



THE POWER OF THOUGHT

A pilgrim was walking on a country road, when in the grass he saw something with an unusual shape, maybe a stone.

«Perhaps it's a snake», he thought. And immediately the snake unrolled its body and bit the pilgrim, killing him.

The day after another pilgrim was walking on the same road, and he too saw a stone with an unusual shape.

«It must be a bird», the second pilgrim thought. And immediately the bird flew away singing, with a beat of its wings.

► YOUR THOUGHTS ◀

You may like it or not, but thoughts trace the route of the travel we call life.

If your thoughts are of depression and failure, it's depression and failure that you will reach. If you think you are awkward and unpleasant, you will really be like that.

If you say to a boy that he is a fool, this is what he will become.

from: BRUNO FERRERO, *L'importante è la rosa* (The important is the Rose), Elledici



Don Bosco Is Talking To You...

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SHORT TALES FOR OUR SOULS

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THE SHOP IN THE DREAM

A young man dreamt that he had gone into a large shop. Behind the counter, the shop assistant was an angel.

«What do you sell here?», the young man asked.

«All that you like», answered the angel kindly.

So the young man started to make a list: «I would like the end of all wars, more justice for exploited people, more tolerance and generosity for foreigners, more love in the families, more jobs for the unemployed, more participation in the Church... and...and...».

The angel interrupted him: «I'm sorry, sir. You misunderstood. We do not sell fruits, here. We only sell seeds».

► THE MOST IMPORTANT VALUES ◀

Each seed is a miracle. Even the highest tree was born by a tiny little seed. Your soul is a garden, where the greatest enterprises and values are sown. Will you let them grow up?



TURN THE PRINCESS' PORTRAIT UPSIDE DOWN, AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

everyday, as still as a statue, holding out her hand and watching the ground.

Rilke would never give her any money, while his girlfriend often gave her a few coins. One day the French girl

THE ROSE

Rilke, the famous German poet, lived in Paris for some time. For going to the University, he would walk every day in a crowded street, together with a French girlfriend of his.

At the corner of this street was a beggar. She would sit there

asked the poet: «*But why do you never give her any money?*».

«*I think we should give her something for her heart, not for her hands*», the poet answered.

The day after, Rilke arrived with a wonderful rose, put it into the beggar's hand and turned away.

Then something quite surprising happened: the beggar watched at him, stood up with difficulty, took the man's hand and kissed it. And off she went, pressing the rose to her breast.

For a whole week nobody saw her. But after eight days, there she was again, sitting at the same corner, motionless as usual.

«*What do you think she has lived of, during all these days?*», the French girl asked the poet.

«*Of the rose*», was Rilke's answer.



► THE PERFUME OF THE ROSE ◀

«On this earth there's only one problem: human beings must find a spiritual meaning again, they must feel that their spirit is alive again. Mankind must be irrigated from above, something similar to a gregorian choir must descend upon it. We can't go on living thinking only of fridges, politics, money and crosswords.

We can't go on like this». *This is what Antoine de Saint-Exupéry wrote.*

With these small tales we would like to let you smell the perfume of his rose, just for a while.

