

We dedicate this letter to our dear Luca, born on the 8<sup>th</sup> of September 1967 and returned to the Father on the 23<sup>rd</sup> of December 2011.

With affection and ever-lasting love.

*Your mother*

*Your wife*

*Your children*

*Your brother*



# *A Letter to Gianluca*

## *Rita with little Luca*



Dear Luca, you have left us a short time ago. In this letter, we would like to look back on some of the episodes of your life so as to keep your memory alive.

Joy was the first emotion which touched you, your mother's joy. With boundless love, she held you in her arms since the very first moments after your birth.

Faced with the choice of naming you, she did not hesitate but decided on the linking of two names: Giovanni and Luca - the names of the two evangelists.

## *Luca , four years old*



“Knowing Him who loves you can only bring joy and never suffering. I know the heart of man and can therefore tell him that there is no joy without God. It can seem a trivial thought but in truth, one cannot live without God’s love”.

Luca, you never caused any suffering to others. Your mother taught you, ever since you were a small child,

that God's presence in our hearts can never bring any suffering but only comfort and joy. Helping you grow, walking beside you as you became a young man was hardly a hardship. Your kindness made all things easy, a kindness expressed so deeply and completely by your gaze. Your mother taught you the meaning of love.

In the following picture, where you appear at four years old with your brother Toni, you already display the protective attitude which you have always shown towards him.

### *Luca with his brother Toni*



“The pathway towards love is calling us all. Goodness brings goodness and what goodness you share, comes back to you as love...Try and love all those you hold dear, in the name of the love that Christ taught us... Love is the path which brings us to living in harmony with God's creation”.

Compelled to widen her area of work, your mother left her hometown: Rome. She reached the Emilia Roma-

gna region where you joined her after a short while. You were not very happy with your new home and wanted instead to look for work in Rome. However, meeting Arianna changed dramatically your projects. After meeting her, you fell in love. Together, you shared a common wish to see your love blessed by marriage, which was celebrated on the 26th of July 1987. You were two young people who felt they were ready to face life together. Two children blessed your union: Samuel and Aurora.

### *Luca and Arianna's wedding*



## *Luca with his son Samuel*



“Family is sacred just as our faith is sacred. Life’s meaning is found in each moment given to love. Moment after moment, hour after hour our love is endless like God. For this reason, our feelings must be respected...”



## *Luca with his daughter Aurora*



Do you remember when your mother told you: “Luca, the moment has arrived. If you want, you can start operating with me. Do you feel ready?”. You had been married for a short while and you asked Arianna what she thought about it. She answered that if you were happy to follow your mother’s path, she too would be happy for you. You always expressed your love of life and your love of your family. You displayed a deep awareness of your role as a son, a husband, a father, a brother.

*Luca and his family on the day of  
Aurora's First Communion*



## *43<sup>rd</sup> birthday*



“How many angels are close to you and yet how few of you can actually see them! Him who has this special gift is someone who is particularly close to God and to us. It is someone who has opened his heart to the true essence of our Father without asking for anything in return. Each moment with you is unique as is each moment spent in you. Where Jesus reigns, there is peace in one’s heart....When wisdom shows you the way, you must do nothing but follow the path without losing time.”

And you, Luca, did exactly what wisdom – your mother – showed you: you followed the path. Your mother, whom you loved as mother and as your guide! You always said we should listen to her and do as she said. You looked at her and sought in her eyes the confirmation of what you were doing. You knew she was and is – as an angel - following the path of Truth. You did not want to make a mistake.

“Angels are the Father’s creatures and - with brotherly love - they let you feel the warmth of God’s heart. They never stop putting themselves at the orders of Love and create a bridge between Heaven and earth. They operate so silently that we say they do not exist. However, they are very busy working in God’s vineyard. They are full of joy whenever people look for their guardian angel. In that moment, we are particularly close to our Creator, who, in turn, looks upon us.”

Yes, Luca, your mother is at God’s service. She is a bridge between Heaven and earth, a gift to humankind.

You have always known it! Your wish to help those who suffer has always been strong. We looked at you with tenderness whenever someone asked for your help for a health problem. Your seriousness, your sweetness, your ability to listen and offer comfort have always been evident to all of us.

### *Luca while at work*



Love says: "I love you and I would never leave you. Don't say no to Love. Let the fire burn the evil which is in all of us. The heart is not feeble when faced with Love. The heart is carried away by what it needs the most. It does not wish to cry, it craves the Truth which can only be found in Christ. Don't trouble your heart but let there be Love in the darkness of life. Embroider your joys and your sadness on your heart and live without bounds."

You too, Luca, were aware of how the fire born out of love and prayer burns all evil within us.

## *Meeting with His Holiness John Paul II*

29th of March 1996. On that day, we wrote a letter to the Pope, His Holiness John Paul II. "The Pope will never grant us a private hearing. Should this happen, it truly would be a miracle!". These were your very own words. In our letter, we had written about Rita. We had tried to explain in simple words how she has dedicated herself for many years to help the sick and those who needed support. She wished to meet the Pope in order to receive his Holy Blessing. She knew such a blessing would give her more strength to help the sick and the needy. Just one simple letter was enough to let the miracle happen. On the 26th of June 1996, His Holiness John Paul II welcomed Rita and her family in a private meeting and invited them all to the celebration of a private mass in His private chapel.



*Luca and his mother during the private  
bearing with the Pope*



How can we forget the joy and overwhelming emotion you felt during that meeting, Luca. You always loved and respected the Church. For you, being received by the highest church authority held a deep significance. The great door had been opened to welcome the most humble individuals.

## *Arianna*

Dear Luca, the one love of my life. This year, we would have celebrated our 25th anniversary. For some, twenty five years might seem long. For me, however, they passed swiftly and happily. I did not have a heavy burden to carry. I slowly grew old by your side and learned to discover life with you. The birth of our children, Samuel and Aurora, marked our time together. For them, you always were a strong reference. For all their needs, you were there. However, you never undermined my role by imposing yours. You always told me that we were to do all things "together". Your words will remain forever in my heart. I never had any secret for you. I even told you about when I was a young girl. I thought then that I would never get married because I did not believe I could meet someone special enough, with strong moral values. I thought that there were no such men on earth. I preferred not to get married, so as not to suffer needlessly. Meeting you changed my mind. Though no one will be able to fill the gap you left, I feel that you are still near me. Sometimes, I believe I can hear your voice, as a light breeze. I close my eyes and feel that you are close to me.... I so long to talk to you, to tell you so many things about me, about our children. I can however address you only through the silent language of the heart. I se wish the Heavenly Father would let you come back among us. You are however in the Light, and will never be back amongst us. You are now at Heaven's service and carry out important tasks up there. I pray that all of this does not cause you to leave



us. Stay close to us. We have loved you on earth and will keep loving you till until our last breath. Thank you, Luca.

## *Luca e Arianna in viaggio di nozze*



“I have loved my bride on earth. I have willingly left my heart beside her. In the heart of the woman whom I loved so dearly, I left my life. On earth, I left a sign of my past life: my children. Though you do not see what you love, you cannot deny my existence. Do not think that your heart is far away from mine. Never give up hope, for real love is eternal. Watch life with a lover’s eyes and gaze upon your children, who are my gift of love to you. Faith and hope are in life’s beat and in a husband’s heart. There is a life to live and a soul to nurture. Eat life’s bread and rejoice when thinking the past life we shared. It will forever belong to us.”

## *Toni*

Dear Luca, how hard it is to summarise in a few lines all the years spent together. I will try to express what you left in my heart. You always were, for me, an example, a reference. With you near me, I felt secure. I remember how you always came to my defence, with calm self-assurance, when some older child would try to intimidate me. You always knew how to face challenging situations with courage and determination. Your strength, your patience, your composure were always an example to me. To this day, I remember how you encouraged me in being more determined and self-assured. Though I might have thought, at the time, that you pushed too hard, I knew then as I know now that you were right and did all you did with my well-being in mind. Our mother

believed that you and I were the two wheels of a cart, the image of the cart being a metaphor for the work we were doing, all together. We still need that extra “wheel”, Luca. Don’t leave us alone. I know you can do it.

### *Luca and his brother Toni*



“I cannot see the past as something belonging to me. Remembering brings sadness to my life. Blessed are

those who can embrace their past and, though with sadness, can bear witness to what has been. Days go by and you will no longer come through that door, as you used to. My days will no longer lean on your earthly life. I will taste the bitterness of a love broken by anger and lack of love. You were torn away from those you loved the most: your family!

Faith fills the heart but the eyes which only seek the human part of life, remain without Faith. Just for a moment, I let myself be carried away by the past. In that short moment, my heart feels that you are alive and I am consoled.

How can you explain Heaven? Though we see it and we see its beauty, how hard it is for us to express the Love it embodies. We lost you in this life, but we are sure of your presence near God. Angels rest near the Father's heart. We do not see death as a sentence. However, living without you makes us feel empty. We carry on with the awareness of a great suffering. We are aware that we do not live in joy on this earth anymore.

Only those who love, feel the absence of angels from their life.

The heart finds you, in the remotes corners of life. The heart feels the pain of your farewell. Today and tomorrow, there is and will be a new star in God's blue Heaven. Life is born in an act of love. However, it is through suffering that we learn the loss of love. Your soul is breathing in Heaven and, now that you are in Heaven, your life has broken the chains of time.

Glory to you. Never forget those who love you. Turn on us your eyes, with the benevolent gaze which God gives to his sons. Remain with us, with the heart of

one who loves life. Though my eyes cannot see you, I imagine you embracing God. Your love made you worth of being near Him”.

## *Rita - Your mother*

Dear Luca, no one will be able to provide some relief from the deep wound which has torn apart my heart. I do not know why it all happened. I feel like the branch of a tree, shaken and battered by the wind of suffering. I keep asking myself: why? Why was such a sacrifice requested? I do not have an answer, Luca. I can however confirm that my faith in God was not shaken. I search in my memory for all the moments of my life spent with you. I walk back along the path you took on earth. I look and look again at all your pictures. They bring tenderness in my heart, though it lasts but a moment. Immediately, the cruel bite of suffering brings me back to reality and its sadness.

The house in which we all lived together is empty without you. The room where we cared for the suffering of the sick – where we still care for them – is empty without you. Now, you are near the Lord and are full of joy. However, when you turn your gaze on earth you too suffer, because Arianna, Samuel, Aurora, Toni, all those who loved you and I, we suffer for your absence.

You had to face trials which caused you suffering, yet your faith in the Lord was neither shaken nor diminished. You never sought human acknowledgment. You never wanted to be the centre of attention. Discretely,

you remained on the side. Yet, if someone needed you, you were always there, happy to be able to help. I see how your life was dedicated to helping others and how you always were full of respect for the suffering of people. You only needed to know that your family and I knew serenity and peace. You never sought to gain fame and recognition in the eyes of the world. You never humiliated anybody. Everybody loved you for your honesty, goodness, your respect for all the creatures for your deep sense of justice. How could you not deserve a welcoming in God's heart? All the good things you freely gave to all those who have known you was a tangible sign of your love for the Heavenly Father, for Jesus, for the Virgin Mary and the Angels.

Today I understand all the more strongly and dramatically the tearing pain which was felt by the Mother, witnessing, minute after minute the suffering and death of her beloved Jesus.

I know, dear Luca, that the bond of love which kept our earthly lives together is not broken. It can still be felt in all its strength. I thank the Heavenly Father for sending you to me as my son. If you can, send us relief and dry our tears.



### *Luca with his mother*

“To you, mother, who followed with love my earthly steps, I dedicate my life. Where I now stand, I wait with love for your return to the house of the Father. I wait for you to be born again in Heaven. This cloth I now wear is the cloth of eternity and I live in the love of the Creator. Never stop hoping and rejoicing in the healing gift which the Lord sends to you. Be – as you always have been – a witness to the greatness of Him

who has granted you the gift of healing. How can one who loves be happy if you are so sad for our physical separation? Always remember with love that one day we will meet in a spiritual form. We will be pure spirits serving the Love of Christ. Look at your hands and let the souls which seek salvation know that they belong. Look at your life and never forget all those souls to whom, thanks to God, you have given hope and love. My heart will never stop loving you. I will live close to you for as long as God will let me in order to help you in your life's work."

### *Remember...*

Luca, do you remember how many times, especially in the evenings, we talked about angels, about the endless dialogue running between Heaven and earth? Your mother always taught us that we are not alone on earth. All our earthly existence is accompanied by our Guardian Angel, who tries to keep our faith alive.

"Every person on this earth is entrusted to a Guardian Angel, regardless of his religion, social condition or race... Those who deny the existence of angels deny both the old Scriptures and the New Testament... Angels are beings made of pure light. They inspire us and guide us in our daily life. They are messengers from Heaven where God's pure Love reigns. The Father's Love is always available whenever we want it. It the source of our true healing for it brings peace to our soul, our mind and our body."

We used to listen to such teachings like travellers



looking for Truth. We asked ourselves:

“Why does God send His messengers on earth?”

We never waited long for the answers.

God sends His messengers on earth “to teach man that one can obtain Faith by praying with joy with a Brother. They help us see that we must never ask ourselves what is the meaning of our existence, for the ultimate meaning of life is love towards God. They teach us that we must take care of the earth, that we must love it and not destroy it. They help us understand that we must not judge, because we are not pure beings who live in harmony with the Creator. The Angels tell us how, when the Holy Ghost will come amongst men, there will be love and harmony amongst us. They teach us how to face and defeat evil with prayers which, through the Angels, link us to God. They remind us how we need to pray the Virgin, the purest, who crushed the snake’s head and who has the strength to change God’s plans. We must have faith in Christ, God’s Son, and must not listen to false prophets who want us to believe He is but an Angel and not part of the Holy Trinity. He was conceived and was born through divine intervention.”

These were your mother’s teachings throughout your youth. All those who have known you can testify to the fact that they have born many fruits. Your work was always in harmony with the Scriptures. Your earthly life is a testimony to the fact that “the Heavenly Father operates through humbles persons, who are filled with faith in Him” To you, dear Luca, who belongs to Heaven, we dedicate this message:

“My dear Angel, look for me in the hardest moments of

your life. I know you are always near me, I know that you are the only one who can carry my suffering up to the hands of God, my Lord. I beg you, listen to my suffering heart. Come into my heart. Make me yours so that I may feel that I am close to God's heart. Listen to this small man and feel how my heart is full of suffering. Listen to men's voices. They need a messenger to carry their prayers to our Creator. I pray that you may make my heart shiver, so that I may feel alive."

Now, you too belong to those messengers who act as a bridge between Heaven and hearth. To them, we turn with faith so that they may send our prayers to our Creator.

"Now that I understand, I feel that my enemy is going further and further away. The life that God gave me is a precious gift. The beating heart is a gift no one who hasn't God in his heart can understand. Only with God, can you understand why the sun rises in the morning. Only when you are with God can you understand why you need to forgive and embrace your enemy. Only when you are with God, can you say every morning: "I thank God for this bright new day he has given me". Only at these conditions, can you understand the feeling of closed hands, the pain of losing a beloved one. Only with God can you understand that we have been created for Him and by Him. Now that God has talked to me, I know that I exist."

## *Testimonianze*

How many people turned to you to ask for your help during your life! You listened to them all and had for everybody words of comfort. Today, many turn to you in their prayers: they ask for your help or bear witness to your commitment....

**R.**

Dear Luca, tonight I cannot sleep and my thoughts turn to you. I feel that I need to write about you. Talking about you was always a pleasure for me. Every time I saw you in the room where you took care of the sick I felt a tug to my heart.

You only had to look at me to know if something was wrong and immediately you asked me: "What have you done?".

When I looked at you while you tended to the sick, I felt such tenderness. I saw your hands on their suffering bodies. I was used to your availability, your tenderness, your few but careful and chosen words. You strove to quieten the sick persons and always looked with deep love at your mother, working in the room by your side. I have received from you both so many gifts for my spiritual and material health. I tried to stay near you and be useful to you all. I tried to organise my daily life and duties so as to stay together with you as much as possible. Staying close to you and your family made me a better person. My faith in God, tried by so many illnesses, could initially be described as cool at the very best. Yet, seeing the love and dedication with which you took care of the sick

made me understand how I, too, needed to give new strength to my vacillating faith. Now I know that what counts the most in one's life are not material things but being humble in front of God, just like you always were. What is important is to establish a link with God through prayer, to love others like Jesus taught us in the Scriptures. It is important never to judge as we haven't God's knowledge, to believe in God's angels who always obey to the Heavenly Father's will.

Dear Luca, this belief, thanks to you and your mother, was - and still is - the oxygen which nourishes my existence. Now, you are an angel, close to Jesus, and I keep talking to you. I often receive your answers in my dreams. You wished to say one last goodbye and your last gift to me was the touch of your warm hands on my painful back. You worried till the last minute for my pilgrimage to the Church of the Sacred Heart in Urbino, on the 19th of December 2011. You asked me if I had enough money.

As always, your words made me see how you tried to solve every problem.

I keep thinking about you, angel mine. If you can, help your family: your crying mother, your wife, bereft of your love, your children, who are like nephews to me. You know, when I talk to your son Samuele, I feel that I am talking to you. He has your kindness and your way of talking.

I now wish to tell what has occurred after you left us. One night, I was suffering from a very painful renal colic. Even strong painkillers such as Buscopan could not help. I put photograph with your image on my kidney and the pain disappeared.

I also wish to describe what happened during another

evening. I was worried and agitated and could not sleep. As I often do, I was thinking of you and was praying. I turned off the light and suddenly the room was illuminated by a soft blue light. On the ceiling, I could see a night sky filled with stars. I have fallen asleep with this beautiful vision in my heart.

Some months ago, we met for a prayer meeting and many of us were wearing white; even I, who often wear trousers, that day wore a white skirt... you smiled and told me I looked like a doll dancing on top of a musical box. I wore that skirt again, Luca, thinking of you and your kind smile. You smiled again in my heart. Thank you Luca, for I know that you are close to me and follow my steps on this earth.

## I.

Dear Luca, I will try to express in a few words the feeling of gratitude I have had every since I met you and your family in August 2005. Being a bit shy I did not dare speaking to your mother, though I wanted to, very much. You came near me with your kind eyes and your serene gaze. You talked to me and reassured me. I felt then that I had come to the right place. You managed to transmit faith and serenity to the sick who turned to you. Through you, I found the certainty that there is One who loves us all. Though God seems at time to put us through great challenges. You did not say much, Luca, yet when I came into the small room where you cared for the sick you smiled to me and that was enough. I will never forget the day – before the accident – when I saw you embrace your daughter Aurora. You were answering the phone at the same time. As usual, there never was a limited time for

answering the phone. You answered at all hours, with the same kindness. When I left for the last time in order to go back home you called me and said goodbye. I kissed you. It was your last goodbye. Those were your last words to me. Now that you are no longer physically on this earth, I turn to you even more often than before and I am sure that you are listening to me. If someone were to ask me how Luca was, I would answer that he was the embodiment of “unconditional love”, for he was born from a mother who taught him how to love from the heart. Thank you, Luca, for all that you did for me.

F.

I thought for a long time of this moment in which I would be called upon to give testimony. I am a bit afraid to open myself to others. From the time when I first met you, so many things have happened. Many fears have disappeared. So many wishes have come true. I was hoping to introduce you to my daughter, A. She is the child who would never have been born without you. I am sure you already knew her when we were barely aware that she was there. You knew she was the result of so many failed attempts and disappointments. It almost seemed like love did not wish to bear fruits for us. The whole process was a very slow one. My heart was like the driest of soils. It seemed to be waterproof. With love, with patience and sacrifice, you changed my heart so that it could receive a gift. Yes, my daughter is a gift. Before meeting you, though there was love, I was not ready for such a gift. With you, I learned to open my heart completely, without limits, without reserve. I wish I could look at

my daughter with you today. Though you are not with us, I am sure that you look out for us from above and you protect us all with love. Thank you, Luca.

**F.F. and their child wish to dedicate these thoughts to Arianna, Luca's wife.**

Dear Arianna, it is four o'clock in the morning and our daughter has just fallen asleep, after her nightly meal. My husband and I proudly watch her as she smiles in her sleep and we think back to those days when, full of hope, we came to see you all.

We did not have any pretences and were not in any hurry. We only had one fervent hope and wish: to make our union perfect with a little angel who was late in coming.

We had seen a gynaecologist who had suggested, considering my 38 years, that we start to consider the possibility of assisted conception. We both decided to trust in Rita and, now, looking back to what happened, we ought to say in Luca too.

Luca, with his mildness, his discretion, his loving serenity, was the first person who welcomed F.

His simplicity helped us chase our initial doubts and helped us renew our faith in God; a faith which, for years, had been asleep, shadowed by bad experiences of the past.

After months of applications, we finally saw a change: my mother had a dream. She dreamt that on the bed where Luca operated, there was a doll. Exactly in those days, I had found out that I was pregnant. Just as he was fighting for his own life, Luca had asked God for our gift.

Our daughter, to whom we have given your name, was

born on the 2nd of August. We were given an angel, while it was taken away from you all! How can we understand your pain, the pain with which you have to live. We can only ask you to hold our daughter in your arms and think that a part of Luca is alive in her. We hope that such a thought can be, even for a short moment, of comfort to you.

We love you very much Arianna, just as we love Rita and all of you very much. We are so very grateful for all you did for us and for all you keep doing for the sick. You are an extraordinary example in this world, which is such a hard place. You make the Gospel come alive, every day. You, who give your life to relieve the suffering of other people, give with love, without asking anything in return.

E.

For the last fifteen years, I have had the pleasure of living with a cat called Matisse. We call him the “big red cat”. For me, he is like a family member. Ever since he was a kitten, he has proved to be a special cat.

At the end of 2009, Luca, Rita’s son, has saved my husband’s life by telling him that he needed to do a medical check up. In the same period, my cat was diagnosed with a tumour. It all started with a small rounded shape in his side. The computerised axial tomography (CAT) revealed a fibrosarcoma which had already invaded the inner tissues.

We started to bring our beloved big red cat to Luca for his healing touch. At the time, the small round shape had become as big as an orange and we decided, together with Luca, to try and go ahead with surgery. We had been told that, for cats, when surgically



removed, the fibrosarcoma comes back in about two months and it needs to be removed again and again. Otherwise, the animal faces a lengthy and painful agony.

As soon as the surgery was completed, the veterinary told us that, contrary to what the scan had shown, the situation was much better than expected. True, one rib had to be removed, together with a lot of internal tissue. However, the surgeon was confident that the whole tumour had been found and removed. I would like to underline how Luca treated my cat in the time period between the first scan and the surgery.

Time went by and the cat was doing well. He used to get angry at Luca because of the heat he felt on the scar but as soon as we let him go free, he would turn back to Luca's house to look again for that healing heat.

Every three or four months, we would do a check up and the veterinary would repeat what a lucky cat mine was.

He used our cat in his lessons to his students and explained how he was the fortunate exception which gives hope to all similar cases. For my husband Giovanni, Matisse is a friend with whom he fights cancer every day.

In December 2011, after Luca's death, the cat stopped eating. We had to spoon feed him. With Francesca's and Toni's love, looking into Rita's tearful eyes, after twenty days, he slowly recovered. He looked at Luca's picture and called softly to him, surprising us all.

Animals too are God's creatures. Luca, our angel, keeps helping our cat from up above.

On the 5th of August, two years after the surgery, there are no relapses and the surgeon states that

Matisse is in full remission.

Our Lord protected him through those hands which helped and healed so many people. I thank our Lord for having brought me here and for letting me know Rita, Luca, Toni, Carmen, Lisa and Francesca.

### Letter to the Corinthians Corinthians 9.19

*“...though free from all, I became everybody’s servant....  
I made myself weak amongst the weak, to win the weak,  
I accommodated myself to people in all kinds of different  
situations, so that by all possible means I might bring some  
to salvation.”*

*...so that by all possible means I might bring some to  
salvation...*

There is no one to whom we can dedicate those words but you, Luca.

I thought that I was in good health, I used to practice sport regularly. Yet you told me to go for a check up. You felt that the pain in my side was not simply due to surfing. (It was the end of October 2009).

You did all you could to save me. My doctor did not want to prescribe the check up. Yet you insisted and I started the first chemotherapy after only twenty days. Without you, I would have lived only a few extra months.

After every check up, the doctors were surprised by the

results and they could not believe the improvements were so great. They did not understand how I could face so well and with so much strength the therapy. They still wonder.

With the help of our Lord, through the heat of their hands, thanks to Rita's love and the love given by Luca, Toni, Lisa and Carmen, after twenty months, I received the news that the primary tumour was in complete remission and all metastasis (there were many) had disappeared.

Ever since your disappearance Luca, I feel a great emptiness and a great pain in my heart.

In January 2012, some of the cells from the metastasis have become active again, yet I keep fighting!

I fight with all my strength, with the strength which the Lord gives me, with the strength which comes from you and I rely on the love coming from your family.

I fight for myself but I also fight for all those people who, like me, have seen their whole life collapse in one day.

I fight just like you always wanted me to. You showed me as an example to many people who turned to you all for the first time. You let them read that letter, my letter, which you kept in your drawer.

At first, I did not want my letter to be read. Later, I understood the importance of giving testimony. Now, every time I can, I tell my story.

**I tell my story...so that by all possible means I (try to) bring some to salvation...**

I thank the Lord for making me rediscover faith. I thank Him for all that you made me see and discover.

I thank Him for having brought me here, away from home, for having allowed me to know Luca. I thank Rita and all her family for all they all do for each and every one of us.

*G.*

## *A Thought for Luca*

In these last pages, we have collected some of the numerous thoughts dedicated to our Luca. They are the sign of the mark Luca left in many hearts.

We remember every day our dear Luca and his patience. We keep in our heart his generous embrace which brought love and healing to us all.

*G. and A. F.*

Dear Luca, when I come into this big room, I still see your smile and your kind eyes turned towards those who suffer. Please, always keep helping us, through your mother Rita and through all those who operate with her, in the name of the Lord.

*D.S.*

Luca, I would like to thank you because you were always available to help all those who asked for your assistance and support.

*G.M.*

There are no words to describe your humanity, your goodness, your miraculous hands. However, I want to try and express my great pain when I think that you are no longer here. I can scarcely believe it. A big hug. I will never forget you.

*L.C.*

There are no words to express how much I loved you and still love you today, Luca... You left such an

emptiness in my heart. It can only be filled when I think of the love you still give to us all every day. The very least I can do is to say thank you, my angel: thank you for the love you gave us, thank you for having helped me and my family, thank you for having become a part of my family. I miss you, Luca....I love you so very much.

*A.V.*

Dear Luca, unfortunately we have not known you, though we feel as though we did. Through those who remember you we have come to know you and now we love you too, as they do. Our eyes fill with tears when we think of your sudden death.

*Family C.*

### *TO LUCA*

Hello Luca, you left this earth far too soon. I would never have believed it or imagined it. Even today, it does not seem to be true.

You were such an example of goodness, humility, patience, kindness. You listened and gave your attention to all the sick and all those who needed comfort and hope. Truly, you left a great emptiness behind. Yet I can hardly explain why, but when I see your son Samuel, I feel a great joy. I believe he, like you, can bring us feelings of peace, love and brotherhood. When I look at him, I see that he has been able to capture and bring to us what you used to bring to us yourself. Now you must surely be amongst the Saints. Remember to stay close to your family, to your mother. Keep supporting the work you started on this earth, keep helping the sick who rely on your help.

I am sure that you are a light which keeps shining amongst all of us, who had the great privilege of knowing you.

I hope that all my dear departed are near you and stay with you every day.

Thank you for all the healing that you performed on this earth and all the help you will keep providing from Heaven.

I often look at the starry sky and search for the brightest star, for I believe that you are that star.

A huge hug. We love you very much.

*Family B.*

Our dear Luca... this is how I call you when I talk about you, when I call to you to ask for your help, when I think about you and the memories come rushing in, always vivid.

My dad tells me: "Luca has been an angel on earth and now he is an angel in Heaven. His new being makes him even closer to you, for he is always with you, as Rita is".

In life, we often ask from our Lord for extraordinary signs. We do not always realise that they already are but one small step away from us. Luca is one of these signs, given by our Lord. His whole life has been such a sign. Through his hands, through the heat he gave to the sick, he gave us the Lord's Love-Heat, His burning love for His children. Thus, we could understand what Heaven is. Our Heavenly Home could also be found on this earth.

Luca leaves an important teaching: how to live the Gospel day after day, without fear and without giving up. He performed the mission God had given him –

and still gives him – with his typical kindness. His sweetness, politeness, courtesy, openness, dedication, sense of humour, passion, his capacity to listen and all his numerous qualities made one feel at ease. One was immediately comforted in Luca's presence. He was a brother, a father, a son, an unforgettable friend for all those who have known and loved him. He looked so much like Padre Pio from Pietralcina when the Saint was young...was it only a coincidence? Even for those who look but do not see, it is obvious that there was a sanctity to his being.

He leaves us not only his extraordinary family but also a very rich spiritual inheritance. Pray for us our Father and our Mother who reign in Heaven and "glory be to the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost..."

I remember I once told you, when leaving: "Thank you for existing, Luca!". Let me tell you once more with great emphasis: "Thank you for existing, Luca!".

C. and R.

Dear Luca,

I was never a direct witness to your activity. I did not know you personally. I first heard of Rita through an Argentinian doctor from Pavia. I faithfully wrote down Rita's address in Erba and left the note in open view on a shelf. Every time I went into the kitchen, I saw the note. Yet I always found an excuse not to call. It somehow felt that Erba was too far away from Torino, the city where I live. When I finally found the time to call, I discovered that Rita had left Erba and operated in Tavullia. I thought I had misunderstood and even asked for the address to be repeated. I told myself: "See, you were too lazy to go to Erba and now



you will have to face a much greater commitment to reach Tavullia, which is further away!”. It was the end of April 2012. Every since that date, together with my husband, my sister and my brother in law, we have been coming to see Rita every week, taking turns to assist my mother who is ninety-seven years old.

We immediately learned what had happened to you only a few months before. We also immediately discovered from many people how your life, though short, had been exceptional.

You dedicated your earthly existence to help those in need, laying your hands, with love and generosity, on numerous bodies marked by illness and suffering. My greatest regret is to have come too late to know you.

How could I wait so long before doing the right thing, that which had been shown to me?

Ever since I started coming to see Rita and met the group of people which the Lord set on my path, I have the impression that I have found a new way, that I am closer to a “spiritual healing”, which for me is an extraordinary thing.

As soon as I have a minute, I come and see you at the cemetery and say a prayer.

In one of my last visits, there was a lot of sun and I moved, seeking a bit of shadow. Looking at your picture, I felt that your eyes followed me. I moved in another direction and had the same impression. In that precise moment, I felt I had met an angel who still helped those in need from eternity.

I believe that you are now doing even more, if possible, than what you did while alive and many of us can feel it. Thank you, Luca.

*C.P.*

Dear Luca, the memory of your kind eyes is for me like a light in the darkness. I know that you are always here, especially in the hardest of times. Help me to always be generous and good.

*P.B.*

“Hello Luca”, “Hello E.”: that’s how we greeted each other each morning. Every morning, I keep greeting you, looking at your picture. As if you were still here, your voice answers me. Though you are no longer here with your body, I know you are still amongst us. However, I miss your physical presence, your smile, your comforting words when you said “Don’t be angry, E. Things will sort themselves out”. You were a special person. Now you are a special angel.

I miss you.

*E.L.T.*

Here I am, writing down my thoughts about you. You know, I feel that you are with me in every step I take in this house. When I am away, I sometimes stop to look at your picture. It still seems to me that all that happened is not real. I hope I’ll wake up one day and find you back here. I hope I will be able to hear your voice or to suddenly see you walking through the door. I hope I will hear you say “Hello, F.” with that wonderful smile which gave me so much joy. Cousin mine, I always called you Uncle. I sometimes felt in awe as you were the male figure who gave me such precious advice after my father’s death.

Thank you for all you did for me. I would have wanted to live longer by your side and I will forever live with the regret of not having had the time to tell

you that I love you. Even in the short time we had together, you gave me so much that I am now carried away by the pain and the anger of your loss. I am shaken by a thousand questions. Why you, who only did good? Why bring such suffering to my life, which was certainly not an easy one in the first place? Who will be able to forget that horrible, terrible day? Your memory will remain alive in me. I know that you listen to my prayers. I know that, together with my mother and father you protect me and our family. I miss you and I love you very much.

*E.C.*

Hi Luca, I miss you so very much. This pain which I feel is thin and constant, true and strong. I cannot find the right words to describe what an angel you are... I think about you and tenderness and nostalgia fill my heart.... I did not love you enough and for this fault I beg your pardon.

Help me become a better person. I send you a strong hug.

*T.P.*

I want to be like you, dear Luca. You were always available for those in need. You managed to give hope and confidence to those who had lost all to pain.

I want to be like you, dear Luca.

*A.*

Hello Luca,

Son and brother: for me you are both things. I still remember when I first arrived, twelve years ago, with my family. We needed help. I looked into Rita's

eyes and I understood then that I had come home, in the “home of the Father”. Then I met you, who welcomed my sick son with love and goodness, with infinite care, and took him into your healing hands. Your extraordinary calm immediately gave us serenity, hope and quiet. I then understood that I had met a special creature, unique, one that I certainly could not meet in this world. For all these years, I admired your incredible availability, your patient love towards all those who reached your bed; those eyes containing so much goodness, full of life, the sweet smile which you freely gave to all. Your warm, comforting voice was a pleasure for our ears and our souls. I always thought that God could not have given us someone purer and kinder from the human race: an angel sent on earth to heal us and love us and support us in our suffering. You took our suffering upon yourself.

Your simple life, almost Franciscan, with Arianna and your children, who are as special as you are, was always an example for us. Our hearts were lifted when we witnessed the extraordinary relations you had with your mother, of mutual devotion. I never found the like in my life, before or after you. You always made me think of an oak: its shadow protects from the sun, its leaves from the rain. Holding to its strong trunk keeps you from being carried away by the wind. It’s always there, when you need it, strong and reassuring.

Now you are that shining angel who is always near me. More than ever, I feel you and expect to meet you and see you from one moment to the next. I need not say it now, dear son and brother, you see for yourself how much I loved you, how much I still love and will keep loving you.

P.S: my promise to you: I'll watch over your family,  
your mother and your brother.

*M.M.*

*GO LUCA !!!*

When I think of all that you accomplished in your life,  
I think you are truly a great person!

You are as great as the miracles you keep doing from  
Heaven.

You often told me "for me, you are like a brother".

You early departure left me with a terrible emptiness,  
a great sadness and nostalgia.

I miss you, your simplicity, your wisdom...

Yet I keep feeling that you are near, in spirit, in feeling.  
I feel your presence like that of an angel who walks  
with me and stands by me.

You will always be an example for me.

I will keep you in my heart every day and every  
moment of my life. Indeed, you occupy such a special  
place in my heart.

Thank you, brother mine.

*S.C.*

*"Hi Luca, hugs and kisses".*

This has always been my way of saying hello and this  
is the way in which I wanted to begin this letter, even  
though I know that it is an unusual greeting. I write  
to you today, after having been to the centre where  
you operated with your mother, for today I felt that  
your presence there was stronger than usual. Sometimes,  
when I enter into the room where you restlessly  
operated, it seems to me that I can see your face and can  
hear your sweet welcome "Hello K, How are you?".

When I am close to your bed and when I see your pictures, I often feel upset. It seems to me then that the drawers of memory are opened...

Do you remember the first time I laid down on the bed where you operated? Your smile helped to reassure my trembling heart. Your sweet voice captured the attention of my brain, too focused till then on the attempt to rationally understand your work.

You asked me why I had come, what had happened to my suffering body. I tried to talk to you and started to cry. So you said "Slowly, slowly, do not be in a hurry...". After your touch I rose from the bed and your hand, still warm, remained on my shoulder to encourage me and support me. I wanted to thank you but could not find the words. I could only meet your reassuring eyes... I never imagined what a powerful link had been established in those few seconds.

After one month, I told you about a dream. Your brother and yourself were calling to me. You asked me to fight together with you a common battle. I felt then that I was no longer alone. The two brothers, united in my dreams as they were united in life, were fighting with me. You told me: "I will keep you company". Though, in my dream, the darkness of the room threatened to engulf me, I did not doubt and am still certain that you have always been near me, walking together with me along this stretched way, this painful path.

Many years have gone by and our link has only grown stronger. The affection I feel towards you and your family has increased to the point where I consider you all as a part of me.

You all are my family; I have 'adopted' you in my heart

and soul. My heart chose you as a brother and I immediately felt the same pull towards Arianna, your wife. Your mother's special presence on this earth leaves me in a state of reverential awe. I consider your children as if they were my own children. How many times did I tell you that I considered Aurora as my own daughter? It is the truth and you have always known my feelings in your heart. Indeed, you let me care for her in the knowledge that I would treat her like a daughter. You were always a little worried about your children, as fathers usually are...

When I spent some hours together with you and your family, I witnessed how you diligently answered the phone, taking appointments for all those who needed to come and see you. Indeed, Luca, you often were the voice who answered the phone. Kind, calm, reassuring, always nice to all, never in a hurry to hang up, you were always ready to comfort those in despair, to encourage those in doubt, to give back the strength to hope to those who had lost their way.

I miss your voice very much. Sometimes when I call, I have the impression that I will hear your voice. It even seems to me you are laughing and – as you used to do – you are hiding your smile behind your hand.

This, my dear Luca, is what I keep in my heart: smiles, simple gestures, wise and touching words spoken at the right moment.

You will forever keep operating with your family. You are in your mother's heart. You are by your brother's side. You hold Arianna's hand and keep walking with her in life. Your love embraces Aurora and Samuel, protecting their steps.

I will try to stand by them when sadness strikes. I will

try to bring comfort and will give them all my love, as you would have done. I will give them the affection which is in my heart and I will keep my heart open to any message that you might want to send me.

Thank you, my dear Luca, for all the beautiful things that you taught me to appreciate . Thank you for having allowed me to keep living and for helping me feel better. Thank you for having made me understand what it means to have a friend, a brother.

I am happy to have known someone like you, an example as a parent, a husband, a son and a brother. Goodbye Luca.

K.

### *TO YOU, LUCA, WHO LISTEN TO OUR HEARTS AND SHARE OUR SUFFERING*

“Anyone who welcomes you welcomes me; and anyone who welcomes me welcomes the One who sent me” says Jesus (Matthew 10,40). Indeed. Dear Luca, both in your public life with the sick and those who were suffering and in your private life, with the little ones, you provided a true welcome to all: in silence, with humility and kindness, “servant of all” (Marc 9,35). I spent many years near to your special family, thanks to Rita and her welcoming heart, open to all. In all these years, in the big and the small things, you never made me feel like a stranger. You were always there, always present and every simple gesture, every small gift was a sincere offer of hospitality.

“... Who are my brothers?... Anyone who does the HYPERLINK [“http://www.catholic.org/encyclopedia/view.php?id=12332”](http://www.catholic.org/encyclopedia/view.php?id=12332) will of my Father in HYPERLINK [48](http://www.catholic.org/encyclope-</a></p></div><div data-bbox=)



dia/view.php?id=12332" will of my Father in HYPER-LINK "<http://www.catholic.org/encyclopedia/view.php?id=5593>" heaven is my brother and sister and mother..." says Jesus (Matthew 12,48-50). Indeed, every day I have shared with you, you were the brother all people would wish for. You shared selflessly your everyday life and, if there was a problem, you were always ready to provide the right advice.

When I think of a couple living united in God and with God, I see your wife and yourself. You share the same unconditional dedication shown by Saint Josef. Ever since I first entered your home, I saw you grow up and become a responsible man and an exemplary adult. You became a father able to both guide your children when needed while setting them free to live their lives. While writing these words, not without some tears, I see you once more watching the TV, holding your wife's hand, embracing your children. I remember with what affection and what concern you embraced your mother in the evenings...

Thank you, dear Luca, for the gift of your humble and yet extraordinary presence.

Rita, powerful and great intermediary, I thank the Lord, for He allowed me to know and love you.

*E.B.*

### *A THOUGHT FOR LUCA,*

Dear Luca your presence is for me a constant point of reference.

The latest events have made me think deeply and at length on the topics of life, death and life after death.

Emptiness... obscurity.... hope... all-encompassing pain.... one wonders: why?

Mystery of our Faith!

In this life, you used to ask yourself– as we all tend to do – what it is like to live “up above”.

Now – through the constant signs of your presence – we can understand how the place where you are now living is truly a thing of beauty. To tell you the truth, I would like to see that place!

Yet, for the time that I have left on this earth, there is a great pain in my heart. There are days when your absence is unbearable.

Then something happens to make the pain lighter. I know... it is you!

I would like to tell you so many things.... but then I am aware that you already know them all. To communicate with you, I need to lift myself up to reach a more spiritual perspective.

Of course, it is very hard, yet it is worth trying.

I can only thank you, Luca. I have always loved you very much!

*C.I.*

Dear uncle, I remember many things about you: I still remember when you used to come back from work, when we played together, when you helped me, when you sat at the end of the table. I remember that you had a golden heart and that you always helped everybody.

*Your nephew*

Dear dad,

I remember everything about you: your embraces, the games we shared, the football matches we used to watch together.

When you cleaned the garden, you made me smile for

your were so incredibly happy to see the garden once it was cleaned.

No one will be able to understand my sadness for I do not show it to other people.

You were unique.

I love you.

*Your daughter.*

*THIS THOUGHT IS DEDICATED TO MY GODFATHER GIANLUCA*

I am not sure in what date I first dreamt of you, Luca. I believe it may have been at the end of January 2012. We were in Rita's room with your family and other guests. I laid your hands on my kidneys, which are the organs that I cure when I go to see Rita. At the same time, you asked me how Aurora was doing. I answered you: "How do you think she is doing... she is very sad". Though, as I said, there were many people in the room, it seemed as though only I could see you. I dreamt about you again on the 8th of September 2012, on your birthday.

We were in my living-room. There were Rita, Carmen, Arianna, Lisa, my mother Rosanna, José, Aurora and myself. We were chatting together when the door to my parents' room opened. You rose from their bed and came into the living-room, sitting on the sofa in front of Aurora and me. No one was surprised to see you, almost as though we had known that you were about to come. We all were happy and smiling, and so were you. You said: "Finally, now that the accident is in the past, I have come back". You then spoke to Aurora. I don't remember what you said to each other. She rose to hug you and then sat back again near me and I held her

hand. You then said: "My thanks go also to Emanuela, for all she did for Aurora". I felt even happier then. Having said that, you rose, walked back to my parents' room and stood in front of a wall where there hangs a portrait of the Virgin Mary. You talked to her, as though thanking her. Then you laid down on the bed and disappeared. When I woke up, around 10.45, I could still feel some sense of the happiness felt in the dream. It was as though you had never left us. I realised only later on what had happened. That dreamt felt so real.

Thank you Luca, I love you.

*E.G.*

### *TO LUCA*

Luca, not only were you the dearest of friends; you were for me more than a brother. Often you gave me excellent advice, with you disarming tranquillity. The memory I still hold most dear in my heart is the love with which you addressed the sick. I remember how many words of comfort you always had for them. Ever since I first met you and your family, you always considered me as one of yours. You were always sensitive to other people's suffering yet managed to remain even-tempered and balanced. Few know how you suffered and worried about the pain of those turning to you. I remember when you told me, a long time ago: "W., I embrace my mother's mission". I am sure you will keep protecting us from Heaven and you will guide us on our path on this earth. You are now our guardian angel.

Thank you, Luca, for all the help you gave to me and to so many other people.

I hope that I will one day deserve to meet you again in that place of light where you are now. I hope I will be able to embrace you again.

I will hold you forever in my heart, my friend, my loving and generous angel.

*W.R.*

We miss Luca...

... we miss his purity

... we miss his care, his kindness, his Christian charity, his welcoming ways, his sensitivity, his discretion and the love with which he welcomed all of us!

When talking about him with someone, I was told "He was needed for something else".

I believe this is true. His energy operates now in other ways...!

A hug to all his big family.

*R.R.*

There is a new flower in the heavenly garden. Though it may seem far away, its perfume reaches us down here.

*I.M.*

... Your smile is close to my heart. I still see you asking me for the latest joke which used to make you laugh so. I know that you are always alive and near us all.

Thank you for all.

*C.C.*

That which struck me more than anything else about Luca was his gaze: sweet and tender, always welcoming to all. Luca's eyes watch us from up above

and send on us, now as then, the same love.

Goodbye Luca.

*D.B.*

I would like to say thank you. Thank you for helping me become the person I now am. Thank you for always giving me good advice and for calming me down with your sweet disposition and your availability. Thank you for teaching me that which is really important in life: humility, generosity, a great love towards God, respect for all and true love for one's family. You are, you and your family all are, an example for me. I miss it all: being able to see you, talking to you. You know how much I miss you and I believe you are still by my side, listening to me, helping me. I know that in all steps of my life, you are and will be there with me, holding my hand. Thank you.

I love you.

*L.A.*

Dear Luca,

I can hardly believe that nine months have already gone by ever since you left. I still think that you are in your home, with your wife and your wonderful children. You have always been an exemplary husband and father. Rita, your mother, loved you with all her heart. Tony, your brother, who always used to joke, seems spent, as if a light had gone out. Help him.

For me, who has known you for twenty years, you had become like a brother. We did not talk much. A look between us was enough to express the love we felt for each other. You were a guiding figure for all. It seemed to me that you held it all in your arms.

I always think about you. You will always be in my heart, big brother. I know and feel that you are always with us and that you help us. I am so sorry that I cannot hug you and say how much I love you, like I used to. I would like to see you again. When I look at your picture, I talk to you. Yet, my heart is crying for you cannot answer. I will always carry you in my heart. I love you, Luca.

*C.M.*

My dearest Luca, my brother, I would like to write to you about my boundless respect and love. I first met you twenty two years ago and I immediately felt that a great friendship was beginning. It then became clear that our friendship would last forever. You have always been a special person. You were an example to us all for your humility, kindness, generosity, for the boundless love you gave to us all, without asking for anything for yourself.

Here on earth you were a wonderful son, a sweet husband, a great father and faithful friend. I will keep you in my heart. I hope, when my time will come, that I will deserve to be near you, where you are now and never leave you. I hope I will lie with you in our Lord's arms. Knowing you and your wonderful family has been a great honour. These same feelings are shared by my husband P. who always considered you as a brother.

Dear Luca, we must now say goodbye. We hold you close to our hearts and send you our love. We promise that you will remain always in our hearts. Your faithful friends. We love you very much.

*PP.M. P.F. and their daughter E.*

### *To Luca*

God, light, silence, love, compassion, reassurance, kindness, lack of criticism, warmth, protection, sacrifice, gift, peace, family.

These are some of the words that come to my mind when I think of you, my dear brother. And I firmly believe that there are not enough words to describe what you meant and still mean for me. You had to move away from us and you are now living in a marvellous place where few have the chance of going. This letter is perhaps the only way to tell you what I feel in my heart. Though I know that you can still hear me from where you are now. All the day long, as I think of you, you know what I think and feel even before I do. When I first found you, your mother, you all, your voice was the first I heard. I still remember how you told me: "mum will be happy to meet you".

Every time someone was healed, I heard your voice, addressing your mother. You also spoke to me, telling the story of how someone had escaped death through your prayers and through your healing hands. God saw the purity of your heart and chose you to bring us His love. He chose you to heal bodies and souls, to give a second chance to the sick. Through you, we had the opportunity to change, to remember that we are all brothers in Christ, to know that we are all part of the same Divine Flame which creates all and does all.

God has taken you back. Yet I keep feeling that you are as alive as you always were. You are still close to all those who love you and whom you love: your mother, your wife, your wonderful children, your dear brother. I know you are even close to those who did not



appreciate the life of sacrifice you led and those who did not listen to your last wishes.

Together with Rita, I feel you are always close to me. You are always ready to support me in my work near those who suffer, in the darkest moments of my life, every time I fall. You are always ready to help me stand up again.

Ever since I found you all again, ever since you and your mother have started to heal my soul, my life has changed dramatically, a welcome and blessed change. You brought me back to God. You taught me to open my heart. Though it is more vulnerable to suffering, it is also more ready to help others, to offer love and a smile.

Throughout your life, I never heard a word of judgement from your mouth. You always were in peace with all those you met, even with those who fought you or hurt you.

Thank you for having come into my life and having taught me love, patience, for the example you set for me. Thank you for guiding me every day on the path to God. You dry my tears when I am sad, you hold my hand when I hesitate, you light my way when darkness surrounds me.

Thank you for accepting me like a sister. Thank you for the advice you gave me.

I am grateful for all the times you make us feel you are back in our midst through the miraculous healings we see.

Darling brother, Angel of God, you are and always will be in my heart.

I hope I will be able to take the same road you took and meet you at its end. I will hold you close and will

tell you all that I did not tell you when I should have done.

Please, protect my family. If you can, help us bearing the pain that your departure left among us.

With love and in the Light of God.

S.

### *MY FRIEND*

He was a light on earth. He was a spiritual guide. His silent work became a moment of prayer which seemed to touch eternity.

Every word he said was a blessing for my soul.

He never rejected me, despite my weaknesses and my many falls. He kindly smiled.

He showed me his friendship with a kind pat on the back, which seemed like a breath of fresh air for my heart.

There was no distinction between winners and losers in his DNA. He loved everyone.

Now that all is done for him on this earth, he will continue his work from Heaven. He will help every single one of us go to Heaven.

Goodbye Luca, my friend.

Please, protect my family, myself and the little one who is still unborn.

G.S.

### *TO LUCA*

You lived your mission, imitating Christ in your every day work. In your death, you also shared Christ's terrible suffering. You have now reached God's heavenly light. From Heaven, you will keep giving

your love forever.

C.

### *IN MEMORY OF LUCA*

Luca was a heroic example of three divine virtues: Patience, Love and Mercifulness. He displayed these virtues in loving others more than himself with angelic humility and kindness.

C.

### *TO LUCA*

Luminous example of Love's law in the midst of a humankind which is lost and suffers far away from God.

I see the fragmented self, lost in soulless things,

I see the insolent solitude of the self which tears itself apart from Creation,

I see the illusory freedom of the self and its constant disappointments.

Yet I also see the Divine law, which fills the Universe with endless Love.

I call to the strength so that I may be able to chose not my own but your Will.

Giving oneself with Love, like a flower in the fields, like the sun in the sky, like Luca, son of Rita, like Christ on Golgotha.

C.

## *Who was Luca?*

We would like to give some explanations aimed at those who read this small leaflet but have not known Luca when he was alive.

In order to understand who Luca was, it is necessary to be aware of the mission performed by Rita Cutolo in support of the sick, ever since the birth of her sons Luca and Toni.

Many years have gone by and many people keep coming to Rita's house to seek help for their illnesses. Many of those who come have already tried all cures known to modern medicine. What are they looking for? They seek a welcoming smile, someone who listens to them, someone who cares for them.

Warm hands, burning with healing energy, rest on their bodies. "We are not the ones who heal. Someone who is above us restores health. We try to care for the sick, in the sense that we take care of them and we care about them. We pray for their health. When a healing comes, it is the work of God".

These words are Rita's words.

Those who come to see Rita are witnesses to both the physical experience of her burning hands and the spiritual experience of a new awareness of how life can be seen in a different perspective. Rita helps us understand how important it is that we feel we are part of a whole. We need to learn to live all together, without competition amongst us. She is a living example of solidarity with the sick and all those in need.

Luca grew up in this atmosphere. He embraced this mission early on. He grew physically and from a spiritual perspective under his mother's teaching. He learned that every human being comes on this earth to learn to know God and to help bear Jesus' cross. Yet, he also knew that the Heavenly Father sends us creatures like Rita, Luca and others to help bear the heavy weight of the cross. This is the tangible sign of God's love for us all.

The text in brackets was taken from the book "*Messengers*"





PAMPHLET IN MEMORY OF LUCA