

From a bud to a rose

A translation of <https://campanitasdefe.com/2017/11/18/de-capullo-a-rosa/>

***Summary.** This little bell tells the story of how the two songs “**Mi rosa amada**” (**My beloved rose**) and “**El capullo**” (**The bud**) emerged and how the transformation of **a bud into a rose** became an allegory of my own spiritual growth. The two songs beautifully arranged by **Lázaro Alemán López** and sung by me in Spanish may be heard as follows: “**My beloved rose**” [here](#) and “**The bud**” [here](#). The songs may also be heard and visualized in YouTube videos later on, after their lyrics.*

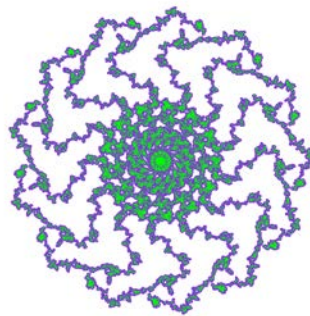
*The blog [Presentation](#) provides information about the purpose of these little bells and the blog [Organization](#) shows how the entries are grouped by categories. This entry belongs to the categories “**Calls to conversion**” and “**Experiential little bells.**”*

Since my childhood I have been surrounded by women who are experts in handling flowers and that have had a special love for **roses**. They include my maternal grandmother **Fanny** who made a living making beautiful bridal bouquets, my mother **Dorita** who enjoyed her rose bushes and had a particular intuition for making arrangements, my aunt **María Teresa**, Fanny's sister, who continues to innovate beautiful designs when she is already over 95 years of age, her daughter **Miriam**, my cousin, who from time to time has also made exceptional bridal bouquets including the one for my **Marta** when I married her, my sister **Patricia** who works in the genre of flowers and who is a true expert in inventing beautiful bouquets, and my sister **Xiomara** who, besides being an engineer, also makes delicious truffles and beautiful flower vases. I imagine that it is due to these influences that I am the one who arranges the flowers at home, although, lately, with some competition from my daughter **Cristina**.

For years, it has become a tradition in my home to cut the roses from the garden to offer them to the **Most Holy Virgin Mary** and thus decorate the home altar that we have set up on the shelf that serves as a limit to the fireplace. There, placed in the middle is a wooden statuette of **Her** carrying her **Son** and, on each side, a pair of candelabras made of small mosaics that emit, following the rhythm of their candles, beautiful multicolored dances. The representation of **the Virgin and the Child** was brought to us from **Portugal** by two beloved priests of the four who were present at the baptisms of our daughters: one who is alive but

who has been distant for some years, **Father Joe Aguilar**, and another in heaven but ever present, for this one, **Father Richard Blinn**, blessed the house we inhabit.

In addition to what has been described, the little altar includes other significant objects: a wooden manger made in **Jerusalem** whose background frames the adoration of the **Three Wise Men** using the shape of a **bell** that also contains a **little bell** that hangs over the silhouette of a symbolic church; a green and red **hummingbird** — symbols of these little bells of faith along with a **Sacred Heart**, both drawn by my brother **Duartequito** — a gift from my daughters **Cristina** and **Mariana**, held by a thread from a transparent acrylic arm, which makes it look like it is flying still on a flower; a **photo** of **Our Lord Jesus Christ**, an invaluable gift from my namesake and faithful friend **Carlos Molano**, framed in a red wine-colored wood and, finally, other candelabras with flower decorations in the middle of triangular crystals, which I have lit, like the others, to pray and also to inspire myself and write songs ...



... In January 2000, when our daughter **Mariana** was a newborn and when we were still in our first house — that one also duly blessed — a **rosebud** appeared in the garden that outlined an intense **yellow** color. This was certainly strange for two reasons. One, because by then the **cold weather** prevents flowers from coming out. And the other, because **Valentín**, our expert gardener, had already pruned the rose bushes at least a month before.

Instinctively, I cut the bud that had emerged at the wrong time and offered it, placing it in the middle of the statuette of **Her holding Him** and **His** photo. Admiring the event and meditating on the dichotomy between the probable and the possible, I wondered if said bud would open or not, and one night, inspired by the poetic structure of a beautiful song by **Silvio Rodríguez** called "**Paloma mía**," (My dove) I wrote the first part of "**My beloved rose**," "**Mi rosa amada**," which is found below, in which I sketched a parallel between the opening of the flower and the realization of my own dreams.

To my regret, and although I forced the issue by even adding a little bit of an aspirin to the vase, that **bud** never turned into a rose and so the answer to my essential question, at that

moment, was a predictable no. My “*sister*,” as I called the bud in my poetry, stood forever upright, frozen in her time, but showing her color like a possible hope.

As expected, everything changed when spring arrived. The garden was filled with color and, of course, a *yellow bud* appeared from the same plant that surely turned into a *rose*, which, needless to say, I offered up with joy. Thus, faced with the emotion of the probable — and now possible — event and delving into the creative freedom of poetry and dreams, I wrote a second part to the aforementioned song in which I predicted that said allegorical bud would eventually open. It had to be like this, because it was the *fruit of love*, I said, and so I revived my faith, knowing deep down that I too would reach, one day, and with *God's* help, my best destiny.

During the same season, a few days apart, another song came to me to reinforce the idea, “*The bud*,” “*El capullo*,” which contains the jubilant expression: *the bud opened!* which, today, accompanies the pink mathematical flower present in these writings in the upper right part of the blog.

The lyrics of these two songs are below. Although the musical ideas are mine, they could not sound like this if my brother *José de la Luz Montero* had not introduced me in Havana to the great musician and arranger *Lázaro Alemán López* and if he had not involved the great pianist *Israel Roque*. We have enjoyed these inspirations at home for years, since 2011, and they allow me to imagine, despite the vocalist, what *Shanti Setú/Puente de Paz* could do.

I feel particular joy when I remember that my father *Carlos, Topa*, managed to dance these compositions with *Connie*, my stepmother. And I feel a singular emotion when I notice that these songs arrived on this blog, and without having planned it, precisely on the day of the twenty-second anniversary of my happy marriage with *Marta*, my *Puchunguita*. Wow, it is true that brave love—humble and repentant to the core—*gives seeds*: two little buds in our daughters *Cristina* and *Mariana*!

MY BELOVED ROSE

Loving experiences!

Oh beloved little rosebud,
would you open with all fantasy?
will your aroma bring fine poetry?
will you come beautiful at dawn?

For, if you are my dreamt saint
flying soon I would leave,
the rain would be my best day
oh beautiful rose, my faithful sister.

Oh beloved little rosebud,
would you open with all fantasy?
will your aroma bring fine poetry?
will you come beautiful at dawn?

Now I see you, accompanied
in the middle of Her and Joy,
all upright, with due courage
oh beautiful rose of a good tomorrow.

Oh beloved little rosebud,
would you open with all fantasy?
will your aroma bring fine poetry?
will you come beautiful at dawn?

For, if you are a sacred sign
towards my center I would arrive,
the eternal chanting would provide
oh beautiful rose, open up my sister.

**Surely it opens, oh my heart,
I'm sure it opens,
as it is the fruit of love,
I'm sure it opens.**

At the end oh this rose
reflects my being,
the mystery lived
dreaming my good.

Surely it opens, oh my heart,

**I'm sure it opens
as it is the fruit of love,
I'm sure it opens.**

At the end oh this verse
reflects who I am,
my grown hope
the gift of the sun.

**Surely it opens, oh my heart,
I'm sure it opens
as it is the fruit of love,
I'm sure it opens.**

At the end oh this rhyme
reflects all my love,
oh believing one hundred
sowing oh sweetness.

**Surely it opens, oh my heart,
I'm sure it opens
as it is the fruit of love,
I'm sure it opens.**

At the end oh this chant
reflects to whom I go,
my beloved abode
good rest and his voice.

Shanti Setú...

**Surely it opens, oh my heart,
I'm sure it opens
as it is the fruit of love,
I'm sure it opens.**

At the end oh this rhyme
reflects all my love,

oh believing one hundred
sowing oh sweetness.

**Surely it opens, oh my heart,
I'm sure it opens
as it is the fruit of love,
I'm sure it opens.**

At the end oh this chant
reflects to whom I go,
my beloved abode
good rest and his voice.

**Surely it opens, oh my heart,
I'm sure it opens
as it is the fruit of love,
I'm sure it opens.**

At the end oh this offering
reflects my flower,
the constancy of the kingdom
my future of today.

Shanti Setú...

(January/April 2000)



The song in Spanish, “*Mi rosa amada*” may be heard and visualized [here](#)...

THE BUD

Oh ineffable sign!

The bud opened
oh the day has come,
the time it brings
is one of joy.

The bud opened
and today is a rose,
with a soft lullaby
rests in faith.

That is one it is
oh tender sign,
and today with no doubts
is found open.

She truly is
an eternal gift,
and with her light
she shows the truth.

It could have been
in a different way,
petals inside
not believing it all.

It could have been
an introvert,
alone crying
not giving life life.

**The bud has opened
destiny arrived,
and in her abandonment
you see the way.**

The bud has opened

**and today is a tune,
her beautiful dream
will come tomorrow.**

Oh yes oh yes
it will open yes,
oh yes for God's sake
oh, it's already opened.

She is a rose
a lovely offering,
its aroma evokes
the Holy Queen.

Oh today is rose
yellow flame,
her brave love
is already a seed.

The bud opened
achieved success,
and by her poise
the trill is heard.

The bud opened
oh sacred rose,
like a faithful flash
is oh surrendered.

**The bud has opened
destiny arrived,
and in her abandonment
you see the way.**

**The bud has opened
and today is a tune,
her beautiful dream
will come tomorrow.**

The bud opened
oh the day has come...

(April 2000)



This song in Spanish can be heard and visualized [here](#)...