

En Vivo

They are not born, but do grow old

Any reference to actual events or places and/or to really existing people is to be considered purely coincidental.

Vito Ciaccio

EN VIVO

They are not born, but do grow old

A novel

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*“Before I formed you in the womb
I knew you, before you were born, I set you apart.”*

Jeremiah 1:5

Forewords

I'm really happy to write a foreword for this book because I think it represents precious instrument of evangelisation, one that can bring great spiritual benefit to those to whom Divine Providence has decided should read it. I am deeply grateful to Dr. Vito Ciaccio, who wanted me to be the first to read it, and can confirm that I found it profoundly edifying.

It should not be read like a novel. It should be savored in all its fullness, consisting of various aspects, which turn it into something that should not just be read, but should encourage meditation on the meaning of life that the Lord has given to each of us and to those who, even if victims of the culture of waste, are in God's plan for creation.

Starting with a very common, modern-day story, which sees Maria as the protagonist, the author leads us to contemplate the serious crime of abortion and does so not through simple and superficial considerations, but by using actual catechesis found in the furrow of the Church's two-thousand year old tradition. The decision to include a priest who intervenes in certain crucial moments in the life of the protagonist and who bears my name, thanks to the strong and sincere friendship that the author feels towards me, highlights Dr. Ciaccio's theological training of. Indeed, the homilies and considerations pronounced by the priest are profound and he has made them his own in his daily life as a believer and evangeliser, including the numerous programs broadcast by a local television network. Even the tourist locations mentioned become privileged occasion, which let the reader discover certain spiritual places that

are explained with such an abundance of detail as to give the feeling of being physically there, together with the characters in the book.

There is no ignoring the precise descriptions of the stages of abortion that only a doctor, like him, can provide. They give the reader a greater understanding of the crime being committed against a person. There is a clear conviction of the eloquence of the pain of the innocents who cannot defend themselves, because they are still unable to denounce the absurdity of such an action, one that desecrates the life of mankind and embraces the culture of death that leads to nihilism and total emptiness.

Dear reader, if you have the opportunity to get your hands on this book, you can count yourself lucky for the knowledge you will reap from it, but do not forget that, from this moment onwards, you are entrusted with the responsibility and the mission of announcing the great value of human life in all its phases. Enjoy reading it and meditating!

15 April 2018, Third Sunday of Easter.

*Priest Alessandro Di Fede Santangelo,
Archpriest of Menfi*

“Go into all the world and preach the gospel to all creation.” Mark 16:15.

One, albeit simple, direct and unequivocal phrase, such as this one, seems almost alien nowadays. Instead, it should be the mission of every human being who professes to be a Catholic. Vito Ciaccio has been on a veritable mission for years, supported by a deeply rooted faith that sees him work as a doctor and as a TV populariser of the Word of Our Lord. This story represents a very important part of his evangelisation work. Indeed, “En vivo” is merely

his way of bearing witness to his beliefs and consequently his mission as a doctor and a believer, bringing to light one of the deepest wounds that human mankind can inflict, which is to say murder.

Nowadays, defining it as abortion has become all too simple and almost not even newsworthy, leaving most of us in the utmost indifference given the frightening numbers that take place in the world. In reality, however, it is murder to all intents and purposes and that is what can be deduced from the subtitle of Vito Ciaccio's work, "they are not born, but do grow old", a testimony to the fact that a life, even if it does not physically come to light, already possesses the gift of life itself, given by God as conception, following its own path, so that deciding to terminate a pregnancy is without doubt an assassination and will appear as such in the eyes of God.

I do not wish to reveal the storyline, because that will rightly occur when reading the book, but I hope that this book by Vito Ciaccio can achieve the goal that he himself has set, which is to make as many people as possible reflect on the fact that we do not have the right to delete such a holy gift of God, as is life.

*Accursio Antonio Cortese,
composer and pianist*

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Entering with respectful silence, I made the sign of the cross and, next to the altar, saw the statue of Our Lady of Tears.

An old lady was kneeling in one of the back pews in the church, praying with tears running down her face. Close up, I could see her eyes staring in the direction of the tabernacle.

In a whisper, she said, "Forgive me."

Next to her, also kneeling down, was a white-haired woman in a long white dress who, as she was looking at the Holy one, replied in a low voice: "Mother, the Lord has forgiven you."

She was the old woman's daughter.

The bells of the cathedral chimed in celebration. It was the beginning of the procession of Saint Lucia, patron saint of the city of Syracuse. The bells swayed and tolled forcefully. The rose-tinted light of the setting sun illuminated the facade of the Sanctuary. The crowd in the square was growing larger. Inside the church, the green berets cried out three times: "Saracusana jè", "Saracusana jè", "Saracausana jè", as the crowd grew more intense around them.

Maria, a university student, twisted and turned on the bed in her house. She was nervous, depressed and sad as she listened to the bells chiming in celebration. Gabriele, her son, was sitting next to her, although he was unable to see.

The mobile phone rang. Maria answered. It was Lucia, her friend, who was inviting her to go out. Meanwhile, the

door to the room opened and Giuseppina, her mother, walked in. She suggested going to the procession together, but already knew that she would say no. She had noticed that her daughter was upset of late: she ate little, did not sleep at night and could not concentrate on her studies as she used to. She sensed the dramatic situation in which Maria found herself. She tried to talk about it for days, but her daughter was like a brick wall.

She mentioned talking to a psychologist... but Maria did not even listen to her and said in a whisper, without even looking at her, that she was just very tired.

Maria turned on her other side and closed her eyes to rest. The mother left the room and closed the door.

Only then did Maria's eyes open again and she began to remember when, in October, she was at a party in a house near a beach with a number of friends. They danced and drank. She danced with Matteo, a brash, undisciplined young man, who gave her lots of alcohol to get her drunk. At about two in the morning, she could not even stand because she had drunk so much. Matteo took her by the hand and led her to the beach, while the sea reflected the rays of a full moon. She staggered after him and, after a while, found herself lying on the beach. He held her closely and desperately wanted to possess her, while she laughed as he told her a joke.

Maria turned restlessly on the bed and kept thinking about those moments. She thought back to when they were embracing on the beach and to the precise moment when, as she threw her arms around his neck, he took advantage and possessed her. Maria had lost control of herself. She did not even realise that he possessed her and that he had quenched his desire in a few minutes. Almost unconscious, she felt only a strong sense of nausea spreading through her.

Maria came to for a moment, still lying in bed trying to remember. She opened her eyes and then closed them again, remembering when, almost at dawn, she stumbled back home and threw herself on the bed. She remembered