Hose a Maura prie de my ruese a Matale mu sinà le vie de Luropo, autelle partelle, S'emmontano di lua. Behnorstroise e perallele. Una premir los di metrone, muaes recchere me coorlitante. franco nel paese forse jour prico del mondo A de frysta della restra necolina ecco mua Serie di retine che 4 faccio notare. Al di le del netro revoca portorne ete: Harrine. attica. Por boulouis e taculine da Ilitte tras note da Reune e avines letti un lois neixu E aucora slitte e babto natale e avincaleti. Tutto or muore con forbo. Ah! ecco flr auxioleti adarasse. Macali ! Ino specie di fatine, Josse inventato di recente quels addobbe attracos fro . Na baulino por fair tors ni leve pulle pute dei fraini e oserva, amugliato.

me nel mis puore l'incredulité c por quan la vollellsone. Lucto mondo ricco s'è accalagrato natale e liteo il neo contorno ed la floggiato fen e quanti ple crano attorno. In tale mislion dell' meno. Ann d'natale lites il contorus: la police l'ambiente, l'amaria che fixita, i regali che suggerisce le luci le stelle i centi. me a fem un a persa. "Vouce for i mot ... "non c'era porto per Lei.. nevereno a l'etale Nanothe and lo dornito, Anche preto peresiono mi la terreta Preplia. bearingues de tell phoise Le rémanant feres taute par. Le mon avent gondato l'aprie di kieria, ne fridari une che peror i latali degle comine sulla terra.

Saine peres le prie belle partoline del formeres statue estatuette coll'arte pur pregia betti del mondo. L'estoras go esire, causoni famate e pesenti, illustrerer libri per reials e adults En queto niotero d'amore, stenderes converse per progresenterioni o film, non no guel ale fares. Oppe rangueras la Chrim che he talvetes l'à 1 amegania, Balla Eucredo prao stata guradici amei fe in mu terra ni an dominer il ateituo un facerdate d'angeli ricordere della per ricordere alla sente, decistos. Eggs lo cajoso megli E Ala l'ateitus petico che invade dorrugue il memolo aggi lo esse come mas. marraor possible some State sport camp Certo che queto teneri Matale e Boutina il Meoneto del mondo è quelcon che m addolon essi toos post post post per " Che alucus mes focales à intettale notre ruse si pidi eles è noto, fecendo els una fecta come mes sites adolor per

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(The text is a second draft with respect to the original)

Zurich, 23 November 1980

From Chiara's Diary 1980

It's more than a month before Christmas and the city streets of Zurich are already covered in lights. Bahnhofstrasse and parallel streets. A never-ending row of shops, a sophisticated but exorbitant richness.

We are in what is perhaps the richest country of the world.

To the left of our car a row of shop windows catches our attention. Through the window it is snowing gently: an optical illusion. Boys and girls on sledges pulled by reindeer and Disney animals. Still more sledges and Father Christmas and little deer, piglets, hares, frogs, puppets and red dwarfs. Everything is moving gracefully. Oh! There are the angels... But no! They are fairies, recently invented to adorn the snow-white scene.

A child with his parents stands on tiptoe and watches, fascinated.

But in my heart is disbelief and then, almost rebellion: this rich world has trapped Christmas and all that goes with it, and has evicted Jesus!

It loves the poetry, the atmosphere, the friendship that Christmas brings, the gifts it suggests, the lights, the stars, the songs. It looks to Christmas for the best profits of the year. But to Jesus it gives no thought.

"He came to his own home and his own people received him not..."

"There was no room for him in the inn...", no, and not even at Christmas.

Last night I didn't sleep. This thought kept me awake. If I were to be born again, I would do many things. I would found a Work at the service of the Christmases of all people on earth; I would print the most beautiful cards in the world; I would produce statues, large and small, of the most tasteful art; I would record poems and songs, past and present; I would illustrate books for children and adults on this 'mystery of love'; I would write scripts for plays and films.

I don't know what I would do...

Today I thank the Church for having saved the images.

Years ago, when I was in a country dominated by atheism, a priest was carving sculptures of angels to remind people of heaven.

Today I understand him better.

The practical atheism, which is now invading the whole world, demands it.

Certainly, keeping Christmas while banning the New-born causes sadness.

Let us, at least in our own homes, shout out Who is born, celebrating his coming as never before.