

“The prayer of my flights”

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

Most beloved Gianna,

I am flying in a splendid sky – at an altitude of 6,000 meters – over the Rocky Mountains and the Grand Canyon of Colorado and Utah. It is a spectacle that I will never forget: eroded mountains, rising straight up from the rivers and valleys, rivers that wear the rock away and snake through it: green rivers and blue lakes; rocks ranging from golden yellow to scarlet red and to dark copper red. It is a sight of a power that I did not expect.

And in this sky and above these rocks that sometimes break down into a desert of red sand and that speak more than ever of the power and the Providence of the Creator, I repeat *the prayer of my flights*. I begin it at this moment when we are between heaven and rock, and I have here before me the marvelous pictures of you and of our Treasures whom I kiss in this same heaven:

“Jesus, who created me and who preserves me amidst graces and blessings without limits: You who between my distant flights now in time and those of today, in these same Heavens, have given me the immense gift of a Wife of gold, like the most marvelous dawn that only up here can be admired, and of two Treasures, splendid as the Heaven in its full brightness that can only be embraced from on high; You who will soon give to us again the divine gift of another Treasure, hear my Prayer:

Bless Gianna and our Treasures! Transform into graces their anxiety and trepidation for my long staying far away and my flights.

Listen, today and always, to the Prayers of Gianna, of my Gigetto, of my Mother and of all those who love me! Look upon the little folded hands of my Mariolina! Give me the grace of a joyful return!

And grant that at every moment I may advance always in Your Way, just as the plane flies, precisely, on course, safe, radio-controlled.

May I always have the holy Fear of You, as that which can be felt up here, where I am more than ever entrusted 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 the serene and bright atmosphere of the sky through which I am flying at this moment may always reign over our family; the purity of the clear air I breathe.

Grant that the clouds may just skim over us and leave us quickly, like the small clouds up here.

Keep my family and my dear ones joyful and serene in Your Way and in Your Light, today and until the day we will fly up, up, higher and higher, up to You. Amen.”¹

5:04 P.M. Los Angeles Time (11:04 P.M. in Italy)

Great flight. We are in Los Angeles. Gigetto, you are so dear with your prayer: “Daddy, don’t crash!”

But this time Daddy is really far, far, far away!

Many, many big kisses, Gianna!

Many, many big kisses, Pierluigi and Mariolina!

(Pietro Molla’s letter to his spouse, Saint Gianna)

¹ Valentina Di Marco, *An Exemplary Couple: Saint Gianna Beretta and Pietro Molla. Their Marital Journey and Message Today*, TAN Books, Gastonia, North Carolina, United States of America, 2024, pp. 100-101.