

The beauty of life is that it is not a dead-end street, but a long and wondrous journey. Birth leads to life—just like how dawn leads to a new day, with sunshine brightening the blue skies and shining through the clouds. One does not need to look to the sunset as the object of life; for in doing so the beauty of the journey is missed, and life becomes a mere one-way trip. Between dawn and sunset, a lot of things are stored by God Almighty for men to see, to hear, to smell, and to taste along the way.

Turning back the clock, my life started over eight decades ago. I suffered from hardships, hunger, and emotional calamity—yet even in the face of all this, I came to view my journey not too despairingly, because I focused upon the central role of the ideal and the spiritual in my interpretation of my experience. I was an only child. My father was the sole bread-winner and my mother was a housewife. My parents dreamed of a well-provided childhood and excellent education for me, but my father was struck by illness and became bedridden. All forms of money, properties, valuables, and every modicum of our savings were spent for his recovery, but all to no avail. After a couple of years, he died, leaving my mother and me nothing. I repeatedly told myself, “Is that all there is?”—until one fateful morning. When walking alone on the sunny side of a busy city street, I felt a 10-cent coin in my pocket. I pulled it out and looked at it with a sense of excitement that animated my day. I felt elation—yet nothing about what I felt was tangible to me. Why did I feel this sudden consciousness? In my quandary, I came to surmise: every individual has the idealism to vivify himself.

When I was young, I used to claim that I knew my religion. The church and the priests were things not worthy of my primary attention in life. Baptism and marriage were merely cultural rites. Reciting the rosary was the devotion of women. During small talk with friends, I am well noted as saying: “I am the master of my fate, and the captain of my soul.” But then, *tour de force*, things changed. I was convinced to join the Cursillo. I eventually learned that religion was a way of life, and that the word *religion* was itself derived from the Latin word *religare*—a word meaning re-connection with infinite adoration, compassion, and thanksgiving. Before I joined the Cursillo, I excused myself from not attending church. The church would never leave me, it was up to me when to go; besides, social and business meetings were too important to be cancelled or delayed. But I soon realized that although the church will always be there, I would not—I could be gone from this world at any moment, and have never experienced any of the spiritual help the church could give me. Cursillo guided me to accept this help upon the journey of life, without getting lost along the way.

After engaging in pensive mental exercises towards a heightened level of spiritual awareness, I was caught up in reading about the triune. I needed to grasp the nature of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit.

A former cursillista who converted to Islam attended a gathering where the archbishop was the guest of honor. As the archbishop and the former cursillista were acquaintanced, they politely greeted each other. Next, the archbishop asked the Muslim: “Brother, I heard that you have converted to Islam. I would love to hear from you. How do you feel now?” “Monsignor,” replied the convert, “when I was a Christian, I had three Gods—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit—and one wife. Now that I am a Muslim, I have one God—Allah—and three wives.”

The Holy Eucharist is the center of worship and adoration of the Catholic Church. Mary, the Mother of God, and the saints are venerable persons. Meanwhile, the Holy Trinity is a physically inexplicable religious concept—three persons in one God. In Scripture, however, their roles are clearly and meticulously stated:

- God the Father is the Maker, the Creator, the Preserver.  
Cited: Genesis 1:1-5, 26-28, 2:4-5.
- God the Son is Jesus Christ, the Messiah, the Anointed, the Savior, the Redeemer, the Mediator, the Son of God, the King of Kings, the Son of Mary, the Word made Flesh, the Lamb of God, the Good Shepherd, the Son of Man, the Advocate, the Bread of Life, the Vine, the Incarnation, Immanuel, the Truth, the Life, the Way, the Only Begotten, the Light of the World, Jesus of Nazareth, and King of the Jews.  
Cited: The books of the prophets, and the New Testament.  
Jesus Christ frequently repeated the messages of hope, faith, and charity to convey the meaning of these truths to the people:  
He revealed the Beatitudes on the mount to a listening crowd [Mat. 5:1-14].  
He talked to Mary in the temple as the Son of God [Luke 2:46-50].  
While dying on the cross, He said, “Father, forgive them, for they do not know what they are doing” [Luke 23:34].
- God the Holy Spirit is the Paraclete, the Comforter, the Consoler, the Intercessor, the Spirit of God, the Spirit of Truth, the Dove.  
Cited: In Holy Scripture.

“For where two or three are gathered together for my sake, there am I in the midst of them”

[Mat. 18:20]

To recapitulate: One God, in three persons. The Father created me; the Son showed me the way, the truth, and the life; the Spirit is between and among all of us, always inspiring us to find comfort in our belief throughout our lives. “Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed” [Mat. 20:29]. Faith works in mysterious ways, yet it is always the map for a pleasant journey in life.

On Sunday, February 14, 1965, before we closed Cursillo #10, the bishop of the Diocese [Msgr. Alejandro Olalia] came and delivered an uplifting message—that we are cursillistas forever in life. The little cross from cursillo is spiritually indelible.

Finalmente....

“Esta hora salto sin paracaidas, hermano.”

Mi viaje de colores...agradable.