

## From mourning into dancing

A translation of <https://campanitasdefe.com/2020/05/10/del-lamento-al-baile/>

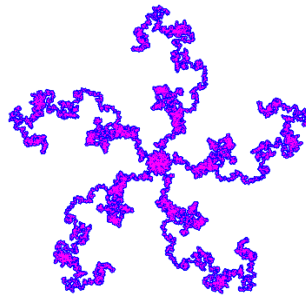
***Summary.** This intimate little bell tells how my **first epiphany** happened, that is, how I came to believe in **Jesus Christ** through my scientific research. The story is an expanded version of what I shared with the famous writer **José Saramago** and contains various family photographs. Its related song “**The Transformation**” can be heard a cappella in Spanish [here](#). The song can also be heard and visualized in a YouTube file at the end of the text, together with a live version gifted to me by dear collaborators **Víctor Peñaranda** and **David Serrano**.*

*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 “**Calls to conversion**,” “**John the Baptist**,” “**Matters of faith**,” and “**Experiential little bells**.”*

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This little bell — in truth not so little — is not about what we hope to celebrate collectively, **God** willing soon, when the **epidemic** that is **crowning** us with no little pain ends. This is not a dance elegy about our return to a coherent “**normality**,” that is, to a world much better than the one before the calamity. Rather, this writing, clearly modest compared to the yearnings of the world, only aims to encourage — hopefully a little bit in these hard times — by recounting how it was that I myself, through **modern science**, managed to go **from mourning into dancing**, when, by virtue of **divine mercy**, the long-awaited transition from **darkness** to the **great light** of **Jesus Christ** happened in me.

This blog entry is longer than usual and will most likely be one of the most intimate. This is so, because here I include my **life testimony**, already [cited](#) and as related to the famous writer and **Nobel Prize winner in Literature** **José Saramago**, which I expressed in response to an unexpected [letter from him](#), almost 16 years ago. Except for some improvements and clarifications, the text used here is basically the same as my original letter. But, to give a greater perspective to what happened, this little bell also includes some photographs that summarize my life before and after the event, as I use them when sharing a conference “**The faith of a hydrologist: celebrating 30 years**,” which I started doing last year to celebrate my walk with the **Lord**, and that will cover this and other little bells to come ...



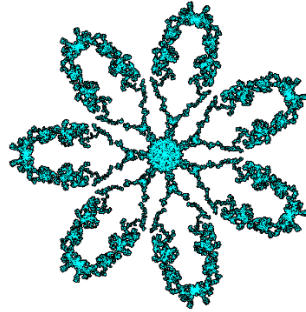
... To start, I want to tell you a little about where I come from. Here are my maternal grandparents, **Don Julito and Mama Fanny**, who had their only daughter in my mother **Dorita** and their only male grandson in me. As you can see, they formed a beautiful couple that reflected the *peace* of **God**, in which his good humor and her sweetness were clearly present. They were also wonderful dancers and it was common that people in parties surrounded them making a wheel in admiration.



My grandmother, who was my best example of the *Catholic faith*, and who prayed and prayed for everyone without giving up, made her living making beautiful bridal bouquets. It turns out that when it became clear that I could become a professor in the **United States**, she began to save some of the money from her floral work and on one of my trips to my homeland, when I was already starting to teach at the **University of California, Davis**, she took me to a shopping mall to give me, despite my explanations that they were not required as they were not used, three complete dresses with shirts and ties. How to say no?

This is how, in honor of her, I have learned to dress like an elegant lecturer wherever I go, recounting this act of *love* in my 30th year celebration accompanying this photo, even if it is

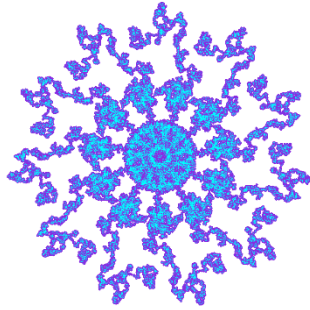
true that my last dress, bought by me to attend a conference on *science and faith* at the very elegant **University of Oxford**, in the **United Kingdom**, confined me to be a member of a formal minority ...



... Here go my grandfather **Don Julito** and my mother **Dorita** towards the altar on the day of her marriage to my father **Carlos**. I don't know if the beautiful bridal bouquet there was made by my grandmother, but what I do know is that my mother was really beautiful on her day.



Although the marriage took place in **Bogotá** and there were born both my older sister **Patricia** and, later, my younger sister **Xiomara**, I was born in **Cartagena de Indias**, as my parents tried to live there, on the **Caribbean** coast, for a while ...



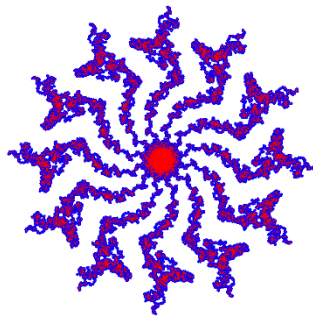
... Returning to the capital, I completed my primary and secondary studies at the great **Colegio Alfonso Jaramillo**. As was customary, at the age of 8 — infinity rotated — I received two sacraments, my **first communion** and my **confirmation** (with **Don Julito** as godfather), and I did it accompanied by great men, like the one who follows me with his long candle, **Andrés González Díaz**, who, due to his intelligence and dedication, came to occupy very important posts representing **Colombia**.



Although my school was not religious as such, we attended *Holy Mass* on Fridays and later sang the anthems of *Colombia* and the *School*, always including a formal speech by a student chosen for that honor and others to raise the respective flags.

The *national anthem of Colombia* contains a high *Catholic* symbolism, as it expresses the final victory in *understanding the words of the one who died on the cross*, which has already been explained in this blog *here*. The school anthem was not so much, but in truth it was also as it said: *"Let us sing to life, which laughs on our foreheads, like the face of the sky on the blue snow; today we are the future promise of a country that will achieve tomorrow glorious plenitude. If we smile as children, in the garden of the world, weaving our dances and choirs, angelic tomorrow already men, we will be for Colombia champions of progress and the height of peace."*

It is clear, in this precise moment of evocation, that my dream of a *song of peace* was already outlined there, in a *Shanti Setú/Puente de Paz*, which I believe would have been very well received by *Don Alfonso Jaramillo*, an exemplary educator and man of *faith*, *Don Marcos Gómez*, a magnificent teacher of mathematics and *life* and *Don Julio Cortés*, skilled pedagogue of philosophy and *being*. How many pleasant memories accompanied my growing up! How much emotion I feel today when sharing with childhood friends, as if time did not exist! Isn't that true *Alberto*, *Fernando*, *Humberto*, *Andrés* and the other gentlemen? ...



... Well, the years passed and I went to the university. Although the photo below portrays me as a *good boy* of 16 years of age, I must admit that by then various *deviations* had already become part of me, which, we are told, come with age, although they come when we think we get it, but when in reality we do not understand what life is about.

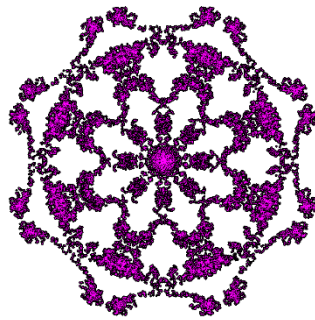


To begin, and in contrast to the included photos, my family, to a large extent, did not practice their religion. My parents attended weddings, baptisms and funerals, but they did not go to **Holy Mass** with any regularity. **Jesus** was not a topic of discussion at home and the existing “**harmony**,” since my parents loved each other, was not based on the sacrifice of **God** for us. This is how, at the end of my secondary school, I rebelled by telling my dad: why should I go to **Mass** at school if you don't do it? To which he told me that I had to do it, because that was how it was, “**out of obligation**,” but not arguing any better reasons.

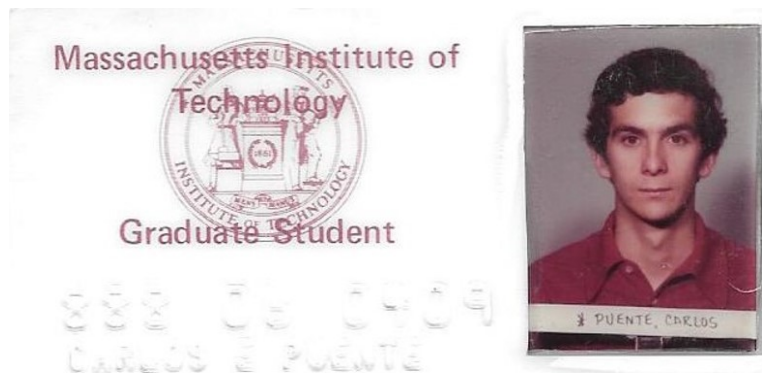
I studied **Mathematics** and **Civil Engineering** at the **Universidad de los Andes**, in **Bogotá**, and there I focused on my studies. Since I no longer had the “**obligation**,” once I felt grown up I stopped going to **Mass** completely. That does not mean that I did not have a belief in a **creator God**, because how could the universe be configured without such a force? But I was sure that **He** was not personally interested in me, that **He** was completely oblivious about me. In truth I did not know, even rudimentarily, who **Jesus** was and what **He** had done for me and for many, or perhaps for all, which seems to be the same, but it is not.

Postponing the formal story to my letter to **Saramago**, I must say that **my mother died** when I was 20 years old and that this event was **very painful** for all of us, for my father, my sisters, my grandparents and me. As education continued to be my rock of salvation, I continued that path and together with other “**teammates**” we prepared to travel abroad to continue learning and hopefully return to **Colombia** to serve the country. Right **Carlangas**, **Sergio**, **Roro**, **Leito** and the others? ...





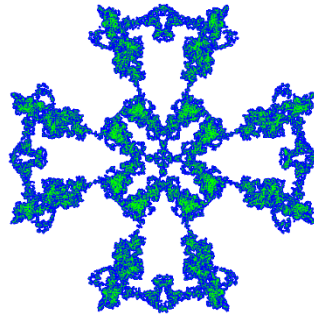
... In my case, I ended up studying at the famous and demanding **Massachusetts Institute of Technology**, where I arrived when I had 24 Augusts. I must say that sometimes, when I felt the need, due to the inherent loneliness of being far away, I went to **Holy Mass** in a nearby student chapel at **Boston University**, on the other bank of the **Charles River**, but I did so with suspicion and without reading the **Word of God**, even if I have brought on a trip abroad, and in my suitcase, the heavy **Bible** that came to our house in **Bogotá** with the purchase of an encyclopedia.



During my stay at **Cambridge**, on six intense years, I married my Colombian girlfriend, obtained a couple of master's degrees in **Operations Research** and **Civil Engineering**, received my doctorate in **Hydrology**, the *science of water*, and worked for a couple of years as a researcher.

Those were very good times, times also full of pleasant memories, faithful moments of intellectual growth based, without a doubt, on the special opportunity to have excellent teachers and meet great thinkers. In retrospect, it was crucial for me that **God** took me there, because when it happened I had no idea what I should do. Of course, **God does everything well, and now I know it very well!** And, despite the snowy cold days in **Boston** and its surroundings, too harsh for someone coming from the tropics, my days at **MIT** — considered the best technical university in the world, and why not in the galaxy — broadened not only

my knowledge, but also my aesthetic sense, because there I came to appreciate that some results of *science* were much more beautiful than others ...



... Having said all the above, and after this *beautiful cross* cross whose origin I will explain in a future *little bell* as an unsuspected and undeserved discovery that came to me, I now return to my letter to the brilliant Portuguese writer *Saramago*, to whom I wrote after having read his book "*The Gospel According to Jesus Christ*." Such a story, clearly contrary to the true *Gospel*, includes the *cursing of a tree* — no doubt thinking of a *fig tree* in the *Bible* but without naming it as such — and describes the alleged inability of *Jesus* to revive it, which is not in the *Bible*. Having studied the book in detail and with joy, as if his "*gospel*" were a detective novel in which I was trying to find the next *false* occurrence intertwined with *truths*, I ended up writing to him and telling him about a *fig tree* of *science* that allowed us to understand said event and more in the *Bible*, and his response, *here* again — severe and at the same time kind — prompted me to write to him again trying to explain how it was that someone like me, as a *scientist*, came to *believe* in the *Triune God*.

Davis, May 24, 2004

Dear *Maestro Saramago*,

Grateful for your letter of March 10 and trying to answer some of your deep questions, I finally write to you. Please excuse my delay in responding to you, but since I received your response to my submission, days after the fateful March 11 in *Madrid*, I have done nothing more than teach classes and travel around *Canada* and the *United States* sharing some conferences, including one called "*From Plato to Borges*," which surely inspired your response.

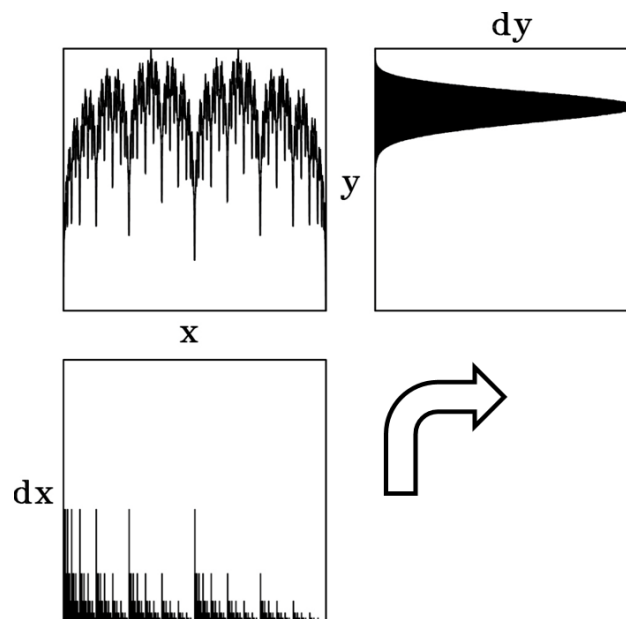
To begin, I must tell you that I understand very well your position with reference to *God* and his mysteries. And I say it this way, because not long ago his presence didn't make sense to me either. As I try to express to you in this



letter, in my case, a *scientific enlightenment* was necessary that *transformed* my vision and provided a new angle to my life.

It turns out that just over 16 years ago — already 31 at the time I am writing this little bell! — there came to me, in an unexpected way, beautiful *mathematical-physical* discoveries with reference to a central object in *science* called the **Gaussian bell**. Without having made any merits for the discovery, one day we found, with my students, how said **bell** could be obtained as the *Platonic "shadow"* (technically the *projection*) of an *infinite wire* almost arbitrarily *illuminated*, that is, with all probability.

Hoping not to overwhelm you, I explain here a little, referring you to my book "*The Fig Tree and the Bell*" for additional details.

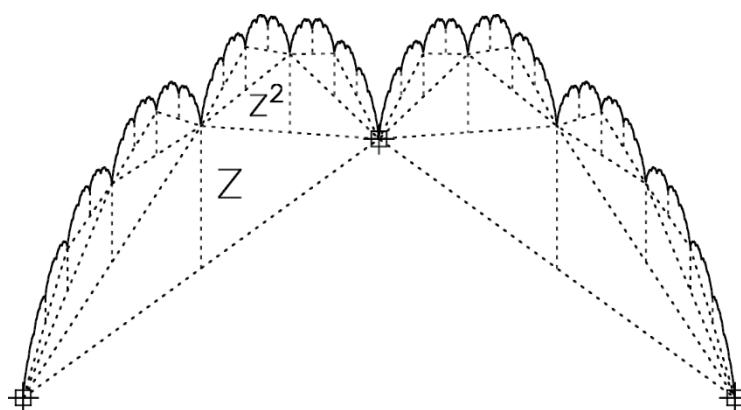


This figure shows how such a *wire*, which travels from the *x* axis to the *y* axis, that is, from *x* to *y*, (top left), when *illuminated* by the object *dx* (below), produces a *shadow dy* that has the shape of a *bell* (on the right). With a little more precision, the object *dx* rises vertically towards the respective points of the *wire*, and when everything is seen from the perpendicular angle, adding the *spikes* or *thorns* that correspond to the same heights in *y*, there appears the object *dy*.

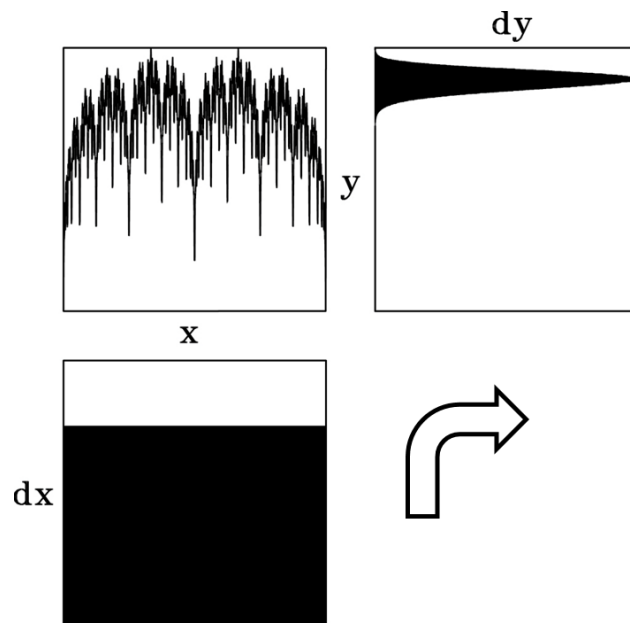
As I think you can recognize it, *dx* is the same *thorny*, *dusty* and *diabolical* object of the parable "*The Hypotenuse*," already discussed in the blog *here* and *here*, the same set that describes, universally, the *dissipation* of *natural*

**turbulence** and the one that approximates the inequalities in the **most powerful** country in the world. The **bell dy** is, of course, a beautiful symbol of **freedom** and also a relevant object in the **non-violent** way in which nature commonly operates, since it is related to transport by **diffusion**, as when **water calmly** infiltrates the sand, and also to heat **conduction**, that is, the very opposite of **dissipation**.

It happens that the wire that gives rise to this result, which I will emphasize even more later, can be constructed very easily. As shown below, this one, shaped like a **cloud** or perhaps like the **wings of angels**, is found from three initial points — the extremes and the middle one, denoted by squares with crosses — adding an **infinite** number of points **upwards**: the first two are at a distance  $Z$  from the midpoint of the straight lines joining the three points, the next four appear at a distance  $Z$  squared from the midpoint of the four lines shown from left to right, and so on, in **powers of two** for the **number of points** and in **powers of  $Z$**  for their **vertical displacements**:



What is shown in the initial figure — obtained when  $Z$  is close to the **maximum limit** of **one unit** — turns out to be **surprising** because **the same wire, infinite** in length, gives rise to **bells** on the **y** axis **universally**, for an **infinite** variety of **illuminations**. For example, the result is not only found based on the **division** linked to **turbulence** already shown, but it also occurs, in all probability, for **any** other **arbitrary type of division**, but also for **equilibrium**, as depicted below:



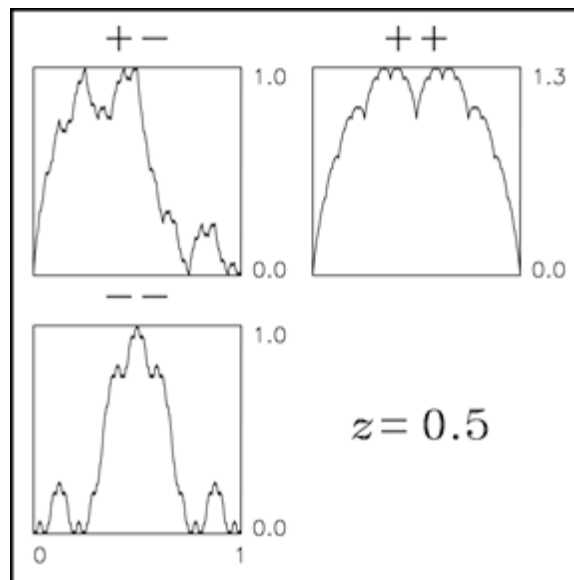
Notably, the same **wire** — like a peculiar **system** — **transforms** infinite **divisive** processes — many **inputs** to the system — including any type of **cascade**, whether due to **inequalities** or **voids**, as explained [here](#), into a **harmonious bell** — as an **output** of the system — that does not contain neither symbolic **thorns** nor any **dust**, and this, naturally, raised several essential questions.

What are **turbulence** and **diffusion**, or **dissipation** and **heat conduction**, doing in the same diagram, when such processes are opposite in nature? Is there then a mechanism, a **system**, capable of **transforming** an arbitrary **disorder** into a harmonious **order**? Is there such a **vital transformation**? Where is such a **wire** found, since mathematics says that it exists and can be easily built?

These questions arose when the famous [chaos theory](#) was already flourishing in various branches of knowledge ([physics](#), [ecology](#) and [economics](#), among others), also overflowing with **universal** notions in its amazing [fig tree](#), which, however, by explaining the transition from **order** to **disorder**, travels precisely in the opposite direction to what is outlined here. For the **wire** that produces a **bell at infinity** for great many **illuminations** is like the long-awaited **antidote to every virus**, or perhaps, using the surname that I did not choose, an **accurate bridge** from **disorder** to **order**. That way, years before appreciating possible **eschatological** connections in the **chaotic fig tree**, I tried to find the **wire** in **science**, but I did not succeed as I could not find

coincident observations, for *turbulence* and *calmness* do not occur at the same time in nature, but rather one always precedes the other.

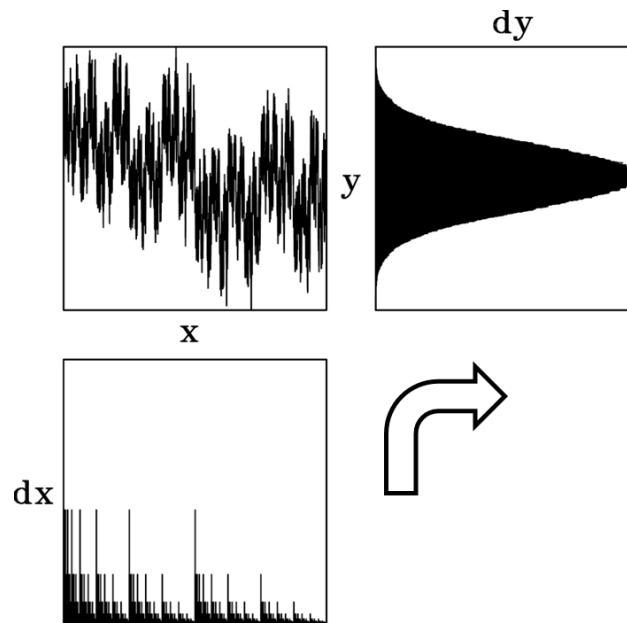
Finding a coherent interpretation of the puzzle only came to fruition later when various symbols were clarified, which I began to observe despite my intellectual efforts to avoid them, since all this was “*science*” and “*nothing but shadows*,” as a famous song states. As shown below, there are other *wires* similar to the one previously described, and these, which look more like profiles of *mountains* and not of *clouds*, also give rise to limit *bells* as *shadows*.



The *signs* shown above each *wire* define their construction. While the “*positive-positive*” or “*plus-plus*” case gives the same *cloud* as before, with points always located *above* straight lines, the others correspond to sequences of points that do not always go *up*, but that also go *down* (in powers of  $Z$ ): the “*positive-negative*” case comes from going *up* and *down* from lines according to the *plus* and *minus*, respectively, and the “*negative-negative*” case comes from *alternating* going *down* and going *up* all the points, from generation to generation — in powers of two.

In the end, the type of *bell* that is obtained as a “*shadow*” — when  $Z$  tends to *one* — depends on the *signs* that define the *wire*. Curiously, the “*minus-minus*” case gives rise to not one but *two bells*, which *oscillate* from one to the other, by virtue of the alternating construction of going *down* and *up*. In truth, it was not easy to know that there were two of them, since they are

separated by a small amount relative to the entire figure, and thus, at first it *seemed* that there was only one. The “*plus-minus*” case (and also the “*minus-plus*” case that comes from reflecting the latter in a mirror) give, in fact, *one bell* with a *finite center*, since going *up* and *down* gives rise to a *single middle value*:



The “*plus-plus*” case already mentioned deserves, without a doubt, a separate paragraph, since, as can already be seen in the two figures shown for  $Z = 0.99$ , this *wire* produces a *bell* that ends up *concentrating above*, at *infinity*. In the *limit*, oh *Borgesian* concept, the *wire* eventually rises one by one — the powers of one are always one — and, thus, not only does the center travels towards *infinity*, but “*the mass*,” in its *infinite majority*, also gets grouped there, giving rise to the same *surprising* and *singular* object, always *conducting heat* and *lacking any entropy*. The *limiting bell* occurs for an *infinite number of illuminations*, as if the process *towards infinity* was like *the big bang in reverse*!

This “*mystical*” *wire*, always *maximally positive* and full of *infinite unity*, changes, in all probability any type of *division* — and also *equilibrium* — into *beautiful harmony*, powerfully lifting any *mortal dust* towards the *aleph*, and I could not despise this allegorical result, despite my precarious religious education and my intrinsic rebellion towards such topics. I could not avoid noticing there the great difference between *clouds* and *mountains*, between

“*heaven*” and “*earth*,” and between the *plus* and the *minus*, and so, in the midst of my *amazement*, I shared results with family and friends, not fully understanding what I had found.

As the weeks passed and when the collective stupor over the discovery had faded, I received, at the *right moment*, a phone call from my good friend and brother **Álvaro Alberto Aldama**, a fellow student at **MIT**, and whom I secretly envied since he was, and not me, a professor at the prestigious *Princeton University*, shown below in our days in *Cambridge* together with his wife **Elizabeth** and his son **David**.



My friend began by talking to me about the precarious state of the world back then, 16 years ago — and let's not talk about it right now in the midst of the *modern pandemic* — and after analyzing together the uncertain future of humanity he told me, bluntly, that It was important to be prepared, because he believed, like the members of his *Church*, that we were living in times that pointed to the *return* of **Jesus Christ**.

I listened to him stupefied and with the respect that his clear knowledge always inspired, sometimes so profound that it seemed encyclopedic, and then, controlling my impulses and undoubtedly calmed by the *bell* and its *symbols*, I asked him to explain to me slowly, for by then, and despite my baptism as a **Catholic** when I was born, I had not read the *Scriptures*. He spoke to me about prophets and unbelievable signs and finished by explaining to me



the importance of “*being born again*” — a concept so much talked about in these latitudes — in order to enter the improbable *omega of the heavens*.

As the days passed, I became convinced that I had nothing to lose by trying to have an encounter with the divine. If my friend and others that I rejected in the past were right, **Jesus** lived and then I could make an appointment with **Him**. As such, one night, after failed attempts that seemed both embarrassing and cheesy, I filled myself with courage, opened my heart as I could and it happened.

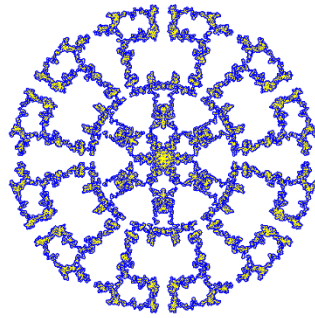
It was a long monologue on my part where I remembered the not so little *pains* I had *experienced in my life* and the many I *had caused*. In a *slow hitting bottom*, to evoke the good *Silvio Rodríguez* — my troubadour, who read the original letter to *Saramago* and verified that I had explained the same thing to him personally — I recalled my first image as a child in the middle of an almost murderous *hernia*, I relived my *happy childhood* and its pranks, I remembered my shy adolescence with its *sorrows of love*, and, after browsing other experiential labyrinths, I entered into the mystery of *the death* that had forever stained my existence at my age of 20, when *my own mother*, for no reason we could foresee, *took her own life*.



That night I finally confronted the immense *disquiet* that prevented me from *loving as a child*, that petty and real feeling that irremediably and subtly surfaced in *happy moments* to remind me that everything was a *lie*, the same one that made me feel irrefutably *guilty* for not having done enough to save my mom. That night, while my wife slept next to me, *I cried from the bottom of my heart, I bit all the dust of my vital cascade* and dared to *forgive*. In the midst of a humiliated litany, *I forgave my mother* for having left my two sisters and me so alone, oh how I have missed you, mommy!; *I forgave my father* for not having foreseen the perverse event and for marrying again so soon; *I forgave myself* for my blindness as a young intellectual towards her, for having missed dancing with her, even my future *Shanti Setú*, and for not having taken her to the movies to see *Cantinflas* when she asked me to; and, finally, *I forgave God himself* — oh colossal madness! — for allowing it all to happen.

Then, I finished my prayer, in reality my confession later endorsed by a good priest, that is, *Jesus Himself*, by saying sincerely: *I wish to know you Jesus, either you exist or this life is a deception!* — to which, immediately afterwards, *I received in my heart* a *sweet and intense warmth* coming *from above*, as if from the ceiling, which then spread, by *diffusion*, to my entire body, allowing me to feel an *exquisite peace*, a *lucid peace* that I did not know.

Oh merciful and consistent algorithm! By *forgiving* I experienced *God's forgiveness* and I was *born again* at my 32 years of age. In those mysterious moments I knew, in my entire being, that the *symbols* were true and that such a *wire, positive-positive* or *cross-cross*, full of *unity* and moving everything *upward*, was a *transformation* towards *God* who had always been there stored in my chest, within reach of my hand. On that amazing night, and consistent with the fact that my maternal grandparents' last name is *Angulo*, my angle of life changed perpendicularly from the *x axis* to the *y axis*, from the *cynical pain of death* to the *reality of full love*, that is, from *mourning* into *dancing*, which so well defines the title of this writing ...



... If I were to tell you, *Maestro Saramago*, that my life from then on became “*rosy*,” I would lie to you. How not to admit that it rather became a battlefield?

The days after my initial encounter with the divine were particularly confusing. My astonishment was such that my mind could not stop thinking about the event and, thus, trying to understand the *Bible* in one sip, there were several nights in which I could not fall asleep. My joy was real and I shared it in an exalted way with my loved ones, who began to worry about me when they heard me speak, contrary to my “*essence*,” of *forgiveness* and the *Christ* whom I invoked again and again. Several of them, including *my father*, but not *my grandmother Fanny*, thought that I was in very bad shape and that now I was the one who was going to take my own life.

I ended up in a sanatorium in *Berkeley*, a famous city near *San Francisco*, for a month. *My wife* remembered one of her *platonic loves* as a child, a psychiatrist son of one of her mother's friends, and, after consultations, he recommended my hospitalization. Since I had suffered from *deathly depression* in the past and since I now had clearly *manic* thoughts, the diagnosis was simple. They admitted me, without any resistance from me.

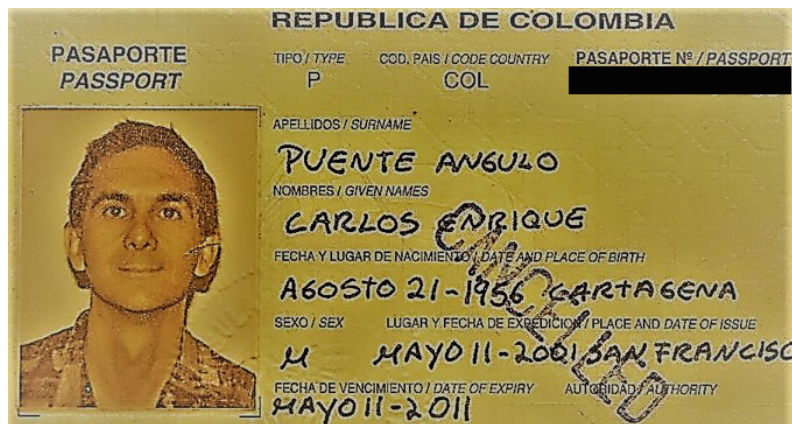
The experience at the hospital, which seemed more like a resort due to its neatness and the variety of activities to which we patients had access, was like a long and strange vision. I instinctively developed a special affinity for my companions in misfortune, a deep compassion for those around me immersed in their own worlds, and, at the beginning, I felt at ease in that unknown environment, without believing that I was sick and just trying to help.

Tired from my sleep fast and despite sedatives, I *oscillated* between that vivid *clarity* of the divine encounter and the *confusion* of being there, and a few days later, misunderstanding the “*symbols*” that offered me *infinity* at once, I

threw myself from my pinnacle and hit my head against a window, which, thank **God**, did not give way due to its thickness.

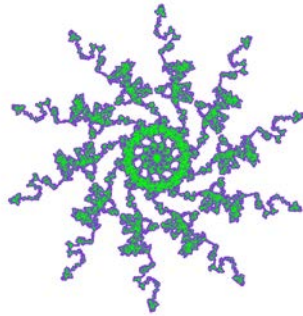
From then on, the days became definitely **dark**. They sedated me heavily and for a couple of weeks I lived with **tremors** that most likely still shake those who saw me. Although I was aware of the goodness of being alive, I remember those days as the **worst of my life**. I couldn't go out except to a terrace that always seemed to be full of **smoke**, I didn't sleep well because I was **shivering** and **sweating** all the time and my **bell** seemed to fade away in the **darkness**.

When I was getting better, I woke up to a greater nightmare. It turns out that, during my stay, **my wife**, who came every day to visit me as was noticed by other patients who were not, had her own existential **crisis** — how not to understand her? — in which she concluded, in an irrefutable way, that our marriage of 8 years had been just a **mistake**. As such, my appointments with my good **doctor** passed from being conversations about my supposed encounter with **God** to how I ought to prepare myself to face what was going to happen, for I didn't believe it, as surely she didn't believe me, that she was going to dissolve our **union**, that she was cancelling all my support, and symbolically my passport, in order to turn it all once again into a **nightmare** filled with **weeping**.



But that happened, just like a construction with a **foundation of sand** after the **storm**, my entire shelf came tumbling, as **Jesus** explains would happen at the end of his **Sermon on the Mount**. My attempts at explanation in seeking a **Christian reconciliation** had no value — we had been married by the **Church**, of course — and, after a few months, I became part of the group of people who said that **divorce** would never happen to them, because this only occurs to

others who are less intelligent and less loving, which evidently I wasn't, because, in all truth, my marriage ended as it was *my own fault* ...



... Following the advice of my good *doctor*, who had the uncommon virtue of being fully present with me when he talked to me, I returned to *Colombia* — my paradise of origin — to have the support of my family. There, in the midst of more leisurely readings of the *Bible* and with the fine guidance of my fellow mathematics student and recently ordained priest, *Father Camilo Bernal* — with whom I got reacquainted, not by chance on his birthday — I was able to begin to put together the “*puzzle*” of my existence. The *pain* was intense and the *doubts* overwhelmed me in the *dust* of my new *turbulent cascade*, but that *warmth*, the one from above, accompanied me with its essential memory and by the consistency found between *Holy Scripture* and my *scientific research* that continued, I was able to understand little by little and thus grow to the true story of the *Gospel*.

In retrospect, I can affirm that those times after the initial *light* were vital in making me notice my great *arrogance*, for I certainly believed I was *better* than many. For, contrary to what I could have believed months before, in those days I understood, for the first time, that *God* was not only with me, but with everyone on this crazy planet, and I understood, also for the first time, that the hosts, improbable but real, of the *evil one* stalk us towards the asylum, *confusing* our free will with their blatant *deception*.

Although for several years I wanted to deny my *illness*, as if it distorted my primary *enlightenment*, the truth was that I required the help that I received in due time. Today, I live grateful for my experience, for when I see couples falling apart I am moved and I *pray* for them, and when I travel to a big city I do not forget that such a man on the street, despised and hungry, *could very well be me*, for no one knows by how many things we go through, confused by the machinations of the *enemy*, always a *ruthless liar*.



Thus, here I share my understanding by respectfully telling you **Maestro Saramago** that **God** — with a capital letter — is in each one of us, in the *daily gifts* of life, in the *moments of joy* that come to accompany us in the midst of *so much garbage* guided by the **prince of this world**, in the mysterious *talents* we have received (and what a gift you have been given to write!), and in the *repeated opportunities* we have to relapse into the **eternal mystery of love**, in my case a new one, and third marriage — although in reality the **first**, as I went through two annulments that demonstrate **God's mercy** towards me — one in *order* after real *chaos* and with my *beautiful* and *virtuous* **Marta**, and adorned by the gift of two *beautiful* daughters **Cristina** and **Mariana**, like faithful *additions* to true *promises*, as it can be seen in this recent photograph, taken after my original letter, at **Espetus**, our favorite restaurant in **San Francisco**.

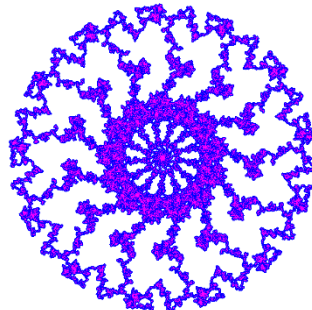


How many turns has life taken and how true are the *promises of heaven*! For it happened that **my mother** was not lost as my grandfather brought a *priest* to her — that is to say, **Jesus** himself! — who anointed her before dying and likewise happened as *salvation* came to **my entire house**, as summarized in the following photograph which includes my dad **Carlos**, my stepmom **Connie**, and my sisters **Patricia**, right, and **Xiomara**. As my grandmother **Fanny** would say with great joy and knowledge: *God is really wonderful!*





*How not to praise God?* How not to remember a hymn that I learned with Aurita, my spiritual godmother, and at Minuto de Dios, today, more than 30 years ago? “*You have changed my mourning into dancing, you have clothed me with joy, that is why I will sing to you, Oh my Glory, and I will not remain silent. Lord, my God, I will praise you, I will praise you forever, for you have changed my mourning into dancing, Lord, my God, I will praise you*” ...



... Did Jesus said that whoever was not with Him would be against Him? For my part, I believe so, as I also believe that He then said that whoever did not gather with Him would rather scatter, as the multiple translations of the ancient and eternal Word attest in a coherent way. Here I see, as I try to express it in the parable of the straight hypotenuse, that such a statement is not only true, but also that, in all truth, it is very easy for us not to remain in the same love, that is, in Him, and instead dedicate ourselves to accusing and dividing (in cascade) as the opposite, the devil, always does. For, although the implementation of His love throughout history has been tainted by human hypocrisy, by our sinfulness, the invitation to love — the essence of

the *Good News* — always expressed by a *holy* and *contradictory* remnant for the world, continues being *the only way out* from our common *troubles*.

In this regard, it seems very *serious* to me, agreeing with your understanding, that some who claim to be "*born again*" use that same notation in an erroneous context to justify actions of empire that are in no way in line with the message of *love* and *reconciliation* present in the *Gospel*. For *Jesus* also tells us not to *judge*, or more correctly not to *condemn* (so I believe), and there are many "*rich*" in this world who feel that *He* died on *the cross* only for them, and thus, by feeling "*owners*" already of the kingdom of heaven, without admitting any guilt, and as if we did not have to *take up the cross every day*, *scatter* with their false rhetoric and accompanied by their inexcusable actions. Because if the *Christian* is recognized by the fruit of *love* and if "*democracy*" was indeed the solution, there would not be a need to bomb the enemy in order to show him the way.

I think you are right to show what lies beneath "*the stones*," for the truth is inescapable, although sometimes it may seem that, in a demonstration for peace, or in a great sporting triumph, or perhaps in a royal wedding, people's inherent needs can be met. As *Plato* expressed it well in his allegory of the cave man — always so modern as you well know — and as defined in the *Good News*, the *persecution* of the *enlightened* is an *inevitable* reality, and thus, in the midst of *difficulties* and *loneliness*, I humbly try to share an *improbable* message of *love* through *modern science*, trusting in the power of *God*, in his perfect timing and in his certain promises.

Believe me, it is not easy for me to show what *I have, oh I have*, in the midst of a world that lives so *quickly*, in the midst of so many *lies* so obvious and so deep-rooted, in the midst of various institutions of knowledge, so *vain*, that ignore a little one for his "*fanaticism*" in mixing the unthinkable or for his lack of "*religious education*." But I fill myself with courage and, despite the insistent whisper of *two thirds*, that is, of *the devil in action*, I dare to repeat what seems impossible, because I sense the triumph that we all desire, that true and just victory of "*littleness*," common and vibrant, a "*community of little saints*," which can only be achieved, without any *hatred*, in the incarnate *brotherhood* of the *love* of *Jesus*.

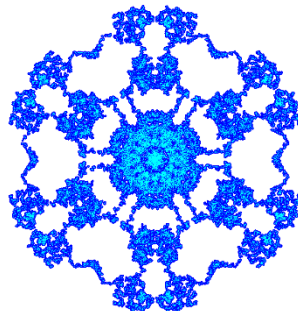
As I proposed to you previously, if you wish, I could visit you to clarify anything that is not sufficiently explained in my submission. I would gladly tell you how I experienced other more leisurely and loving days and nights, how other pieces of the puzzle arrived: the two-dimensional *mathematical* design of *DNA* in *Gauss's bell*, the unbelievable *fig tree* of *modern science*, the *Holy Spirit* in *mathematics* and *Sacred Scripture* (so I believe, *Sacred*) in the story of *the Vine and the branches*, the *Most Holy Trinity* in the third diagram from top to bottom included here, and other improbable but coincidental relationships that show us the *love* of *God* and that call us to *Him*.

I know very well *Maestro Saramago* that I have not been able to fully answer your concerns and questions, for in accordance with the words of the poet *León Felipe* that you cited, I do not know many things either. It is thus, in that same spirit of humanity and humility, but animated by the *faith* that transcends my intelligence, that I send you my best wishes with a fraternal hug.

With optimism,

carlos

As an epilogue to this story, it is pertinent to say that, despite some minor communications between us, including one in which he gave me permission to use what he had written about my parable *The Hypotenuse* — which he felt was like having in his hands an unknown book by *Borges* — it was not possible for me to speak with *Maestro Saramago* in person. However, in a beautifully subtle way, fate allowed me to be in *Lisbon*, precisely at the time of his wake in 2010, when I was on my way to a *Hydrology* conference in *Coimbra* days later. There, at the *City Hall* and in the middle of a very heartfelt secular vigil, I prayed for him a *Divine Mercy Novena*. Certainly, I have asked *God* that my letter helped him see the *light* of *Jesus* ...



...To finish this long little bell full of so many memories, there comes next a song that tries to summarize what is observed in the *positive-positive* limit *wire*, one full of *crosses* and *infinite unity*, capable of *turning death* into *life*.

What if we let ourselves be fully *transformed*? What if the *bell saved us*, just before we were almost knocked out? If so happens, there would no longer be any *entropy* but only full *wisdom*! As only *unitive love heals* us, *frees* us from *sin* and *guides* us, there we would reach a veritable *normality*, for, as it is well known, *Gauss's bell curve* is also known as the *normal curve*.

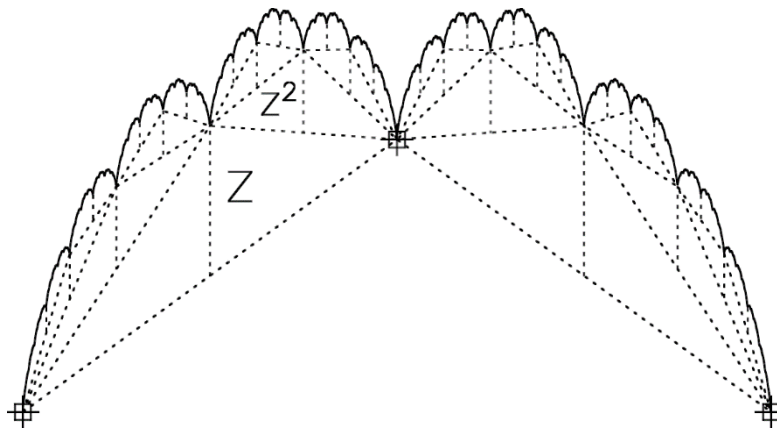
Let's dance, it was said! There is an eternal party!

## THE TRANSFORMATION

*Here is the key, like angel wings!*

*Always unitive, positive and going up*

*With the transformation to heaven!*



There is a transformation  
oh, that conquers any agony,  
there is only one oblation  
oh, that lights up all joy.

There is a transformation  
oh, that defeats any entropy,

there is only one oblation  
oh, that engenders all harmony.

There is a transformation  
oh, that excludes any rebelliousness,  
there is only one oblation  
oh, that incites all poetry.

There is a transformation  
oh, that overthrows any cowardice,  
there is only one oblation  
oh, that gifts all quantity.

There is a transformation  
oh, that is truly holy wisdom,  
oh and just that oblation  
turns night into day.

**Oh only love,  
only love,  
oh only love...**

*It's true...*

Oh, I tell you the truth  
this is not a theory.

**The power of love  
transforms your day.**

Oh, but giving it all  
leaving nonsense apart.

**The power of love  
transforms your day.**

Oh, heals it all my friend

this is not fantasy.

**The power of love  
transforms your day.**

Oh, but in fullness my friend  
with complete bravery.

**The power of love  
transforms your day.**

Oh, can do everything  
its song betters the day.

**The power of love  
transforms your day.**

Oh, in the hundred  
there is his company.

**The power of love  
transforms your day.**

**Oh only love,  
only love,  
oh only love...**

*Bridge of peace...*

Oh it's powerful  
lightens up the joy.

**Oh only love  
heals and guides you.**

Oh, provides everything  
does not ask for a royalty.



**Oh only love  
heals and guides you.**

Oh, I repeat to you  
it defeats entropy.

**Oh only love  
heals and guides you.**

Oh, this bell rings  
all day long.

**Oh only love  
heals and guides you.**

Oh, welcome the plus  
such as Mary did.

**Oh only love  
heals and guides you.**

Oh, it's eternal fire  
baptism of poetry.

**Oh only love  
heals and guides you.**

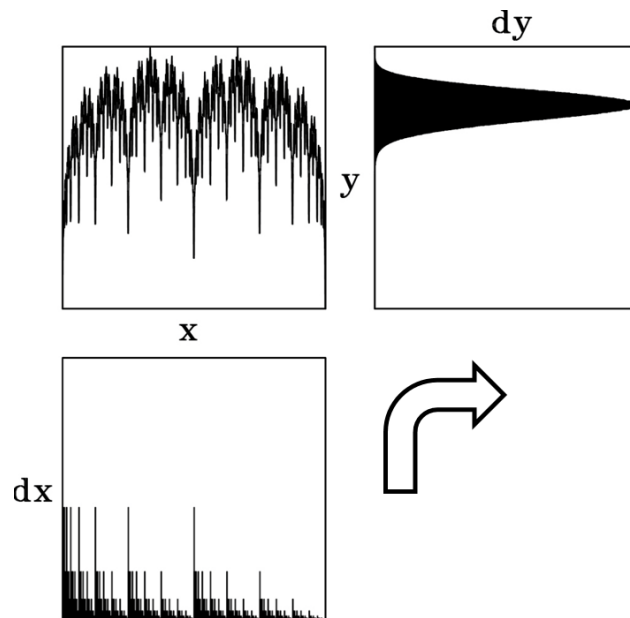
*Shanti Setú...*

There is a transformation  
oh, that is truly holy wisdom,  
oh and just that oblation  
turns night into day.

**Oh only love,  
only love,**

oh only love...

*(September 2001)*



The song a cappella and in Spanish may be heard [here](#). Another version of the song interpreted by **José Luis Rodríguez**, **Fernando Remolina**, **Oscar Carreño** and **Gerardo Crespo**, as commissioned by **Víctor Peñaranda** and **David Serrano**, my *grandson* and *great-grandson* in *science*, respectively, may be heard [here](#).