



Some facts take the place of others. Life passes, between loss and gain, tears and joys.

Time doesn't stop. The years pass. Memory accumulates experiences and memories.

In some moments, the gaze into the past allows a judgment to be reached. We do accounts and ask: was it worth it?

We need to find times to reflect on life. We will not always reach the right prospect. But we'll probably find good criteria.

An Argentine poet, many years ago, expressed his discovery: the suffering, the weeping, the lost, make sense if we were led to good goals, to reunions, to loves that do not pass.

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Here his poetry:

"If to recover the recovered
I should have lost first the lost,
if to achieve what I achieved
I had to endure the endured.

If to be in love now
must have been wounded,
I have suffered what I have suffered,

I have to cry the weeping,

Because after all I've noticed
that you don't enjoy it well
but after you've suffered it,

For after all I have understood
that what the tree has of flowering
lives on what is buried".

(Francisco Luis Bernárdez, "Sononeto", in "Cielo de tierra", Buenos Aires 1937).

Yes: we've experienced it more than once. The suffering and the weeping take their place if we discover that we were brought to a love, to a beauty, to a greater good.

In Christian words, it is worth everything suffered to grow in love for God and for our brothers and sisters,

Then, like the poet, we discover that the flowers of the tree have life from hidden roots. Or, as Christ teaches in the gospel, we recognize that the grain of wheat that dies in the furrow is very bearfruit. (cf. Jn 12:24).