

(from the *Diary*)

Holiness as a gift

An extraordinary communicator, Chiara Lubich never kept for herself the spiritual enlightenments, the inspirations of the Holy Spirit, the ever new confirmation of the relevance of the Word of God. Her life was an open book that everyone can read.

With regard to holiness, Chiara did not keep to herself her inner experiences, efforts and intentions but she communicated them, as if to form a “system of spiritual pulleys that will hold up the world.” In her journey towards holiness she aimed at what is essential, what is in full accordance with the New Testament (“Be perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect” Mt 5:48. “For this is the will of God, your sanctification,” 1 Thess 4:3) and anticipating what the Second Vatican Council will define as the universal call to holiness (cf. LG 39-42).

Her charism places emphasis on love as the way of perfection, a love that is gift. It’s this aspect of gift and “gift for others” that stands out from the very personal Diary notes written in 1991 that we offer here, chosen among many others.

Rocca di Papa, 10 May 1991

I’m leaving for Brazil and the idea that dominates within me is: “I must become holy.”

Yes, because I have a few things to work out before the “Departure” and the “Encounter,” that however will come about when God wants: the Statutes, which are practically done already; the regulations, which I’m about to conclude; the special graces of Paradise 1949 that we are working on. But I must leave one more thing to the focolarini: my holiness. It’s necessary so that they may have a model that is worth much more than many writings.

I have tended towards holiness my whole life through, thus it shouldn’t be too difficult, and it’s a pity if I don’t reach it.

This morning I understood once more that my holiness is Him, Jesus Forsaken. He attracts me like a magnet in this last period, like Mary Desolate who has a special fascination.

Their “nothingness” attracts me. Holiness is there: the nothingness of ourselves so that God triumphs in us. It is a nothingness that I find by loving his will and my neighbours, but also “losing” all that must be lost, with generosity and without delay.

Chiara Lubich

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