Text of the video At the scool of Mary Desolate in focomediasharing

Lately, for me, living Mary Desolate has meant living the present losing everything; but has no longer meant, with just as much impetus, what those words really meant when I wrote them, that is, the readiness to lose the Work of Mary and, in due proportion for each one of us, its works.

Besides this, I reflected on the fact that just as I have only one Spouse on earth, Jesus Forsaken, and I cannot “divorce” him by choosing someone or something else that is not synonymous with suffering, darkness, pain, anguish, desperation, etc. In the same way, I cannot deny the only mother I have: Mary Desolate, which really means Jesus lying dead in her lap and offered to the Father without lament.

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I meditated on those words one by one and they seemed new to me. “I have only one mother on earth, I have no other mother besides her…In her we find the whole Church from all eternity, and the whole Work of Mary in unity.”

 Indeed: only if we are ready and – what’s more – only if we truly want to put aside the Work that we have put together and leave it for someone else to continue, only if we are ready to see it die momentanily, just like the grain of wheat from whose death life springs forth in abundance, are we one because to be so, we must possess God alone. And this implies being completely detached, at least spiritually, from all that is not Him.

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As though to confirm these thoughts, other words came to mind: “Every detachment from the good I have done will be a contribution to building Mary.”

 I was surprised by the depth of these words. In fact the Work of Mary is a mystical presence of Mary, that is, a vase full of God alone. And it is not only God’s work, but also ours, it belongs to us who must be specialised workers in this Work and therefore, “detached,” that is, people who love Mary Desolate.

 The deep apprehension that had taken hold of me previously, after seeing myself no longer focused in this way on the Desolate, my mother, led me to consecrate myself once again to her and to repeat: “Every separation will be mine…in your *stabat* I remain firm.”

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I then thought that through this new understanding, Mary was preparing me and us for the new developments that we must embark on in the Movement, in order to make it always more according to the plans of God.

I speak above all of the focolarini, and as a consequence, also of the priests, the volunteers, the gen, and so forth.

 We must look once again at the aspects of the life of the focolarini and give to all seven colours the importance they deserve: one aspect is not more important than another; on the contrary, each aspect influences the other. If we do not pray, our evangelisation suffers. If we do not rest, our work suffers, if we do not work, our rest, meals, clothes, house, and our contribution to the Movement suffers and therefore the Movement itself suffers.

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So I have seen that to do this, some of the activities of the Movement have to be scaled down, others put on hold, because they are more suitable for the volunteers to whom we must now entrust more things.

 The fact is that the focolarini have had to do everything. And this was logical. They are like the seed that contains everything. But now this seed might have, in certain instances, reached saturation point and if we do not do something about it, it could burst either because of too much tension or because of the many commitments.

 The focolarini above all must be like leaven everywhere, what salt is to the earth, as the committed and ideological leaven of every work. But a great deal of what they do can also be done by others who, besides other things, would also do it much better because they are more suited for the task.

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 Naturally this reorganization of the Work of Mary must be done with a great sense of balance, gradually and with much thought.

 And the love that we will all have for our only Mother will help us enormously to do all this. Let’s not, after having left our fields, take possession of Mary’s…!

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