

Feast in heaven

A translation of <https://campanitasdefe.com/2019/05/30/fiesta-en-el-cielo/>

***Summary.** This little bell presents some reflections about the **ascension** of **Jesus** to **heaven** and **His** later **return**. Its song “**Fiesta eterna**” (**‘Eternal feast’**) can be heard in Spanish [here](#). The song can also be heard and visualized in Spanish in a YouTube video by the end of the text.*

*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 category “**Heaven**.”*

We celebrate with joy and with due awe one of the most spectacular events in the life of **Jesus**: His **ascension** into **heaven**.

As recounted in the **Gospel according to John**, the first **disciple** to learn about the event, and in a prophetic way, was **Nathanael**, who, in addition to being a **true Israelite**, was seen by **Him** under the enigmatic **fig tree**. The moving account says:

*“**Philip** found **Nathanael** and told him, ‘We have found the one about whom **Moses** wrote in the **law**, and also the **prophets**, **Jesus**, son of **Joseph**, from **Nazareth**.’ But **Nathanael** said to him, ‘**Can anything good come from Nazareth?**’ **Philip** said to him, ‘**Come and see.**’ **Jesus** saw **Nathanael** coming toward him and said of him, ‘Here is **a true Israelite**. There is no duplicity in him.’ **Nathanael** said to him, ‘How do you know me?’ **Jesus** answered and said to him, ‘Before **Philip** called you, I saw you under the **fig tree.**’ **Nathanael** answered him, “**Rabbi**, you are the **Son of God**; you are the **King of Israel.**” **Jesus** answered and said to him, ‘Do you believe because I told you that I saw you under the **fig tree?** **You will see greater things than this.**’ And he said to him, ‘Amen, amen, I say to you, **you will see the sky opened and the angels of God ascending and descending on the Son of Man**’ ” (Jn 1:45–51).*

The event itself, taking place a few years later and forty days after the **resurrection of the Messiah** (Acts 1:3), is recounted in the **Gospel according to Luke** and in the **Acts of the Apostles** in the following way:

*“Then he led them [out] as far as **Bethany**, raised his hands, and blessed them. As he blessed them, **he parted from them** and **was taken up** to **heaven**. They did **him** homage and then returned to **Jerusalem** with great joy” (Lk 24:50–52).*

*“As they were looking on, he was **lifted up**, and a cloud took him **from their sight**. While they were looking intently at **the sky** as he was going, suddenly **two men dressed in white garments** stood beside them. They said, “Men of Galilee, why are you standing there looking at **the sky**? This **Jesus** who **has been taken up from you** into **heaven will return in the same way** as you have seen him going into **heaven**” (Acts 1:9–11).*

Although maybe not appreciated at a first glance, the biblical quotes above are coherently connected to the use of color. For example, the **blue** of the **sky**, **heaven** and of **Jesus**, and the **green** of the **figs**, are interwoven, and also **Bethany**, for the town mentioned when **Jesus ascended** into **heaven**, means “**house of figs**” in Aramaic. But the connection goes even further, for such a place is also the location where **He** spent the night after entering **Jerusalem** riding on a donkey, only to return to the city — not without first **cursing** and **withering** a **fig tree** that perhaps was not to be blamed for not bearing **figs**, as it was not in season (Mk 11:12–14, 20–23).

The color **magenta** also appears in a consistent fashion linked to the symbolic **fig tree**, for **what the two men dressed in white** said — with that color so they could be seen — is, in turn, related to the **return** of **Jesus**, when **He**, for example, in the **Gospel according to Mark**, said:

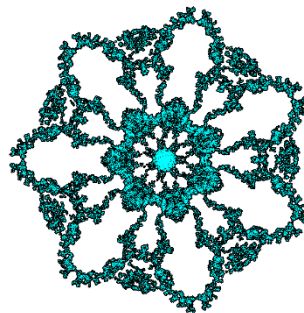
*“Learn a lesson from the **fig tree**. When its **branch becomes tender** and **sprouts leaves**, you know that summer is near. In the same way, when you see these things happening, know that **He is near, at the gates**. Amen, I say to you, this generation will not pass away until all these things have taken place. **Heaven and earth will pass away, but my words will not pass away**” (Mk 13:28–31).*

What vivid concordances in color between the **fig tree** with the **ascension** — clearly in **sweet orange** — and with the **return** of **Jesus**, and with **Nathanael** and the other **disciples**, all of them united to this day by **faith** — in a shade of **brown**! For on the opposite side, **Adam and Eve** and the **evil one**, who tempted them and tempts us, all appear in the **red** of a **curse** — as in the running of a **red** traffic light — which is consistent with other symbols, such as when our first parents tried in vain to cover the **dust** of their **sin** with **fig leaves** (Gn 3:7). In this

regard, and sadly these days, not a few “**modern beings**” choose not to acknowledge **Jesus** and the symbols **He** spoke of, to embrace instead something that “**sounds beautiful**,” but that is not described as such in the **Word**: like, for example, an ecumenical unity of **God** with everyone, at all costs, and without exceptions.

If you haven’t done so already, I invite you to consider the little bells “***Hablemos de caos***” (*‘Let’s talk about chaos’*), “***La realidad del infierno y el purgatorio***” (*‘The reality of hell and purgatory’*) and “***La higuera improbable***” (*‘The improbable fig tree’*). Although the content there is not trivial and takes time to understand, its message is very beautiful and enriching, for it shows, based on a modern **fig tree** from **science** — so I believe it, as a traffic light in **green**! — that **Jesus** is the **narrow gate**, and that only through **Him**, with **Him**, and in **Him** can we hope to attend a **great real feast**, which we can also miss out, simply by being **foolish** — **God** forbid — for many times I am.

This threefold repetition of **Jesus** turns out to be not only a nice and well-known tongue twister, but pure **Eucharistic** truth, just as explained in the popular little bell “***La sorpresa exponencial***” (*‘The exponential surprise’*), even though **mathematics** and **geometry** prevail in the explanations, alongside the **Word of God** ...



... **Jesus** **ascended** into **heaven**, in particular, to prepare **mansions** for **His faithful followers** (Jn 14:2), those who will take part, at the end of time, of the **feast that matters**: the majestic **wedding** of the **true Church** with **Him**, the **Lamb of God**, who came to save us (Rev 19:5–10). What a celebration awaits us! But amid the joy and anticipation, three questions arise: Will we all, absolutely all, all of us, be celebrating, or only a **chosen** few? Is **hell** just a fairytale and no one will actually suffer there, contrary to what **Mary** revealed at **Fatima**? Could it be that what I am trying to show through these little bells is simply utter nonsense?

As is well known, **Jesus** warned that it was not for the **apostles** — including **Philip** and **Nathanael** — to know, at that time, when **He** would return (Acts 1:6–7), and rather **He** urged

them to receive the **Holy Spirit**, who would **teach** them all things and **remind** them of everything **He** had said (Jn 14:26), so that **they** — and **us** — might become **His witnesses** to the ends of the earth (Acts 1:8).

Though the message of **Jesus'** perfect **love** has been, is, and will always be the same, history has continued since **He ascended**, and thus I believe it is pertinent, today, to read the signs — the ones **He Himself** defined to guide us — so that we may be properly prepared for **His return**. For, as explained in the little bell "***Más señales y el lucero pleno***" ("***More signs and the full morning star***"), both in a modern **fig tree** describing the **physics** of **chaos** and in other domains from **science** and beyond — as faithful **green** lights — other essential reminders can be recognized with due prudence, even if the exact date remains unknown.

While the connections summarized here are certainly unexpected, dismissing them, on the grounds that nothing good towards **faith** can come from **science**, is inconsistent with the greatness of **God**, just as it would be to say that nothing good can come from a small university town called **Davis**. For denying the power of the **Holy Spirit** is likewise a great mistake, for if **He** wills it, **He** can **teach** and/or **remind** anyone **He** chooses, including a **layperson** and **hydrologist** that tries to communicate — even employing the color of **water**, of course!

In the midst of this reflection, I believe it is fitting to echo at length the words of the apostle **Philip** — with due proportion, of course — to humbly invite my readers: "**If you don't believe it makes sense, study the cited little bells slowly to note that it may be.**"

Just as I wrote to **Pope Francis** — **blue** should always be the color of the **Pope**! — in a letter I know **he** read, the **fig tree** of **science** gives rise to mysteries worthy of consideration and prayer, which can even be shared in a **Holy Rosary**: 1. **Adam and Eve** cover themselves with **fig leaves**, 2. **King Hezekiah** is healed by **prophet Isaiah** using a **fig** poultice, 3. **Nathanael** is seen by **Jesus** under the **fig tree**, and for that **he** recognizes **Him** as the **Son of God**, 4. **Jesus** **curse**s and **withers** a fruitless **fig tree** and tells the **disciples** that they, too, can do this with **the faith that moves mountains**, and 5. The **parable** of the **fig tree**, which ends with the decree that "**heaven and earth will pass away**," but not **Jesus'** words.

It's true, and perhaps everything comes from where it should not, but from there, from the vantage point of what is pure, the **one** and only **X = Y**, is glimpsed: **Jesus** inviting us to **heaven** and reminding us, in turn, with all **His love**, **His** vital commission:

*“Go into the whole world and proclaim the gospel to every creature.
Whoever believes and is baptized will be saved; whoever does not believe will
be condemned” (Mk 16:15–16).*

Knowing full well that the invitation addressed **to me** to take part in the **eternal feast** — the only one that truly matters — has been written with the **blessed blood of my Lord** (Rev 19:8 and in **blue!**), I now join in, repentant of my **sin**, the **joyful** song that follows, one perhaps unexpected given its **courageous** rhythm.

Blessed be **Jesus**, who **ascended** into **heaven** and will **return** — perhaps **soon**!

ETERNAL FEAST

He rose to heaven, and it is a prelude...

Shanti Setú...

Bridge of Peace...

Eternal feast,
oh! the one that matters,
saintly joy,
dancing and singing.

Eternal feast,
oh! the one that matters,
saintly joy,
dancing and singing.

In love, you find it all:
you join the choir.

With love, you lack nothing:
you dance tomorrow.

In truth, you conquer all darkness:
you sing with confidence.

With truth and wisdom:
you dance the day.

**Eternal feast,
don't miss it,
saintly joy,
dancing and singing.**

Ah, only in Christ you find it all:
you join the choir.

With His love, you lack nothing:
you dance tomorrow.

Ah, only in Christ you conquer darkness:
you sing with confidence.

With His truth and His wisdom:
you dance the day.

Shanti Setú...

Bridge of Peace...

With no foolishness, like Mary,
a yes in an instant, we go to heaven,
oh, to the heights without a fright,
saintly joy dancing and singing.

**Eternal feast,
don't miss it,
saintly joy,
dancing and singing.**

With courage, like Mary,
moving forward,
radiant verse, fragrant dance,
a brilliant feast.

**Eternal feast,
don't miss it,**

**saintly joy,
dancing and singing.**

Perfect love without any fear,
to Him I exalt,
with joy like Mary,
Mother of the Holy One.

Shanti Setú...

**Eternal feast,
the one that matters,
saintly joy,
oh oh oh oh.**

**Eternal feast,
the one that matters,
saintly joy,
oh oh oh oh
dancing and singing.**

**Fragrant dance,
brilliant feast,
constant choir,
giant wedding:**

In the company, oh, with Mary,
the child triumphant.

**Fragrant dance,
brilliant feast,
constant choir,
giant wedding:**

Dancing and singing...

*The trumpet will sound
on that final day,*

*inviting the faithful
to a feast like no other...*

Eternal feast

(November 1999 / May 2019 / April 2023)



The song, partly composed, beautifully arranged and orchestrated by **Lázaro Alemán López** — musical director of **Shanti Setú/Bridge of Peace** — in a big band format, faithfully performed by **Justo Emilio Rueda Bravo** and featuring a lovely trumpet solo by **Robertico García**, can be heard **here**...