

## The rain and my hour

A translation of <https://campanitasdefe.com/2022/01/01/la-lluvia-y-mi-hora/>

**Summary.** *This little bell tells what happened – based on an endearing song (or perhaps two) by my troubadour **Silvio Rodríguez** – before the previous entry to the blog “**17 Decembers later!**” appeared, when I returned to the **Cathedral of Saint Mary of the Assumption of San Francisco** 17 years later on the day in which we celebrate **Saint John of the Cross**, to once again present my prayer “**O preferred Virgin**,” already beautifully interpreted by **Fabiola Jaramillo**, which may be listened again [here](#).*

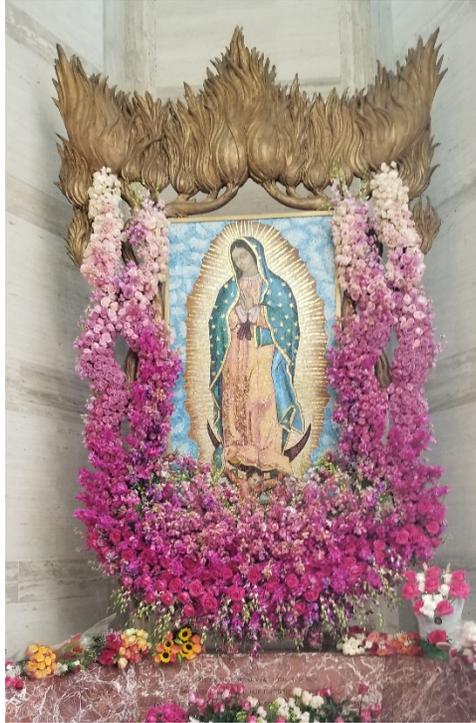
*The song may also be heard visualized in YouTube by the end of the text, as it was recorded in her **Basilica in Mexico City**.*

*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 “**Mary mother of God**,” “**Virgin of Guadalupe**,” “**Matters of faith**,” “**Experiential little bells**” and “**Cuban little bells**.”*

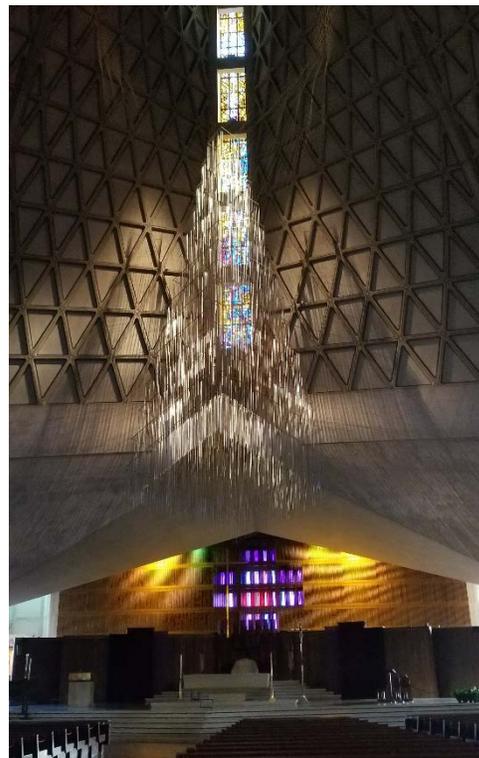
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On December 14, 2021, I returned to **San Francisco**, the great Californian city named in honor of the very popular **saint of Assisi**, to sing the final version of my prayer “**O preferred Virgin**” in the **Metropolitan Cathedral of Saint Mary of the Assumption**, just as I had done exactly 17 years ago with his [original](#) version, on the same day of **Saint John of the Cross**.

As happened in the past, this occasion occurred also during the week, and I found the temple basically empty as there were only two other people there: the guard who checked that people were wearing masks and a young parishioner curiously named **Aquarius**, to whom I asked to record me singing in front of the beautiful image of the **Guadalupana** made with small multicolored mosaics and beautifully decorated with pink flowers.



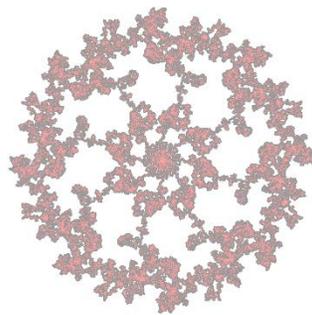
When the guard found out about my wish, as I discussed it with **Aquarius** near him, he told me that I could not sing there without a permit and so, knowing that there was no time to try to get one, we opted to record the song outside the very imposing building, which as you can see is particularly beautiful both outside and inside.



So, we passed the open door under the majestic stained glass window that shows **Our Lord Jesus Christ *resurrected***, and we placed ourselves at the other end, myself very willing, despite the cold, to sing my prayer a cappella and with all emotion.



Although it all started well, when I reached the last stanza, and without a doubt having ***Fabiola Jaramillo's*** powerful interpretation in mind, my voice broke and I couldn't raise it to the level I needed. So we had to stop and start again and on this occasion, towards the end of my second attempt and when I was repeating the same stanza that begins saying "***On this sacred day,***" a sudden gust of ***wind*** and ***rain*** blew and I shivered while I sang, for as I will try to explain below, the event did not seem ***insignificant*** or ***fortuitous*** to me ...



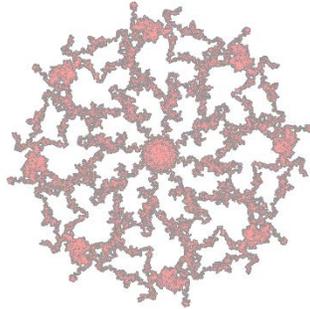
... It happens that, for at least 32 years, that is, since before my ***vital epiphany*** as explained to the famous writer ***José Saramago*** [\*\*\*here\*\*\*](#), I have felt myself identified to a song by the also

famous Cuban singer-songwriter **Silvio Rodríguez** called “*The watchman*” (El vigía, go and google its lyrics and google translate!), which on several occasions has brought me to *tears*, as I told him when we *met* 26 years ago, adding that I thought that such had been written for me. As you can see by listening to it *here*, said song, contained in *a triptych* that **Silvio** produced when I was finishing my *doctorate* in 1984, consists of two short and heartfelt stanzas, with the first sung twice and sandwiching the second, and with the one repeated done with such an emphasis the second time that it seems as if the singer was almost *shouting*, expressing either a truthful *frustration* or a righteous *anger*.

In the middle stanza, *the poet* defines himself as an *ancient* concept, something well known and vital at the same time: like a *creek*, the *wind*, like a *bird*, a *mirror*, like *love* and *invention*, and he concludes by summarizing and repeating that he is only a *watchman*, a *friend* of the *gardener*, someone who also has his *pupil on the day* the *huged downpour* will *come*. Curiously, this stanza moved me even before I understood everything it meant, for by the subsequent *gifts from heaven* that I have received in books and songs, I have also become an improbable *sentinel*, no doubt an almost *insignificant watchman*, someone *attentive to signs* in the *midst of evil* (as *my prayer* to the **Most Holy Virgin Mary** says), and certainly someone who has tried to be a *friend* of the same **Jesus** that *Mary Magdalene* confused with the *gardener* after the *resurrection* (Jn 20:15) or a *friend* of **God the Father** who is the *good gardener* who *prunes* us so that we may produce more and more *fruit* (Jn 15:1–10). For, although, through signs defined in *modern science* that not a few reject, I have come to understand that the **Word** is true and that there shall come the prescribed *apocalyptic downpour* that calls us to *conversion*, as it is the theme of several of my more suggestive compositions, for example, *here*, *here*, *here*, and *here*.

The repeated stanza in **Silvio's** song speaks of a *sprout* that had a *bitter* start — as we are all after the *original sin*, *I say* — that to be healed requires *water* (my profession in *science* and *faith*), that is to say, the aforementioned call to *repentance* or *conversion*. And *my troubadour* continues saying, already with *frustration*, *I think*, that a *good autumn* is going to be needed after such a *long summer* (*very very long* in the emphatic repetition of the stanza at the end) and the fact is that *the green is drying out* and *the south wind is delayed* — and **He, Christ** is not coming yet, *I understand*, and that gives *courage* or *anger* to almost *shout it* in the face of so many *lies* in *today's world*, full of *corruption* everywhere, *ecumenical falsehoods* and *empty temples* — but there, in the end, the good **Silvio** expresses his *faith*, *I say*, although it seems to some (or perhaps many) that he is talking about something different, saying: “*but I keep on waiting* for *the rain* and *my hour* to *come singing*,” that same *faith* that is absolutely *mine*, because for me that *hour* is the one of the *final triumph*, that of *heaven* that is already coming, the same one expressed in the prayer

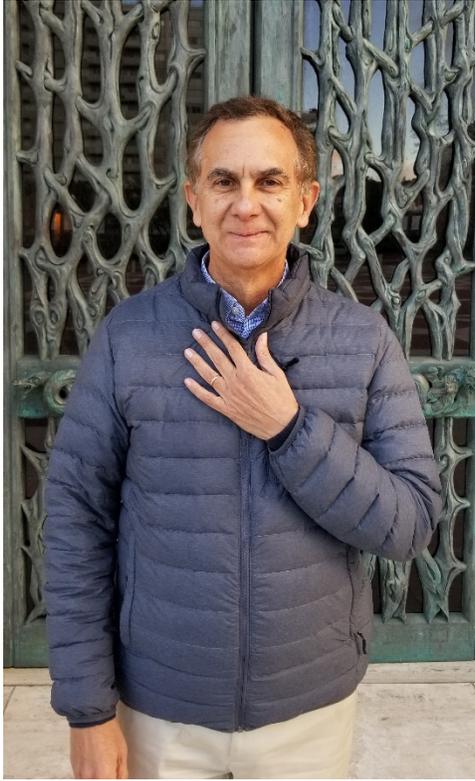
sung outside the temple in “*dreaming of truths and with an open soul wishing to win,*” and the same in various songs of the troubadour, cited in a couple of poems I wrote for him after we spoke *at length* in *Havana*...



... On that *happy Tuesday*, “*as a ship does after its months*” *he* would say, *rain* came from heaven when *Aquarius* was recording me. It did not rain then as “*on the wet*” like a persistent *Tláloc*, as it would be understood in *Mexico*, but rather it happened to accompany my singing *for one stanza*. And my eyes became *moist* once again as I sang to *Her*, to *Mary my Mother*, and thus I understood that the *hour* had come for my essential musical project. What an exquisite coincidence that has always been planned, *I think*. The time has truly come for *Shanti Setú/Puente de Paz! Glory to God!*

And *Silvio* told me, 26 Novembers ago, that *he believed* that if I had liked “*The watchman*” I was going to like “*Casiopea*” (go and google its lyrics and google translate!) and boy did such a song defines me, as sung by him *here*. I invite you to listen to this symbolic tune knowing that I have waited like *a million years* until I have the joy of a beginning endorsed by *sane* and *beloved* signs that, on the other hand, are *crazy*, and adding, without further explanation, that today, while I continue *sharing coordinates*, I try *not to be far from my star* and *my people*.

Although perhaps some, my dear friends who are participants in my clear “*disorder of love,*” would like to listen to my heartfelt song to *Mary*, recorded by *Aquarius* (what a perfect name!), what mattered that day of the favorite *mystic* of many, *Saint John of the Cruz*, was the story I have told here, because the recording was not worth it since it amplified my great defects in singing. And as everything arose from *my prayer* already on the web, I rather take advantage of the occasion to re-launch, with all joy and emotion, the unbeatable singing of *my song* to *Her* by *Fabiola Jaramillo* and her mariachi *Camperos de México*, *here*.



**It is good to be alive!**

**Mary, Mother of God, our Mother, accompany us and guide us in 2022 and beyond.**

