

## Why do I live?

A translation of <https://campanitasdefe.com/2017/12/23/por-que-vivo/>

**Summary.** This little bell includes two testimonial songs: “**I admit it and I confess it**” and “**I live!**” While the first is related to my **sinfulness**, the second is linked to my joy at being **forgiven**. The second song, performed by me based on a beautiful arrangement by **Lázaro Alemán López**, can be heard [here](#). This song can also be heard and visualized 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 “**Experiential little bells**.”

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Complementing the testimony shared in the previous little bell, as told to Maestro **José Saramago**, here I include in this the eighth little bell of the blog, that is, the one of the rotated  $\infty$ , a poem called “**I admit it and I confess it**” followed by a song called “**I live!**,” which can be heard as it has a beautiful arrangement made by **Lázaro Alemán López** in **Cuba**.

Although the poem below was written more than fifteen years ago, I admit and confess, when we already celebrate the most beautiful of holidays in the very **birth** of **love**, that such a composition continues being true in my life. How many times have I forgotten the essence of the best birth? How many times has my love not been like **His**? How many times have I **denied you, my God**? Certainly, **more than three!**

### I ADMIT IT AND I CONFESS IT

*If not, I would lie...*

I admit, at first,  
I didn't recognize him,  
my life was being a center  
and my attention did not give.

They told me about the mystery,  
and I didn't understand it,  
my dream was so concrete

and I did not hear his song.

I admit, it was later,  
that I recognized him,  
it was when I knew about death  
that my attention I gave.

Confronting my misery,  
that's how I understood it,  
and in the middle of the silence  
his song I heard.

I admit it, many times,  
I don't recognize his tune,  
for by planning a verse  
I sorely miss his song.

*It's true...*

I confess it, many times,  
I forget his suffering,  
I focus on my weakness  
and I lose his very joy.

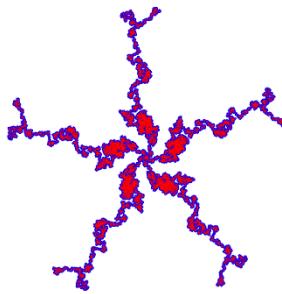
Despite his greatness,  
I persist in afflicting,  
I get attached to sadness  
and I stain the future.

I confess it, many times,  
I would prefer to roar,  
I contemplate my poverty  
and I doubt a way out.

Although I know of wealth,  
I choose to demand,  
I dilute his own prowess  
forcing oh my life.

I confess it, many times,  
I walk without hearing,  
I estimate myself ahead  
and I grow my many lies.

*(January 2002/April 2002)*



... However, despite my **sin** and without a doubt without deserving it, I can also proclaim in my life the faithful presence of **Jesus** who **repairs dreams** and molds them towards a future and vital reality, like a design to a skinny **stick** inside of the **circular Gaussian bell** — as my nickname “**palito**” as a **child** — that grows into a **bud** and then into a **rose**. Certainly, the years since my initial conversion, that is, since I was “**born again**” about 28 years ago, have been the best of my life and it has been a great privilege to experience the infinite and true **love** of **God** that makes me exclaim: ***I live!***

Today, joining the **choir of the angels**, oh subtle duality in the **positive** + sign of my **addition** and also in the **pain** I have caused that **subtracts** from the **cross**, I also wish to declare that **I live for Him**, for the one who **gave his life for me**, for whom, through his **sacrifice**, deserves **all honor and all glory**, for as **He** clearly states it (Jn 15:1–10) and as a **future little bell** emphasizes it, without **Him** I cannot do anything.

Giving thanks to the **triune God** for this moment, for everything I have experienced, for so many beautiful gifts, for his **forgiveness** of my **confessed sins**, for my beautiful family, for my friends and enemies, for his simple teachings, for peace and time, for the talks I have been able to share, for the honor of dreaming about ***Shanti Setú/Bridge of Peace*** and so much more, I wish to conclude by saying **Merry Christmas!** May the **Lord** give us the most beautiful of celebrations and may **He** be **fully born** in our hearts! And may the **Most Holy Virgin Mary** pray for us!

## I LIVE!

*Because, He lives!*

*Humbly to Jesus,  
the repairer of dreams.*

*He really deserves  
all honor and all glory...*

*Without Him I cannot do anything...*

**I live,  
savoring his relief,  
growing to my destiny,  
listening to the trill  
all around me.**

**I live,  
tasting his brilliance,  
attempting the way,  
pondering the refined  
in my very heart.**

I live,  
and I remember promises of love,  
I imagine they will be my today,  
and I dream I am complete.

I live,  
and in silence his voice echoes,  
I shudder due to his compassion,  
and I feel very small.

**I live,  
savoring his relief,  
growing to my destiny,**

**listening to the trill  
all around me.**

**I live,  
tasting his brilliance,  
attempting the way,  
pondering the refined  
in my very heart.**

I live,  
and joyfully I contemplate his goodness,  
I increase my desire for faith,  
and I consider myself awake.

I live,  
and thirsty I receive his being,  
his honey flame comforts me,  
and I know I am redeemed.

**I live!**

*(August 2000)*



The song in Spanish may be heard and visualized [\*here\*](#).