

Extracts from the book "L'OSCURITÀ, MA IO HO UNA LUCE" (working in progress) by  
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We are all as fragile and as strong as a butterfly.

The beautiful life of a butterfly closely mirrors the process of spiritual transformation — that is the fact that each of us has the possibility of being born by digging inside ourselves.

Butterflies live for a couple of weeks and this, further, teaches us that life is short.

But what is our purpose in this 'fraction of time' called life?

I never would have thought that I could live through an experience such this.

What do I have to learn? — I ask, repeatedly, every day.

There are two types of pain: one that hurts you, and another that changes you.

I feel a sense of impotence: it is as though life is ebbing away from me, and I want it back — badly.

Life is the only gift that I will not receive twice as Loredana.

What is life?

Why is my life violently shaped?

Why are other lives simpler?

Life simply is.

Life is inside us, it always has been, ever since we were born ... like the sun, life radiates;

life is strong — it moves you ...

... and moves all around you ...

It is a reflection ...

It is the spirit that buoys us up, made of that endless, vivaciously, vigorously creative energy that runs, red, in our blood ...

... the colour of love — that fuses us with the external world ...

I always asked myself — Why do we feel separated from the world, and yet not singular?