

## BEGINNING DAY 2021

# 4. An expectant awaiting that becomes an entreaty

“I would like to tell my mother what I really need, always the same thing, ever since my first wails when I entered the world. What I’ve wanted for so long has not been easy to say; I tried to explain it with complicated concepts. I spent these first twenty years studying the best words for describing it. I used many words, too many, then I understood that I had to proceed in the opposite direction, and so, day by day, I began to eliminate one, the least necessary, superfluous. Bit by bit I shortened, pruned, until I reached one word. One word to say what I truly want, this thing that I have carried with me since my birth, before my birth, that follows me like a shadow, always at my side. Salvation. I do not say this word to anyone else. But there it is, and with that word its meaning, greater than death. Salvation. For me. For my mother on the other end of the line. For all the children and all their mothers. And fathers. And all the siblings of all times, past and future. My sickness is called salvation. What? Who can I say this to?” (D. Mencarelli, *Tutto chiede salvezza* [Everything Asks for Salvation])

“This [...] entreaty [for salvation is] implicit every time we wake up and in every gesture of the day [...]: [it] is the entreaty of the reason and the affection of people who do not want to live in vain.” (J. Carrón, *Is There Hope?*)

**So, who can I say this to?**

We remind you that it is possible to send questions and witnesses to the website <http://eventi.comunioneliberazione.org/gscontributi/>