



## WHEN NIGHT IS OVER

One day an old Rabbi asked his students how was it possible to recognise the exact moment when the night ends and the day begins.

«Perhaps the moment we can clearly distinguish a dog from a sheep?». «No», the Rabbi answered.

«When we can distinguish a palm from a fig tree?». «No», the Rabbi repeated.

«But when is it, then?», the students asked.

The Rabbi answered: «When you look at the face of any person, and you can see your brother or your sister. Until that moment, it is still night in your hearts».

### ➤ HOW SHOULD WE LIVE? ◀

«We learnt to fly like birds, to swim like fish, but we haven't yet learnt the art of living like brothers».

(Martin L. King)

from: BRUNO FERRERO, *Il canto del grillo* (The Chirp of the Cricket), Elledici



Don Bosco Is Talking To You...

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## WHOM ARE YOU WALKING FOR?

A Jewish tale tells of a wise, God fearing Rabbi, who one night, after a

day spent among books about ancient

prophecies, decided to go out for a relaxing walk.

While he was walking slowly on a lonely road, he saw a guard walking back and forward, with a long and decided pace, in front of the gate of a rich mansion.

«Whom are you walking for?», asked the Rabbi, quite curious.

The gard said his master's name. And immediately after asked on his turn: «And you, whom are you walking for?».

The tale tells that the Rabbi's heart was bewildered by this question.

### ➤ AND YOU, WHOM ARE YOU WALKING FOR? ◀

Whom do you walk for all day? Whom do you live for? You can live only for Somebody. At each pace, today, repeat His name. Your day will be ever so light!

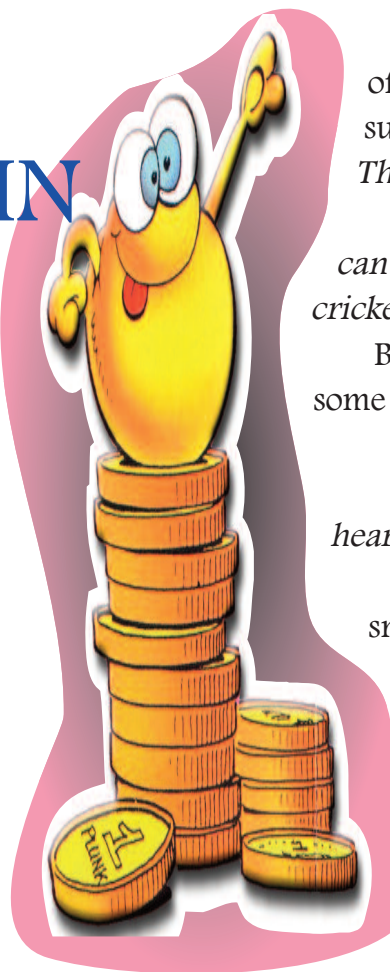


# THE CRICKET AND THE COIN

An old Indian wise man had a dear friend living in Milan. They had met in India, when the Italian man had gone there as a tourist, with his family. The Indian man had guided them around, and had shown them the most characteristic corners of his home town.

So the Italian was very grateful, and had invited the Indian to come and visit them in Italy. He wanted to show him his own town, in turn.

The Indian landed at Malpensa, and the next day the two friends went for a walk into the town centre. The Indian, with his brown skin, his yellow turban and his black beard, caught everybody's attention. As for the Milanese, he walked on, proud



of having such an exotic friend. In San Babila Square, suddenly the Indian stopped and said: «*Can you hear? There's a cricket chirping nearby!*».

«*I'm afraid you're wrong*», said the Milanese. «*I can hear only the traffic noise. I'm afraid there are no crickets, round here*».

But the Indian started looking among the leaves of some bushes, and after a while he pointed at a cricket.

«*Look, isn't this a cricket?*», the Indian said.

«*Quite!*», admitted the Milanese. «*You Indian can hear much better than we!*».

«*You are wrong, this time*», said the wise Indian smiling. «*Now look...*». The Indian took a coin out of his pocket and let it fall to the ground. Immediately four or five persons turned their heads.

«*Here you are!*», said the Indian. «*This small coin had a much weaker sound than the chirp of a cricket. But have you seen how many Italians have heard it?*».



## ► LET'S LISTEN TO OUR INNER VOICES ◀

These small tales are like the chirping of the cricket in a town. They ask for a moment of attention to all those voices we have forgotten.

Those voices and musics we have inside, **talking to us about clean air and blue skies**, about our dreams and wishes, our desire of hugging each other and weeping together. They talk about a wonderful God who has come to ask us to let Him save mankind.