

# I Have Found You

By: Chiara Lubich  
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I have found you in so many places, Lord!  
I have felt you throbbing in the perfect stillness  
of a little Alpine church,  
in the shadow of the tabernacle of an empty cathedral,  
in the breathing as one soul  
of a crowd who loves you and who fills the arches of your church  
with songs and love.  
I have found you in joy.  
I have spoken to you  
Beyond the starry firmament, when in the evening, in silence, I was returning from work.  
I seek you and often I find you.  
But where I always find you  
is in suffering. A suffering, any sort of suffering, is like the sound of a bell  
that summons... [me] to prayer.  
When the shadow of the cross appears the soul recollects itself in the tabernacle of its heart  
and forgetting the tinkling of the bell it 'sees' you and speaks to you.  
It is you who come to visit me. It is I who answer you:  
'Here I am, Lord, I desire you. I have desired you.'  
And in this meeting my soul does not feel its suffering,  
but is as if inebriated with your love: suffused with you, imbued with you: I in you and you in me,  
that we may be one.  
And then I reopen my eyes to life,  
to the life less real,  
divinely drilled to wage your war.