



LUNEDÌ

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nell'anima i proprii sogni che al  
pensato to diedero le ali e, presone  
a volo mio, lo istaupo <sup>per</sup> come  
nata ~~ma~~ <sup>le molto</sup> suppelto, come reale da  
vire ~~passava~~ <sup>per</sup> alcuo quel giorno.

(English translation)

9 April 1968

**Chiara's diary**

At times we are filled with nostalgia for heaven. At times we feel the weight of life here on earth and of the waiting.

But then Someone immediately calls us from within to recollect ourselves and be alone with the Eternal One; He calls us to be consoled and to be resigned to continuing like this for as long as He wants.

In these moments you feel like a child who is picked up and hugged in his mother's arms. Nothing is now missing. And while being refreshed you recover strength and feel that no, it is not good to go straight to the eternal enjoyment of what God's goodness has prepared for us, and besides that would not be justice, because eternal happiness must be merited.

So you make decisions to live the Christian life well, true resolutions of daily heroism, in order to reach perfection during all the days that are left of your life. It is as though flowers had sprung up again in the spring sun. And you look and look again in your soul for the best thoughts which in the past gave you wings and taking one just as it comes to you at random, you stamp it on your heart as the seal and motto, as the ideal to be lived – at least during that day.