



Every mind, every heart, is based on certainty. Some firmer. More fragile ones. But it's impossible to live without certainty.

There are simple certainties, to walk at home. We are certain that the ground sustains us, that electricity works, that friends are faithful.

Other certainties are more complex, require special support. Christian certainties, for example, suppose the help of grace and the closeness of witnesses.

There are certainties that, one day, are revealed to be fragile. The floor wasn't so safe. A light cut leaves the home without power. The friend was not as faithful as I thought.

But other certainties last, beyond the blows. Especially when they are based on a god who is a father, who has spoken to us for the son, who has sent us the spirit.

What are the certainties in which I founded my life and direct my decisions? They will be valid certainties if they are well founded. They will be weak certainties if they are built on sand.

No one can live without certainty. The important thing is to choose those that really are worth, and to leave aside others that shine a lot, but that sooner or later show their fragility and their inconsistency.

I'm still on my way this day. I'm guided by a light coming from Easter. Two indestructible certainties give meaning to my whole existence: God loves me, and he loves every human being. From the safety that gives me these certainties, I can come out of myself, embrace mercy, and orient my heart toward service to the brethren.