

It's dawn on a cool late November morning, and you're already out and about, traveling the world, caressing the souls you meet.

You need a healthy coffee to get off to a good start, though.

So, you dive into the usual café, the only one open and made up of talking rooms.

It's a good place to stop.

Everyone here for breakfast before starting their work shift or to recharge because the journey home is still far away. All united by the same schedule but made unique by different personal stories.

Automatically, you notice paintings never painted before, you glimpse the uniqueness of each one even without knowing the subtlest details. Nothing escapes you.

"Good morning," you say, entering with a smile, with your usual determined stride that exudes charm and enthusiasm.

"Good morning."

"Tchiao."

"Good morning."

"Giolno."

It seems like a multiethnic, rainbow-colored chorus bursts forth upon your arrival, as if there were a competition to see who can answer first.

I'm watching you, you know, I've been inside you for years.

I am your thinking heart, dear Luce. You bring a beautiful start to the day when you meet the sleepy, dull, or perhaps disappointed eyes of the most disparate souls. You can be trusted. You are kind, generous in your gestures, you give human value to time. You bring sunshine back into the rain.

And so conversations, even the most ordinary, seemingly routine ones, with you take on a cosmic dimension: they reveal that immense, universal need to be considered.

So many paths open up before you, as many as the situations you experience, but your path is more like a roundabout: you enter and then take, one by one, all the exits, giving each one its due priority and importance.

At the supermarket, there are those who suddenly ask you, meeting you with your shopping cart:

"Does salad make you fat?"

And at your reassuring reply:

"It's just water... it'll go away right away!" he calms down.

On the street, that tiny, age-old man, recognizing you from a distance, waves his hand until you reach him.

You greet each other at first sight in a banal way.

Then he tells you about himself, and perhaps his life, in a matter of seconds. Perhaps he's not looking for an answer, he simply expects to be considered and not pushed away or quickly dismissed as if he were a useless soul, a ghost.

It's clear, however, that your gaze penetrates the invisible, the voice in your eyes is an infinite communicative force that fills the soul to overflowing with the immense attention you've given. And it happens to you everywhere and with everyone.

Even when you secretly leave a smiley face on a table to cheer up those who arrive after you, or at the café, every time you offer a chocolate to the barista on duty because you see him stressed by the complaints and arrogance of arrogant customers.

What intense, yet seemingly lighthearted, conversations you can engage in: you enter life!

"Good morning, can you make me a coffee, please?"

And meanwhile, rummaging through your portable pantry of sweet thoughts, you offer a delicacy, adding:

"A lindor is a good idea, what do you think?"

"Huh?! It's definitely a good idea... I couldn't accept it from customers, but it's a good idea... it's so challenging dealing with people these days. Thank you."

You don't choose, it's natural, it comes from within, you are a two-legged heart. You leave a mark just by passing by; you shine a light everywhere, like your name.

Often you don't realize it. You don't understand everyone tries to get close to you, because yours is an innate superpower. And you can't escape destiny. Souls like yours fill those they touch, and from near or far they seem to say:

"I'll take care of you, just as you want."

These are attentions that push us to ask you to continue, perhaps with a gentle and measured word, even a smile is enough. It can be a play of glances, thoughts, moments, instants, silent pauses, or the tasting of different flavors.

A coffee break together lasts a moment; yet, it's enough to say so much that's profound; a click to raise the level and change the spirit of the twenty-four hours because, when you move from highs to days... It's empathy.

It's building hope, attaching links to links of an infinite chain, weaving a hinge that holds everything together.

It's a lifesaver that distracts us from the indifference of our times.

It's a soul transplant, a passage of purple fluid from one angel to another in our wanderings.

It's the portable recipe for life, the one that, if you follow it, changes your life and kisses humanity on the forehead, strengthening it with goodness and hope, wherever you go.

So, to you, my small but majestic and brilliant Light, and then to the entire world, I feel like saying:

"Let us allow ourselves to be gripped by this force that knows how to build instead of destroy and fill instead of drain. Let us make a brilliant heartbeat that, even when it seems to stop, never runs out."