Complete and original text. taken from New City, Chiara Lubich, Essential Writings p 91

I have found you

I have found you in so many places, Lord!

I have felt you throbbing

in the perfect stillness

of a little Alpine church,

in the shadow of the tabernacle

of an empty cathedral,

in the breathing as one soul

of a crowd who loves you and who fills

the arches of your church

with songs and love.

I have found you in joy.

I have spoken to you

beyond the starry firmament,

when in the evening, in silence,

I was returning home from work.

I seek you and often I find you.

But where I *always* find you

is in suffering. A suffering, any sort of suffering,

is like the sound of a bell

that summons God’s bride to prayer.

When the shadow of the cross appears

the soul recollects itself

in the tabernacle of its heart

and forgetting the tinkling of the bell

it “sees” you and speaks to you.

It is you who come to visit me.

It is I who answer you:

“Here I am, Lord, I desire you, I have desired you.”

And in this meeting my soul does not feel its suffering,

but is as if inebriated with your love:

suffused with you, imbued with you:

I in you and you in me,

that we may be one.

And then I reopen my eyes to life,

to the life less real,

divinely drilled

to wage your war.