## Charity (Carità)

Isn't there, perhaps permitted in Christi Gospel, which is often joined with the promise of recompense.

In the Gospel, charity is a treasure which one amasses in heaven and a friend who must introduce us to eternal pavilione. In the Gospel, the reign is promised to the Father's blessed ones who will be clothed, sheltered, and visited. Those, whom on the day of His glorious coming, He would not consent to call brothers, having the same privations and regrets passing, in common with them like a stranger to the world's fortunate ones. All Scripture says, "One who does not practice charity will not do well." These holy words were written by a great poet, writer, and patriot, Alessandro Manzoni.

Charity is the most noble, the most deserving act among all other works of Christian brotherhood. It is more worthy when it is directed to the neediest who have no help. Those unable to help themselves...to the orphaned children, the innocent incapable of begging or disclosing their derelict conditions. The orphans...who could ever consider himself more unhappy than they? No more of a mother's or father's caresses and care? Alone, alone in their early years when the kind and compassionate affection is most needed and absolutely indispensable.

Who could not pity orphans? Even animals welcome, caress, and nurture little ones of their species as if they were their own.

Let's remember that Italy was always foremost in taking the initiative concerning charity and helping the needy. We Italians in the big...ourselves and there isn't yet an Italian who, in helping the suffering (doesn't) give half of his bread to the one who is hungry, a caress to the one who is orphaned.

There's the big and holy campaign for our orphaned children's orphanage; who would ever refuse to give his contribution, large or small, to this eminent and worthy institution? Let's all donate, donate to our orphans. Let's deny ourselves of some little pleasure, even if one wants it, it's not absolutely necessary. Let's help our orphans. Aren't they as worthy as our own children?

Doing this, God will bless our hearts, our families, and our little ones. It is our sacred duty as Christians and as Italians. Charity...given is found written in golden letters in God's book.

mon e'e, forse, nell Evangelo els Ceristo verus
altrosprecetto, al quale vasta- con spesso unita la
promiessa della ri compensa.
Mel Vangelo, l'elemorina o un tesaro che uno si amuara nel cieloje un' anico che ci dese introdurre nei padiglioni eternimal Van gele, il regno e promerso ai benedetti del Padre i quale evramo sotollati, vestiti, ricoverati, visitati coloro che il Re, nel giorno della ma ufestarione gloriota, non bølegnera di chiamare siloù frotelli, memores di avere avilo comuni con loro le privazioni e è palimente, de essero paronto emche lui, come uno sconorciulo devente ai fortuna li del mondo, Tutta la scrittura parla case: " non avra bene chi non fa elemosina der un grande Paeta, Perittore, patrieta ed ellucatore; da alquandro Manyorie. La Carita, & Esso a la prin eccelra e prin meritoria, avanti a Dio, gra tutte le alte quere di unava faatellanga Cri Esso e poi lanto prin santo e valende grando è ectata verto i pris bitognori, i serge ainte, gel inatiti ad aintenti dar de stette i agli bimbi, orbati dar loso genitori; ergl innocente incapari a elizabero. a elvedere et a manspertare la loro condigione deselita considerant più infeliei di loro!! mon più

cure e carege della manuna o del gradre, o d'entrambé. Soli, soli nei primi enni, quando la cura e l'affetto gentile e mitericordiero i la cura e l'affetto gentile e mitericordiero i prin necessario; any assolutamente indispenta bile chi potra non aver prietà degli on fami?!

Merfino le bestir accelgaro, careggane e min

liscordi piècoli della loro specie, cistotrolo

liscordi conce i propri merte il

Ricordiamoci tutti che d'obalid, su tempre

a capa di ogni ini piati vo di carito, e di auti

a capa di ogni ini piati vo di carito, e di auti

cui birognori, lor obalianire, mella gran maria,

ene birognori, lor obalianire, ma non de cuore

italiano che negli aciete a chi toffici,

italiano che negli aciete a chi farme,

italiano che negli aciete a chi farme. ma caregga a chi è privo du men que mitori. Presentemente v'é la grande « souster Crociata per l'orfanotreofio du nostri leiner arfanati. Elu otera mai negan la file contriberione fonde o moderler a querto istituzione tonto notiles meritonia! Digmojdiamo tutti ai meschi ni orfanelli. Asiviamoci, te neattario, di una speta di Cerro; eli una piccola perte di godinento, europe, re occorre, eli qualelle pietaryo non entrolutamento ne restano; e toccorriano, i nostri orfati. non 1010 forte ett uguali en northe terri figlieroli! Die beisedre i northe Con facend, Die beisedre i northe cuori, le northe familie et i north, bandling El northe teers devere connectristions bandling El northe teers devere date rel rathour la corre dealers de la canté peu date rel rathour

## Spring (Primavera)

Everything is sweet. Everything is pleasant. Everything is a symbol! Everything is enchanting poetry! Everything is sublime because the creator of Spring is Divine. And all enjoy the air of spring from first to last.

The meadow is covered with green grass and the multicolored wild flowers inspire virtue strong enough to absorb the implication of the man's thoughts. The parks, the villas with wildflowers in varied colors, in fragrance which gallantly spreads the allure of fragrant beauty, which decorates the fertile head of the mother and bride Earth. And, giving a glance at the fields with the green spikes of wheat sprouting, we enjoy spring. We have hopes and we envy the vines and the plants, which invite the attention of the man who has carefully given them a trimming to encourage the sprouting of the flowers while awaiting the fruit.

And the trees, the trees of spring! Aren't they like the children, who, awakening from sleep, go in search of play-things which amuse them? The wildflowers, with their foliage and flowers, assist the extension of the well-adorned branches preparing to be a tent for the man in search of shade on the days of broiling sun, as well as the fruit trees, which are preparing not just for shade, but for the production of fruit, which in time, the farmers will gather and enjoy.

And how much poetry don't we still find in the shepherd who leads his flock to the pasture and delights in seeing his animals now eating, now bleating, as if to give thanks to the Creator who has provided good grass and good air, and delight in good nutrition for them and production for the man? And the chirping of the swallows, who announce the morning, still cheers us as they lovingly get ready to prepare nests for their expected little ones. And how much joy does the truck farmer have from seeing in the garden the sprouting green plants which he has planted with such care, and with how much more care he will give them, until they reach maturity, etc.? Beautiful is spring, of the clear skies which instill in hearts hope for joy and peace! And with the springlike weather, don't we always enjoy watching the undulating fields and grass and flowers grow pleasantly?

This man is overjoyed because for him, it is also like awakening from his deep sleep. The fall has passed and then there is joy in everything flowering again

and he feels himself blossoming again in spring. Whether because of the air, whether because of his eagerness to advance, to always delight in beautiful things, and thus giving his help to the growing plants and flowers, etc. To feel himself an infant again, anxious to regain his youth in order to rejuvenate his energies.

holsia of incanto! Tullo breato trimavera totaline godino al respiro dolce dell'infany 'erbaverde e fior selve Kimbolica, louto da anorbire la careza le ville coi from diversi por colori My profumis che aboutemente if farcino di bellezza fragrante e or omano il fecondo della modre e sposso

Patterious Jell us. careza di putamento per tor forza allo Muntar delle foglie, nell'aspettazion del frutto il gli abberil Phyli alberi in miniastra! bankini che st svegliandosi dal Donno, di danno in cerca di trastulli cre fan poi trastullare? Ei selvatili colle loro fronde e fiorisionale loro fronde e fiorisionale e fiorisionale in como in corea di ombra printiferi, ene prepara la conte ed alberi fruttiferi, ene prepara no solo fily l'ombra and solo formante de solo fily l'ombra and solo filly l'o per la produzione

i godiner ell' allegrad 4 inquetto de

a quanta giorge provo, l'ortolomo, l'edere well or to delle pionte - One Qui quant altra cu le trattera finche queste Red été Bella é la primartera doil cielo limpido che mette pluse di giori mene verticello primarleril l'ordengaise de campi e d'erbe e from ché crescono dolcemente? Con l'uomo e pine suoliz pareles, per lui

l'auche come sulphiars. dad un samo copo al lutto e poi ellectionale & passate ingiois dal vedere il tutto réfiorire e l'écouse in 12 messo, réfiorisse con la pri masera, sia per l'aria dolce sie per l'aurion di andare più avant, per più godere ese belle, e con aintanto dando il modernto alla cre der fiore, edete, senteri so di raggiungere la sua giovinezza, per done sont

## The Teacher (La Maestra)

"God of Teachers. The heavens are full of the glory of your name—always blessed". Then followed the blessing of the food and then the teacher, in the center of the large house, showed the children the bowls filled with the children's snacks, asking, "Who's is this?"

And the boy or girl who recognized his or her bowl answered, "It's mine." And so, it continued until all the food-filled bowls were distributed to all (i.e. of the students). What I remember with interest and enthusiasm is that many times, the teacher, Graziella, should really have been named Grazia.

She was truly a grace of a woman. You know, the benevolence of that woman reminds me of Jesus Christ, Our Savior, when He distributed the (loaves) and the fishes after having multiplied them with His blessing. Many times, Maestra Graziella couldn't bear seeing one of the little ones suffer or seeing that he had only bread in his bowl while someone had been provided...

She read each one of those little hearts. Thus, she knew that one who had black bread wished he had white, and vice versa; that one who had an orange wished for a bit of apple, and vice versa. And many times, knowing how to convince everyone that it would have been better for all to have a bit of something which each bowl contained, she succeeded in having (the children) give her everything...willingly and happily. She combined all (the food) and all fruit and bread etc. into as many pieces as there were students, and she was overjoyed to see all these little hearts happy and satisfied. Now, let me say, if Maestra Graziella succeeded in receiving the same joy and satisfaction as those of fifty different little hearts who were, for the most part, strangers to her, don't we feel that every mother wishing to direct her children, no matter how many, couldn't exceed the fifty and direct them to the path of complete joy, which one experiences in knowing and following Jesus Christ? And who knows of how many of today's society think, "If only we could have a teacher like Maestro Graziella and, even more, a government like Maestra Graziella, which would be capable of gathering and dividing all in equal parts to all of us", even we would perhaps feel happy and satisfied like the little students of Maestro Graziella.

Well, let us men and women consider when, and if, our hearts will have willingly reformed and we all will abandon to the same degree our bowls (our...sinful hearts) to the Son of Man and with faith we await and with love by returning to Him, the blessing, approaching and following the Gospel.

I Dio degli Esercili. Deidie la Censa, somo polici della Horia del vostro mon noite per sempre benedetto. Poi requisa la preghier a che ei forse benedetto il cibo poi la malestra, sedeta in mezza a all'amping casa, mostrava i pomierini contendite la merenda dei frugoletti; dicendo: & chi è questo!!-E age colin o colei che riconoscesa il seno pamierino alpondera: Emis, Econ continuar finche tulli i pamierim piem di cibi erano distribuiti q tutte. Inclohe più ricordo con interesse ed cuto sing e'che, mollo Wolte, if novella maestra. Graziella di avrebbe dovito Educamare. Grazie. Tora veramente una grazia di donna, sei fai sensare a næstro Salvaporie Sesii Eristo a gnando distribui i pesci, dopo averli molfiplicati colla sug benedizione. Molfe volle, la maestra Grazila non . T. . W. non poteva spære resistere at vedere qualeuro deisuei for i re, dal guardarsi d'aver solo gome, mento, piecini, judelehe Apo era provoisfo spasagantement. Essaleggeva quei enoricidir, mo per uno, Percio raperon ene, chi avea poure nero desiderava un pro'di biances e vivere, dachi avea un'arancia desiderava un po di mala viceversa, edece. E molfe volle a mezzo ti other consincere tutti che sarebbe stato meglio per

Triuseiva a farsi dare ogni cost cutte insilence con rolonta e princere. Metteva tutte insilence divideda pour e frutta, ed e e c., t tutto in auto alla giora di rederle que di curicini lutti allegri e voddisfatti. Ora, caseigkui dire: Se la maestra Graziella, rinseiva adottenere L'équaglianza di giora e souldi efezione de cinquents de ferente curricipale per la più erano estrance a lei; non ci sentiamo che ogni mædre, volendo, potrebbe indirizzare i propri fighi, che per quanto grosso na il munero, mon notrebbe superare if 300 e intirizzarli alla via della piena gioia, che sol si prova ne f conorcere e seguire oristo fessi? E dissa' poi quanti nomini di aggi pendano: E se polessi mo aver tulli un maestro come la maestra Graziella, per lo più un governo come la mæstra graziella, she fosse capace di hi gliare tutto a 2e e dividere tutto in parte uguaç a noi nomini, anche noi, ci senti sensare por le, felici e soddisfutti come i piccini Sodari della mælstra Graziella. Her , noi che tiamo nomini e donne i joiena ragione; considérious su, e quando i nostri un il l'avrenio riformati a forza di volonta e tutti ( une plendi peccato) al figlinol dell'Usmo, l'eau fiducio aspettiamo la benedizione, l'avremo, ni volgendoci pero i, segurire il langelo.