

## Servant of God Antonia Mirella Solidoro Lay

Taurisano, Lecce, 13 July 1964 - 5 October 1999

Mirella Solidoro, with the go-ahead of the Sacred Congregation for the Causes of Saints on May 3, 2008, began the process for the beatification process.

### The environment in which they live

In the south of Puglia extends the area between the Mediterranean Sea and the Adriatic called Salento. This is an area with lush vegetation, surrounded by vines and olives, topped by the gentle outlines of dry stone walls, punctuated by the typical sounds of the Mediterranean.

Right here in Taurisano, in the province of Lecce, July 13, 1964 the family of Joseph and Mary Solidoro Franza blessed by the birth of Antonia Mirella, the third of five children - two older sisters (Anna Rita, born 27 / 07/1958, the mother of four daughters, Maria Lucia, born on 06.10.1959, mother of three children) and two younger brothers (Antonio, born 27.06.1971, father of a son, Cosimo, born 6/12/1973, father of a child), all four living.

Being a family of modest means, soon followed the first economic problems for which his father, who occasionally works in the fields, he decided to emigrate to Switzerland for use in the construction industry until 1980, the year of his final return to Taurisano . Her mother is forced to leave his job as a farmer to stand beside her that begins to show the first symptoms of a serious illness which will be discussed later. Mirella was baptized in the parish of the Transfiguration of Our Lord Jesus Christ, 2 October 1964, the Deputy Pastor Don Giovanni Ciardo, presented by the godfathers Antonio Palma and Rita Fasano, both deceased. He spent his childhood in a calm, supported and pampered by the love of the parents - especially the mother - that educate Christian with the support of sponsors always very close to the family.

In June 1972, he participated with joy, like all children, the First Communion Mass at the parish Transfiguration, on the Solemnity of Corpus Christi.

Until the discovery of the disease, Mirella leads a normal life, she attended the friendships of children of his age, studying to obtain satisfactory results. It is a simple girl who is content with the little that parents can assure you, always respectful to everyone.

The years pass and arrives May 21, 1978, the day when Mirella received the Sacrament of Confirmation, by Bishop Mgr. Michele Mincuzzi, accompanied by the godmother Cosimina Damiani, is still alive. It is an experience so intense and special as to induce the girl to write a heart-warming letter, addressed to their godmother.

To my dear godmother

May 9, 1982 Today is the feast of the mother.

Well, I want you, dear godmother, for me to know that you are a dear and sweet second mother. My dear godmother, remember that day when you took me to church with so much fervor and I in return so much love in my heart for you? And this love never fails! No, dear godmother, I keep it in a corner of my heart. Remember those moments so joyful that you with one hand over my shoulder, took me in front of the bishop in the church, and he gave me the sacrament of Confirmation? For me, that was all, dear godmother, for you well know that it is a sacrament renews the spiritual life in the most critical period of youth. You made a commitment so important and you know very well carry on and you can see even from what you do for me, because in your heart c 'is the love and the faith.

You're the godmother who loves me and comforts me like a real daughter. Every day I prepare lunch apart for me. Penance that I gave you! Why is this, dear godmother? Maybe you love me with your heart because of my suffering? No, not out of pity, but that's because you love me really.

I end up with these poor words, because I can not express what is in my heart and with a little regret that I can not help in anything, but pray to the Lord for you, because you give so much health, strength and peace in the family. With best wishes from your goddaughter annoying.

### Desire to give themselves to the Lord

Already making its way an inner desire to become the bride of the Lord. Desire is told on several occasions. Mirella says:

O my Lord, at this particular moment I am living, deign to look at the 'humility and' love with which your servant asks you this prayer. Put simply turn to you, O good Jesus, but the meaning is quite rich. Lord, who can read the minds of men, you who are worthy to judge, judge and see who it is that magnifies my wishes.

O my Lord, you know very well what my desires since childhood. As soon as I realized how big the value of faith, joined the vocation to become your wife. That 's why I wanted already before the beginning of my suffering, I never allowed my thoughts unite to others if not to yours.

This desire is still alive in me, O my Jesus And if you make me feel good, it will be Your will, because not even a leaf can move if you do not. I never turn away my mind from you and I'll do what now my infirmities will not allow me to do.

I know very well that come to you to cross winding streets and obstacles that the evil intentions of man arises between you and me, but my hope I will never lose it, until you present the 'absolute impossibility of becoming your wife, as you asked me.

I pray with fervor more alive than put out your hand as an aid for the one who calls you and so you are looking for.

O Lord, please do 'me an instrument of your life: that my prayer come into the minds of those that prevent me to follow the path that you, O my Lord, I want to open, and may my prayers to touch the heart of those who do nothing to help me make this miracle happen.

Meanwhile, the increasingly precarious conditions forced the family Solidoro to ask for financial help, especially for the pharmaceutical costs of Mirella only 9 years of age begins to move towards its slow martyrdom of young ill. Continuous and severe headaches cause them to perform the various hospitalizations at centers where day care day pass costs up to 100,000 pounds and just one night. Thank God, there are many occasions in which it manifests itself alive and tangible sense of solidarity on the part of neighbors and many other volunteers.

The expert advice can no longer count and, what is worse, succeed well misdiagnosis that bring more suffering to Mirella. She is treated first for frontal sinusitis. The doctors study quite a few attempts to try to restore his health to normal, but they all seem doomed to failure. At some point, it is assumed even a nervous breakdown. Finally, Mirella is admitted to the hospital eye department of Gallipoli, because of disturbances that cause a reduction in visual acuity. From this point on, blind, Mirella can not write but his voice is recorded on a few occasions by those around.

Follows a continuous wandering from hospital to hospital, to Brindisi where is diagnosed by CAT scan of the skull an expansive process interesting interior wall of the third ventricle and the media. During hospitalization, she says, to see Jesus

"I saw the Lord when I was admitted to Brindisi. That morning I felt a bit 'wrong. After breakfast, I went to bed, and all of a sudden my eyes opened and I saw a light that gradually grew brighter. In this light, I saw the Lord, I saw him as they put him on the cross and said, "Mirella, because I always invoke, why do you call me? I said," My Jesus, I wonder why I call you?."ll Call you to tell me face the grace to feel good. " And he said, "Yes Mirella, the grace you will do it, but you must promise me one thing." I said, "what you want, Lord, I am ready." And He said to me: "I do feel good, I'll heal, but you have to become a nun, you promise me?". I said yes, but then now I think Sister, the Lord meant missionary in this way, ie to make prayers for the sick.

Later, Mirella moved Vito Fazzi Hospital of Lecce, Division of Neurosurgery, where he undergoes surgery, September 28, 1979. In that occasion, the used for a fronto-temporal craniotomy with exploration of the area and intracranial biopsy of a lesion located in the region of large optical-chiasmatic. Histological examination is evidence of a congenital tumor, "dysgerminoma hypothalamic".

You do this with the hope of a complete removal of the mass, which however can not be carried out, given the extent and location of the same delicate, and that the intervention becomes only exploratory and diagnostics. Meanwhile Mirella gets serious, suddenly losing sight and into a coma. The health give it only a few months of life ..... but she still has words of thanks to God

### **The turning point in the life of Mirella**

Following radio-therapy treatment at the hospital in Brindisi, after which it was decided not to practice any other type of care. Since that day, Mirella spends his days, for more than twenty years', almost always in bed, occasionally is accompanied to church for participation in the S. Mass.

Receive the Eucharist every day. Its slow but happy ordeal sanctifies, elevates, and enriches the mature spiritually. Always thirsty of Jesus, fixes his mind in meditation on the Passion and thanked the Lord for the gift of suffering. During the long days spent in the room, she composes poems and prayers said to those around. Who's going to find it does not perceive how intense is his suffering, because it is always serene and calm, despite the constant pain, weakness and emaciation due to 'lack of food.

The turning point in his short life, he has just become blind at the age of fifteen years. This event is not that she lived as a chastening of the Lord, but as a grace from God. Since then realizes that she is called by Christ to lay down his life for the salvation of 'all humanity. Like Paul, believes "to know nothing ... except Jesus Christ and him crucified" (2 Cor 2: 2). Welcomes this cross almost with pride, it is not considered appropriate to lay down his life on a bed of pain, but wholeheartedly embraces the unspeakable suffering that the Lord gives. Becomes a "witness of the sufferings of Christ" (1 Peter 5: 1).

For the "gift" of blindness so thanks to the Lord:

Thank you, Lord, for letting us know that you alone are the Christ.

Thank you, Lord, for having taken as your sons.

Thank you, Lord, for giving us your eyes, because only then can we see the true light.

Thanks for giving your words to evangelize the world.

Thank you, Lord, for giving us your heart, to love and forgive.

O Lord, teach us that a simple seed sown by you can give rise to an apostle and a saint on earth, in thy glory. Jesus, I love you!

Never complains about this and those seeking information about his health or his sufferings, he always replies "I'm fine, thank God."

Around the bed of Mirella meet so many people from Tauranga, from the province of Lecce, the province of L'Aquila and many areas of Southern Italy. Together with her people pray, people turn to her for comfort in distress. Many claim to have received special favors and healings through prayer Mirella. Meanwhile, she lives an unconditional devotion to the Most Holy Crucifix. Sometimes, when the pain is relieved, was accompanied to the Shrine of the Most Holy Crucifix Galatone town located about twenty kilometers from Tauranga.

She has a deep devotion to Our Lady, So 'is that the rosary is always in his hands fleshless, while the composition of many prayers, thoughts and poems dedicated to the Lord and the Blessed Virgin Mary. Daily bread becomes the Eucharist which she receives almost daily with great devotion. His face lights up when he can meet Jesus in the sign of bread. For her, forced to fast because his health does not allow her to swallow, the Eucharist represents several occasions, his only nourishment.

Listen to the Psalms that become food for his personal prayer and prayer groups.

The Gospel, then, is the oil for his lamp, for his faith. Do you think from memory the words and advice of the Lord and often during conversations, quotes the words of Jesus and invites people to put into practice.

Mirella, during the Thursday of Lent, from July 1987 to August 1999, claims to receive messages from the Lord and the Virgin Mary, but sent them to the most intimate that transcribe them and deliver them to the mother making them public only after the death of his daughter .

When can participate in Sunday Mass, accompanied by some volunteers. All dispenses advice and all assured his prayers.

Relationships with parents are good, even though she is sometimes disappointed by the attitude of the father who does not like a lot of visits. To brothers, parents, godmother sends confirmation messages full of tenderness. Sometimes apologizes to everyone, thinking of being a burden for its poor conditions. But the family, especially the mother, continue to love tenderly, acknowledging that a gift of God in their home.

For each Mirella is a reference point, even if the father proves impatient because the situation does not guarantee the intimacy typical home environment.

At all hours of the day the people they visit, among them, also two bishops of the Diocese of Ugento-SM Leuca (Bishop Mario Miglietta and Msgr. Dominic Calandro). Particularly, Bishop Mario T-Shirt, Bishop died in 1996, often travels to visit Mirella, repeating: "I come here to get lessons of faith."

Every evening, at 20.00, when people go away, around the bed of Mirella meet everyone, including the grandchildren, for the rosary to Our Lady.

Throughout Holy Week, suffering at the hands become unbearable. On Good Friday Mirella cries continuously and shouts "Leave, leave!" ....

Relives the passion of the Lord. Can rightly repeat the words of Sacred Scripture: "I have in my heart a great sorrow and unceasing anguish" (Romans 9, 2). Here is the confirmation:

I 've seen before, but she never said anything. I 've also seen the day before Easter, and I saw all his passion, all that he did before he died, and it was so bad, that I really thought that just thinking about it makes you cry. What have they done to my Lord! And we have to think how the Lord suffered for us. How He suffered, but He also said, "Father, if you can, remove this cup from me", but also He said, "Thy will be done." We must also take this example, we do not want a grace and expect to receive it soon. How hard it is to dig a rock, so it is hard to have a grace. We must always pray for grace. It is not that if we do not receive a grace we must say that there is no one, and that there is no God, no, this does not have to say anything, because it is not true: the Lord is there.

Moments of discouragement

Like all Saints, Mirella through his dark night. In a few moments is strongly discouraged, but his faith in the presence of the Lord is unshakable. We have collected some of the prayers made in the sad moments of his life.

Give me the strength, Lord.

O Lord, life is increasingly becoming a vale of tears and becomes very hard to go forward. But help me, O my Lord, that always has the power to bring love my cross to Calvary. And understand that my pain just that pushes me to get close to you (05/26/88).

O my Jesus, the pain is for me your caress  
more you suffer, the more you love.

Sustain me, O Lord, in times of distress.

My Lord, now in a strong moment of despair I want to write, my sweet love, with the hope that you from heaven dare you to listen to me.

I wish so much that from heaven I can give you an answer, even if I know that You have read my thoughts, you're a lifeline.

For some time back I see that my prayers are heard little, yet I pray with all my heart.

I know, Lord, that I am only a poor, sick, unable to meet with the works of your righteous desires, but you know very well my weaknesses, so if you want to call it. But of this disease are so grateful: I can not find the words to thank you. But it must be that You forgive me because I am not able to ask that I can offer even more as your elected Sante they did. But this is not everything depends on me, because I want to try a little 'of your person.

But you look at that, to judge from the top, surrounded with glory at the right hand of your Father, the Almighty, you can just see and know what is going on in my family: my sweet mother who is not so well, and other things for which there is a little 'discomfort, but I try to fix everything with my prayers. O my Jesus, listen to me, because you know that you're the only love of my life, and if you do not love me, for me it's over, because you can only find peace.

O Lord, 'that our lives are modeled after yours. Use us, give us your tools, let us know, Lord, that you do not have hands because our hands, that you did not walk because you have to use any of our feet. Served with our mouth to the words, accompanied by works, we can express your will, making the land the right stool for your feet.

My heart is broken.

O my Lord, my heart torn dare to speak again. I'm kneeling at your feet while you're turning.

O Lord, do not go! Allow me one more minute, I need you. Around me there is only loneliness, pain, and of course, everything makes me think: What did I do?

I see the pale face and even stronger is my pain. No, it is not possible that I have been so blind as to be self your tormentor. My sins have been as severe as that served to build up your cross. I drilled your holy hands that every day I have saved from my falls, your feet that have taught me so much, and especially your big heart that has suffered for me: I love them, Lord, so give me a second life time when everyone thought I was already dead.

And I've used up to this point ingratitude. O God, why did you want to preserve such a short time of life to Jesus?

Please, Jesus, steals my spirit, take it on the cross, because I want to die like you to rise like you.

Young woman anchored to Christian principles, Mirella proves he will keep firmly in God's will Proof of this is the desire to consecrate themselves to the Lord, desire cultivated since the days of youth. Since the time of surgery suffered at the hospital in Lecce, she is convinced to see the Crucified Lord.

On the other hand, during the interviews, Mirella often tells of his conversations with Jesus

For nine years he began my discomfort, I had the surgery to the head that has ruined my view. Quest 'intervention forced me to stay in bed, almost. During this disease I have seen many times Jesus, maybe it was a 'imagination, but I I' ve really seen. It 'was a real thing, and I saw the Lord in me led to a major faith, and this faith, however, I' d even as a child, because I had a vocation to become a nun. Now that I'm in bed, though, I think I also perform the task he has a sister, I too 'me to be a missionary nun. I wish that I, ah, perhaps, but, with you, with you all, I would like to be in your midst and help people who are suffering so much. But I can not: I can only help you with my prayers, that's all I can do. Inside of me has begun a new life, a life that knows everything, though, and that we need so much, I always feel the fervor of Jesus pray for everyone.

During one of these appearances it seems that Jesus himself repeats the one word: "Marcellina," which Mirella can not understand the meaning. In 1982, at the end of a retreat for young missionary, at the Shrine of Our Lady of Lila, father Sister Margaret preacher invites to go with him to visit a very sick girl. Mirella just feel that in his room is a sister Marcellina says: "expected."

Sister Margaret returned to Taurisano many times and is born between them a relationship of true

friendship. In this way, Mirella begins to learn more about the spirituality of the Institute of the Sisters Marcelline and its founder. Has the opportunity to visit the Center for Cernusco in 1985, during the return journey from his pilgrimage to Lourdes Marcellino.

### **Want to become Marcellina**

Mirella feels very connected to the Reverend Mothers who knows when they find the time to pay her a visit. Despite the dream of becoming a nun is weakened by poor health, Mirella feels so close that the Institute is very happy when, a few years later, he knows the lay movement Marcellini and is considered one of the foundation stones of the new small group.

On one occasion, the Mother Superior herself addressed these words:

Well, actually I do not know, I am so excited that I do not know how to begin, what to say. However, Reverend Mother, she already knows my desire, but I give it to him once again, by the will of God and to my great desire, perhaps a desire, as perhaps all desires, before a realization and God's will, a suffered so desire, but a desire that has become increasingly more and more desire and hope for a realization and hope that I, poor creature, can be part of Marcelline, which I always carried in my heart, since I met. I really do not know how much they are worth my words, it may be the love that I have always tried, the prayer I offered to God, the suffering, but this list is useless. Are drops of water are lost in the ocean of God's grace and love of God is now again express my desire here, part, I want to be part of Marcelline. I want to feel part of you, I want to be part of your family, your family. Of course, as God wills, I will try to give what God wants from me, for Marcelline and for the glory of God really already by this time, from the moment in which I was sent this good news, I was made, finally. I am so waiting for this moment, has been for me, I do not know, something big, so, here I am, in fact, I repeat that for me, behold, I will finish, my life will not be enough to thank God, Mother, this I praise the Lord for ever, because he gave me the joy, the greatest joy, the joy that I expected, the joy that I waited so long. Very much want, do not ask anything of God, because he gave me so much. I can not say anything, I do not know what to say. Here, now, in fact, express and so ... and that is my desire to be a part as consecrated lay and can be precisely lay collaborator of Marcelline. Since both the good Lord that you, Mother, you gave me the opportunity to be able to be here I just really express my desire, just be consecrated, even in a secular way, and thanks to God for this, in fact, collaborate with you in this regard. Mother does not hesitate to answer, on several occasions.

### **Mirella gives his life for the salvation of all and to comfort**

Countless testimonies tell how great love for Jesus and Mary Mirella, accompanied daily offering of himself for the sanctification of priests. Many of these are published in a separate section. In a profile of 2 January 2000, drawn by Ivo and Marietta, reads:

"We Ivo Marietta and a pair of Melissano, a village a few kilometers from Tauranga. About twelve years ago we met Mirella, thanks to Father Christopher, who spoke of her as a very sick girl, but spiritually strong. When we walked into his house for the first time, his story of suffering, faith, love and courage, we were extremely impressed. We started to make friends, to pray together, to ask some advice. Over the years this bond of affection is strengthened more and more; mutual love, the desire to be together, growing day by day, and so we decided to see each other once a week.

Mirella we called his Cyrenians, because on Friday, the day we met, it was particularly hard for her, as the pain intensified so much that sometimes he could not even speak. As soon as we began to pray she rose again and went into an atmosphere of joyful peace, sprung from the consciousness of being a docile instrument in the hands of the Lord and the Virgin Mary.

Being with her on Friday was a source of joy for us, it was like being in heaven and we came home full of peace and love.

Because she was a girl very cautious and reserved, he never spoke of his sufferings, and every time we asked for news about her health, she answered us to feel good. Many times you took care of the sorrows of others and always had a word of comfort for everyone. At any hour of the day had the rosary in his hand and prayed for everyone. Never a moan came out of his mouth, he suffered a lot, but never left reveal the pain.

I remember that, as a doctor, I prescribed an analgesic, to relieve the extreme pain of the head, caused by a trigeminal neuralgia. She, however, refused it as usual, because he wanted to accept any suffering to offer it to Jesus, for the sanctification of priests and for the salvation of souls.

What amazed us was his physical appearance, which, although not nourished for months, due to gastro-oesophageal reflux, his face there were no signs of suffering, and his face was always nice and bright . Only recently we confided: "I suffer, but I'm happy to offer all the sufferings for the salvation of sinners, happy to do the will of the Lord."

Over time, it is not difficult to Mirella continue to gather around him a small group of prayer. Whoever

comes near, he is struck on the way home renovated. One of his elementary school friend tells of his visit:

I found her in her bed in her hand her rosary. She was beautiful, do not look his age, his sweet face did shine through the goodness and innocence of his heart. To my surprise, contrary to what I had imagined and that is that you do not remember more than me after all these years, but she told me that was waiting for me and for some days he knew that I was going to find it. He told me of his suffering and his blindness, but with peace and joy because the disease had taken her to be close to God and Our Lady. I told her of my little girl and she gave me a lot of courage, then we prayed together. In returning home, I cried so much happiness that the Lord allowed me to get closer to someone so wonderful.

We understand how his room becomes a privileged place in which she communicates its significant experience of life and faith, where God bends over human pain. How many times, Mirella repeats: Yes, I pray for everyone, not just for me, pray for all! And by that I mean that, I think, with this I can help people, only with my poor prayers. There's just me suffer, there are many sick people worse than me. So I say, there are many people who have a little headache and criticize the Lord to me you had to give this headache? Or a cold. What can they say those patients who are suffering more than me? Maybe I do not know, I do not have the view, but there are so many other people, many other patients who, besides not having the view, do not even have the word. And now that people have for their life is as if it were nothing.

There are many sufferers who seek or call by phone for comfort, advice and support of his prayer. Mirella treats everyone with kindness and brings serenity, despite his unspeakable suffering. Upon entering her room in pain, people perceive the intimate union that binds Mirella in God and breathe a sweetness that only the 'intimacy with the Lord can provide.

Between the fingers keeps constantly twisted the rosary, pray day and night, because almost continuous insomnia gives her the opportunity to do so in the name of all the others. Often repeats:

"Help us, O Lord, to understand with the heart that you are the Father and loves us with love."

Year after year, his sufferings are becoming more intense up to invade his body, almost paralyzed, but his soul reaches wonderful heights of contemplation. Some spark of his intimate you can find it in certain writings that the mother or to his granddaughters, but everything else is, and perhaps always will be "the secret of the King."

He feels the strong need for a spiritual guide in which to open the mind and communicate what is happening to her. It is the year 1982, when he met a priest of Bologna, then spiritual director of the Community: Don Carlo M. He takes care of Mirella and follows her for a long time, but ..... at a distance. If the presence of the Father in Taurisano is reduced to about once a year, remains close from time to time with the phone calls, which are more frequent in the last days of his life.

Mirella shows much love for Jesus and Mary that they dedicated several poems. Here are some verses from those dictated by her.

To Jesus

O Lord, You created me  
and I found you.

Loved me  
and I loved you.

Then called me to the Cross  
and I was happy to take her.

Today, praise to you my heart sings,  
ago 'me a holy servant.

To Mary

Sweet Mother of Love,  
hold me tight to your heart,  
so that I can live my life  
an offering acceptable to God.

The Holy Spirit is your constant support and often he gets special gifts, such as when the phone call from Spain, talks in Spanish - despite not knowing the language at all - with a person who asks for prayers.

O my Lord,  
thou who commands the wind to blow,  
rain to fall,  
the snow to whiten,  
the sun to warm up,  
commands to my heart to love.

To love as you love me,  
without waiting for d 'be first loved me,  
without claiming to be reciprocated.  
Give love and give it pure  
clear, sincere and brotherly love.  
Love of unity that makes us  
all brothers and your children.  
O mighty Lord, I know that you only  
all you can, for you nothing is impossible.  
Blows with your Holy Spirit in my heart  
and pour the seed of true love.

But also loves the Saints, especially Padre Pio of Pietrelcina, to which has great affection. Once, having spent the whole night in tears because the next morning no one would take the S. Communion, saw beside him the Servant of God, then with a host in his hand, "I'll bring I the Lord ....." and hands the consecrated host.

His life of union with God reach all over the world sinners, suffering souls in Purgatory: "I want to suffer for the souls in Purgatory" says Mirella at the moment of greatest suffering.

Please when pronouncing the words with such intense and affectionate sweetness, which seems to really talk with Jesus or the Virgin Mary.

Mirella forced to move in the garage of his brother

In addition to the physical suffering due to disease, about her strikes a great test in 1994 his home was declared uninhabitable and so it should be cleared as soon as possible to demolish it. It is a great suffering for all the family and especially for Mirella, who has to leave forever his room which preserves the memory, unable to physically see the corners.

My Lord, now in a strong moment of despair I want to write, my sweet love, with the hope that you from heaven dare you to listen to me.

I wish so much that from heaven I can give you an answer, even if I know that You have read my thoughts, you're a lifeline.

For some time back I see that my prayers are heard little, yet I pray with all my heart.

I know, Lord, that I am only a poor, sick, unable to meet with the works of your righteous desires, but you know very well my weaknesses, so if you want to call it. But of this disease are so grateful: I can not find the words to thank you. But it must be that You forgive me because I am not able to ask that I can offer even more as your elected Sante they did. But this is not everything depends on me, because I want to try a little 'of your person.

But you look at that, to judge from the top, surrounded with glory at the right hand of your Father, the Almighty, you can just see and know what is going on in my family: my sweet mother who is not so well, and other things for which there is a little 'discomfort, but I try to fix everything with my prayers. O my Jesus, listen to me, because you know that you're the only love of my life, and if you do not love me, for me it's over, because you can only find peace.

O Lord, 'that our lives are modeled after yours. Use us, give us your tools, let us know, Lord, that you do not have hands because our hands, that you did not walk because you have to use any of our feet. Served with our mouth to the words, accompanied by works, we can express your will, making the land the right stool for your feet.

Mirella, therefore, has to move, together with the whole family in the garage of his brother Antonio, adapted for the occasion in the apartment.

After a few years in the new home. A further aggravation of the evil, undergoing repeated medical examinations. Pains in the limbs, with bedsores, with increasingly intense headaches, add unbearable, those of the teeth and mouth ulcers. Finally, despite poor health, after much procrastination, the time comes for a new surgery to the head. As always Mirella accepts, loves crucifying the Lord's will.

In early September 1997, was admitted to Lecce and subjected to a difficult surgery to the head and, at the same time, the extraction of six teeth and an operation for ulcers language. The mother tells the desire expressed by Mirella: does not want to be given painkillers to ease the pain, intending to offer these sufferings for the salvation of souls. In one of the many circumstances of pain, she puts it this way:

O my Lord, my heart torn dare to speak again. I'm kneeling at your feet while you're turning.

O Lord, do not go! Allow me one more minute, I need you. Around me there is only loneliness, pain, and of course, everything makes me think: What did I do?

I see the pale face and even stronger is my pain. No, it is not possible that I have been so blind as to be self your tormentor. My sins have been as severe as that served to build up your cross. I drilled your holy

hands that every day I have saved from my falls, your feet that have taught me so much, and especially your big heart that has suffered for me: I love them, Lord, so give me a second life time when everyone thought I was already dead.

And I've used up to this point ingratitude. O God, why did you want to preserve such a short time of life to Jesus?

Please, Jesus, steals my spirit, take it on the cross, because I want to die like you to rise like you.

He spent a few weeks of intense treatment with antibiotics and steroids that also deform the face, no longer has the sharp little face and those big dark eyes, never seeing, turns to those who spoke, no longer thick hair blacks, fallen under the influence of chemotherapy, but his face is swollen and his voice struggling to get out, because of the injuries of the mouth that sacrifice the intensity and pitch. Even if the look does not seem to her, but his soul is still indomitable words of love for the Lord, expressions of comfort and kindness for all those who come to her and admire her extraordinary fortitude.

His recollection becomes increasingly guardian of something incommunicable: it is too intense its open-heart conversation with Christ who kidnaps her every day. Proof of this are many prayers and poems dictated by Mirella and published in this booklet, in section.

There are many people who testify to how great is his love for Jesus and Mary, and his daily offering for the sanctification of priests.

His sufferings seem to have no end, and because his health is deteriorating at an alarming, in 1998 was forced to take shelter in San Giovanni Rotondo, at the 'Hospital "Home for the Relief of Suffering".

But even there the toilet can not do anything but confirm the previous diagnosis.

Back at home, even if the pain has now spread all over the body, continues in the life of intense prayer and apostolate to all, but the talk begins to cost her a lot of pain and fatigue. In the summer of 1999 will see a continued fever and strong, so it is still subjected to medical examinations, tests and treatment.

In spite of everything is irrelevant, Mirella perseveres with sweetness in his love for Jesus was admitted again at hospital Tricase September 27, 1999. He's very ill, conscious, barely responds.

#### The return to the Father's house

Four days after entering a coma, and after a rapid deterioration of general health, Mirella concludes serenely his earthly life. It is October 4, 1999. Recalling his longing to be Marcellina, the mother conceded that Paola is dressed in the white dress of the nursing sisters.

During the exposure of the body in the garage of his brother, takes place a continuous pilgrimage of simple people, nuns, priests and religious. Mirella many friends come from all the countries near and far, from Brindisi, Taranto, Italy, Pordenone, Lecce ....

At the same time things happen noteworthy. His brother Antonio speaks of stigmata that appear on the hands of his sister, though not so flashy. In fact, there is a certain bruise, disappeared and reappeared at the time of death the bells for mass funeral. In addition, on October 5, at approximately 13:00, on the sternum, is also a spot of fresh blood that spreads quickly and Antonio tries to clean with a wad of which no trace remains. It also appears fresh blood also on his right wrist, although not found injuries of any kind.

In the night between 4 and 5 October 1999, Mirella's friends participate in the prayer vigil organized by the sisters Marcelline Tricase. At one point, Sister Margaret, sings the song liturgical favorite Mirella, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, "Mother, I want"

I would love to talk to you about that you loved Son;

I'd love to hear from you what you thought,

when you heard that you'd never been your

and do not expect that this Son was not for you.

Hail Mary, Hail Mary, Hail Mary, Hail Mary.

I'd love to hear from you if he was a child,  
thou hast explained what would happen to him  
and How many times have you secretly crying, mother,  
when you heard that soon they would kill him for us.

Hail Mary, Hail Mary, Hail Mary, Hail Mary.

I thank you for this silence that remains with us,  
I praise the courage to live alone with him;  
Now I understand that since those days thought of us.  
For every son of man who dies so please:

Hail Mary, Hail Mary, Hail Mary, Hail Mary.

The choir of the nuns is spontaneous, uniting it with emotion all the people present, especially young men and boys to whom Mirella turns again and again so, through his memoirs:

Dear young people, even in the greatest pain, too 'I live in the youth and understand what is entailed by the efforts and sacrifices you have to make in order to stay on the right path. But there is Mary who will



lead us, to guide you, that you will not only guide you, even from the same mother and you want to have the joy to take you by the hand, because he wants together follow in the footsteps of his Son Jesus footprints visible, because each of us will one day see the face of the Father in heaven and shout "hallelujah" to the Lord. I am twenty years old and truly live in the greatest pain. The Lord has given me the joy of calling next to him and suffer with him, because Jesus was the traveling companion of Cyrene, for us it is He who makes himself the friend of the heart, that brings us together in the Cross and even gave us the most beautiful gift: the encounter with Mary, the mother that there is more good in the world, in this life and eternal life, where, taking refuge in his heart, we can rediscover the joy we seek. I learned from her to love, even if you do not know yet do. But my greatest desire is to suffer and offer to Jesus, who is in heaven. One, Jesus says, will be exchanged with one hundred fifteen (?) Times as much, then reciprocate this love.

The Mother weeps tears of sorrow: let's give it a little 'joy with our experience, offering you our past, even if by so much misery was spotted. You will defend us before God until the last moment.

Now I want to pray for you and for all the Blessed Virgin Mary, with a simple prayer that I do not know if you like it.

"Immaculate Heart of Mary and sorrowful, full of goodness, show your heart to us. The flame of your heart, O Mary, descend on us all. We who love you dearly, enlighten us all of true love, so we feel the need You. O Mary, gentle and humble of heart, remember us who are in sin. You know that all men sin: grant that we may be healed from every spiritual sickness. Faith that we can always look to the goodness of your motherly heart, and that we are converted by means of the flame of your heart. Hooray Mary. The Holy Virgin Mary, after meditating and prayed the Holy Rosario says: "My children, learn from me, come to the school of my grace, God the Father there will be donated. Much love and humility will be the least of God's Love is love; love who is not loved and cries for love and this is done on the Cross, and we rise again. wonder if it will be necessary, not afraid, because I'm next to you, I am your mother.

That 's what I recommend: to pray without ceasing, because today, in this era, every prayer to the Eternal Father will be answered. Amen. Following long minutes of silence.

Funerals are solemn: a triumph of faith and prayer, of emotion and Christian witness. Many people take part in the funeral, and there are many priests and religious. The coffin was escorted to the cemetery by twenty girls, dressed in white with white roses in her hands, a sign of her twenty years of illness.

When the cemetery the undertakers scoperchiano the coffin, a scent of roses is released with arrogance, all want to touch and kiss her body for the last time. How can it ensure that, to the touch, the skin of the body is soft. The face is no longer pale, but a bright pink color, quite unusual for a corpse. The state witnesses, letters attached.

Are offered many wreaths of which, after the funeral, there are only the skeletons, since the flowers are taken, resting for a moment on the body of Mirella, and taken away as a souvenir.

All this happens in about 36 hours after death, while the scent of roses expands, not continuous, but sometimes.

Today is a shining example of Mirella front of which there is only the desire to be silent, to meditate and pray. Very significant are the testimonies of those who knew personally.