

**Notes from School of Community with Father Julián Carrón  
via video connection from Milan, June 16, 2021**

Reference text: J. Carrón, “The Unexpected Leap of the Heart,” in *Is There Hope? The Fascination of the Discovery*,” chapters 1–3, available on the CL website:

<https://english.clonline.org/news/current-events/2021/05/20/is-there-hope-the-fascination-of-the-discovery>

- *Aconteceu (It happened)*
- *Liberazione no.2*

*Glory Be*

Good evening everyone! Let’s start our work on the new chapter of *Is There Hope?* which opens with words that I think are relevant to what is happening: “The upheavals of the present have shaken up ways of living that we took for granted. But that was the way with facts. They punctured every bubble of conceit, shattered theories, destroyed convictions. [...] Many have unexpectedly felt, even if only for a moment, an urgent need for an ultimate meaning [...]. It is no surprise that many of the things that previously counted as sure evidence no longer form part of our basic cultural inheritance. [...] Paradoxically, maybe it is actually helpful to see certain monolithic assumptions of ours crumble, to experience the beginning of a crack in the wall of our safe beliefs. In the lyrics of Leonard Cohen, ‘There is a crack, a crack in everything / That’s how the light gets in’” (chapter 3, p. 1).

How has our work shown that the experience of the pandemic facilitated the opening of a crack?

*Good evening. This last year has been very difficult, both in the hospital where I work and for my family. Above all I was provoked by the great numbers of deaths, and the loneliness, pain, and tears that I saw. I have really learned the meaning of reality as “datum”: both good and evil, positive things and negative things, are an opportunity for God to call me. That was revolutionary for me. In addition, many times the Lord grabbed me by the hair: my husband who welcomed me after a difficult day, a conversation with my sister, the School of Community, the Exercises of the Fraternity, were all a rebirth for me. Above all, though, I have a question. I realize that I have learned these things, but most of the time I behave like the rest of the world. In the face of new circumstances that I don’t like and that I would like to be different but are not, I find myself trying to reduce or suppress my desire, not wanting to have it and even doubting that reality can respond to it. I strongly question the goodness of desire, saying, “This is not true!” Objectively, when I stop and work on it, I recognize that things are not like that and that I can recover, but it is very hard work. In fact, the big question I ask myself is how to avoid starting over from scratch every time, how can this recognition become a daily experience because not doing so really causes me great sorrow. When I told a friend about it, she told me that she was surprised because my sorrow was not so much due to the circumstances, but to the fact that I live these circumstances like everyone else. My big question is: How is it possible to avoid always starting from scratch? How can this recognition of reality become a daily experience?*

I think that your question is very interesting, because it makes all of us face the issue of whether what we are experiencing remains something that allows us to approach daily life in a different

way. Fr. Giussani told us that the circumstances we are given are for our maturity (“God never permits anything to happen unless it is for our maturity,” L. Giussani, “The long march to maturity,” *Traces*, no. 3/2008, p. 19). You are questioning this: Is it really true that the circumstances are for our maturity? Is everything we live able to generate in us something stable, so that we can face it with a newness inside us? Yours is a challenge to the proposal made by Fr. Giussani, and rightly so; I cannot convince you that it is true “because Fr. Giussani says so” (he didn’t claim he could do this either). Fr. Giussani makes me a proposal, and I have to find out in my experience whether it can become real and able to generate something new in me for facing the challenges that life never spares me.

We are facing a crucial issue. It is amazing to see that this isn’t just our question, but is a problem for everyone who has experienced your circumstances or something similar; ours is a dialogue with everyone. I think it is fundamental to recognize this: our dialogue—the dialogue that everyone has with oneself about how he should live everything and about what is generated by living his circumstances—is with the world. After all, we are showing the world whether the faith we live is able to generate something that is relevant to everyone, to the questions that everyone has. From this point of view, I was struck by an article that appeared in a Spanish newspaper, *El País*, in which the journalist Rosa Montero writes about the reaction she had at the sight of the first weekend of reopening after the lockdown: “As I live in a central district of Madrid, I was able to witness, from my home, the celebrations over the country’s exit from the state of emergency—the roar of the crowds that poured through the streets and their insatiable hunger for happiness. So much desire to set the night on fire, to possess life. It was a little scary to see how we have again forgotten about the virus, but the subject of this article is not this irresponsible forgetfulness. [...] The explosion of joy is very understandable. I wonder, though, how many people went to bed happy that morning at dawn.” We all had to verify how we went to sleep after waiting for months for the beginning of the celebrations of the reopening. That is why your question is the same as this journalist’s: “We all look for happiness, but without knowing where to find it [...] The pandemic should have taught us something about the vibrant and unique truth of the present, of this very moment in which we live, but I fear we will learn nothing. I have seen this many times before; for example, in friends who are diagnosed with cancer and who, in the overwhelming experience of fear, assure us that the disease has opened their eyes and that, if they conquer it, they will never again waste their time worrying about nonsense,” that is, who have learned something that will remain with them as a resource for dealing with everyday life. But, she adds, “Friends who then recover (thank goodness) relapse a few years later into the same mental outrage, the same confusion about what they are and what they want.” They return to looking at reality as they did before, “unconsciously postponing happiness to a time that is always a little further away,” shifting fulfillment to the occurrence of new events “in a future that you will never reach.” In fact, the journalist writes, “The bad news is that you never arrive. There is only today, the here and now ” (R. Montero, “Hoy, aquí, ahora,” *El País*, May 23, 2021; “Today, here, now,” [clonline.org](https://www.clonline.org)). This is how the article ends. It is an experience that we are all having after the lockdown and the return to so-called normality. You ask if there is anything left, so that this new way of living can become the experience of every day. It can happen in a normal situation, such as the celebrations of the people in Madrid described by Rosa Montero, or in a dramatic circumstance, such as when in Italy, on the day of the reopening, we found ourselves in front of the repercussions, much less pleasant, of the crash of the Mottarone cable car.

*Hello, good evening everyone. How many times have I heard Montale's phrase, "Something unexpected is the only hope," and how many times has it slipped away as something I already know? Yet, this time I tried to make a comparison with the circumstances I am experiencing, wanting to see in action if these words can have meaning for concrete life. Looking at the unexpected as a possibility that really affects my life and my way of looking at things is definitely the position that most corresponds to reason. What I saw happening in me was the transition from this disarming statement to an affective implication. A logical and disarming observation is not enough for us to accept that another measure may be the key to looking at things. How much does one have to recognize one's own need to live the circumstances without fear of his humanity; that is, as a beggar who is eager to recognize Someone through someone?! This was a discovery for me. Then the Mottarone cable car disaster happened. I felt I was staggering, going backward, as if my discovery had been erased. I think of the unexpected as something positive that happens. What happened was also unexpected, but as tragedy, not as hope. So, I ask you: How are the tragedy of the cable car and what Montale says, that "something unexpected is the only hope," connected? I understand that there is another step involved here, work I have to do so as not to reduce the issue again. Can you help me do that?*

The question doesn't arise only in the face of the shock caused by the disaster. It also arises, as we have seen, in the face of the celebrations of the end the lockdown and in the face of all the daily circumstances. And it is by looking at these facts that we can understand what unexpected event must happen so that we can acquire something that remains.

*I start from the words of Fr. Giussani that you quoted in point 2 of chapter 3 about the unexpected that happens: "Jesus Christ [...] is concealed, becomes present, under the curtain, under the aspect of a different humanity. The encounter, the impact is with a different humanity: it is the experience of a different humanity that surprises us because it corresponds to the structural needs of the heart more than any modality of our thought or imagination" (chapter 3, p. 5). These words stabbed my heart like a dagger; I recognize them as dramatically true. Yet, if I look around trying to find this different humanity, an ultimate disappointment surprises and grabs me because I don't see that difference, or, better, I find it difficult to see. If I look at the people in my community, the gestures we do, the attention to my person, it almost seems that the enthusiasm that took hold of me forty-eight years ago and that changed my life has frayed, wearing out without that different humanity having emerged as a fact today. I have been laid off for a year-and-a-half and it is rare for someone to ask me how I am doing, yet we see each other at Mass, we meet for School of Community, Fraternity groups and everything else, but I don't seem to find that different humanity. It is true that things happen like the death of a friend who had ALS, and then you see an overwhelming humanity that testifies to someone who had been taken hold of by an infinite love that sustained him until he died in abandonment to Him. But it is as if not even witnesses like that are enough for me, as if they speak of facts and people that happen far away from me. I beg every day that this different humanity may touch me like lightning or like a whisper that enters my flesh and blood and infects it with goodness. How is it possible that this desire of mine remains so sterile and I don't see this different humanity happening around me? In fact, I often see a humanity that is poorer than before, without that human impetus toward everything and everyone, without that impetus that has struck me since the beginning of my Christian experience. Thank you for your paternity.*

Thank you, because you put the challenge in front of all of us: it is not enough for one to see amazing things, spectacular witnesses and people, and the happening of certain facts. “I beg every day that this different humanity [...] enters my flesh and blood.” Awesome! It is not enough to see it in someone, we want that newness to penetrate us to our marrow. But, “How is it possible that [...] I don’t see this different humanity happening?” When one feels the fading of the enthusiasm of the beginning, not even seeing exceptional facts is enough. So what? What still remains of everything God gives us as witnesses of His work? Is it possible (as our friend asked before) that from everything that happens to us, something significant remains that can help us deal with everyday life, or do we always have to start over?

*Hello. What remains of all the incredible and exceptional facts that we have seen? This question, which you asked the CLU diakonia last week, is accompanying me in these days, burning inside me, because over all these years (and even now) I have seen and touched thousands of facts, facts that I cannot “subsume,” reduce, to concepts I know; they touch my heart and give me a jolt. I have spoken with people who I know have experienced the same things, if not even more than me (many of them have belonged to the movement for a long time), and yet everything they have seen “is not enough for them,” and “they no longer live the attraction,” and “they no longer see.” So, what remains? I want to face this question because I don’t intend to live with the fear that, at some point, something may happen to me that I will not be able to face. If I look back at the moment of darkness I experienced years ago, what remained in spite of everything was the evidence of what had happened to me at the beginning of my vocation, which gave me a jolt and made me wish that everything in me could adhere to what I had encountered. I couldn’t erase this evidence even if I sometimes tried. It was an unequal struggle—I really had to lie to myself to erase it. Recognizing that and not detaching myself from this evidence has allowed me to make a journey. I see this happen also in some friends who are living a time of trial. All of the facts I see and experience strengthen the evidence of the beginning. “And the disciples believed in Him” (Jn 2:11). “Lord, I do not understand, but you alone have words that explain life” (cf. Jn 6:68). This is an experience that I live and that is not born as the result of an effort I make, but out of the fact that He generated my affection, He linked me to Himself through a place, through the charism. It struck me very much that during that CLU diakonia, in reacting to the story of a young woman who had seen in the eyes of a friend of ours the same eyes as her grandfather, you were startled into saying, “That gaze remains... The eyes!” It is true: those eyes remain, they look at me and shape my own gaze. In fact, what I see happening is, as a friend of mine used to say, that “the One who generates me leaves me a poor wretch as before, but He changes my gaze.” This opens me to a different use of reason.*

Let’s ask our friend to directly tell us what the young woman saw in his eyes.

*Good evening. It’s something that happened to me in college. One of the young women I work with in the student council declared that “I had lost hope in humanity, but since I met you I can no longer say that human beings are all awful people.” Then, after days of working together, she said to me at some point, “In any case, there is something I just don’t understand. Please tell me your story!” We went to have coffee and I told her what had happened in my life and from the very first moment she said that all those things seemed impossible or unreasonable. She has a special relationship with nature, so I asked her, “Have you ever wondered where that tree came from? Why is that tree there?” She answered me, “It is impossible to find an answer to these questions.”*

*Later in the day, she wrote me a message, “I went to bed and realized that I have always had those questions you were talking about. Can you introduce me to your friends?” Then we had an aperitif all together and she told us her story. She spoke about me, saying, “He struck me because he has the eyes of my grandfather, the only person in my life who really loved me. The only thing he and my grandfather have in common is that they both believe.” Then my friend said to her, “Do you realize that your grandfather is still alive, that he lives in the eyes of this friend of yours?” This added for her that piece by which the detail opens to the universal, in which her story entered into a connection with ours, even if she doesn’t believe. Now, whenever she can, she comes to lunch with us and always says, “I don’t understand, I don’t understand, but I see my grandfather’s eyes. And that is the only thing that makes me feel at peace, it is the only thing that allows me not to hide my questions, even if I don’t understand them and it seems to me that they don’t make sense.” What do I recognize in these events? That I slowly grow in awareness that my “I” becomes more my “I” the more there is One who loves it, One who prefers me. This creates a true friendship. It is incredible that this is causing me to become more and more myself, so much so that my life, which was previously divided into sections (university, soccer field, family), is coming together and these worlds are meeting. This is a precious thing for me.*

Does something remain of what happens to us in life? How do you know that you have come across something that remains? From the eyes. The eyes of her grandfather in your eyes! If her grandfather’s gaze had not remained in her, that young woman wouldn’t have been able to recognize those eyes in your eyes! Many times, we have to see things like this happen in order so that our questions can be answered. It is interesting to look deeper inside what you said—at first, when you told her your story, she reacted by not believing what you were telling her, the events seemed impossible and unreasonable to her. She didn’t believe your story at all! But since what she saw in you was irreducible, she had to admit, “In any case, there is something [the mythical ‘something’!] that I just don’t understand.” She saw her grandfather’s eyes in you and that is why she kept looking for you. So, there is something that remains, that doesn’t disappear even after a long while. That look is so true not because you convince yourself that you have it, but because another—that young woman—glimpses it without knowing anything about you and recognizes it by seeing what your eyes and those of her grandfather have in common. This is amazing! And what do you have in common with him? The fact that you both believe. That young woman may not yet understand what that “something” is and will need to be given all the space she needs, but she can no longer erase what she has seen. She can no longer erase the questions she has avoided (“Where does that tree come from?”); when she goes to bed they stay with her; as does the gaze of her grandfather that she has seen in you. She has found something she cannot erase, something irreducible to her interpretations. It is that exceptionality—which can manifest itself in this way, through the eyes of a person—that even the disciples didn’t know how to interpret, but which they couldn’t erase. They didn’t understand either, but they couldn’t help but recognize something unique in the experience they were having. If we pay attention to these episodes, we can realize how human the path of faith is; this is what made your curious friend shift from her initial position—“it is impossible”—just as happened to the disciples, who followed Jesus out of curiosity, out of a presentiment of something that that Man carried in his eyes. The same thing is happening now.

A friend wrote something similar to a friend who is unable to attend this evening because of a work commitment. “Part of chapter 3 has strongly questioned me when it says that ‘Jesus Christ, that man of two thousand years ago, is concealed, becomes present, under the curtain, under the aspect of a different humanity. The encounter, the impact is with a different humanity: it is the

experience of a different humanity that surprises us' (p. 5) The same thing happened to me. At work I never said that I belong to the movement. After a year-and-a-half the issue came up and I told everyone. This surprised everyone except for one coworker who said, 'Well, I figured it out a while ago.' When I asked him how it was possible, he said, 'A person from CL (whom I don't know) also worked for this company and the two of you are so similar! What you have in common is the dignity you give to people [that is, the same look that amazed all those who were looked upon by Jesus] when you talk to them, regardless of who you are talking to' [it is not a matter of liking or disliking]. What he said surprised me because I had never realized this; in fact, I am sometimes ashamed of being too harsh with my colleagues. In this I saw the sign of the new humanity that we unconsciously carry because something so radical has happened that it has completely changed our lives. It is paradoxical that I never tried to be good, but, as happened to Azurmendi, my colleague recognized this humanity that I and my former coworker had in common. Here a question arises in me: How is it possible that not everyone notices this new humanity? Why of the fifteen people who were present and who had known both me and my former coworker, did only one recognize that the two of us had something in common that bound us together—explaining the difference we bring that otherwise wouldn't have been explained?" This belongs to the mystery of the freedom of each person; our task is to be witnesses and what others do with our testimony depends on their freedom. So, by way of answering the question about what remains, it is interesting to recognize in others what remains when they meet us, and become more aware of it ourselves through others.

*This year a new coworker of mine, very intelligent and professional, drew gradually closer to me, until one day this winter she asked to come to Mass with me. So in February we started seeing each other every Sunday for church and sometimes we went for walks and talked about various things. In living this friendship, I gradually began to realize that in the face of so many situations I conclude that they are impossible, and I close up, but I am gently challenged by her. In chapter 3, p. 4 of "Is There Hope?" you wrote, "It seems impossible to us. But what if it happened? What if we encountered it? What if it came looking for us?" And you quote a letter on p. 7: "Christ was winning in me, in all my wounds and objections [...] with His contemporary presence." It is the same for me in this friendship! Gradually there was a crescendo, until two weeks ago the heart of the friendship became clear. In fact, she wrote me a long message, of which I will read a portion, 'Thank you because, in addition to being my friend, you are a memor and I think I recognized that even before the day you told me about it. You are helping me feel Christian again by my own choice. I have always had faith in God, but I got a little lost and you really helped me find my faith again. The discovery of the movement, then, was a surprise that is helping me to really look inside myself. I don't know what journey I will make, but I am sure I have you to thank for whatever it is. I know this for sure since you gave me a piece of paper with the words "The Word became flesh and dwells among us." From that day I have understood that I want to be your friend, that you are important and that I do not want to lose your presence. It is a precious good and it should not be wasted.' I am a protagonist, but also an interested spectator of all of this. It is obvious that she is finding something totally new in me, but I, in turn, am finding something thanks to her; she is changing the conception I have of myself. Let me give you an example, based on what you write in chapter 3, p. 8, "How can I know whether the particular I run up against is the event of Christ today? I can know if it demonstrates [...] its 'universal claim,' its capacity to illuminate every circumstance or situation, even the most devastating: death." I am not facing death at the moment, but for years and until a few months ago I used to say to myself, "If others could see what is going*

*through my head, they would not trust me. So who sees the truth in me? Only me, who sees myself inside!” This was devastating. Now, if I think back to that conception I had of myself, it doesn’t affect me, it is not the point that interests me: the truth is that I am His, of the Lord. And this is what my friend sees, but I also see it because I recognize that He always comes back to take hold of me again, now through her, and in this way that for me is so new that I feel I have never experienced it before! And so I am very curious to see where He will take me. Thanks!*

This is the dynamic of the generation of the “I,” which takes place slowly, according to a design that is not ours. It is so obvious that sometimes others see it before we do. The Lord makes us run into people who recognize it, so that they can make us aware of what is happening in us. As another contribution that quotes a passage from the book says, “Two thousand years later we are in the same situation; there is something that is within our experience, but comes from beyond it.” The disciples saw that man and couldn’t help recognizing that there was something in Him that relaunched them. Your new friend found in you this something, which relaunched a person. Gradually, if we give ourselves the time we need, if we allow ourselves to be generated by what He is doing in us, we can understand from within our experience the words of St. Paul (which are similar to yours), “I live, no longer I, but Christ lives in me” (Gal 2:20). I think of the young woman I quote in the book, who can verify this even before the death of her sister’s boyfriend, seeing how Christ is winning with His contemporaneous presence, shown by how struck she is by her own way of facing that challenging situation. We also see this, but so many times our stories don’t seem to contain enough to allow us to face a new challenge.

*The phrase “something unexpected is the only hope,” which I loved repeating in the past, left me perplexed this time. The year we lived in my city, which since November has been among the cities in Italy with the highest number of infections per inhabitant (and that saw many deaths) also revealed a very difficult and painful family situation that has been going on for years. All of these facts, plus what happened during the school year, put my students and me to the test, and scared me about what might still happen. Then there was the news about the provisions of the Dicastery for Laity, Family, and Life regarding the governing bodies of ecclesial movements, which disturbed me deeply. My attitude is that described in the paragraph of the second chapter regarding affection: I am tempted to step back, to spare myself the unexpected out of fear. “Leaving open the possibility that something may happen that exceeds our capacity for foreseeing,” scares me, yet I understand that this “is not a renunciation of reason, but actually is living it fully” (chapter 3, p. 3). As you say in the Introduction, “We have enough history behind us to know that all of our attempts will be too weak. The end is announced, death always comes out victorious, yet I am in front of witnesses (I think of your prompt and immediate response to Cardinal Farrell) who perceive everything as new because of the newness that the encounter originates in them. It is in the face of this unforeseen situation that I discover Nicodemus’s question to be familiar and burning: “Can I be born again when I am old?” I have enough history behind me to know that every attempt of mine is insufficient and I have enough history behind me to know that there is hope, but I ask you: How can I be born again? How can I not always look back, but free myself from the past and see everything as new?*

As you can see, even in this case the question arises again: Does anything of the past remain to help us face everything? Does anything remain that is new, even to the point of allowing you to discover that something unexpected is the only hope?

*The debate on the Dicastery's decree has come up on several occasions since Friday. I read it and said to myself, "You are not lacking in any spiritual gift" (1 Cor 1: 7). I am not afraid. The journey you have helped me make over the years gives me certainty. God is faithful and history is His. I am curious to see what happens. Don't think that I don't understand the scope of the event for the movement, but it doesn't scare me. I pray and I look and I stay quiet. But if you find this position naïve or shallow, please tell me, because so many people think so, and I would like to understand what I am missing.*

Several people have written to me asking for help in facing the requests contained in the decree issued by the Dicastery for the Laity, Family, and Life without censoring their experience, because, as you can see, this is again a circumstance that we must face.

The first reaction you saw from me, like that of the friend who just spoke, is an absolute openness to obedience—the Christian virtue that Fr. Giussani has always infused into our blood, giving us his consistent witness—with respect to the request for changes in the governance of associations. I stated this in the letter I sent to Cardinal Farrell the next day, which you can all find on the CL website: “In response to the letter by which you intended to provide me with an advance copy of the text of the general decree regarding the exercise of governance within international associations of the faithful, I wish to assure you that the Central Diaconia of the Fraternity of Communion and Liberation will fulfill all requirements according to the parameters and timeframes established by the decree.” We can look at this circumstance shaped by the experience we have had and are living. This is an opportunity for everyone to answer the question of what remains, to verify it in our experience. In the relationship among us, we are not defined by roles, but by the difference we carry within us. So the roles can change, as they should, but we can continue to witness to each other the news that has taken hold of us. This is the crucial issue. At the same time, this fact brings out the significance of this circumstance.

What is at stake for us in this circumstance? As always, our maturation (as we saw in tonight's contributions, one after the other), that is, our verification of the faith. Each of us reacted in one way or another to the decree (as we reacted to the cable car accident, to the return to normality, to the fact that things are falling apart) and we were able to see in action what Fr. Giussani calls, in the tenth chapter of *The Religious Sense*, “how a person reacts to reality” (McGill-Queen's University Press 1997, p. 100); that is, what the journey we have made has generated in us. All that each one of us emerges in the structure of our reaction, in the way that we live our self-awareness, in the journey we have made, in all that each of us has gained or still has to gain. In the structure of the reaction, in how one reacts, we find indications concerning the steps one has taken to personalize his faith and concerning the steps that remain to be taken; therefore, concerning what is to be done from an educational point of view.

What is at stake here today, more than ever—as Fr. Giussani always told us—is the generation of our person through all the challenges we have to face. What we all want is for the different humanity that is born of faith to become ours, to enter into our flesh, as one of the initial contributions said. The person must be helped to grow in self-awareness. The person doesn't grow through abstract thoughts or reflections, but through what happens. Why is Fr. Giussani so interested in the growth of this self-awareness? Because “the subject's strength lies in the intensity of his self-awareness” (*Religious Awareness in Modern Man*, *Communio*, 1998, p. 138). This is the true strength of our person: our self-awareness.

In the face of everything we have heard tonight, in the face of every challenge, let us always remember that our battle (as we said in the Exercises) is against nothingness. Let's not get confused! Also in this case, the question we must answer is: What do we need to live in any

circumstance? Everything else comes after. We are interested in faith as a relevant response to life's needs.

I was struck by what Fr. Giussani said to university students in 1990: "What matters is the subject, but the subject [...] is the awareness of an event [we see when it penetrates us by how we react to and live everything], the event of Christ, which became history for you through an encounter, and you recognized it. We have to work together, help each other to make new subjects emerge, that is, people aware of an event that becomes history for them, otherwise we can create organizational networks, but we don't build anything, we don't give anything new to the world [and not even to ourselves]. For this reason [pay attention!] what measures the increase of the movement is the education of the person's faith: the recognition of an event that has become history. Christ has become history for you, because he has touched you through what we call 'encounter,' He has somehow penetrated you [He has entered your depths], He has become "interesting" (from the Latin words *inter esse*—He is in you), He entered your being" (*Un evento reale nella vita dell'uomo* [A real event in the life of man], 1990–91, Bur, Milan, 2013, p. 39). If we give ourselves time, the encounter will penetrate us more and more and will make us grateful for the event that happened to us, allowing us to be in front of any circumstance, including all those we have mentioned tonight. All the witnesses this evening have confirmed this, documenting that this is not a dream, but a real experience. So we can become really curious to see how the new circumstances will be able to show us even more the contemporaneous presence of Christ, allowing us to touch with our hand His unique difference, which exists in the ability He has to generate our "I."

For this reason, I hope no one will miss the opportunity to verify this. Let's help each other keep alive the awareness of what is at stake for each of us in the coming months because the impact of the lockdown has not been exhausted and we must each continue to test what we have learned. The verification of faith is not over, just as the challenges are not over. Everything is an opportunity for verification, and above all we have the opportunity to see if there is anything that remains (as we saw tonight) and that generates subjects who can face any circumstance.

The work of School of Community will continue during the summer on the text of the Exercises of the Fraternity *Is there hope? The fascination of the discovery*. Until the end of July we will continue work on the third and fourth chapters and on the pertinent questions and answers of the assembly. In August and September we will work on the fifth and sixth chapters and the pertinent part of the assembly.

Decree of the Dicastery for the Laity, Family, and Life. You have all been able to read the decree issued by the Dicastery for the Laity, Family, and Life on June 11, which concerns the Fraternity as well as many other associations and movements in the church. Our intention is to respond without delay to the required changes, in the times and manners indicated by the decree. As I just said, we are facing this new challenge, which will allow us to verify the growth of our self-awareness.

Centenary of the Birth of Fr. Giussani. I remind you that the website contributicentenario.comunioneliberazione.org is active and you can upload until September 15 your own contribution in view of the celebration of the centenary of the birth of Fr. Giussani. I ask everyone to seriously consider this possibility and not to wait until the last few days, in order to help the work of the secretariat. For all the details you can visit the website.

Rimini Meeting. I remind you that the 42nd edition of the Meeting, entitled “The Courage to Say ‘I,’” will take place August 20–25 at the Rimini Fair Grounds. Taking into account the rules in force and each person’s situation, I invite everyone to consider the possibility of visiting the Meeting at least for one day. This is the easiest way to help build that unique place that is the Meeting. The [meetingrimini.org](http://meetingrimini.org) website will indicate the ways each of us can participate in person. I would also like to point out that there is still a need for adults to work as volunteers, especially for the medical services. For this reason, the registration of volunteers—for adults only—has been extended to June 30. For all the relevant information, you can visit the Meeting website.

Beginning Day will be held on Saturday, September 25 in the afternoon. At the beginning of September we will inform you about how to participate in this gesture.

Communication Tools. Finally, I invite you to take our communication tools seriously even during the summer: *Tracce* magazine, the CL website, social media. We are not interested in pushing propaganda, but first of all in verifying personally what strikes us so that we have a desire to share it with everyone. Think of what we listened to tonight! Following these tools is the most concrete contribution we can make to ourselves, our friends, and all the people we will meet this summer.

*Veni Sancte Spiritus*

Happy summer to everyone!  
See you at Beginning Day!  
Thanks! Bye.