



Father Abbot once again opened his soul to God and prayed as he had seldom done in the last few weeks.

"You Know, Sir, that there are times when I find it very difficult to pray. Because I'm afraid I won't be heard. Because I suspect you won't grant me what I ask.

I know that if I ask you for something that will cause more evil than property, your Father's Heart will not give it to me.

But when I ask for rain for the drought-stricken fields, when I ask for health for a mother on which her husband and children depend, when I pray for peace for those two peoples at war, why do you not seem to listen?

Those moments, I doubt, Sir. I Do Not dare to pray again and again if I then feel a wall of silence before me. Costs a lot, you know, ask and ask when in the end things do not improve, if they are not worse.

Wouldn't it be better to stop asking you those graces? However, in the Gospel, You taught that plead, that we insist, as the widow who claims Justice (cf. Lc 18.1-8).

So what is the point of those prayers that seem unheard of? Why do you invite us to plead with perseverance, when history seems to go on as if You didn't hear?

I'm afraid of losing hope if you don't give us those things that, I guess, are good, that others need in the way of life.

That's why I humbly ask for your help. So that he does not stop praying as a trusted son, open and available to what you decide. And amid the facts of every day discover what message you leave us, what you want of this suffering humanity, what you ask me as a companion on my way to my brothers... "