

## *“The prayer of my flights”*

New York, May 31, 1959  
Sunday, 1:50 PM  
(Mountain Standard Time)  
8:50 PM Italian Time

«My most beloved Gianna,

I'm flying in a beautiful sky - at an altitude of 6,000 meters - above the Rocky Mountains and the Grand Canyon of Colorado and Utah. It's a sight I will never forget: eroded mountains, rising straight up from the rivers and valleys, rivers which wear the rock away and snake through it: green rivers and blue lakes; rocks which go from yellow-gold to scarlet red and to dark red and copper. It's a powerful sight that I never expected.

And in this sky and above these rocks which at times break down into a desert of red sand and which speak more than ever of the power and the Providence of the Creator, I repeat the prayer I say when I fly. I begin at this moment when we are between the Heavens and the rocks, and I am looking at the marvelous pictures of you and our Treasures, which I kiss up here in the Heavens:

*“Jesus, who created me and preserve me with graces and blessings without number: You who among the long flights of time and of today, up here in the Heavens, have given me the immense gift of a Wife of gold, just as the more marvelous dawn which can only be admired from up here, and of two Treasures, who are as splendid as the sky in its full brightness, which one can only be embraced from on high: You who will soon give us again the divine gift of another Treasure, listen to my prayer:*

*Bless Gianna and our Treasures! Change into grace their anxiety and worry over my long absence and my flights.*

*Please hear, today and always, the prayers of Gianna, of my Giletto, of my mother and of all those who love me! Look upon my Mariolina's little folded hands! Grant me the grace of a happy return!*

*And grant that I may advance always in Your Ways at every moment, just as the plane flies right on course, safe, directed by radio.*

*May I always have a holy Fear of you, the kind one can feel up here, where I am entrusted more than ever to your Divine Providence, sustained on the wings of the prayers of Gianna, of my Treasures, of my mother and of all those who pray for me.*

*Grant that a serene and luminous atmosphere may always enfold our family, like the atmosphere in the sky through which I am flying, and the purity of the clear air I am breathing.*

*Grant that the clouds just skim over us and quickly leave us alone, like the little clouds up here.*

*Keep my family and my dear ones safe, happy and peaceful in Your Ways and in Your Light, today and always until the day we will fly up, up, always higher, up to You. Amen”.*

5:04 Los Angeles time (11: 04 in Italy)

Great flight. We are in Los Angeles. Giletto, you are so cute with your prayer: “Papa, don't crash!”  
But this time Papa is really far, far, far away!  
Many, many big Kisses, Gianna!  
Many, many big kisses, Pierluigi and Mariolina!

On June 5<sup>th</sup> 1959, Gianna answered him:

*«My dearest Pietro, ...*

*you really are the dearest and most affectionate little husband, a saintly papa, not of gold, but of diamond, the biggest and most precious one there is on this earth!».*