Each artist loves his work, cares for it, values it, promotes it. He Understands the details, he knows the story behind every brushstroke.

Remember, for example, that stain on the fabric that he could not remove, but managed to take advantage. Or how he managed, almost by chance, that effect that at the beginning did not come out...

God looks at each of his works with much more affection than the most enthusiastic human artist. Because God, besides, is a Father, and he loves everything he's done. If I had loved something, I would not have created it...

"You Love all beings and nothing you did abhor, for, if something odiases, you would not have done it" (Sab 11.24).

So I can feel God very close to my life: everything he wanted, everything he prepared, for me to exist. Even hard things to understand, pains, conflicts that are in the past of my family...

God does not consider it right, certainly, some dramas, some sufferings of that past. But through these realities He was able to do good, to allow others, and that I, exist.

"Indeed, in certain circumstances of human existence, it seems that evil is to some extent useful, as it propitiates occasions for good. (...) In Short, after the stabbing experience of evil, we get to practice a greater good "(St. John Paul II," Memory and Identity ").

I acknowledge It with gratitude: I exist because the artist, my Father, has loved me in this wonderful and difficult painting, with his thorns and his roses, with his storms and his serene and luminous twilights.

I'm part of that painting. In him, every stone, every bee, every nettle, every star, every companion on the way, have their meaning, because they come out of the same kindly hand of God.

The painting's not finished. God, my Creator, my Father, follow his work. Decisions that arise from love open new spaces for the divine Artist to beautify his work.

In a quiet afternoon, a child walks, safe and happy, among his parents who follow his side. God loves that family, who embellishes with new nuances the wonderful picture of human existence...