**Original version of the text also used in Focomediasharing**

**Lord, give me all who are lonely**

Lord, give me all who are lonely …  
I have felt in my heart the passion that fills your heart  
for all the forsakenness in which the whole world is drifting.

I love every being that is sick and alone.  
Even the suffering of plants causes me pain …  
even the animals that are alone.

Who consoles their weeping?  
Who mourns their slow death?  
Who presses to their own heart, the heart in despair?

My God, let me be in this world the tangible sacrament  
of your Love, of your being Love;  
let me be your arms that press to themselves  
and consume in love all the loneliness of the world.

New City - Chiara Lubich, Essential Writings pp 81-82