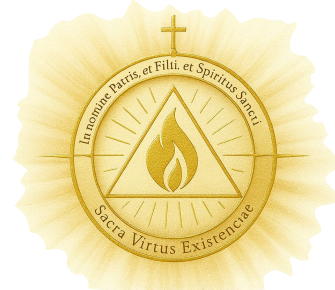


✠ Panis Omnibus – Letter to the Multitudes

Pastoral Exhortation for the Gospel of Humility
Full English Edition



I. THE NOURISHMENT OF THE SPIRIT

“My food is to do the will of Him who sent me, and to finish His work.”

John 4:34

Beloved brothers and sisters,

I write these words with the meekness of one who knows both the weight of spiritual hunger and the sweetness of the One who satisfies it. And I say, with all the sincerity that light allows me: **every soul is hungry**, even when it cannot name or measure its need for nourishment.

There is a silent lack that crosses generations, cultures, and bodies.

A deep need for meaning, for direction, for living silence.

A thirst for God — even when the mouth claims not to believe.

And so I ask: **listen to these words.**

Not with your ears, but with the heart that breathes.

For the human spirit has never been nourished by what the world offers in excess:

it does not feed on stimuli,

it is not sustained by distractions,

it is not strengthened by comparison or ambition.

The spirit withers when it tries to eat what the world sells as food,

but which are only crumbs of brilliance,

scraps from a table that feeds no one.

Yet...

When the spirit returns to its Source — **the Source that never dries** — something changes.

The light returns to the minimum needed to live.

And I say to the whole world:

There is a bread that descends.

There is an invisible yet real nourishment that sustains, heals, clears, pacifies, and transforms.

This bread is God.

And whoever learns to eat it never again settles for crumbs.

There is a truth I want to proclaim with strong conviction:

The purity of our shared nourishment depends entirely on our connection with God.

And it is true.
God is the bread.
The world is only the plate.

And when the creature disconnects from Him, it begins to feed itself with substances that inflame the ego but empty the soul.

People start living off anxiety, competition, image, noise.
They shrivel inside while trying to look strong on the outside.

But Christ did not call us to that.
The Spirit did not form us for that.
The Father did not dream us for that.

The food of the Spirit is simple and complete.
It has **three parts — three presences — three breaths**:

Faith, which lifts us to the Father.
Philosophical/Loving Reason, which descends us to the Son.
Purified Emotion, which moves us in the Holy Spirit.

This is the inner Trinity that keeps us alive.
The sacred triangle of being received through divine intuition.

And I give testimony:

When faith, loving reason, and purified emotion walk together, the spirit becomes bread.

Faith anchors us.
Reason enlightens us.
Emotion humanizes us.

Without these three, we are at great risk of losing ourselves.
And when we lose ourselves, we lose sight of God — not because He withdraws, but because we stop seeing.

That is why I write this letter, as an invitation, a call:

To remember the true bread that comes from heaven.
The bread that directs, sustains, and heals the hunger no wealth can satisfy.

For only a nourished heart can:

love without wounding,
serve without vanity,
speak without imposing,
listen without judging,
and walk without straying.

Only a nourished heart can share bread.
And the world needs such hearts — **now more than ever.**

Let us then receive this call:

To nourish our spirit before nourishing our desires.
To feed our soul before feeding our plans.
To return to the Source, for in it is the bread that never decays.

This is the first gesture.
The first step of every true path.

The nourishment of the spirit.
The bread of the multitudes.
The Panis Omnibus.

II. THE CRITIQUE OF THE WORLD'S DREAM

“What good will it be for someone to gain the whole world, yet forfeit their soul?”
Matthew 16:26

There is a kind of hunger that does not arise from the soul, but from the emptiness manufactured by society.

It is the hunger that never rests, never satisfies, never says “enough.”
A hunger that consumes the spirit without ever feeding it.

I ask for attention to what I will say now, for it does not come from bitterness but from humble love:

The world sells dreams that do not nourish.

It teaches us to desire things that, once achieved, do not sustain us.
It promises “fulness” through shallow packaging, “happiness” through appearances, “freedom” through conditioned choices.

But if we look calmly, sincerely, with humble lucidity, we will notice something simple and brutal:

This foundation is deceptive.
It does not add up.

All that is born from ego and not spirit *seems* like food, but is only foam.
It fills without nourishing.
It excites without transforming.
It seduces without caring.

The world speaks endlessly about freedom,
yet ignores that millions live in conditions where “choices” are mere reactions of survival.

It speaks of merit,
yet closes its eyes to the inequalities that shape each person’s starting point.

It speaks of authenticity,
yet pushes us to perform, compete, display, and appear to be “winning.”

This is the world’s dream:
a dream that is not a dream, but exhaustion.

I ask — gently yet firmly:

Let us not be shaped by the illusions of a world that does not know the name of our pain,
that does not understand our inner rhythm,
that cannot love us the way God loves.

The world's dream shines outwardly and empties inwardly.
It speaks loudly, but does not listen to what the heart actually needs — as opposed to ephemeral desire.

And there is something even more subtle:
When we replace the Source with temporary idols,
we begin feeding on noise, not truth — not the Truth.

When the world's dream becomes food, it becomes poison.

But let us not misunderstand:

The problem is not *dreaming*.
Dreaming is divine, sacred, human.

The problem is confusing dream with escape, dream with narcissism, dream with anesthesia.
The problem is dreaming the material as purpose for **immaterial souls**.

The world pushes individualistic dreams, detached from community, justice, and humility.
It tries to convince us that we are “whole” alone —
when in truth, we only flourish in communion.

For this I repeat:

The world's dream isolates and sickens.
The Spirit's dream connects and heals.

The world's dream scatters.
The Spirit's dream gathers.

The world promises status.
The Spirit restores dignity.

The world imprisons.
The Spirit liberates for love.

And the world may offer applause...
but only the Trinity and Mary Most Holy offer peace.

And peace — ah, peace — truly is the real food.

III. THE CALL TO SIMPLE PRAYER

“Be still, and know that I am God.”
Psalms 46:10

This is the gentlest and perhaps the deepest part of this letter.

For the human soul speaks too much — and listens too little.
And when it speaks too much, it becomes heavy.
It loses rhythm.
It loses clarity.
It loses breath.

So I write now about the most humble and powerful gesture:

Simple prayer.

Prayer that needs no ceremony, no formula, no eloquence, no approval.

Because God does not listen to speeches.
He listens to hearts.

One need only fall silent, let the heart soften...
and let the Spirit breathe.

The world has invented many rituals, colors, forms.
But the truth of prayer fit — and still fits — in the hard floor of the manger.
It lives in the minimum.

The Holy Spirit does not choose complicated words.
He does not demand grammatical perfection.
He is not impressed by ornate sentences.

But He *runs* — He runs toward the humble one who simply says:

“Lord, I am here.”

“Lord, I need You.”

That is the greatest prayer in the world.

Prayer is not performance — it is truth.
Not persuasion — but surrender.

Simple prayer is:

- breathing and remembering God
- closing the eyes in gratitude
- placing a hand on the chest to ask for strength
- kneeling where no one sees
- whispering Jesus’ name when the heart hurts
- lighting a small flame in the quiet of home
- saying “help me”
- saying “guide me”
- saying “I need You”

This nourishes the spirit more than any elaborate petition.

And sometimes the most powerful prayer is the one we cannot speak at all —
the soul bends, and God understands everything.

Pentecost itself began like this:
fragile people, fearful, silent, not knowing what to do —
and the Spirit came like fire, like wind, like a voice born within.

Not technique — surrender.
Not strategy — trust.
Not eloquence — truth.

Prayer is eating the bread that gives eternal life, courage, and clarity —
and such bread is never eaten in haste, vanity, or anxiety.

It is intimate, daily, transformative.

And so I ask with tenderness:

Let us pray like those who breathe.
Let us pray like those who drink water.
Like those who bow.
Like those who love.
With the minimum.
With truth.
With simplicity.

For to God, the humblest prayer shines brighter than the most brilliant sermon.

And the heart that prays with truth is worth more than the voice that prays with eloquence.

If someday we do not know how to pray, let us simply say:

“Jesus, take care of me.”

And heaven will move.

IV. THE MORAL AND EXISTENTIAL REVIEW

*“Whoever lives the truth comes to the light, so that it may be seen plainly that what they have done
has been done in God.”*

John 3:21

There comes an instant — and all of us pass through it —
when the soul realizes it can no longer hide from itself.

It is the moment when silence weighs,
but weighs in a way that heals.

The moment when the Spirit turns on the inner lamp,
and we see — bitterly and sweetly at once —
what we are and what we could be.

This moment is called **review**.

Not review as destructive guilt,
nor self-punishment,

nor whip,
but review as **healing**,
as one who cleans the lens to see again.

And suddenly we ask:

*This effort I make — for what?
Whom does it benefit?
What effect does it leave in the world?*

These three questions are worth more than treatises on morality.

They bring the human being back to the axis of essential love —
the nucleus of **humility, justice, and cohesion**.

Every day the soul gathers dust:

dust of fear, comparison, resentment, small loveless acts, rushed choices, poorly placed words,
confused intentions.

And just as the body needs a bath,
and the house needs cleaning,
the soul needs review.

Review is not spiritual luxury —
it is a basic necessity of existence.

The greatest danger in spiritual life is not human error:
it is pride.

Pride hardens, blinds, imitates virtue,
feeds the world's dream.

And no soul seeking the Beatitudes can allow this poison to dwell.

Moral review is the daily antidote.

Pride says: *"I have nothing to review."*

Humility says: *"I want to review everything, for that is how I remain alive."*

Reviewing oneself is also asking:

- Where am I dedicating my life?
- Which relationships am I nurturing — and which am I impoverishing?
- What in me is real — and what is mask?
- What in me comes from light — and what comes from fear?
- Why do I do what I do?
- Am I drawing near to God or drifting away?

Faith asks:

"Am I walking with God?"

Loving Reason asks:

"Is this just? coherent? true?"

Purified Emotion asks:

“Does this bring me closer to love?”

When these voices meet, true review emerges —
rooted not in blame, anxiety, or fear,
but in Spirit.

Let us not fear admitting our excesses, our wounds, our deviations.
Let us not fear touching what hurts.

Review does not diminish us — it returns us to Grace.

Christ always sends us back stronger than He found us.

V. THE JOY OF BELONGING

“Be all of one mind, compassionate, loving as brothers, humble.”
1 Peter 3:8

After speaking of the nourishment of the spirit,
of the critique of the world’s dream,
of simple prayer,
and of inner review,
I wish to end with the most liberating truth of all:

Life does not ask us to be the whole.
Life invites us to be part.
And parts that fit one another.

This — this is pure joy.

It is time to rest from the superhuman effort of trying to be the solitary whole,
and to embrace with peace the mission of being a portion of the universal Body of Christ.

This, my dear ones, **is Panis Omnibus.**
The shared bread.
The living Gospel of cohesion.

No one was created to carry the world alone.
No one needs to be everything for everyone.
No one must bear the weight that only Christ can bear.

Joy is not in “being the whole.”
Joy is in **belonging to the whole.**

The Father made us members, not monoliths.
The Son made us siblings, not competitors.
The Spirit made us communion, not islands.

What the world calls weakness — dependence, asking for help, being part —
the Kingdom calls wisdom.

Strength is not in being a giant,
but in being connected.

The deepest beauty of cohesion is this:
when each part returns to its place,
when each person reconciles with their measure,
when every heart accepts being part of the whole...
the world breathes.

The multiplication of the loaves was never about bread.
It was about **sharing**.
About **coherence of love**.
About seeing the other as an extension of oneself.

This is the joy of belonging.
The joy that nothing in us exists in isolation.
The joy that our light meets another's light.
The joy that our voice joins, our flame shines through, our faith blends, our offering feeds.

We are smaller than the truth we carry —
yet greater when we recognize ourselves in one another.

We are part.
And that is enough for God,
if we understand that to rise to Him is to rise in unity.

Community is not made by the perfection of each member,
nor by isolated effort to obtain merit,
but by the **coherence of offering**
and the **humility of connection**.

So I exhort, with deep and concrete love:

Celebrate your part.
Celebrate your place.
Celebrate what you are — and what you need not be.

Celebrate because God never asked you to bear everything,
but to bear **your part** faithfully.

Celebrate because Christ wants you whole **as a part**,
united to the Body He sustains.

Celebrate because the Spirit blows where He wills —
and when He blows, He connects us to what matters,
to what is alive,
to what is ours,
to what belongs to all.

May this meek, deep, humble joy guide our steps.

For being part is divine.
Being part is human.

Being part is enough.
Being part is salvation.

This is the end of the letter —
and the beginning of a new way of living.

Panis Omnibus. Bread for all.
May God bless and guard us.
Amen.

Sacra Virtus Existentialiae

Lucas Dalenogare
Nov/2025