

Real Christmas!

A translation of https://campanitasdefe.com/2018/12/24/navidad_real/

Summary. This little bell, retouched in September 2025, contains two songs: “**Oh infante poderoso**” (‘**Oh mighty infant**’) and “**El premio mayor**” (‘**The grand prize**’), which accompany my Christmas experiences throughout the year. While waiting for the right time for the first composition, the second song can be heard [here](#), beautifully performed.

The blog [Presentation](#) provides information about the purpose of these little bells and the blog [Organization](#) shows how the entries are grouped by categories. This entry belongs to the categories “**Matters of faith**,” and “**Experiential little bells**.”

About 17 years ago, counting from September 2025, I drew on the emotional nostalgia of the song my father used to dedicate my mother in his serenades, one called “**Bajo un palmar**” (‘**Under a palm grove**’), to write a composition that would accompany me during the **Christmas** seasons spent far away from my homeland — times that have been particularly **cold** and **melancholic**.

That song, written by the Puerto Rican **Don Pedro Flores** back in 1939, became, over time and by virtue of true love, a point of reference for us as children, and we even came to include it in serenades before our own weddings — like when my sister **Xiomara** married her **Mario**, and when I did the same with my **Marta**. The melody, in a bolero rhythm and particularly esteemed due to **a possible and victorious kiss**, can be heard next as performed by the legendary [Trío Los Panchos](#).

If you listen to it and then overlay my version beneath it, titled “**Oh infante poderoso**” (‘**Oh mighty infant**’), you will see why my composition has become a good companion for me, like a steadfast **hymn of faith**. And if you follow it, you will surely understand why I wish it will be heard soon — not in the same rhythm of old, of course — to be listened to on any day of the year, for the **Holy Night** of **Christmas** always takes place in an eternal present and **our salvation** always begins with the most blessed **birth**.

OH MIGHTY INFANT

Thinking of Christmas
I wished to make a verse today,
and a memory, ah, I followed,

I gave it all my attention
and undertook it, believing — ah yes,
sounds welled up, in crescendo,
and this is, by God, what I wove.

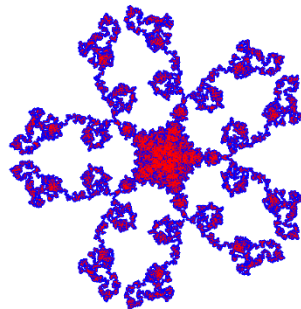
There was a dream,
unlikely and very lovely,
ah, giving its voice;
it was that He was coming,
oh mighty infant,
with every blessing.

It was that His day was arriving,
calling for a jubilee,
with His sure and singular word.
He was an eternal covenant,
and in the heart He burned,
certain as a colossal chant.

It was that all was true,
and heaven was no invention,
for it could be reached.

Greatest dream,
royal prize,
oh greatest dream,
truthful prize.

(November 2008 / August 2025)



... The second song on this little bell is called “*El premio mayor*” (*The grand prize*), and its title evokes the greatest jackpot one could aspire to win in a *lotto*, like those that take place in various countries in the form of a *Christmas lottery*: “*El Extraordinario de Navidad*,” “*El Gordo de Navidad*,” “*El Magno Sorteo de Navidad*,” etc. As can be read below and also heard, this composition is not entirely about the unlikely and much-desired monetary victory sought by many — including my father, who didn’t win, just as I haven’t yet — but rather it is about arguing that the true grand prize is, in reality, **Jesus Christ Himself**, who, through **His birth, life, and resurrection**, faithfully *confirmed* the ancient prophecies, and through whom we win, in due **conversion**, the greatest lottery possible: *the lottery of heaven*, making us more than millionaires by gifting us, by **His sacrifice on the cross, eternal life**.

As you will notice, the cheerful *Christmas* song — whose style does not align with the tender carols typically performed for the **Christ Child** — is based on personal insights received, surely without merit, **from science to faith** and explained in these *little bells of faith*, which allow us to assert, using reason and with due humility, that **Jesus** is *the equilibrium*, that is, an *ode in proportion*; also the *the hypotenuse* with its shortest distance equal to *the square root of two*; and that, in science has emerged an *improbable fig tree* amidst the famous *chaos theory*, one that is consistent — as I have been explaining in songs and other little bells — with the announcement of **His return**.

Certainly, the song also sketches an extremely improbable and personal triumph of a modern *lotto*, one that would fully *confirm*, I pray, the origin of my understanding and would allow us — consistently with *an experiment of faith* — to grow this project of a song, *Shanti Setú/Puente de Paz*, such that it may be useful to many. As mentioned in the previously cited little bell, the experiment is linked to a “*fleece*” — like **Gideon’s** impossible tests in **Holy Scripture** — but, this time via the geometric symbol of *the root of two*.

Here, I reiterate that once, **God** willing, I *hit the target*, in addition to immersing myself in **singing** to the **Lord** a *new song*, via a great band that should sound **live** and as beautifully as the songs on the **playlists** of the **Puente de Paz YouTube channel**, I will **proclaim** the *good news* of **His love** in the best possible way, and generously share my winnings, for, I repeat, I know very well that **He** is — the **Christ Child Himself** — the greatest *prize* we can hold in our hearts, the ultimate *reward* we can aspire to. May the song “*El premio mayor*” (*The grand prize*) be fitting to celebrate it all, to emphasize the greatest *divine birth* and that of *my band*.

May the **Lord be born anew** always and every day, and may **His peace** reign!

Merry Christmas to everyone! In September and always!

THE GRAND PRIZE

The lottery of heaven: the root of two!

**It has arrived, it has come, all blessings,
oh, a day of faith and love has come;
it has arrived, it has come, liberation,
oh, what joy – the grand prize.**

**Oh, it has arrived, it has come, an ode in proportion,
the day of the Lord has come;
it has arrived, it has come, the confirmation,
oh, what joy – the root of two.**

By a sent archangel,
Mary heeded the voice,
by sacred Spirit, oh listen,
my Mother bore God,
that's how the day unfolded
with all its mighty wonder,
and that's why the Child Jesus,
oh, comes bestowing light.

**It has arrived, it has come, all blessings,
oh, a day of faith and love has come;
it has arrived, it has come, liberation,
oh, what joy – the grand prize.**

Relegated by history,
not a few denied the voice,
through renewed mystery, oh hear,
thus is God revealed,
the saint gives His guidance
with infinite poetry,
and always the faithful Jesus,
oh, saves well with His cross.

**Oh, it has arrived, it has come, an ode in proportion,
the day of the Lord has come;
it has arrived, it has come, the confirmation,
oh, what joy – the root of two.**

Is a blessing...

**It has arrived, it has come, an ode in proportion,
oh, the divine promise thus was fulfilled,
it has arrived, it has come, the confirmation,**

and the simple one, oh, recognized Him,
it has arrived, it has come, an ode in proportion,
God provides the recipe for salvation,
it has arrived, it has come, the confirmation,
oh, unfathomable joy: the root of two.

The grand prize
Mary brought it forth,
the grand prize
dwells within you,
the grand prize
ignites the heart,
the grand prize
orders your reason.

It orders your reason, it is true, is life...

Let's go, straight...

The root of two
sustains your intention,
the root of two
inspires every song,
the root of two
that one died for you,
the root of two
is coming back soon.

The grand prize,
oh, not received by a bishop
the grand prize,
Christ donates everything
the grand prize,
fig tree already fulfilled
the grand prize,
science and His coming.

In the root of two,
the hypotenuse and go forward,
the root of two,
oh, Mary, always encourages,
the root of two,
He heals well your wounds,
the root of two,
straight and with no thorns.

Oh oh, the grand prize
returns, prepare yourself,

**oh oh oh, the root of two
comes back, oh love well...**

(May 2007 / October 2013 / August 2025)



The song, in a big-band format, was beautifully arranged by **Lázaro Alemán López**, musical director of **Shanti Setú/Puente de Paz** — the dreamed-of name of the great band to emerge, **God willing**, of course, to sing to **Him** a **new song**. The composition, performed by **Yoandi Navarro García** with **Luis Armando Alarcón Rodríguez** on piano, and **Idalia Martínez Espina**, **Lázaro Alemán López**, and **Addiel Morejón Crawford** on backing vocals, can be heard and visualized in an upbeat version **here**...