

The Truth and the Receipt

This is the truth.

Not a truth dressed in a suit and tie, the kind that arrives on television with solemn music behind it. Mine is a truth with worn-out shoes, short of breath, a letter clutched in its hand. A truth that walked ordinary streets, inside ordinary envelopes, among stamps, addresses and closed windows.

The letter was delivered to the Pope.

And here there is nothing to add, except the proof. The delivery receipt sits there, silent and precise, the way things sit when they have no need to shout. It says the letter arrived. It says someone received it. It says that from that moment on, no one can pretend it was never sent.

The receipt is not merely a piece of paper. It is a small verdict against indifference. It is the document that separates doubt from reality. Before, there was a letter. After, there is a letter that reached its destination.

This is why I show it to the world.

Not out of vanity. Not to make noise. Not to turn a gesture into a medal. I show it because certain truths, if they stay shut in a drawer, become almost lies. And I do not want this story to be told by others, distorted, reduced to a passing rumour or an oddity to be forgotten.

The letter set out from me, but it no longer belongs to me alone. It crossed the distance, it reached its addressee, and it left a trace. A concrete, verifiable trace, impossible to erase with a shrug.

Let the world know, then, that I wrote.

Let the world know that the letter was delivered.

Let the world know that, sometimes, the truth does not arrive with fanfare. It arrives inside an envelope. It knocks softly. It is recorded by a receipt. And then it remains there, before everyone’s eyes, waiting for someone to have the courage to read it.

This is my notice to the world: the letter to the Pope was delivered. And with it came the responsibility not to pretend that nothing happened.

The receipt says little.

But it says everything.

Ferdinando


Your Holiness, Pope Francis!