

The Pact¹

Chiara Lubich

The text below is an account by Chiara Lubich of the experience that initiated a period of intense mystical illumination called Paradise '49. It is part of a document not yet fully published written by Chiara about this period that extended from 1949 to 1951. In this segment of the document (nos. 19–42), Chiara tells of the arrival of Igino Giordani in the mountains near Trent and how his request to her led them to make a pact of unity together at communion during the Eucharist on the following day. This event brought Chiara into a new relationship with God, entering the Trinitarian life, which she shared first with Igino Giordani and then also with her other companions. It was the birth of a new relationship of unity among them where each one was that unity and each one was distinct, the birth of what Chiara named the “Soul.” The final section (nos. 38–42) is the beginning of the description of the very first moments of what happened as together they felt they were entering the life of the Trinity.

19. We were living these experiences when Foco² came to the mountains.
20. Foco, who was in love with St Catherine, throughout his life had always sought for a virgin to follow. And now he had the impression of having found her among us. Therefore one day he made me a proposal: to make a vow of obedience to me, thinking that, if he did this, he would be obeying God. He added that, in that way, we would be able to become saints, like Saint Francis de Sales and Saint Jane de Chantal.
21. In that moment I did not understand either the reason for obedience or this unity between two. At that time there was no Movement and among us we did not speak much about vows. Then a unity between two was not an idea I shared because I felt called to live “may they *all* be one.”
22. At the same time it seemed to me that Foco was under the action of a grace, which should not be wasted.
23. So I said something more or less like this: “It could be that what you feel is from God. Therefore we must take account of it. But I have no feeling for this unity between two because all should be one.”
24. And I added: “You know my life: I am nothing. I want to live, in fact, as Jesus Forsaken who made himself completely nothing. You too are nothing because you live in the same manner.
25. “So then, tomorrow we will go to church and to Jesus Eucharist who will come into my heart, as in an empty chalice, I will say: ‘On the nothingness of me, please may

1. Published in Italian: Chiara Lubich, “Il patto,” *Nuova Umanità* 34 (2012): 685–687.

2. Foco is Igino Giordani (1894–1980), an Italian intellectual who was a writer, journalist, and politician. At that moment he was a member of parliament. (Editorial note)

you make a pact of unity with Jesus Eucharist in the heart of Foco. And do things, Jesus, such that what comes out is the bond between us that you have in mind.” Then I added: “And you Foco, do the same.”

26. We did this and we came out of church. Foco had to go into the sacristy to give a talk to the friars. I felt urged to go back into church. I entered and went before the tabernacle. And there I was about to pray to Jesus Eucharist, to say to Him: “Jesus.” But I could not. That Jesus, in fact, who was in the tabernacle was here in me, was also me, was me, identified with Him. I could not call upon myself. And there I was aware that from my mouth came spontaneously the word: “Father.” And in that moment I found myself in the bosom of the Father.
27. It seemed to me at this point that my religious life had to be different from how I had lived till then: it should not consist in being turned towards Jesus so much as coming alongside Him, our Brother, turned towards the Father.
28. I had, therefore, entered into the Bosom of the Father, which appeared to the eyes of my soul (but it was as if I saw it with my physical eyes) as it were a huge, cosmic abyss. And it was all gold and flame, above, beneath, on the right and on the left.
29. Outside us remained the created. We had entered into the Uncreated.
30. I could not distinguish what Paradise contained, but this did not trouble me. It was infinite, but I felt at home.
31. I seemed to understand that the one who had put in my mouth the word “Father” was the Holy Spirit. And that Jesus

Eucharist had truly made a bond of unity between me and Foco because on our two nothingnesses only He remained.

32. Foco meanwhile had come out of the friary and I had invited him to sit with me on a bench next to a stream. And I said to him: “Do you know where we are?” And I explained to him what had happened to me.
33. Then I went home where I met the focolarine, who I loved greatly, and I felt myself urged to bring them up to date about each thing. Then I invited them to come with us to church on the day after and pray to Jesus, who entered their hearts, to make the same pact with Jesus who entered our hearts. This they did. Afterwards I had the impression of seeing in the Bosom of the Father a small company: it was us. I communicated this to the focolarine who made such a huge unity with me that they had the impression that they too saw each thing.
34. In the meantime there was no stopping in *living*, living with intensity, in the midst of little jobs about the house, that reality which we were, living the Word of life.
35. Every morning we received Communion, letting Jesus bring about what He wished, while in the evening at six o'clock in church, before an altar of the Madonna, which was on the right of the main altar, we meditated in a fairly original manner: I, thinking that Jesus wished to communicate to us something of what He had brought about in the new Communion received, invited the focolare and myself to think of nothing, to annihilate every thought so that He could illuminate us.

36. In the fire of the Trinity we had been, in fact, so fused into one that I called our company “Soul.” We were the Soul. Now the Lord, if He wished, could illuminate this Soul (by means of me, for I was like its center) about the new realities and for this it seemed necessary to us that there should be the maximum inner silence.
37. Then I communicated what I had understood to Foco and the focolarine. Our communions, therefore, were three: that with Jesus Eucharist, with his Word and that among us.
42. It is the point where the created dies in the Uncreated, where the nothing is lost in the Bosom of the Father, where the Spirit utters with our mouth: Abba-Father.

Day One of the Paradise

38. Before entering Paradise we always spoke about the rays of the sun and we felt we had each to walk on the ray of the divine will, which was in front of us, different for each and yet one as the substance of the sun is one in the multiplicity of its rays.
39. And each of us felt our own self covered in light, the light of our ray, covered in that one divine will that made us another Jesus.
40. We were Chiara-Jesus; Grazia-Jesus; Gioisi-Jesus, and so on.
41. But when two of us, knowing ourselves to be nothing, made it so that Jesus Eucharist formed a pact of *unity* on our two souls, I was aware of being Jesus. I felt the impossibility of communicating with Jesus in the tabernacle. I experienced the thrill of being at the peak of the pyramid of all creation as on the point of pin: in the point where the two rays converge: where the two God (so to speak) made a pact of unity, becoming trinitized where, having been made Son in the Son, it is impossible to communicate with anyone except *with the Father*, as the Son communicates only with Him.