



I'm going to mass. I hear the word. I witnessed the great miracle of the Eucharist. I participate in the body and blood that save us.

I go out on the street. There are traffic problems. A badly parked car causes a convulsed disorder. A feeling of anger arises.

The day has many moments. Some pass almost on tiptoe, leaving no trace. Others print something that lasts for hours, days, even months.

Throughout the hours, what leaves a footprint in my soul? Will I remember more the gospel read in the morning or keep a feeling of bitterness about how bad the traffic is? In the dregs of my soul are those things that I reflect more, I think more, I worry or fill me with hope.

With sorrow, I note that not always the important thing comes to the innermost of myself. Many times I get caught in clouds of grudges, in fears and envy that corrode me little by little.

I would like to put a filter so that there are so many good things that come along my day, and not to enter those poisons that prevent Me from loving God and the brothers.

Therefore, at the end of the day, it is worth examining my heart and contemplates what has been left as grounds, there, in what I keep after so many experiences, noises, words, and gestures.

My life will be sad, unsuccessful if I keep for a long time that which harms and harms others.

Instead, my life will begin to be good if I allow God to purify the innermost of myself from sins and vices if I leave room for a new wine that brings joy to earthly existence and allows us to anticipate the joys of heaven a little...