

## Oh, as God commands

A translation of <https://campanitasdefe.com/2026/01/21/ay-como-dios-manda/>

**Summary.** This little bell offers a series of reflections on **sin** and urges us to live **as God commands**. The piece is centered on a commentary on the lyrics of my song “**Puerza y virtud**” (**Purity and virtue**,) which can be listened to in Spanish [here](#). The song can also be heard and visualized in Spanish via YouTube 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 categories “**Calls to Conversion**,” “**Matters of Faith**,” “**Undesirable Modernities**,” and “**Experiential Little Bells**.”

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When 2026 arrived joyfully, escorted by beautiful and intelligent fireworks in the great cities of the world, and when it also arrived filled with **conflict**, accompanied by other fires genuinely senseless — certainly not in keeping with the celebration of the **Epiphany**, the visit of the **Magi** to the **Child Jesus** — I write this little bell, the seventy-seventh of my unexpected harvest, trusting that it may contribute some useful elements toward the longed-for **peace** that we all inherently desire.

This reflection is based on a commentary on the lyrics of my song “**Pureza y virtud**” (**Purity and virtue**,) which I originally wrote a year ago with the idea that it would be a mature continuation of “**Por amor, ay mi amor**” (**For love, oh my love**,) a tender and heartfelt song dedicated years ago to my two daughters, **Cristina** and **Mariana**, which can be listened to [here](#). Once the new lyrics and their cheerful cha-cha-chá rhythm settled within me, I clearly realized that, although the composition might be useful for its beautiful intended recipients, it was in fact more necessary for me, so that my love for them might truly be fruitful; so that it might perhaps be less moralistic and more coherent in its actions; so that, by increasing my own **purity** and **virtue**, I might be able to attempt to teach **love** through the difficult art of example.

With the passage of time, and especially now that the musical piece is being recorded, I have come to realize that what I wrote for one purpose may also be useful for sowing **love** and

peace in these modern times so full of *arbitrariness* and *violence*. And so, here follows the lyrics of “*Purity and virtue*,” which will serve as the frame of reference for this writing.

## PURITY AND VIRTUE

*The best way!*

**Purity and virtue:  
oh, as God commands,  
now as God commands,  
love without blemish  
freely gives its being.**

**Purity and virtue:  
ah, as God, go on!  
now as God, go on!  
His love is enough,  
faithful heals your being.**

Ah, it comes from long ago  
when the woman opened,  
she heeded not the promise  
tempting one to bite,  
that man turned up  
the hider gave assent,  
and they lost their power.

It is no strange matter  
it was a fruit of haste,  
the enterprise oh failed  
upon crossing the threshold,  
it revealed a false report  
invited to disorder,  
and the magnet was gone.

All was a deception,  
it is not an unreal tale,  
like a vain spark  
deemed somehow normal,  
she arrived compliant,  
he came — ah God — so enormous,  
yet it was a funeral.

Breeds dust and great harm  
the habitual sin,  
pride so progresses  
with its biting hue,  
thinking itself godlike  
being in truth deformed,  
yields total absence.

*That's it...*

*Shanti Setú...*

*Bridge of Peace...*

**Ah, as God commands:  
purity and virtue,  
His love, ah, is enough,  
faithful, heals your being.**

Ah, renew your year  
to live and to grow,  
ah, I tell you, make progress,  
it is vital to understand,  
may He form your vision  
and transform your ego,  
pure water of being.

**Ah, as God commands:  
purity and virtue,  
His love, ah, is enough,  
faithful, heals your being.**

It must be a step  
in forgiveness and duty,  
ah, achieve your feat  
by healing yesterday,  
He satisfies your hunger,  
fills, ah, with His blood,  
and admits you to win.

**Ah, as God commands:  
purity and virtue,  
His love, ah, is enough,  
faithful, heals your being.**

Do not deem Him aloof  
He always gifts more,  
do not lose Him, return,  
He is the essential Word,  
leave oh all grumbling,  
go, that you may be amazed,  
holy is His truth.

**Ah, as God commands:  
purity and virtue,  
His love, ah, is enough,  
faithful, heals your being.**

Better art on the flock,  
oh the official sacrament,  
His martyrdom sets straight  
grants the whole inheritance;  
become now uniform,  
do it all in His name,  
oh, the perfect design.

*Mambo...*

*Shanti Setú...*

*Bridge of Peace...*

**Purity and virtue:  
oh, as God commands,  
now as God commands,  
love without blemish  
freely gives its being.**

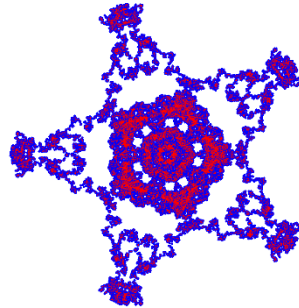
**Purity and virtue:  
ah, as God, go on!  
now as God, go on!  
His love is enough,  
faithful heals your being.**

*Purity and virtue!*

*(January 2025)*



As can be noted, the song — excluding its joyful and proactive choruses — consists of two sets of four stanzas, each composed of seven lines. What follows is a step-by-step analysis of these groups ...



... The first group, from its opening line *"Ah, it comes from long ago, when the woman opened"* until the final one that concludes with *"yields total absence,"* refers — surely in an unexpected way — to the fall of **Adam** and **Eve** in **Paradise**, the well-known **original sin** from which arose our **death**.

The **woman** who heeded not the promise — an offer of divine **happiness** — was **Eve**, who incited that **man**, that is, **Adam**, to bite, as approved by one who hides in **falsehood**, namely the **devil**, the one in the form of the **serpent** in the **Book of Genesis**. Certainly, I argue in the song, that the matter is not strange, for it happens daily in our days governed by **haste** — always that capricious **HASTE** — which gives rise to **bringing down** the good enterprise, that is, by **disobeying God's** commands by crossing the **threshold**, or the colloquial **line**, which represents the goodness in **Jesus Himself**, whose precise notation as a **straight line** with equation **X = Y** is explained on this blog, **from science to Faith**, [here](#), [here](#), and [here](#). Of course, the **devil** reveals a **false report**, for there is no truth in **him** at all, and this gives rise to **disorder** in our first parents, who cover themselves with **fig leaves** and now have a perishable union with **God** — that is, they lose the magnet poetically cited.

Without a doubt, they were **deceived**; it was not an unreal tale, for **he** also **deceives us**. And in their case — and perhaps in ours, and certainly in mine — the matter most surely occurred because they believed themselves to be safe, because they were distracted falsely believing themselves "**normal**," when they were, before **divine omnipotence**, like a vain spark that in the end is lost, vanishing away. Sadly, **she** came to the act **compliant**, as though confident in herself, and **he** came — **ah God** — **enormous**, perhaps even more confident in himself — like in an ill-timed sexual act, eminently passionate and illicit — and **they**, **blaming** others

for their own **faults**, thus consummated their **great sin**, giving rise to their **funeral**. As we know, the act created great harm and generated **punishments**: **exile from Paradise** for **them**; **dust** and **thorns** for **him**; that repeated crimson rule for **her**; that undesirable **domination** of **him** over **her**; and the eternal **crawling** in the **dust** of the **devil**, who since then has been **trampled** by **the woman**, **Mary**, **Mother of Jesus** and **Our Mother**. **Great is the Lord!**

I think that this **original sin** could well also be called **habitual sin**, for it is clearly present in our days, in which **pride** advances with its **biting hue**, in which today some with power, or superpower, already believe themselves to be **gods**, as if they had secured their cloud in **heaven** and as if **hell** did not exist; and then, forgetting the **Christian** edict to **love** one another — even our **enemies** — and not to respond to **evil** with **evil** but with **good**, these instead employ their sanctioned **fierceness**, bombing some and persecuting and expelling others, defining a real **deformity** that produces a total absence of **God**, a voracious **anarchy** defined by an evident **apostasy** of **lies** which, in my understanding, points to the return of **Christ**, as explained on this blog in various entries related to a **fig tree of science** that, I believe, post-figures the one in the **Word**: [here](#), [here](#), [here](#), and also in a third brief talk found [here](#).

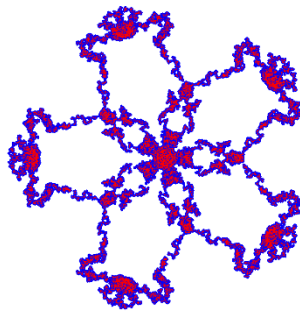
This notion of **HASTE** is something very common in our modern times, in which the once-steady **tick-tock** of the clock has been replaced by the immediacy of an oppressive **TikTok** that unsettles the **calm** of a good reflection. Everything must be said in a few instants in the pain of not being read, for the so-called **artificial intelligence** is already replacing, with its instant searches, the capacity to reason. Regrettably, the latest generations — and also some older ones with **little fear** of **God** — have become decidedly **impatient**: they want everything now, *as sometimes do I*; they want their will to be fulfilled by **force** and in one stroke, *as sometimes do I*; they want the fullness of **love** now and in their own way, *woe to me*; and, in short, they want (*I want*) to be like **gods**, as the **serpent** told **Adam** and **Eve** — or **Eve** and **Adam**, to be “correct” in modern usage of gender and facts.

But, of course, all this is not right, for it is a **deception** of the shameless **enemy**, reflected in the “**anything goes**” of these harsh and uncertain days so lacking in **purity** and **virtue**, in which the generalized belief has arisen of the **irrelevance of sin** and the **nonexistence of hell**, since our “**mistakes**,” even those cited by **Saint Paul** in his **Letter to the Galatians** (Gal 5:19–21), are considered validated and accepted when many commit them. Have you not

noticed that more people think that all our deceased automatically go to **heaven** and from there they pray for us?

These unfortunate times are upside down, I say, for in the false logic of **evil** we are assured that **God**, by **His** immense **mercy**, forgives everything — even if we do not **repent** — and that we can go on without expecting intelligent adverse consequences to our **perfidious** actions, always excusable for being artificial. I think, our **conscience** does allow us to grasp reality in our inner forum, for there, if we dare, we can understand that the great **lie** of these days lies in believing we can do everything apart from **God**. But this is not so, for only through **Him**, with **Him**, and in **Him** can we experience true **peace**, as explained in the second brief talk cited before, [here](#).

Having set all this forth, I must say that the general theme of these observations is also already found in two previous little bells, which I invite the reader to consider. They are called “*The prevailing modernity*” [here](#), and “*How far from saintly!*” [here](#) ...



... And so, once the first half of the song “*Purity and virtue*” has been examined — and after representing the words geometrically in two rosettes, one inner, perhaps **purity**, and a totality shown as **virtue**, which are found admirably in the [Gaussian bell](#) — let us now turn to consider the counsels found in the four seven-line stanzas that intertwine with a beautiful chorus repeating: “*Ah, as God commands: purity and virtue, His love, ah, is enough, faithful, heals your being.*”

The first stanza, beginning with “*Ah, renew your year,*” is generic and speaks of the need for **renewal** in order to live and grow, of the importance of **progress** grounded in coherent understanding, so that our vision may be like **Christ's**, that **He** may **transform** our ego with **His pure water** — that is, through our **conversion** — also linked with **Saint John the Baptist**, passing from **6** to **9**, from the **negative** to the **positive**, as explained in a beautiful and dynamic song [here](#).

In the second stanza, which begins with *"It must be a step,"* the idea is developed further, inviting us step-by-step and little-by-little to **forgiveness** — that is, **to ask forgiveness and to forgive** — to achieve the real and liberating **feat** of **healing** the past. For in this way, and in harmony with the **Our Father**, **Jesus** is the one who satisfies our needs, filling us with the infinite power of **His blood on the cross**, which opens for us the gates of **heaven** — that is, admitting us to **win**.

The third stanza, beginning with *"Do not deem Him aloof,"* continues with the exhortations, arguing that **God** always **gifts** more, that it is vital to remain close to **Him** and to return to **Him** if we have strayed, for **He** is the **essence**, the **Word**. For, it is far better to abandon all repeated **complaints**, all **grumbling**, and instead allow **Him** to amaze us exquisitely, for **His truth** is truly **holy** and **perfect**.

And the fourth stanza, beginning with *"Better art on the flock,"* concludes by reviewing that, indeed, the highest **art** lies in being part of the **flock** — the **Catholic Church**, founded by **Jesus**, as I understand it — and that this belonging is the best, for there is found the great **Sacrament** of our **salvation** instituted by **Jesus** in **His body and blood**, that is, in the **Holy Eucharist**. There too is found that often-disdained **Sacrament** of the *"clean slate,"* **reconciliation**, the very one based on the **repentance** that **Adam** and **Eve** failed to practice — that is, the one also known as the **Sacrament of Penance**. And there too, beautifully prefigured, is the **Sacrament** of an **eternal union** with **Jesus** in **heaven**, founded here on earth on **purity** and **virtue**: the one of **marriage** between a **man** and a **woman**.

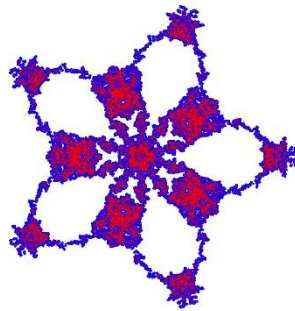
For, to emphasize it once again in the lyrics, the **martyrdom of Jesus on the cross** sets everything **straight** — even our **habitual sin**, indeed all our **sin** — granting us, by **His forgiveness** and **authority**, the definitive and divine **inheritance** in **heaven**, the definitive **marriage** with **Him**, but only if we are **converted**, or made **uniform**, as explained in the first brief talk in the previous little bell *here*, so that we may do everything in the name of **Jesus**, who is the faithful and perfect **design** for our **redemption**.

Why are these earnest counsels truly first for me? Because of my **sin**. For example, when the **deception** of the **impatience** of **HASTE** has surfaced in me with its **anger**, making me **liable** before the Sanhedrin and **liable** to the Gehenna of fire (Mt 5:22), my own counsels to my loved ones have become words of **hypocrisy** that have caused and contributed to **disunion**. *Woe to me*, I repeat, *woe to me*, for I do **grumble** without **His law**, for, in such instances, the real **harshness** of my **sin** becomes evident in my inability to **love as God commands**. And



of course, this has left marks that are difficult to heal in the labyrinths of memory and emotion of those whom I **love**, from which arise unwanted **rebellions**, not only against me but against **God Himself**. *Woe to me!*

It hurts me not to always be **fruitful**! It hurts me the **harm** I have caused! How much I desire to be a **saint** already! It is for this reason that this song, "**Purity and virtue**," whose video can be seen at the end, is eminently for me, so that I may not forget its clear message ...



... Since I experienced a vital **conversion** thirty-six years ago, as recounted [\*here\*](#), I have had the opportunity to understand that **God** is not at all **aloof**; that **He** does not **punish** us as we deserve; that **He grants** us opportunity after opportunity; that **He amazes** us daily with **His** details and little gifts, if we allow **Him**; that **He** is exquisitely in control of time and that it is indeed true that we can surrender ourselves to **Him** in order to live without **haste**; that **His love** is enough and heals us, provided that we return to **Him** seeking to live in **His purity** and **His virtue**, **as God commands**. This is how I understand it, newly **confessed** to conclude this writing, and how I desire it at this moment for my loved ones and for those who may come to read this confession, coherent with a song from long ago called "***I admit it and I confess it***," which can be listened to [\*here\*](#).

Giving thanks to **God** for this instant and for **His** inspiration in the writing of the song, which accords with **Psalm 40** read on January 18 at **Holy Mass**:

*I have waited, waited for the Lord,  
and He stooped toward me and heard my cry.  
And He put a new song into my mouth,  
a hymn to our God (Ps 40:2, 4).*

And knowing full well that **He** is the **good potter** who carefully shapes us all, may the reader and the listener take from this work a good message. Indeed, the song is beautifully performed by **Justo Emilio Rueda**, with him and **Idalia Martínez Espina** and **Lázaro Alemán López** on the splendid and catchy backing vocals, and with the inspired piano and final arrangement by **Jean Carlos Monpié**, under the direction of **Lázaro Alemán López**.

May 2026 be, in the end, a great year, filled with **purity** and **virtue**...

The YouTube version is [here](#)...