Look at All the Flowers

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Souls in the past sought God present in their hearts. It is as if they were in a great garden full of flowers observing and admiring a single flower. They gaze on it with love, in all its details and as a whole, but they do not observe the others. God asks us to look at all the flowers, because he is in them all, and only by observing them all do we love more him than the individual flowers.

God who is in me, who has shaped my soul, who lives there as Trinity, is also in the heart of my brothers and sisters. It is not reasonable that I should love him only in me.

If I do, in my love there is still something personal, something egoistical: I love God in me, and not God in God, while perfection is: God in God (because he is Unity and Trinity).

Therefore, my cell, as the souls intimate with God would say, and my Heaven, as we [would say], is within me and, just as it is within me, it is in the soul of my brothers and sisters. And just as I love him in me, recollecting myself in this Heaven—when I am alone—I love him in my brother or sister when he or she is close to me.

And so I no longer love only silence, but also the word (expressed or tacit), that is, communication between God in me with God in my brother or sister. And if these two Heavens meet, there a single Trinity comes to be, where the two are like Father and Son and among them is the Holy Spirit.

Yes, you should always recollect yourself also in the presence of a brother or sister, but not avoiding the created person, rather recollecting him or her within your own Heaven and recollecting yourself in the Heaven of the other.

And, since this Trinity dwells in human bodies, Jesus is there: the God-Man.

And among the two is unity, where they are one, but not alone. This is the miracle of the Trinity and the beauty of God who is not alone because he is Love.

Therefore the soul, after an entire day of having lost God within itself willingly in order to transfer itself into God in its brother or sister (because one is the same as the other, just as the two flowers of the garden are the work of the same maker), and having done so out of love for Jesus Forsaken who leaves God for God (and precisely God in self for God present or soon to be born in the brother or sister . . . ), returning to itself or better to God within (because alone in prayer or meditation), will...
encounter the caress of the Spirit who—because he is 
Love—is truly Love, because God cannot fall short of his 
word and gives to those who have given: he gives love to 
those who have loved. 
Thus darkness and unhappiness with aridity and all the bitter 
things disappear leaving only the fullness of joy promised 
to those who have lived Unity.
The cycle is complete and closed. 
We must give life continually to these living cells of the 
Mystical Body of Christ—who are brothers and sisters 
united in his name—in order to revive the whole Body. 
To look at all the flowers is to have Jesus’ vision, of Jesus 
who, besides being head of the Mystical Body, is 
everything: all the Light, the Word, while in the Word 
we are words. But if each of us loses self in our brother or 
sister and forms a cell with them (a cell of the Mystical 
Body), we become the whole Christ, the Word. This is 
why Jesus says, “. . . and the Light that you have given me 
I have given them.”
But we need to lose God within us for God in our brothers 
and sisters. And this can be done only by those who 
know and love Jesus Forsaken.
And when the tree has blossomed fully—when the Mystical 
Body will have been completely revived—it will reflect 
the seed whence it was born. It will be one, because all 
the flowers will be one among themselves just as each is one 
with itself.
Christ is the seed. The Mystical Body is the foliage. 
Christ is Father to the tree: he was never so much Father 
as during his forsakenness where he generated us as 
his children, in his forsakenness where he annihilated 
himself remaining: God.
The Father is root to the Son. The Son is seed to his brothers 
and sisters. 
And it was the Desolate who, in her silent consent to being 
Mother of other children, cast this seed in Heaven and 
the tree blossomed and continuously blossoms on earth.