

«Be kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, as God in Christ has forgiven you».

It's very nice to hear someone say: «I love you!» When that happens, we don't feel alone anymore, we feel secure, we can face any difficulty. And when two of us love one another, we feel even greater hope and trust, and very protected.

WISHING THE BEST FOR THE OTHER PERSON

Jesus shows us that love is not just a nice feeling. It means to want the very best for the other person. It means to love in concrete ways like Jesus who helped the poor and the sick, had compassion on the crowds, mercy for sinners and forgave those who crucified him.

THE OTHER PERSON IS NEVER A STRANGER

To love another person means to listen to them, share their joys and sorrows, take care of them, be near them in the journey of life. The other person is never a stranger to us, but rather a brother or sister whom we want to serve. It is the exact opposite of feeling that the other person is a competitor or an enemy, or someone we distrust, hate, dislike or just don't care about, or someone we ignore because they hurt us or don't belong to our "group."

THE PACT OF MERCY

Loving one another means to be merciful to each other, to forgive ourselves and others every time one of us fails in loving. Chiara Lubich made a pact with her first companions, so as to avoid the temptation of seeing the defects in the others and judging them, which would diminish the love among them. She said that one day "we thought of making a pact among us. We called it the 'pact of mercy.' It means that every morning we would see one another, and everyone we met, as new, very new, without remembering anything about their defects or failures, and instead covering over everything with love. We approached everyone with this complete 'amnesty' in our hearts, with total pardon. It was a very serious commitment. We all made it together which helped us to always be the first to love and imitate God who is merciful and always forgives and forgets."



My father was preparing to visit some relatives who live in the country next to ours. I offered to accompany him so that I could take advantage of the time of the trip to be with him and talk to him. However, that didn't happen and although I tried to love him, I felt like he didn't appreciate my company.

On the way home, we had a very serious accident and it was my dad's fault. We could have died, but, miraculously, we walked away with only minor injuries. During the night we went from the hospital to the police station and then finally got home. But the most difficult part was yet to come!

My mother and my brothers had gone to visit my grandmother who was sick. My dad worked all day long trying to fix the car. I shut myself into the most secluded part of the house. I didn't want to do anything, not even eat.

I texted my friends, but no one answered me. I wanted to tell someone about what I was feeling but there was no one. I felt totally alone! Then I finally called a friend and he told me: "With this pain in your heart, you can show God how much you love him. I'm proud of you, because you did everything you could to love your dad." These words gave me strength to go on loving and being the first to love. Dad had more injures than I did, so I started to take care of him, slowly removing the slivers of glass, and putting some cream on them. Then I tried to be happy and tell him, "At least we're alive!" After a while a friend came to see me and I

realized how much God loves me through other people. I started to pray every day that I would be able to completely forgive my father, to offer my pain for my grandmother, my mother and brothers, and also for the other people who were involved in the accident and were still in the hospital. Now they have completely recovered and my dad even went to them to offer his apology which they accepted. And I am certain that God allowed me to survive because he has a wonderful plan for my life!

Keep on being the first to love!

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