

Father,



It was Wednesday, the first of April 1987. The saddest morning, the quietest afternoon. The grayest day. It was just getting dark when they came to tell us that you were dead. But I already knew. You had warned me since the night before. You came to my spirit like a ghost. You became small. I saw you cry in the dark. There are farewells that hurt a lot, that leave a dent in the soul. So was yours. The gap was great. Your energy was so overwhelming that the silence you left stunned. I don't know about the others, but for a long time you didn't leave. Yes, we buried you and prayed a novena to you, but you were still here. Your smell was gradually detaching from everything you touched. Your spirit remained in the noises, in things. Poor you, father. What a sorrow you carried with you. How painful!

There are many things that I still don't understand. But I know you came back. I know this because I have felt your gaze in the gaze of my children. You are them. That dot, that invisible fiber that only the spirit is capable of transmitting, is unmistakable. Could it be that you're back? Could it be that the star in which you mutated has become dust and that dust came to settle here? Or is it the DNA stream that flows within us with your biological code?

I think it's all together, if you ask me.

Thirty-three years have passed. The age of Christ. I don't talk about you that much anymore, but I think about you more often. I've seen you too. You are sea and you are mountain; bird and fish ... antelope. You move slowly, you are a cloud, sun at dawn; branch and nest.

Although you know it all now that you are the verse of an ethereal poem, I want to tell you that I feel confused. The world has changed so much since you've been gone, as if in a hurry. And it is not the world, it is we, the human beings who live fast with very little respect to life. Blinded. Remember, where we fished in Vallarta? It is no longer possible because it is private. Everything already has an owner. Life itself seems to have an owner and is not us. Now everything is measured in possessions. Although there has always been that kind of banal valuation, before there was a certain dignity involved. Now there is none of that. It is sickly. Money has changed us. We live in a disposable world full of evil.

The newest: a pandemic. A newly discovered virus that is highly contagious, aggressive, and divisive. They have forbidden human contact, they have imposed obligatory distancing; schools are remote, we cannot visit our mothers. We live in home arrest. The new standard of living is with the staff of technology. It's very weird. Despite everything, love keeps us. It seems all surreal; a narrative with a mixture of bible, science fiction and bad dreams bordering on nightmare. The uncertainty is great. We have plenty.

Today I am writing to you, Father, so that you can look after us from all those places to you now have access to, the physical and the spiritual, the visible and the invisible. From there see that we are always well, that we do not lack anything, that we can overcome any obstacle that arises and above all, that the evil of the world does not reach us.

May we maintain our human quality to the end, because this is the most beautiful gift from God, from the universe, from life itself. At 33 years after your passing, I remember you as if it were yesterday. I love you, father.

Your son,
4/1/2020