



Someone speaks in a serene or restless voice. Someone writes, with letters, with words, with exclamations.

Behind words, behind gestures, there is a heart that loves or doubts, that suffers or smiles, helps, or strikes.

It hurts to recognize that we don't understand what's in the other. As it also hurts to feel misunderstood: the interlocutor cannot penetrate the innermost part of our souls.

Sometimes despite the words, others from those same words, something we discover from the heart of the other. Little by little reveals fears and hopes, preferences and desires, plans, and memories of the past.

But is always much more what is hidden behind the wall of words. That is why I cannot judge the other, I cannot condemn him/her, I cannot invade a territory which I find difficult, inaccessible, mysterious.

Now I only see a few letters, I hear sounds. Then, over time, I can perceive echoes of a great or reduced soul, of a friend or spiteful heart, of life excited or full of bitterness.

I dare not go further. Between him and me, the wall continues, imperturbable. It separates us like a great pit. But little by little it is possible to glimpse, from attitudes of sincere respect and kind welcome, that which is hidden in the speaker, while also revealing the intimate mystery of myself.

Only when we get to look beyond words, only when we adopt a sincere attitude of sincere affection, can we crack that wall that separates us.

No real differences will disappear between what he and what I think. But at least there will be fewer misunderstandings, fewer prejudices, and sincere empathy. From it, the dialogue will be able to move forward.

Together, thus, we will continue on the way to the meeting of those truths that unite hearts, that allow to carry out good projects, that make us work for a more just world, that brings us closer to the definitive goal where the Word awaits us, the son of God alive.