

Mistakes are paid for and I paid for them bitterly, but I understood and learned that God is in earnest. Returning home, it was not easy to recover after this strong disappointment. I had no strength left. The only words, that echoed loudly within me, were those of Our Lady in which She said: "My son, seeing Me, you must suffer a lot." This gave me hope for future recovery. Every day I went to Pompeii, always in close contact with my Spiritual Father, but he tried to discourage me, especially when I insisted on asking him to return to the Community. He would tell me to give up everything and start a new life. He kept telling me: "You think that I'm doing you harm, but one day you'll thank me!" I resigned myself to it and tried to rebuild my life. I found a job again and a girlfriend, who was also very religious. I tried to go on in the simplicity of my daily life, but inside me there was always that great desire to be everything for God. Although I led a normal life, in fact, I was planning to get married even though I didn't want to, I found myself living experiences of evangelization and supporting the needy. The Lord continued to act through me. He used me continually. In fact, one day, while I was walking with my girlfriend, I saw a group of acquaintances coming towards us in the distance and, approaching them, they told me that just ahead of us there was a boy in the waste container.

✖ .My girlfriend looked at me with a look of understanding, already knowing what I was going to do; in fact, we ran to the place and, after listening to that young man telling me about his mischievous, I, staring him in the eyes, asked him if I could help him. He was frightened that I would take him to the Community and immediately refused, but I made him understand that I would help him personally. But I needed to understand if he was really convinced that he wanted to change his life. I put him to the test a couple of times. I asked him to come to my house, but for two mornings in a row I was not there. Nevertheless, he returned on the third morning, so I saw in him constancy and determination. I invited him to come upstairs and welcomed him into my house, as my mother had agreed to take in a new son. This was for me the confirmation that the Lord was calling me to the service of my neighbour. In order to begin the process of caring for him, Sandro, which for me was all about love and prayer, we left with my father and went to Val d'Aosta, where we were hosted for a while in the house of some friends of mine. One night, after a week of hard abstinence, Sandro came close to my bed and, to thank me for the help I was giving him, he started kissing my feet. It was a very touching and emotional gesture for me. From that day on, he became part of my family. All my brothers welcomed him and loved him.