

One day in 1988, a friend and I went to Oliveto Citra to live one of our moments of prayer. Here we participated in the Holy Mass presided over by a missionary Priest, whose homily I particularly liked; I decided then that I had to meet him, so, at the end of the Mass, I introduced myself and, as if everything was already prearranged, that same evening we met at his house to share our experiences. After some time, he came to my house to celebrate Mass in the presence of my large family, thus creating a stronger friendship between us and making the desire to understand what God wanted from me grow more and more. One day, on my way back to Oliveto Citra, I attended one of the many Masses in the Chapel of this Missionary's house. There was a passage from the Gospel that said: "Let the dead bury their own dead" that particularly struck me but was not clear to me, so at the end of the Mass I asked him to explain it to me. It was for me the answer to my request and I decided to stay there with him, only asking him to let my family know that I would not be coming home again. It was not easy for my parents to accept this decision of mine! In this house, I lived with other young people and our day was spent in prayer and service to the Parish. The Priest, who was hosting me, wanted me to discern my spiritual life, keeping to the rules of that small community, living my experience with the Virgin Mary in silence, but sharing with all of them the moment of the last prayer of the day in the company of Our Lady. After a few months, this Missionary told us that we had to move to the "Brothers of the Word" Community in Acilia, Rome because he had to meet Mother Theresa. I did not understand who he was talking about, because I had never heard of Her, so this Priest, amazed at my ignorance, told me a little about this Nun and Her works. Before leaving for Rome, I spoke about it to my family, who reacted with great amazement to the news. Well, then I understood the greatness of that woman. The day of departure arrived; I was curious to meet this notorious Nun of whom I had heard so much.

✘ It was 10 October 1988 and, in one of Mother Theresa's Communities, this meeting took place. For me, it was a very strong impact, full of humility and extreme simplicity, seeing this woman so tiny but full of enthralling love. She blessed us one by one; we prayed together and She gave us a Miraculous Medal. After this meeting, a new way began for me in this Roman Community, where our days were spent in prayer and respect of the community rules. One day, our Missionary Priest decided, with Sister Elvira, to take our home the boys from the "Cenacle", boys who had had experiences with drugs. Our leader asked us to put ourselves at the service of these young people, respecting the rules of Sr. Elvira's community.