**Original and complete version of the text of Chiara Lubich**

 **also used in the video in Focomediasharing.com**

**The Desolate**

 We do not think enough about Mary’s “passion,” about the swords that pierced her Heart, about the terrible forsakenness she felt on Golgotha when Jesus entrusted her to others…

 Perhaps the reason for this is that Mary knew all too well how to cover her living, tormented agony with sweetness, with light, and with silence.

 And yet, there is no suffering similar to hers…

 If one day our sufferings reach such depths that make everything inside us rebel because the fruit of our “passion” seems to be taken out of our hands and, moreover, from our heart, let’s remember her.

 It will be this coldness that will make us a bit similar to her, and which will shape better in our souls the figure of Mary, the all-beautiful, the Mother of all because by divine will she was detached from everyone, most of all, from her divine Son.[[1]](#endnote-2)

 The Desolate is the Saint par excellence.

 I would want to relive her in her mortification.

 I would want to be capable of being alone with God like her, in the sense that, even in the midst of others, I feel drawn to make the whole of my life an intimate dialogue between my soul and God.

 The Desolate is certainty of sanctification, the perennial font of union with God, a cup overflowing with joy. The Desolate!

 This is my “eureka!” Yes, I have found it. I have found the way.[[2]](#endnote-3)

1. New City, Chiara Lubich, Essential Writings p139 [↑](#endnote-ref-2)
2. [↑](#endnote-ref-3)