The blows of life come. Sometimes, slowly, without preventing them from wasting their persistence. Other times, all at once, like a hailstorm, and then the heart trembles at the force of adversity.

in the moments of contrariety and failure, we need to find a corner to be with God. Men hurt, with or without guilt. The difficulties increase. Self incurs errors that generate grief and bewilderment.

When we go to God, the soul feels the peace that comes from discovering that a father waits for us, welcomes us, looks at us with affection, forgives us, comforts us and strengthens.

The most beautiful corner to be with God is in those churches where a tabernacle keeps the living presence of the body of Christ, food for millions of Christians over time and space.

As we cross the doors of a temple, silence becomes a dialogue of hearts. The breeze alleviates the heat of damaging anger or warm ice cream.

In front of a world of haste, noises, forgetfulness, grudges, betrayals, the Tabernacle becomes a quiet corner that renews hope, which confirms in faith, which encourages a love that can forgive and embrace.

The clocks are on their way. The bus will soon be at the stop. Finish the time to be with the master. I have received from the sky the strength of manna that allows me to move forward.

The wind, vigorously, drills the tired body again. Anonymous looks come and go, because there are a thousand urgent things to accomplish. Within me, there is a change that is only explained in a meeting.

God has poured out the consolation of his life-giving promise (cf. Sal 119.50). I thank you again for having stayed with us, to offer us, in our world, a corner to be with him and with the brothers.