, from which newness is born. Therefore, we hope that, helped by this evening's contributions, through the recounting of the experiences we had, we can all go home with a little more clarity on this point.

At the last School of Community, you stressed in a clear way that we should live the gestures that were waiting for us by comparing them with the Beginning Day text. When you said that, I thought that this was the usual method (I don't mean this as a criticism), and I asked myself, “Why is he saying it so clearly this time?”

Do you understand why?

Yes.

Because it isn't such an immediate thing for everyone.

In fact, afterwards I thought about it and I realized that for me it is obvious that there is a comparison between my life and the School of Community, and while it is clear in theory, in practice it doesn't affect my life. Therefore, I was saddened by the realization that even if I do the work—maybe not faithfully—of School of Community, the entire comparison consists of an effort on my part to make what I live fit into what you or Fr. Giussani say, or vice-versa. I rarely find myself living life—at home and at work—starting from what I read and saw in the School of Community. Often, it is my own effort, pulling by the hair what happened to me toward what I try to follow. Most of the time my daily experience is the victim of a certain instinctivity and of my emotions, and this hurts me because there is only one life and it is brief. In contrast I see people who are drawn by their encounter with Christ and let every single breath they have affirm this relationship. For example, on Sunday I went to the Christmas Tents event. I was embarrassed to stop people, I didn't want to do it, and thus the only thing I actually did was to buy something that was being sold at one stall, because I didn't want to be involved in giving the magazine Buone Notizie [Good News] to people or to participate in this initiative. Yet, I went, because in any case it is good for me to be in a place where we help each other to give something gratuitously to

remember Jesus. Nevertheless, sometimes I wonder what use I am to the Movement, if I have become a bit halfhearted and not very persevering, I who after all wish to love Jesus and yet am always sad because I live without Him. Even in a meaningful moment I find myself empty, and not because the gestures are not adequate. I am unable to adhere as I would like to, to show my affection as I would like to, thus I ask myself who I am and for what I live, and I also find myself wondering where I am making a mistake. I need a hypothesis that makes me look at these moments with peace and serenity. Therefore, I ask you: What sustains you—if it happens to you—when weakness and weariness seem to win over?

Who will answer her? The answer cannot be just an explanation (that we can give afterwards), but rather a recognition of something that happens.

The last time I felt literally called by name. When that happens, for me it is pointless to run away, because when Jesus knocks on my door in this way it is better to surrender quickly. So, I began my shift at the Food Collection with this question, but I lost it along the way soon after. I noticed that this year my experience was different, because I found myself in a place that was allowing me to look people in the face, without the hurry of having to do something, because I felt that that was enough for me. Then, something happened: while I was trying to give the envelope to a gentleman and I was inviting him to participate in the Food Collection with us, he began—allow me the expression—to vomit all his pent-up rage against society, the government, the unions, immigrants. He kept going on and on. In that moment, I suddenly realized that it wasn't the place that was different from the previous year, but rather that I had changed, because unexpectedly I found myself looking at that man like the inmate—whom you mentioned last time—looked at the prison guards, and so I didn't leave, but I listened to him until he stopped. I could only keep him company and not run away, precisely because I am looked at in the same way every day. I felt that little by little his anger was subsiding, and that this was made possible by an intervention beyond my humanity. I also told him about the Solidarity Center, because, among other things, he had lost his job, and I asked for the help of another person who was there to look into this matter in greater depth. He came back to me and was still trying to grumble, but he concluded by saying, "I will go to the Solidarity Center in my town, I know you people," and he smiled. His face had changed, but mine had too, because when Jesus happens, He changes us, and it is impossible to mistake his traits.

With regard to the AVSI Tents, I still have in my eyes and heart what an experience of goodness last year's event was. I was turning 50 and I didn't want an ordinary celebration, but it was a friend's gaze—full of certainty and set on the rock, on Jesus, in a really tough moment in her life—that moved me, and so my birthday became a gesture in which the gift was an offer to AVSI, because I had already received the hundredfold. This year I have an idea twirling in my head and I am sure that this idea is the gift of Another. We will see which signs He will give me, because reality, which belongs to Him, will show to me whether my idea can be realized and whether it will be for the good of all. I thank you, because you continue to help us in this journey to return to the origin.

How do you answer the question of the first person who spoke? What has surprised you?

I was surprised that what changed me was a fact, and this fact revealed to me Him who happens and changes me.

Perfect. We aren't people for whom Christianity is something generated by an effort that we make. We don't create the fact. You participate in a place and the first thing that amazes you is that you feel different. As we all participate in this place, in time, according to a plan that is not ours, we discover ourselves different. It is a kind of difference that you discovered in yourself not as the fruit of a titanic effort you made, the result of I don't know what training. Rather, you found in you a Presence (the starting point of the Christian is not the effort, but an event) which, as happened to the inmate, made you really look at that person who was unloading on you all his anger: you didn't avoid him, you listened to him. Where is this way of staying in front of others born from? Not from you. ("I could only keep him company and not run away, precisely because I am looked at in the same way every day.") One finds oneself totally amazed by the different way in which he reacts to reality's provocations: "His face had changed, but mine had too." Starting from this you had the idea of making your birthday celebration a gesture—to collect offers for AVSI—born from your superabundance. Was it the fruit of relying on your efforts? No, it was due to the surprise at a newness one finds in oneself that is communicated through what he or she does. Therefore, we must pay attention while participating in the gestures we propose in order to recognize the facts that emerge in our experience.

On the day of the Food Collection I didn't go because I was running a fever. When my mother came home from work with the bags of groceries, she told me that at the grocery store she had met a friend of mine. I was surprised that they had met at the grocery store, because it is far from my friend's home. That's when I remembered the Food Collection. I had forgotten it, and I hadn't told my family about it. In any case, I almost scolded my mother, "Mom, did you buy something for the Food Collection?" She didn't answer me. I was about to leave for the Food Collection, even if I was sick, when my mom responded to me, "No, no, in the end I bought something." Amazed, I asked her, "What did you buy?" "A ton of things." This struck me very much. "Mom, two boxes of pasta would have been enough, you didn't have to buy all these things!" especially because my mom is alone with three children to support. She told me, "Also your friend, when I gave her the bag, told me, 'This is too much!' Hearing those words, I was moved, because what is too much is all the good that I have received, everything that God has given me. That is what is too much." She continued, "All the way home from the grocery store I felt like crying, and also now that you are saying this to me." As she was speaking to me, she was moved. I was very struck by that, because—first of all—I treat things, gestures, as if it were enough to cross them off a list to think that I have lived them. I had told her that, "Two boxes of pasta would have been enough." Instead, my mom, with her simplicity, with all that she is, stayed in front of a presence, in front of a friend of mine, in front of a proposal, giving all that she could, grateful and aware of all of my and her story. She even said to me, "If I had been able to, I would have given everything." A question stayed with me: what does it mean to give everything?

This will be the next discovery that you and your mom will make. In the meantime, to begin answering, why did you or your mom need to become aware of the origin in order to explain what happened? What was the origin?

Her story.

Which means?

All that she has received.

And what has she received?

A lot. She received me.

When you cornered her, in order to explain what is in our opinion such a generous gesture, your mom had to refer to the origin: “What is actually too much is all the good that I have received.” She was surprised at the origin in herself, and she didn’t separate her generous gesture from the origin. It was the origin that generated it.

Recently, I went to another town for work and I stayed for a few days to meet some friends in the Movement. While I was there they invited me to go with them to a prison where they do charitable work. I answered “yes.” Since I am a musician, we thought of preparing a gesture featuring music. We improvised a concert and brought a piano into the prison. It was very beautiful to see how the guards prepared the place, transforming it in a small concert hall and building a small stage, an experience that was new also for them. While I was driving to the prison my friends told me, “The meeting will be with the inmates in protective custody.” I didn’t know what that meant, and they explained to me that they are people who have committed such heinous crimes that if they were with the other inmates they would kill them. As I listened to the details of their crimes I was wondering, “What can I play for them? What should I say? How should I welcome them? What do I have to offer to them?” On the one hand I didn’t want to judge them, reducing them to their mistakes. What did I know about their lives and their pasts, whether they had been loved and by whom? On the other hand, their mistakes were many and I couldn’t overlook the consequences for their victims. I didn’t really know what to say, what to do. Then, I thought: I must look at Jesus, and in that moment looking at Jesus meant looking at the people that Jesus has put in my life, those who were in the car with me while we were driving to the prison. At that point I thought: if my sins, my mistakes were made public, how would I want to be looked at? I would want to be looked at exactly as I am already looked at, I would want to be loved in the way that I am already loved! God has already embraced me in many moments, in many circumstances, in the way I desire. I already have everything. Then I started to pray, asking God: “Teach me to love and welcome these inmates like You love me.” When I arrived at the prison, the inmates no longer seemed to be just inmates, but they were already my brothers. I greeted them one by one with a hug, I even kissed them one by one. What made me be close to them was recognizing in them the same need to be loved by God that I have. I began the concert. All the musical pieces I had chosen spoke of the heart in all its different aspects: loneliness, happiness, the desire to be forgiven, longing. All things that interest me and them too. At the end of the concert we shared the experience we had and some of the inmates said something. I was very moved. One said, “Every visitor comes here with a label: the educator, the priest, the lawyer, the policeman. Today we expected the pianist, but right away, as soon as you greeted us personally, we understood that you had dropped the label and instead you sat among us.” Another said, “The walls of this prison are the symbol of my sadness, but during these hours that we spent together I felt as if the walls were no longer there, and my sadness as well.” Finally, another told me, “During this hour I thought a lot of my mother, of her last words to me and my brothers before she died, ‘Stop telling God how big your sins and your problems are, and begin to tell yourselves and your sins how great God is!’” I went home feeling strange, I didn’t know what to say, I had fallen into a strange silence. It was a silence that really prevented me from speaking. I am a musician, and therefore I composed a musical piece so as not to forget this experience.

He wanted to play it this evening, but we couldn’t bring a piano here ...

For me it was like going to charitable work: the experience was first and foremost for me, not for them.

Perfect. And not because of an effort, but to recover the origin. Not knowing how to look at them, you decided to look at where Jesus was making Himself present. Exactly like Jesus did, who could not look from outside his relationship with the Father at those who stayed before Him, taunting Him about not coming down from the cross. It is impossible to engage in a gesture like this without the origin, without the whole origin present. After this, you had to recover your self-awareness: thinking of your own evil, of your mistakes, you had to recognize that you would have liked to be looked at as you were looked at in that moment. That made you even more aware of the urgent need of asking God to teach you to love and welcome the inmates just as God loves them, and thus you found yourself treating them not as inmates, but rather as brothers. That filled you with silence. It was a gesture that contained within it everything, unified. Without that gesture you wouldn't have been helped to remember. Anything but just doing some volunteer work! Think of what good it meant for those inmates, and not just having listened to some music. How they must have looked at each other, beginning at the moment of that gesture!

On the Saturday morning of the Food Collection, my wife and I went to the supermarket to buy groceries. We went in and right away four young kids wearing an official bib, carrying the flier and the bags, jumped on us, calling, "Mister, mister!" I was ready to say, "Calm down! I know what this is about, I already know," etc. However, the kids didn't give me the time to speak, so I started to laugh, a bit surprised by their enthusiasm, and I gave in: "OK, OK, we will participate in the Food Collection." So, I started to go through the shelves of the supermarket thinking: well, of course, they are 12-13 years old; how beautiful, so much enthusiasm! Fifty yards ahead, in the pasta aisle I saw an elderly lady who was surrounded by three other young kids. One of them, all excited, with red cheeks, told her, "So, Madam, as I have already told you, you put the cans in this bag, then we weigh them, we divide them, we ship them and divide them." However, the lady wasn't listening to him; instead, she was so surprised she couldn't take her eyes off him. The elderly lady was looking at him so intensely that the kid stopped and asked, "Madam, did you understand me?" She had understood perfectly, yes, she did understand him, no doubt about it! She was looking at something as if she didn't believe it could be true, but so true it was, so much so that it was taking hold of her. And it took hold also of me. Perhaps she had thought of her son, or of one of her grandchildren who was like that, or who she wished were like that. Perhaps she thought of when she was a child, or perhaps of a time when she had encountered something else so exceptional, or perhaps of how she had always looked for this kind of thing her entire life and now it was there. What she had always looked for was now in front of her and was speaking to her. I don't know how, but I know for sure that that lady was realizing that something immense was moving those kids, making them so alive and so present in that moment, the same kids who maybe the day before, after two hours of video games had sleepy eyes, limp arms. But not now! We finished buying our groceries and got to the register with our cart and ahead of us there was a man from South America who had a few groceries. After paying, he stepped aside and pulled out two small cans, put them in a yellow bag and gave it to the people of the Food Collection. I thought: it isn't just an emotion if it reaches even your pockets! After we finished our shopping we went to a nearby open market where we buy seasonal fruit and fresh fish, and we arrived at the stall of someone we know, a fishmonger from who we have bought fish for many years. As soon as I arrived

he said, "Come on, let's go to the coffee shop together, because I have been here since 5:00am and I need a break." We went and while we drank something I told him about what had happened half an hour earlier and showed him the flier the kids had put in my pocket. He said, "What a shame, it is disgusting that there is so much poverty around!" "It is true, but you should have seen the eyes of those kids." Then he asked me, "Did they collect something?" "I think that today all over Italy they will collect tons of food. By the way, behind the registers there were fifteen big boxes full of food." He, who is a true worker, understood immediately and was amazed and asked me, "Why do people donate? Why?" After a lull, I burst out, "Because people have the heart." He repeated softly, "People have the heart, people have the heart." We paid and left. As we were going back to his stall, after a meaningful moment of deep silence, he turned to me and said, "I have the heart too!" "Sure," I answered, almost to protect myself from his vehemence. When we arrived, he went behind the counter, spoke softly with his family, then took me aside, put some money into my hand and said, "Today, when you go shopping buy something also from me." That afternoon, with this event in my eyes, I went to do my shift at the Food Collection, wishing that it could be forever. In the following days these facts lived in me, bringing to me the reason for their happening and perturbing (in a positive way) the "earth of my heart." In the morning, as I left home, taking in in a single breath the whole Christmas Poster that I hung on my front door, I found myself glad as I read, "Our hope is in Christ, in that Presence that, as distracted and forgetful as we are, we can no longer (not completely, anyway) remove from the earth of our heart because of the tradition through which He has reached us." With this heart I am waiting for His coming, for Christmas, behaving like the Unnamed, staying at His door, offering my need and that of my friends and brothers, invoking Him, waiting for Him. The closer He comes, the more one becomes aware of how much the heart needs Him. The closer, the more present He is, the more I am aware of my need of which I would otherwise be ashamed, or that I would reject, or that would be the source of despair. The closer He comes, the more He is present, the more I become aware of my heart. Merry Christmas.

Thank you.

The other evening, at School of Community, the leader asked us insistently, "What does it mean for you to know Christ? None of you can go home without having answered." Seeing how serious he was, I had to face this. To answer this question, the question that has been with me my whole life, I have to relate to you something that happened to me. One evening I went home after charitable work (I bring the bag from the Food Bank to a family in need) and I began to tell my husband how it went (that evening things had not gone very well), the questions I have about injustices that I see in certain families, what they tell us, how they are, and how that evening I had been rather short and not available to be with them. At one point he told me, "I am truly lucky to live with you, you don't let a single detail of your days go unnoticed, you seek the maximum and you always do your utmost, you never settle for something and you let everything that happens question you. I find this enviable, and I would like to live like you." In that moment I got caught by an incredible sense of anxiety and I felt suffocated, as if I were crushed by this acknowledgment of my abilities and aptitudes, as if everything were in my hands and depended on the consistency of my behavior and on my greater or lesser ability. I found all that unbearable and I was feeling really uneasy. I was surprised by that description of me (I don't see at all that I live like that)—something was missing, it was like a portrait of me that was missing a piece, and therefore I told

him right away, “I am not like that because I am good at it; I am like that because I met Jesus who changed my life and makes me look at everything in that way which you said is desirable and enviable for you. It is the companionship of the Movement that makes everything alive for me and makes me alive.” In that moment I understood what it means for me to know Christ in my experience: it doesn’t mean knowing someone outside my life, someone other than me, other than my husband and my daughter; it means to recognize Him as the truth of myself, because I cannot think of myself, of how I live, of the things that I do, of the questions I have, without Him. Pay attention: not “without thinking of Him,” but truly “without Him,” because that is not something that comes after, like saying that there is me with what I can do, what I say, my “I,” and then there is also Jesus. No, I cannot say “I” without Him. This is the cry that came out of my depths when I told my husband that these are not my abilities, but rather they are present because, following the title of the last Fraternity Exercises, “My heart is glad because you live, oh Christ.”

What does it mean to know Christ in our own experience? It is a question that we must leave open, because at the beginning of the year we heard Fr. Giussani say that the consequence of our shifting from an enthusiasm for Christ to sliding into our “cultural translation” of faith—since I read it I can’t get it out of my mind—is that “we don’t know Christ” (p. VII). That is why it is very important that we leave this question open and that from now until the Fraternity Exercises we do what you said today: it isn’t a matter of “thinking” of what it means to know Christ—making Him the object of an abstract discourse—but of “seeing” where and when we have known Christ. After this verification you can make your contribution to help all of us respond to this urgency to which Fr. Giussani drove us. Otherwise, our life passes without knowing Him and everything is reduced to an effort, to something that we must do, instead of arriving at that recognition that His presence makes possible. Because recognizing Him is the “truth of myself,” as you said, it isn’t something that comes after. There isn’t first my “I” and then Jesus, as if He were an addition. “I cannot say ‘I’ without Him.” One must know Jesus from within one’s own experience, because the starting point is the Event that is happening in you. To realize this is what makes life something different. It is precisely with this gaze, with this experience, that we can now look at the Christmas Poster.

The first time I saw the Christmas Poster a question arose right away: where is Jesus? I was asked the same question by some friends, even somewhat argumentatively, and a bit condescendingly. The first thing that surprised me was that this very question, that for some was an objection, for me has been instead a trigger that has pushed me to take a step. I recognized that that question is my question: where are You? Where are You, Jesus? Show Yourself in my life, in my day, now, in my present reality, not in my past. I need You to show Yourself now, I wish that You show Yourself now.” This is amazing. The same question can describe two different positions. A person can say, “Where is God? He doesn’t exist. Fine. OK. That’s it. I don’t see Him, He doesn’t exist, and therefore that’s it. What kind of Christmas Poster is it, without Jesus’ image?” Or it can be what makes you go forward. The other thing that struck me is that this question is also the title of your new book, Dov’è Dio? [Where is God?] I realized that I read it omitting the question mark, as if to say: fine, now Carrón is going to explain where God is, so that afterwards the problem will be solved, and we no longer need worry about it.

So, you miss the best, because the best is what you have heard in this evening’s contributions. You are the ones who must see, must recognize where God is, each of you must recognize it; I am not the one who must tell you.

This has made me want to re-read the book, because eliminating the question is what kills me; I am no longer able to do anything.

I want to thank you for the journey you have helped us make from Beginning Day onward. I am in a moment in my life in which, in the midst of dramatic circumstances, I am making an unexpected journey that is changing me. It seems that in the past months you decided to insist precisely on the things my heart desperately needs at this moment. There is an episode that made me understand the importance of this work. Recently, someone criticized the Christmas Poster, saying that it proved how CL is drifting, since there are refugees in the place of Jesus. I heard even some of my friends pick up on this objection in an almost nasty way, saying, “As a matter of fact, it is the Christmas Poster and Jesus is absent.” As if to say, “Carrón forgot something! I saw it, but he didn’t, he forgot Jesus on Christmas.” During a conversation on this topic, I jumped out of my chair and said, “What do you mean it isn’t Jesus? Look at it! If you don’t see Jesus in that poster, then Jesus is not present in your family, in your work, in your Fraternity group—he isn’t even present this evening among us. If Jesus is not present in that poster Jesus is not present anywhere!” I think that if we need a Giotto painting, just to give an example, to say that Jesus is present in the poster, that means that actually Jesus is not something that happens in our lives, within the material things of our lives; He isn’t a tangible companion in every single moment of our day, but rather for us He is a very sacred, yet very distant, thing. I feel like saying thank you to you, really thank you, for this poster, because I think that the theme toward which you have been leading us since Beginning Day (sometimes it almost seems that you are dragging us), the theme toward which you are accompanying us, is so essential that you even offered us an outline to understand it better. In the end, for me the Christmas Poster is like the summary outline of Beginning Day, so much so that one looks at it and says, “That’s it!” When I look at the photo in the Christmas Poster, I see a shot of my life, of my days, and Jesus is certainly present! Jesus happens, you bet He does! In fact, it is only because He is present that I am still standing. I am telling you this knowing what I am saying, because I see it. At the last School of Community, a young woman said, “Only if I do this work can Jesus become familiar to me: this is the most urgent need that I have, what I need most.” That’s it, for me it is exactly like that, I am understanding that the presence of Jesus here and now, His happening again now, is what I want to spend all of my energy, to the last bit, for. I truly need it more than being cured if I were ill, more than water if I were dying of thirst, more than that. Your insistence on Jesus’ presence here and now is exactly what is making the difference for me between this being clear—because it is clear to me in theory—and living it in my flesh. It is what is saving me from the theory and is changing my life physically, materially, because as you said: “The event is exactly what we don’t already know.” I realize that it is thanks to this work in which you are leading us that I look at the Christmas Poster in the way I have described. I would like to give you a big hug of gratitude for how you love us. If I hadn’t made this journey, probably I would be among those who are turning up their noses because it isn’t the usual painting by Giotto. Therefore, thank you. I realize that I love you like one loves a father.

We decide about the Christmas Poster and then you explain to us what we decided, because you give it back to us full of flesh! One cannot discover Christ and recognize Him except in the way we have seen it happening this evening—whether it be about the Food Collection or the Christmas Poster, the road is the same: only those who follow the proposal can discover Him and realize that

they needed that very fact, that very gesture to be able to recognize Him as He happens. That is why we wait for Christmas with this wish, with this urgent need within us: Come, Lord Jesus!

School of Community. Having finished our work on Beginning Day, we now return to comparing ourselves with Fr. Giussani's book *Why the Church?* As you will see, that book is in an almost astonishing continuity with what we have said to each other in the recent months. In fact, what did we see also this evening? We saw that by participating in a place, we are introduced—as the poster says, participating in “a particular history”—to the truth about ourselves. For the next time, we will resume the book's eighth chapter, “The Divine in the Church”; that is, the divine in the human, addressing the points made about the ordinary and extraordinary magisterium from pp. 163-172. In these pages, Fr. Giussani tells us that truth channeled by the Church communicates itself by osmosis, by participation in a place, as we have seen: “It is [...] by living within the ecclesial community that, almost by continuous osmosis [pay attention to the “almost,” because it doesn't happen automatically] these truths penetrate the membrane of our consciousness, day by day, in an incalculable way” (p. 169). Now we can return to these words with a new awareness, not taken for granted, due to the journey we have made in these recent months. We can understand all the substance of these words from within all the work that we have done. We will understand that in order to participate in the Christian newness we need, says Fr. Giussani, “fidelity to the ecclesial community” in which a certain ultimate knowledge is communicated. We cannot know through our analyses, or theological studies, or biblical exegesis, but rather through the happening of concrete life in all its gestures. As the Second Vatican Council says: the Church communicates what she has received from Christ, makes herself present to us through doctrine, life, and the liturgy—the totality of the life of the Church. There is a condition, though (that is why I was underlining the “almost”), the chapter will say later: “It is essential for man to be free if he is to acquire the salvation conveyed by the Christian mystery.” For a person to put his freedom at play may mean participating in the Food Collection the way one is, to see what happens. For another person, it may mean visiting a prison and going home in silence, amazed by what happened. One can do things as an effort, or as a beggar—even reluctantly, as may happen even when one receives the Eucharist—waiting that the Lord, by grace, does the rest.

The next School of Community will be on Wednesday, January 24th, 2018 at 9:00 pm.

My wish to you this Christmas is that you may let yourselves be provoked by the Christmas Poster and by what we heard this evening, because, as you have seen, it cannot be taken for granted. May Christmas be an opportunity to recover the awareness that only the “particular history” that began 2,000 years ago and that has touched us (through this place to which we belong, that is, the Movement) is the answer to our own and to our society's needs and dramatic circumstances. It is the new life born of this history that we have to offer to whomever we meet on the road.

Merry Christmas to everyone!

Veni Sancte Spiritus