

THAT WHICH AWAITS US

as related by “Tenderly-Loved” to

Dr. Ricardo Perez Hernandez

THE MARVELOUS CHRISTIAN BLISS:
Beatific Vision, Fruitful Possession
of Divine Love, Joy-Filled Praise, Eternity of All Things,
Ineffable Universal Love, Unfathomable Delights...
All Without Pantheism, Nirvana, or Mohammedan Heavens

Through the years I've observed that if we have difficulty embracing and implementing the Gift of the Divine Will in our personal lives, it is because, as Jesus more-or-less explained to Luisa [Piccarreta], the habitual predominance we have given to our human will has vastly shrunk the faculties of the soul, and we are unable to locate the proper eyes and ears to let It unfold within us.

This small book comes through a sort of hand-me-down diffusion which has been around forever, by now in public domain, and it is one that gives to the person something akin to an interior expansion. It is not some revelation that needs to be brought to the Church's attention for approval; it is enough that we read it as given by an actual medical doctor, a faithful Catholic, an inquisitive soul and someone just like us who would like to know how our current reality interfaces with the one which approaches us all at the time of death and presentation to the Most High.

So read it as more than a novel, but less than a spiritual classic. It is just a good Sunday afternoon's read that will remain with you and leave you in a state of pondering the greater Things that are coming our way.

A curious mind, a grain of salt, and an earnest heart always bring about something good. I hope it comes to you as such.

*Fr. John Olin Brown
fellow peruser of the future*

The Creator established the creatures forever and ever—Psalms 148:6

He created all things to be—Wisdom 1:14

All His works subsist and abide forever—Ecclesiasticus 42:24

Bless the Lord our God, from eternity to eternity—Nehemiah 9:5

This book summarizes the arguments
of seven eschatological hypotheses
based on the relativistic theory of the fifth dimension,
or created reality.

It concerns exalted themes,
but they are written simply,
without losing sight of the Deposit of Faith.

Everything happened one hot summer Sunday afternoon. After dinner, satisfied and warm, I wanted to rest and enjoy myself by watching some television. I made a cup of decaffeinated coffee, sprawled into my old armchair, and lit a cigarette. If I hadn't got so interested in the show I would certainly have been asleep. On the table at my left, I placed the coffee cup and pack of cigarettes. On the right side of my armchair I placed the ashtray with a cigarette. Without any real interest in thinking but eager to relax, I let myself ponder the classic discussion of rewarding the virtuous and punishing the bad—the old problem of good and evil.

Suddenly, the television froze. I could not hear any noise, not even the noise of the cars busily passing on the highway. I thought the old television had finally just stopped. I was ready to get up when I noticed something amazing: the column of smoke of my cigarette remained motionless as a white hanging ribbon, unable to complete its normal progression. I blew on the smoke but it didn't move. The sensation that a strange, unsuspected power was controlling me began to worry me. There was absolute silence. Never had I heard a silence so profound. I could not even hear, however hard I strained, the activity of the cook, which had just been bothering me.

An intense cold—to which I had always been very susceptible—paralyzed all my joints. It was not the winter cold with which I was familiar, but a very painful and different cold.

I believed myself to be the victim of a nightmare, which urged me to wake up. I thought I had positioned myself awkwardly in the chair and, for that reason, I was having a bad dream. I attempted to get up again but my body seemed to be lead. I was barely able to move my hands, which were stuck to the armchair by some mysterious force.

I said to myself, "I must be sick." But what could make me sick, if only an instant ago, I was fine? My preoccupation became amazement and then fear. I was unable to understand what was happening. I began to experience terror and cold when I heard, from the midst of that great silence, a charming feminine voice that was calling my name from the entrance hall.

With labored effort, and being pushed simultaneously by fear and the desire for company, I hurried to receive her. I don't know how I rose from the chair, nor did I notice at that time that neither the door hinges nor my steps produced their natural but distinctly peculiar noise.

Stumbling, I crossed the small patio separating the room from the entrance. My feet felt like two concrete blocks. I found myself at the gate with a most beautiful girl about twenty years old. She was tall, shapely, with the most beautiful light brown eyes which were expressive, childlike, limpid and precious; they radiated an immense happiness. Her lips were small and thin, well shaped and very red without any lipstick. Her cheeks were smooth and pinkish. When she smiled she had two small, attractive dimples.

I ecstatically contemplated her beauty. When she lowered her eyes because of my stare, I could observe her most limpid, singular serenity exceeding the tender youth of her appearance. She was dressed as is the custom in the middle class. I believe her dress, fine yet simple, was cream-colored. I didn't see any jewelry, nor did she need any because her beauty radiated of its own.

To see her fortified me; I forgot my prior worries. She was the prettiest girl I ever saw in my life. She possessed that type of beauty that always captivated me. I could not stop admiring her. Succumbing to social conventions, I did not continue looking at her but I was sure I would discover many other enchantments in her: a finesse in her composure, subtle traces of greater beauty, an affinity of ideals, and lastly, something more than I discovered in my first glance—enchantments which, upon discovery, revived in me the marvelous feeling of that which I had not experienced for many years.

At that moment I decided to utilize all my poor psychological resources to investigate the aspects of her attractive personality. How I deplored not being able to succeed because my charming visitor was far beyond my reach.

She greeted me as though she knew me well: "I came to visit you from far away. I am from St. Luis Potosi, but you do not remember me." At that moment I did not understand the extraordinary transcendence of her words; the city of San Luis Potosi is not "far away." It occurred to me that she might be the granddaughter of some friend of mine. But I could not be certain; it had been more than thirty years since I had been in that city.

Her beauty, besides captivating me, seemed familiar. She inspired kindness and was more attractive than any archetype of my ideal woman. This wonderful woman seemed to bring to my memory something – something special that for the moment I couldn't remember.

"We knew each other in San Luis Potosi," she added, smiling "at the Campos sisters' home." However hard I tried to remember, I was unable. The Campos sisters were for me a remembrance of more than forty years.

"Please come in," I told her. I hurried to open the gate, asking myself who could be this visitor. The more I saw her the more captivated I was. Only that tremendous unbearable cold...

When she passed before me, I observed in detail her hair, loose and long, almost to her waist, very fine, docile and brown, with many golden hairs, the luster of which accentuated the sparkling of her eyes. The hair seemed to me to be damp with a fresh smell, but I couldn't perceive any fragrance. Only afterwards did I know why.

When she crossed the patio, she stumbled on one of the steps. I hurried to assist her. My fingers lightly touched her forearm. It was delicately firm with very fine golden hair. The slight touch of her skin had a magic effect on me. It produced in me the most pleasant sensation of warmth and vitality. Later I would be marveled in knowing the cause.

We entered the small room. While she was looking at the scarce and antiquated decorations in the living room, I took advantage to study her better. I felt again that old sensation from my childhood—almost forgotten—of pleasant pressure in some part of my chest which announced, through a pleasant difficulty in breathing, the presence of this beautiful woman. This caused me to laugh—a poor old man in love! Oh how sad to be in love at a quarter to twelve of life! However, it gave me joy.

She was most amiable, loving and understanding. She had probably already noticed, by the keen insight of adolescence, the profound interest I had in her. And perhaps because of that feeling of extraordinary compassion of a beautiful girl, conscious of the power that her beauty gave her, she gave me gestures of affection. Maybe I should have rejected the compassionate gift, but I didn't. I eagerly accepted the gift of her sweet glance and cordially thanked her for it as one feels gratitude for the simple pleasures of life, as one enjoys the view of beautiful scenery, the singing of the birds or the caress of a warm morning. It could be that in old age, when life is consumed, pride diminishes.

"I remember," she told me, "that you very much liked a melody that I sang at the Campos' home many years ago."

Many years ago! Youth, I thought, counts months like years. It couldn't be so many years for a youth of twenty. She was probably confusing me with another person. But it didn't matter; blessed be the mistake that allowed me to enjoy her presence.

"You'll see," she proceeded. "I sang that song about... forty-eight years ago."

What a pity. So sad for such a beautiful girl! If I could help her... I hope it is only a temporary mental upset. My love for her urged me to accept what she said. After all, who is completely normal in this world? It is said in psychiatry that the boundary between sanity and insanity is not a definite line but a wider zone which society broadly defines. An insane person is only confined when he behaves in an antisocial manner.

In the meantime I decided to go along with her. I began to tell her something appropriate when she interrupted me.

“No, I am not insane,” she stated with a generous smile which allowed me to admire her bright, symmetrical, natural teeth. “You remembered me in your youth with the nickname *Pajarera*, because that was the melody I sang forty-eight years ago at the Campos’ home.”

The song of the *Pajarera*—yes, of course, I remember it. It was a romantic melody of long ago. It was tied to my collegiate remembrances with strong emotional overtones. Every time I hear it, something intimate stirs in me and brings to my memory joyful and innocent emotions. When I used to go serenading with my friends, I tipped the band to play this song and filled myself with the charm of its notes.

As a child I remember being at the Campos’ home, standing by an upright piano while a lady was playing. A most beautiful lady, about twelve years older than me, was singing the melody of the *Pajarera*. Only now, I don’t know how, the blurred details of this early memory were beginning to clear; the details reappear in the same way the filmy patina is removed from old bronze.

Presently I can visualize with total clarity that image of a beautiful girl who, when she sang, created a commotion in my being and made flourish in my heart the first sentiments of tempestuous love. And the woman of my remembrance was very similar to my visitor.

There was no doubt that this young girl, whom I remembered as *Pajarera*, was the same one that I had always looked for amidst the women in my life. She was the first infatuation of my childhood, the joyful emergence of my youth and the ideal love of my life.

For sure my memory could not sustain the passage of years. The physical features were no longer clear. However, deep inside me, I kept indelible the image of my first love as an archetype to which every woman I loved should conform. Afterwards, I was startled to know the real reason.

To clarify a memory! To return to almost relive it. It seemed to me a fascinating experience. Of course I couldn’t suspect the marvelous experience awaiting me in this extraordinary interview. I was only deploring that this was happening at the end of life. What a joy reviving the most pleasant memory of innocent love in all my existence.

Soon my joy turned to anxiety. Couldn’t it just be my imagination? After all, who really is this beautiful woman? Because it is most clear that two persons, although quite similar, are involved. They can’t be the same since one is more than 45-years older than the other.

“I suppose,” I questioned, “that you are the granddaughter of that beautiful girl I met at the Campos’ home. Isn’t that true?”

“No, I am the same girl that sang to you in your childhood.”

This is impossible! I said to myself. Probably I’m sick and dreaming a beautiful dream. Being in such a situation, wouldn’t it be better to continue the dream instead of ruining it with my persistent doubts? It is preferable to foster this fascinating illusion. I will wake up and then I will forget this prodigy.

However, how is it that my memory became clear? Probably it is part of the development of this dream and, in that case, there would be no clarification of the memory. Or, it could be in this siesta that my declining memory of an old man could conjure in my fantasy the old, original image.

I was in the middle of this reflection when she insisted: “I assure you that you are not dreaming. I am the same woman you remember.” Her tone of voice was convincing and something influenced me to believe her.

At that moment I couldn’t explain how she could know my thoughts. I learned afterwards.

“Now *I* am the insane one,” I told her, “because I don’t understand anything.”

“Don’t worry. I am going to explain everything to you if you promise to calm down. Stay calm. If you don’t, I’ll have to go.”

“No, not that! Pardon me! Please, explain everything!” I clamored. I never asked the name of the young lady of my childhood memory. It would have brought me ridicule, recriminations, and all sorts of “healthy” advice! I understood intuitively that I had to keep my first love a secret. In those days, it would have been sacrilegious for a child of eight to openly declare he was in love.

“You have asked the Most High for many years,” she reminded me, “that during your mortal life, He would give you knowledge about the future life; isn’t this true?”

“That is right. I have asked Him for more than twenty years. But then... You mean to tell me that I am dead? This means that...”

“Calm down, please,” she interrupted me, “you are not dead yet and I have come to tell you something about eternal life. I am having this interview with you to increase your humility, to create in you a deep yearning for future life, to serve as an incentive to perform authentic Christian charity and to give you a better understanding of the love God has for you.”

I believed I was dead and I did not know it. How serious the passage to death must be when the mere suspicion of having passed completely fills you with so much panic.

“I have not come to upset you,” she reiterated, “but to bring you peace. The Lord, through me, will help you transform some of the truths which faith has taught you into profound, deep and operational convictions. You know some of these truths superficially. You believe them and practice them sincerely, but you have not practiced them well.

“It is because you are dazzled by current scientific progress,” she added, “and, simultaneously, it seems to you that what religion teaches is antiquated and unsubstantiated. However, science and faith have the same divine origin. There is no—nor can there ever be—any contradiction between them. I have come to clarify, therefore, how to admirably harmonize the Divine Word with some actual and current scientific postulates.

“From the viewpoint of man, no mysteries exist in the physical world that do not define still other deeper and transcendent mysteries. I understand that if you are a great enigma to yourself, it is logical that you will have difficulty with the celestial concepts I am going to explain to you. *Because you are going to be both actor and spectator.* You are part of the world that today you are going to explore. You must eagerly cooperate. But remember that man acts not so much from the evidence of the truth he knows, but from the convictions he loves.

“On the other hand,” she continued, “the Divine Pedagogy is slow. It goes in accordance with human littleness. And it is progressive because it depends, to some extent, on man’s cultural perfection, obtained by his own efforts with the help of the Most High.”

My fear was somewhat alleviated, not so much by her reflections, but by her enchanting beauty.

“In the process of forming your profound and operational convictions,” continued the beautiful girl, “I will be just a poor and weak instrument of the Most Powerful who, it should be said, does not wish to coerce you but respects your moral freedom which He Himself gave you. Therefore, if you prefer, I will go immediately without anyone being bothered. Do you want me to go?”

“No, no please stay! Pardon my confusion. Please continue.”

Her voice sounded categorically absolute, and I could not imagine the way we were communicating. She seemed very sure of herself and her beauty captivated me more and more. In any case—I thought—I am quite content to enjoy her presence and beautiful figure. Although... she could be an imposter. But then, how could she give me old details of dates and people?

The strange cold tormented me again. My joints were frozen and I could not even move a finger. The attractive adolescent had been seated close to me on the sofa that formed a right angle with my chair. The armchairs, and the table with the coffee and cigarettes, separated us. As though she guessed I was freezing, the beautiful girl bent over me and touched the back of my frozen left hand with the fingertips of her right hand. This simple light touch was enough to transmit vital warmth and tranquility.

“I suppose,” she told me, in a kind of joking manner, “that you realize you are talking with a dead person.”

Dead person? How could she be dead if I was seeing her so beautiful and wholesome. The dead have a horrible appearance. I have seen several people die and have never even noticed, upon examining the face of a cadaver, the peaceful smile that many bereaved are sure to have seen. Also, she could be a ghost, but the spirits on the other side of the grave really only exist in the excited minds of those in soap operas and mystery movies, fairy-tales and horror films. And they always appear repulsive.

I was unable, of course, to accept the fact that she was a ghost. Neither did she seem to be a cadaver. What, then, could my precious companion be? She did not cause me any fear; on the contrary, she enkindled great happiness. She enchanted me, but I was perplexed by the mystery of her presence.

“Yes,” she affirmed, “I am dead. Or, better yet, I was, since now I am a Blessed. Are you sure you aren’t afraid to continue conversing with me?”

“Of course not—on the contrary... knowing you are a Blessed, I would like to ask you many questions.”

“Ask me. That’s exactly why I am here. I will answer them to the extent I am able. But I need to tell you that I am not an important Blessed. I am very inferior. Later I will tell you why.”

I resisted admitting to myself that I was talking with no one other than a most beautiful inhabitant of heaven. But she was saying it—and her beauty delighted me. I would have believed whatever is believable.



“If you are really the same young woman I knew in my childhood, you should know, now that you are glorified, all that you mean to me.”

“I know,” she quietly replied, “but while I was still alive I knew nothing about the young boy who fell in love while I sang the *Pajarera*. When I was glorified, our God told me about the first love I inspired in you. I understood when I knew that the admirable Will of our Lord had destined us so that you and I fulfill in heaven the marvelous love which we were unable to enjoy on earth. You were a boy of eight years and I was old enough to marry. Our love, with respect to our earthly sojourn, remained frustrated.”

“Why do you say *our love*? My love for you was and is evident but, your love for me...?”

“Nothing happens by chance. Relative to man’s free will, the infinite Intelligence has everything minutely planned. His divine providence causes it or permits it. All chaste love on earth will never be frustrated in heaven. All virtuous love is necessarily reciprocated and, if it is unfulfilled in this world, will be culminated in an indescribable manner in heaven. Because from all eternity you were loved and generated by the Most High.”

“You are referring to the failed loves of this earth,” I slowly proposed.

“Yes, every licit love. The Lord has placed in those lovers the bonds of attraction and complementary reciprocation so that they seek and find one another—if not in this life, then surely in the next. This is why they love one another, desire one another, enjoy one another and possess one another in an ineffable, fruitful and celestial manner. As we shall see later, of course, we are not talking here about marital pleasures, since there is no marriage in heaven. For the Blessed are not satisfied with pleasures so brief and insignificant. This extraordinary, heavenly human love is the complete and most joyful fulfillment of the love of Charity, which I will describe to you afterwards.

“It is clear that because of sin,” she added, “the bonds of complimentary love, intended by the Creator, are often not completed or noticed because they have been weakened and obscured. They have nearly lost their brilliance of attraction because of hereditary defects, weaknesses due to disease, inadequate customs, poverty, lack of culture, et cetera—all of which is the consequence of sin. These are the loves which are impossible on the earth but, as in our case, they will be completely fulfilled in heaven. Later I will explain why the Most High permits them.

“However,” she pointed out, “these bonds of love, having been established by our Lord, exist and will last forever. I will tell you more. To establish the reciprocal bond of heavenly love, the existence of this loving attraction need be in only one of the two virtuous lovers. Although licit love begins on earth, it is always reciprocated and unimpeded in heaven, since it is not contrary to the Divine Will.”

I just heard something marvelous! My beautiful visitor loves me and, someday our love will be ineffably and completely fulfilled in heaven. My joy cannot be contained. It seemed to me that all the loves of my life fused into the love of my dead loved one and returned to the mold which gave origin to give greater meaning to my ideal love! How much happiness awaits me in my future fatherland!

I noticed in my beloved companion, in spite of her modest indifference, an emotion similar to my own which was transparent from the redness of her cheeks and from the sparkle which brightened her expression. She touched me again lightly, perhaps to prevent me from being overwhelmed by joy.

However, I was unable to think calmly in the midst of such emotions: the beauty of my visitor, the knowledge she was an enchanting Blessed, her unutterable love for me, her relived remembrance, my uncertainly between sleep and wakefulness and the mystery of the frozen television screen, the cigarette smoke and my own being.

“What else do you wish to know?” she asked.

I relaxed as much as I could and I tried to formulate another question. Of all the questions I had thought of, I could not remember any. What inopportune confusion! I could only ask her: “What do the Blessed do in heaven?”

“We love our God; we enjoy His love and His power; we love all the beings of the universe and enjoy with them to the limit of the degree of glory obtained on earth. Later I will try to show you the delightful physical/spiritual compenetration that exists among the glorified. This compenetration immensely surpasses any earthly pleasure in intensity, duration, quality and manner.

“You should know,” she explained, “that the eternal Blessedness has two aspects: the direct joy with the Creator and the enjoyment of created goods. The direct vision and possession of God through love is called essential glory because it is the best. The pleasures and joys which are given to us through the created universe correspond to accidental glory. In this interview we will speak only of accidental glory which is the lesser. We shall leave the essential glory for another occasion.”

“So, how is heaven?” I asked.

“Heaven is the blessedness, that is, the complete happiness and enjoyment with praise. It is not a special place, as a great cathedral or enormous stadium. No, heaven consists in the immense joy of the Blessed. Heaven is all the cosmos, the admirable structure in which our God gives an infinity of vivid joys and pleasures. For example, in this moment my heaven is the living room in your home because here and now I am enjoying the glory which the Most High gave me. I take this celestial happiness with me wherever I go. As you can see, in heaven all is love and joy. And something similar *should* also be happening among mortals.”

“And why is it not happening?”

“First, because of original sin and then the personal sin of today which accumulates, intertwines and complicates until it becomes the tremendous sin of the whole world. Moral evil has disturbed the divine plan. I am not saying that His plans are nullified, but they are delayed, entangled and what should be joy is converted into pain.”

“What is your name?” I asked with curiosity.

“My name on earth no longer has importance. My new name in heaven is confidential because at the time of glorification, our God secretly reveals to each Blessed a new name which exactly expresses the precise and individual mode of their existence. The new name explains clearly the singular personality and the particular fulfillment of happiness that each person will enjoy in heaven. The name is the exact definition of each glorified person. It is the luminous revelation of their earthly and heavenly mission/vocation. You cannot imagine the jubilation and gratitude with which the Blessed receive their new name. They then know the essence of their personality and sees that it conforms perfectly to his eternal call/vocation to joy and pleasure.

“The new name,” she added, “is a secret because it refers, above all, to the essential glory which the Blessed directly enjoy with our God. It concerns the subtle characteristics and the unique tones of love with which the new blessed one and the Most High love each other eternally. This includes the primary joy that the Blessed one will receive from the entire universe and which he, in turn, will give to the entire universe. Also, it is a secret in this life because of sin which obscures everything.”

“Don’t you want to reveal your new name to me?”

“Impossible! You would die from the joy. Any strictly celestial understanding produces a joy incompatible with earthly life. However, you can call me Tenderly-Loved. I believe that is the earthly word that is closest to my new name since I possess only the most remote participation in the divine tenderness.”

Tenderly-Loved again lightly touched with her fingers the back of my left hand which was almost paralyzed on my arm chair. She revived me immediately. And this made me love her the more. It was as though I discovered in her a prodigious technical ability which, even if I did not fully understand it, was ever uniting me more with my beautiful heavenly inhabitant.

“I would like to coordinate your knowledge with respect to the dimension of time,” proposed Tenderly-Loved.

At that time I did not understand why she was saying “coordinate knowledge” instead of “explaining” it. Later I understood the astonishing “why.”

“The traveler,” she affirmed, “possesses some capacity to influence the three dimensions of space: length, width, and depth. He modifies things and compresses them. He widens them and, in a certain sense, diminishes distances with rapid transportation. But with respect to the dimension of time, or the fourth dimension, the traveler is incapable of changing it and has adapted to his incapacity.

“However,” she continued, “modern, non-experimental mathematical studies indicate the possibility of visiting the past or future. (Clearly this has given support to science fiction literature.) But fundamentally there is much truth in this. If a spaceship would leave earth and travel at the speed of light directly toward the constellation Andromeda, one month going and one month returning, the hypothetical astronaut would age two months and that is what his watch would indicate. In the meantime, seventy years would have passed on the earth. In other words, upon his return the traveler would find his great-grandchildren.

“Naturally,” she stated, “the former is unattainable during mortal life. But something of this is achieved most easily in heaven. Observe that time measures successive acts of movement. Observe also that time is found in the essence of things. Bodies (things) are movement. If a moving body extraordinarily accelerates or decelerates, time changes its frequency. This is a concept which transcends classical earthly notions which are subjective notions about the past, present and future.”

In this first explanation I did not understand the concept that time is in the essence of things. Afterwards she objectively demonstrated it.

“Ideas about the past, present and future seem very real to me,” I argued, feeling very sure of the testimony of my senses and consensus of humanity.

“There are necessary distinctions during the state of pilgrimage on this earth but they lack transcendence (are not extraordinary) in the Fatherland. Later I’ll tell you why. Those educated on the earth already have a glimpse of these truths and state that man, during his brief passage on this planet, organizes, in an egocentric manner, events in his mind according to his personal sense of the past, present, and future. However, except in the mind of the traveler, the universe, the earth, and objective reality are not a series of events. They do not end, they are not annihilated, They simply exist.”

“And is that the truth?”

“Yes, that is how we see it from the level of consciousness of celestial life. Also, mortal scientists realize this when they prove that astronauts traveling at a speed faster than the rotation of the earth age a few millionths of a second less than the rest of humanity. Very soon I will give you a demonstration.”

“However,” I argued, “time is something fleeting, vanishing. It escapes us as a stream of water between our fingers. When we begin to think at a given moment of time, it has already passed. This is according to one’s experience, irrespective of the state of the earthly traveler.”

“Pardon me, but time passes inexorably. The only thing important about time is the present moment because the past already happened and is finished. I am sure that time passes over humanity as a cloud in the sky. Time passes, so people can be aware of the date of their birth, the dates in which they live, along with other passing events such as the dates people die.

“Believe me,” she amiably insisted, “you are mistaken and I am going to prove it this very day when you observe the majesty of the fifth dimension. Your error can be compared with an old and false idea that the earth was immobile, as though at the center of the universe, and that the sun rotated around it.

“Mortals are inclined to being pessimistic,” she said. “They are very susceptible to the force of their egocentrism due to original sin. This evil defect which we inherit from our first parents is the remote cause of all the evils and limitations which burden humanity. It impedes man’s awareness of his true place in the cosmos.”

“You seem to be exaggerating,” I thought. And with effort, due to the force of gravity that weighed upon me, I observed my watch. The second hand had stopped.

“We are not in the temporal rhythm of your watch or calendar.” She said simply, and I became alarmed.

“Don’t worry,” she encouraged me, “our interview could not take place at the rhythm of a watch. Later I will tell you why. It is though normal earth time has stopped for us. We have been placed in a frequency of time that is very slow. You need to know that time has many frequencies, and that you only know—of course—the temporal rhythm of the earth, of your watch. However, consider that every second is mathematically divisible to the infinite. Has it ever occurred to you to consider what happens during one of the infinitesimal fractions of time? Many things happen.”

“I do not notice that.”

“Simply consider that your life is not interrupted in that lapse of time which, not for its brevity, lacks transcendence. What happens to you, as with all mortals, is that you live with our awareness strongly bound to the present moment.”

“Why do I live this with bondage?”

“As I mentioned, the reason for all the evils on the earth is the evil of sin. However, in the actual structure of the Faith and in the journey through this world, our God, moved by His immense love for humanity, has so ordained that this journey pass with great speed during the test of mortal life. Therefore man travels over the earth as a traveler in a supersonic plane. Moreover, our Lord has bound man’s awareness to the present moment to diminish and abbreviate the earthly penalties for His beloved earthly creatures. And He only permits man to view the universe from the window of an exceedingly fast moment of time.”

“I don’t feel bound.”

“It’s that you haven’t reflected on it. Man’s adaptation to his environment is so complete that he is accustomed to live subjected to the present moment which no longer even calls his attention. The same thing happens with your bondage to the earth’s surface by gravity and the imperceptibility of what happens in an infinitesimal fraction of time. It is precisely the bonding with the present instant that obliges you to resort to subjective notions of past, present and future. However, this is necessary for those still on earth.”

“And you have broken this bond?” I was afraid to ask.

“Yes, thanks to the Lord. It was broken at my good death. As far as you are concerned, your forced subjection to the present moment has been suspended during our conversation. This is a singular favor the Most High has given you.”

My uneasiness was such that instead of giving thanks for such a splendid gift, I felt a strong aversion to the shackles which imprisoned my consciousness to the present moment. But Tenderly-Loved immediately reacted.

“How good is the Creator to give us the gift of time.” She joyfully stated. “For those travelers it is as a solvent in which the joys and sufferings of mortal life are slowly diluted.”

“It must be a very cold solvent because it has not diluted my many problems.” I retorted.

“You are a pessimist on two feet. Look, if in a single act of your existence you were capable of enjoying the sum of your happiest moments or your most difficult moments, it is certain you would die at that instant because you would be incapable of enduring such happiness or commensurate pain. It is true that the present moment imprisons your consciousness but also it is your ally because it gives you the opportunity of filling with the love of Charity, of cooperating with our God and obtaining the stupendous future glory that He wishes for you. The bondage of your consciousness to the present instant offers the opportunity to reconsider and ask pardon. If it were not for this bonding, your life would be a continuous present. I will convince you of this in a little while.

“Well then,” she continued, “we are now in modified time. That is to say we are in a very slow temporal wave relative to normal earth time. But the frequency is very fast since we do many things in a very brief period. Since the image froze on the television, normal earth time has hardly passed. We are living at a pace of a thousand-millionth of a picosecond. A picosecond is $10e-12$, or $1/100,000,000,000$ of a second. [*That is one trillionth, or one millionth of one millionth of a second, or 0.000 000 000 001 seconds. A picosecond is to one second as one second is to 31,700 years.*] This is to say that when a half-hour should have passed while we conversed, scarcely have passed a few thousandths of a picosecond. It is difficult for me to translate my thought into the language of physics and terrestrial mathematics. Don’t forget I am one of the least Blessed. But I calculate that this long conversation, with our journey through time and the other things we’ll do, will take no more than one-thousandth of a second even though we will, perhaps, take about ten minutes of time from the past.”

Living in an infinitesimal modified time seemed incredible to me, but I was enthused by the marvelous interview with Tenderly-Loved, the trips through time, and the things we were going to do.



“You said we are in another temporal frequency,” I objected. “I have not felt any change.”

“Clearly you have! That is why you feel so cold and you can hardly move. My glorified body, on the other hand, is not affected by these changes of temporal waves when I visit the past or travel through sidereal time. On the contrary, all of this causes very pleasant sensations. Prodigious are the qualities of Blessed human organisms.”

It occurred to me to raise my right hand about a centimeter above the arm of my chair. I had to raise it with a force that would lift twenty kilograms. “Are you not able to diminish this heaviness (which I knew to be gravity) in the same way you took away the cold?”

She continued: “No, no, it is not prudent. Very soon you are going to know why... But let us continue our conversation about temporal waves. Our deceleration, relative to normal terrestrial time, results in the immobility of the television image, the lack of sound, and the failure of the cigarette smoke to disperse. Now you know why you did not hear any noise from your steps or the hinges on the doors of your room, nor the activities of the cook.”

“You were saying,” I argued with Tenderly-Loved, “that we are living at a rhythm of thousand-millionths of a picosecond. In such a state we would be moving at a frequency millions of times slower than the rotation of the earth. And this signifies that we are close to absolute immobility. Perhaps we are approaching nothingness.”

“Don’t be disturbed. We are very far from absolute immobility. Remember the classical example from the theory of relativity. If a car runs on the highway at 100 kilometers per hour, what is the absolute velocity of the car? It is clear that its velocity, relative to the highway which is immobile, is 100 kilometers per hour. Moreover, to calculate the absolute velocity, one would have to add algebraically to the 100 kilometers the velocity of the earth’s rotation, plus the movement of the sun, plus the velocity of the solar system, plus the velocity of all our galaxy toward other galaxies, plus the immense acceleration of the expansion of the universe.

“The result,” she concluded very happily, “would be that the car, relative to absolute immobility and not relative to the highway which we arbitrarily considered immobile, travels at millions and millions of kilometers per earthly second.”

And I thought we were close to absolute rest. Never would I have thought that the earth moves so rapidly.

“I assure you,” she said, in an attempt to comfort me, “that in spite of the great slowness of this modified time, we are far away from complete immobility which, on the other hand, is nothing to fear. Immobility is not the same as nothingness. Be calm. Nothing bad will happen to you. Our God permitted this modified time with you. Is it that you don’t have confidence in the Divine Wisdom?”

“Yes, of course I do,” I responded, “but more by compromise than by conviction. However, if we move more slowly than the earth, why do we remain in our places as though we were moving at the same velocity as the planet?”

“Later you will get a glimpse at the explanation. For now I will answer with an example. The light entering the window travels at 300,000 kilometers per second but the ray of light, however, seems stationary. The same thing happens with the earth which is rotating and seems immobile. Looks can be deceiving! In your own body the electrons of your atoms vibrate at a velocity close to the speed of light and you don’t even realize this.

“The senses of humans are very limited,” she commented. “The earth, for example, moves around the sun at a speed of 108,000 kilometers per hour and no mortal feels such excessive movement. Besides, if you depend exclusively on the testimony of the senses, you will easily fall into error.

“Truthfully,” she insisted, “nothing bad will happen to you. On the contrary, in this way I will be able to explain and do various experiments which would cause you to become ill or even kill you, if your vital functions were actually in use.”

Still another surprise! “My vital signs were suspended! Are you saying I have no vital signs? Then I am dead!” I was happy to arrive at this conclusion because, after seeing the beauty of Tenderly-Loved, the mundane concerns of this mortal life began to hinder me.

“While you are in this modified time, your body will not show the vital signs studied in medicine for the simple reason you are not operating in ordinary earth time in which human physiology works.”

In spite of this semi-paralysis and strange sensation of cold, I feel normal. However, when I observed myself better and... I wasn't breathing!

“Don't be afraid.” she said immediately. “Nothing bad will happen to you. During modified time, biological functions operate differently from the travelers. While you are living you will not notice your blood circulating, nor will you breathe. Now you know why the column of cigarette smoke didn't move when you believed you were blowing through it.”

I hurried to take my pulse, and... nothing! I am unable to understand how I remain alive. Or perhaps I am no longer! If not, how is it possible to think if I lack vital signs?

“This last point will show you that man does not think with his brain, for however much it participates in thought, but, above all, with his spiritual soul. Cosmic biology has different laws than on earth, in accordance with the temporal wave in which the living being is placed. Human life in whatever place and time in the universe, is sustained by means of energy. Only in the frequency of normal earth time does the energy come from food and oxygen. While modified time is slow, energy acquired is acquired directly from the matter-energy of the environment and by means of internal biology. If we were in the normal frequency of earth time, both of us would need to breathe and eat.”

“Then my organism is able to accomplish the assimilation and dissimilation in this modified time?”

“Of course. It acquires the vital energy from your internal biological environment. There is almost no excretion. If you persisted an equivalent of ten years in this modified time you would barely excrete a few drops of sweat. The same thing happens with me but at a most perfect level. This is due to the fact that chemical wastes are hardly formed since all the energy that comes from the atoms is used. Remember that the atom is a great storehouse of energy.”

“Come on! Now I'm functioning as an atomic reactor!”

“You function much better because you use a few atoms which you disintegrate completely, not partially as happens in nuclear reactors. It's unfortunate you are unable to enjoy the delight this causes in heaven, the fulfillment of the regulated biological functions mediated by the soul. Here on earth one is scarcely able to experience the state of well-being when the entire organism functions well. But in the Glory this same well-being causes immense pleasure which increases our accidental happiness.”

How many marvels of the universe, I thought, do I not know! How small is the knowledge of science in spite of nearing the twenty-first century. No one would imagine that the human body was capable of causing such happiness and fusing atoms.

“Tenderly-Loved, how can I disintegrate atoms without knowing it, not even knowing which to fuse?”

“Clearly your consciousness does not know it, but your spiritual soul does. And it knows it very well and it is able to perfectly execute it. Just as it knows and coordinates digestion, filtration, regulation, communication, and so forth, without conscious awareness. If your psychological awareness had to control all functions of the organs, it wouldn't have enough time to even direct one of them well. For example, if your understanding and will had to regulate the movements of the heart you

wouldn't even have time to sleep or attend to anything else. Needing to accelerate or slow your heart movements, its arterial pressure and valve actions, without any rest, would be most complicated!

“Our God has removed all these tedious problems from awareness so you can direct your consciousness and will to accomplish His designs over you and to love and serve Him through faith and works of charitable love. The soul knows very well how to regulate each biological function and coordinate them all, including psychological functions such as habits which regulate behavior. It also knows how to live in heaven and in any time wave, just as it knows how to travel at fantastic velocities, pass through walls, dominate the forces of nature... Mortals possess the seed which will allow them to enjoy the future glory.”

“If my soul knows how to fuse atoms, why hasn't it already done so? I would escape daily work, the difficulties with the Metro and even indigestion.”

“It knows how but it doesn't do it because of a divine mandate; because you are scarcely gaining merit for eternal glory from your good works. Because of original sin, every human being should nourish itself with honest work and endure in a Christian manner the trials our God sends him. Moreover, your soul has never before been in modified time. It was enough for your soul to be in it in order to learn and execute what your soul already knew since our Lord created it. The human soul is most wise. It accomplishes what is primary: thought, love, and it gives time on earth to honorably earn a living, educate oneself, fulfill one's responsibilities, recreate salutarily, and rest.”

I could only add “the soul is, without doubt, a great mystery.”

“Yes, it's an enigma for the travelers, but not for the Blessed. During the mortal life the soul silently works day and night and it doesn't bother or distract conscious activities, not during the evening nor during sleep. Only when the soul is presented with a grave problem, which is unsolvable because it still doesn't have the powers of glorification, it advises the consciousness by pain and bother so that understanding intervenes and the problem is resolved.”

“Tenderly-Loved, if I lack vital signs in this modified time, how is it that I can move—even if I do it with great difficulty?”

“It is very simple. All material movement requires energy. Mortal travelers obtain it from their food after physiological functions such as digestion, absorption, circulation, assimilation, etc. During modified time you acquire this energy from your blood plasma and lymph system. Our God is aiding your body by means of the light touch of my fingers over your hand. The Blessed, on the other hand, receive energy directly from any source - - light, heat, electricity, gravity or other energies that I'll mention later. Also we frequently eat exquisite foods, even though it is unnecessary in heaven.”

In the meantime I did not understand how the Blessed take the energy. A little bit later I realized her immense power over matter and the forces of nature.

I think I began to consider the divine malediction over sinful humanity: “*By the sweat of your brow you shall eat your bread...*”

I am so accustomed to work that my occupation seems normal and natural. But I was beginning to understand that the daily struggle of work is something God does not want for man. I guessed that fatigue from human labor, sickness and death are not God's Will but due to the sin of humanity. And I felt very guilty in cooperating with my portion of the evil of sin in the world.



Tenderly-Loved and I continued sitting in the room of my humble house. From time to time I looked at the immobile smoke curl and the frozen TV image, testimonies of the fabulous experience I was living.

“Are there also cooks in heaven?” I asked Tenderly-Loved.

“Yes, in the Fatherland we rely on great holy experts to prepare exquisite dishes without the least effort on their part.”

“But, if in the eternal glory no one works, where do they get the meat, vegetables and fruit?”

“All food, however complex it may seem, ultimately is composed of atoms which, in turn, contain energy. But atoms and energy blindly obey us to the extent that with just our wish we are easily able to combine, transmute, fuse or change them into fabulous and succulent dishes.

“More yet,” she continued, “the matter/energy is most adapted to become our food, to incorporate into our blessed bodies and participate in our accidental glory. It is that all created things are interrelated by the universal bond of love; we complement one another; we desire each other and we love one another in an ineffable, celestial manner. This is not pantheism- - it’s about relationships. Atoms moved by universal love, long for us, as in the pain of childbirth, to give them fulfillment (happiness) in their own way. You will see in heaven that every created entity—regardless of how rudimentary it may be—is capable of knowledge and love.”

“How great! You who are blessed procure by yourselves, without effort, much more than our best nuclear energy capabilities.” I had forgotten my duties as a host. But speaking about food, I remembered that I had not even offered my beloved visitor any refreshment. So I asked her “Would you like a cup of coffee?”

“No, thank you. Better, if you like, I’ll prepare for you a little heavenly delicacy.”

She took my package of cigarettes and removed the cellophane wrapping. She crumbled it up between her fingers to form a small ball and offered it to me with a radiant smile. “Try it, I am sure you’ll like it.”

Truly, what an exquisite delicacy. Never had I tasted anything so delicious. As a fragile powder, it dissolved in my mouth. The most enjoyable flavor was unique. I couldn’t recognize any predominant or basic flavor such as sweet, salty, bitter or acidic. Although I have tasted Swiss chocolates, marzipan and other delights, this heavenly delicacy was exceedingly superior to all of these.

“How exquisite,” I proclaimed, “how did you make it?”

“I transformed the molecules of cellophane into other chemical substances, unknown on earth, which harmoniously excite all the senses, not partially, as usual earthly desserts. What a pity you are unable to eat this same delicacy in normal terrestrial time.”

“Why not?”

“Because you would die of joy. You would enjoy a pleasure incompatible with earthly life. In reality you have barely tasted this inferior delicacy. You perceived its flavor by means of the infra-energy, about which I will speak later, because we are in very slow modified time which impedes the transmission of gustatory sensations through nerve impulses.”

“But it seemed delicious. You must be a magnificent heavenly cook.”

“No, any Blessed could prepare this delicacy. I would say that in heaven it would be like cornflower on earth. You will meet many saints who cook and who, because of their great glory, prepare truly succulent delicacies. Among the earthly travelers, the sense of taste is atrophied due to such great moral evil. On the other hand, it is most acute and perfected among the Blessed. You can’t imagine how we try to incur the favor of these holy pastry cooks.”

I believed that, in consideration of the beatific vision, the Blessed would be oblivious of everything else; pleasures of the senses, esthetic enjoyment of the beautiful arts, other loves and friendships...

“In truth, our essential glory which is the beatific vision and loving possession of our God, is enough for complete happiness. But He, because He loves us so much, has so ordained that we also enjoy accidental glory: an infinite number of loves—human, angelic, esthetic, scientific and others unknown to earth. He also wants us to have the incalculable pleasures of sight, hearing, smell, taste and above all touch which, as we will later see, is not limited to tactile sensations of the skin as on earth, but includes all the cells of the organism. The cells enjoy and make us enjoy what is inexplicable in our loving compenetrations with all of Creation. And this is done in a jubilant, heavenly manner.”

Fascinating! To enjoy without work, to delight without effort, to savor exquisite delicacies without payment, to smell delicate perfumes, to contemplate such beautiful creatures as my beloved visitor and to lovingly possess them in a fecund, heavenly manner by means of an ineffable compenetration... Later I saw the marvel of this physical/spiritual interpenetration among the Blessed according to divine designs. I couldn’t do less than give thanks to God for having called me into existence, for giving me human existence over animal, vegetable or pure material existence, for redeeming me, for creating me in the 20th century and not in the stone age, for pardoning my iniquities. I gave thanks for His generous providence throughout my life; for having so much patience, for His magnificence in the present and future which is becoming more clear.

But returning to the delicious delicacy, I said to my companion, “I suppose that now you would no longer like our stew, casseroles and fruit dishes.”

“For sure we continue to enjoy them and we eat them with much pleasure. But they are very well prepared with no culinary imperfections. It’s the same about refreshments, wines and heavenly liquors which surpass the best of this world. And this happens without need of markets, without haggling about prices, without asphyxiating kitchens, and without washing dishes.

“Don’t be surprised at what I am telling you.” She clarified. “Remember that our Lord Jesus Christ, our Exemplary Cause, ate with the apostles shortly after His resurrection.”

“How true. Now I desire to be in glory!”

“Work, then, with your Redeemer. Reach with your good Christian works; reach for the blessedness which He prepares for you. And when you shall have obtained it, you will see what banquets we will have.”



“Pardon me,” I objected to Tenderly-Loved,” I clearly hear you and the sound is coming at 340 meters per second. Therefore, in this conversation at least a few minutes have passed and not just a few thousandths of picoseconds.”

“Don’t be alarmed by what I’m going to tell you.” She said. “In reality we aren’t communicating with audible words, but ideas.”

Another surprise! We are not talking. It was incredible, but I had to admit she was right. Because if we were in a temporal frequency of a thousand-millionths of picoseconds, it was logical that the sound of the words could not be transmitted.

“Perhaps we are communicating by telepathy.”

“Something better. My soul is in spiritual contact with yours. In this manner I know your thoughts. I review and use the archive of your intellectual memory and the storehouse of your sensitive cerebral memory. My soul, by means of its gloried powers, is associating your ideas in a distinct but more efficient way than you are accustomed. It appears you are speaking to yourself. But I intervene and accommodate your concepts and images so that I can better express the particular message which God sends you and which motivates my actual visit.”

“Accordingly, this is not a dialogue but a monologue.”

“We are in communication, but we don’t converse as is customary in this world. We converse almost in the same way as the Blessed do. But there is a difference. I don’t infuse into you my own ideas but I arrange your ideas so you can better understand me, although this might seem to be a monologue. Later you will understand the importance of properly associating conscious ideas. It is the first step so that profound, rooted and operative convictions can be formed.”

She was right. True education consists of this. It does not suffice to inundate one’s self with knowledge to become a walking encyclopedia. It is necessary to arrange and properly use the few basic fundamental ideas to live in a Christian manner. And you will need to do this to obtain heaven. But how can I reach all this?

Tenderly-Loved saw the question in my mind and answered. “Only with the help of our Lord. But He is anxious to assist every person who asks Him for help in a Christian manner.”

“Do the Blessed converse as we do?”

“Not exactly, but almost. In heaven we converse by directly infusing our ideas and images. However we speak in many languages and dialects.”

To enjoy in heaven the pleasure of language! To speak precisely without errors, not even grammatical errors... to say one’s thoughts exactly without doubts, ambiguity, malice or danger... with the certainty of being not only heard but understood... On earth one must think well about what is said since it would be fatal to say what you think. I asked: “Why don’t you infuse your ideas instead of accommodating mine?”

“Because no mortal would be able to sustain such joy. You would die from pleasure. You could not imagine the delight that comes from receiving an infused idea. It is equivalent to spiritual interpenetration, as a kiss between two souls.”

“Now I understand how you guess my thoughts. However, you move your lips when you communicate spiritually with me. If we don’t speak with words, why do I perceive these movements?”

“So as not to disturb you. Because a kiss between two souls is not possible on earth I pronounce the words corresponding to the ideas which I clarify, coordinate and place in your consciousness. I

express them vocally with much love because they are for you, although they are inaudible. What a shame I must not communicate any of my ideas to you.”

“Let’s put it to the test... please.”

“No, whatever strictly celestial concept that I might infuse would operate as an irresistible conviction and you would die of joy or you would lose your human freedom and, therefore, the capacity to collaborate with the designs of the Lord for you. Better we do another test. When you talk with me, touch your lips and you will realize that you are not moving them, since you are communicating spiritually with me.”

“I must seem like a sitting cadaver to you.” I told her as I placed, with great effort, my fingers on my immobile lips. “If I never learned to spiritually communicate this way with anyone, how is it I am able to converse with you now without words?”

“It is not the same to know as to practice what one knows. Your consciousness ignores it because it never before has experienced it. But how well does your spiritual soul recognize it. Equally well does it know how to regulate all of your body and direct its biological functions while your consciousness peacefully sleeps or occupies itself with some other matters.”

For sure it’s that way. I remember that in a serious infection the soul knows very well how to increase its natural defenses, although it has never studied medicine.

The conversation with my glorified friend was admirable in spite of its occurrence in a thousand-millionth of a picosecond. Tenderly-Loved permitted me to think calmly and articulate my reflections opportunely. If only mortals could converse like that!



“Doesn’t the providence of God seem magnificent to you in view of His gifts and help for His much-Loved human children?” asked Tenderly-Loved with her two attractive dimples in her cheeks.

The truth is that I was not expecting all this.

“The supernatural action of our God in mortals is almost always unexpected. Some call this ‘surprise,’ ‘causality,’ ‘destiny,’... but, in reality, these expressions are lay terms for *divine providence*.”

“Why do you call this divine action supernatural?”

“Because it is something significantly superior to what mortal man ordinarily knows. It concerns a movement superior to what is, for the traveler, natural, common or usual. This does not imply that what is supernatural is rare. On the contrary, it is quite common among true Christians.”

“Yes, but it is not noticed.”

“It is that you reject it beforehand; you judge it to be impossible *a priori*. And the Lord anxiously searches for you, but He likes to be coaxed. The reason why the supernatural is not noticed is the frightful sin of the world: the contempt, the indifference, the oblivion that there is an all-powerful God who intimately loves us. If I were able to cooperate such that you and the Most High could shake hands! If I could achieve the intervention between you and Him, you and He would enfold in an ineffable embrace of love of Charity, I would be the happiest of the littlest of the Blessed.”

“Then this marvelous interview is like winning the lottery.”

“Yes, something like that. And you can’t imagine its value since it refers to the richness of profound and operative ideas/convictions which our God grants you. If you can take good advantage of these convictions before your death they will be worth a glory more important than winning many billions of dollars. And I must tell you that instead of winning dollars, you will win special privileges. But I note in your keen memory that the value of the dollar has fallen.”

“Therefore you have already explored well my soul and brain. Perhaps you are perceiving my thoughts and memories.” I asked her with a certain fear.

“No, I only notice what you freely want me to know. And don’t feel uneasy because the Lord is a zealous guardian of the propriety and privacy of each of His beloved children. Of course He knows everything – absolutely everything. But He doesn’t hurt or frighten anyone. His meticulous providence is also executed in heaven. He is most attentive that we do not commit the slightest error or indiscretion when we communicate with one another, be it communication through spiritual interpenetration or by means of language.”

“What form of communication is most pleasing to you?”

“We prefer spiritual dialogue, without pronouncing words. In this way we better understand each other. Earthly language is beautiful, pleasant, meritorious, but at times somewhat uncertain. And it would be insufficient to express the great number of our new heavenly ideas. Moreover, since all the languages of the earth exist in the glory, it would be difficult for us, the inferior glorified—such as me—to master many languages.

“I will chat with you,” she added, “about one of the celestial games with the prominently Blessed. We ask for an elevated concept or notion; they answer us with exquisite precision in one of the languages we know. We are amazed with the explanation and we think we understand very well. But afterwards they compenetrates with us the most pleasant intellectual interpretation without confusion from one soul to another. And during this most delightful union, we remain ecstatic on savoring directly, without words, the same notion which before we thought we understood.”

“Do you mean to say that the best language does not achieve perfect communication?”

“In reality it cannot, not even in the glory. He who speaks must clearly select his thoughts and expressions. The listener, from the perceived words, tries to evoke the same meaning as the speaker. But he cannot obtain everything while their souls are not compenetrating. They understand one another, it is clear, but they do not fully identify with one another. Therefore, language suggests and explains, but only rarely defines and communicates exactly.”

“The spiritual kiss in heaven is admirable. It is lamentable not to be able to fully feel the one you are giving me. Truly the universe is complicated and grandiose.”



“Creation is infinite in its five dimensions: the three of space, time, and created eternity—of which I’ll say more about later.”

“Why do we travelers ignore these truths? Wouldn’t it be better if God permitted everyone to know all His created marvels as He allows simple, scientific truths to be known? Why does His divine revelation not contain the description of modified time and the ineffable spiritual communion of the Blessed and the exquisite delicacies of the future life?”

“Because our God has revealed what is necessary so that men of good will reach their eternal life, which is what is truly necessary and important. The pedagogy of the Revealed Word is slow due to the malice of sin, human incivility caused by so much pride, egoism, deceit and eroticism.”

“Is sin so fatal?”

“So much so that if man would have sinned less, he would have profited more from divine revelation. And humanity, in the midst of inevitable hardships which serve as the proof of mortal life in the structure of the Faith, would see more clearly the stupendous heavenly happiness to come and would try to reach it through faithful and persevering compliance to our Lord’s commandments and counsels.

“Consider,” she continued, “that no one gives anything, neither in heaven nor on earth, without considering the way the gift will be received. And it is sad to note that humanity—and the world in general—has never wished to prepare itself to better know and enjoy Divine Revelation. The world—and how much so—has sought to enjoy, both salutarily and sinfully, leisure and delight that the corporal senses immediately give. It worships the golden calf of temporal well-being. Few have directly sought our Lord, for Himself, for His love. Man has tried to receive without giving anything. He has imbued himself with pride and egoism and has recourse to our God only to demand explanations.

“Of course,” she stressed, “I don’t state this as a reproach for the others. I, as much as you, have been proud, egotistical, sensual, sinned and a lot more. Ah! But if humanity would take seriously our God, I am sure, in the name of the love with which the Most High loves humanity, that the brief passage over the land would seem easier, more logical, more simple, and more fruitful. I am not speaking about profits, or dollars, or even pennies, but in present peace and future glory.”

“What is Christian peace?”

“The peace of our Lord is the greatest earthly happiness to which the traveler can aspire. It is not the mere equilibrium of opposing forces, nor the absence of wars, nor the quietness of idleness, nor the silence of the oppressed, nor the tranquility of the cynic. Nor is it the unstable euphoria of the new pseudo-Christian humanism and philanthropy which does not have the true love of Charity.

“The peace of our Lord,” said Tenderly-Loved, “is the peace born of an authentic Christian order. It is the profound and spiritual calm produced from the fulfillment of one’s duties, not from humanism which places God on the side, but for the love of our God. This peace is the interior and very joyful silence of one who rests, efficacious and confident, in the Divine Word, without distortions or dogmatic perversions. It would be incorrect to think that this Christian peace were like the calm which precedes the storm.

“In the actual operation of the Faith,” she continued, “the Creator longs for human progress, but only that achieved through the love of Charity—and not the pseudo-progress achieved from pure humanism. Christian progress consists in the continued effort of each and every one to perfectly fulfill the law of our Lord Jesus Christ. Don’t be afraid of pain, or sickness or death. The stay of the pilgrim in this world is very short. Remember that when man defiles himself by sin, he immediately animalizes himself by concupiscence. When he loses faith in our God, he immediately begins to believe foolish things.”

“Tenderly-Loved, you give much importance to charity and, in our present day, an alms is considered an insult. Moreover, it is with reluctance that right and just cooperation is accepted.”

“Don’t confuse the first commandment of the Law of our God with simple humanism. I am not referring to material alms or pure philanthropy. I speak of Christian Charity. Charity is the love which first must be given to the Most High and, afterwards, to our neighbors. The love of Charity is that which is practiced in God’s grace and for the purpose of pleasing Him. One should not confuse Charity with sentiments of compassion. To feel sorrow for our neighbor is at least an invitation to help in a Christian manner. But this help, for it to be truly Christian, should be inspired and founded in the love of the All-Powerful. If this is not the case, the gift, however important it may be, lacks supernatural value. Therefore economic cooperation without charity is a clanging of cymbals. Philanthropy without charity produces ingratitude and deception. And humanism with charity ends in social collapse. Charity is the love that reigns in heaven and is the only reality which is able to save the world.”

“Why is the first commandment of God’s law not discussed?”

“Because of human pride which tries to reduce Christianity to a religion of a club, complacent, superficial, sugary, in which the divine justice is escaped, in which sin is minimized and in which one forgets the existence of Satan and of hell. And the Gospel is crushed, mutilated and distorted, with the intent of not opposing the concupiscence of the believer but compromising divine revelation.

“Authentic Christianity,” she added, “considers man with his defects and qualities, with his concerns and questions. It answers man’s questions according to the light of the complete Gospel, without convenient omissions, with all the sublime and strict demands of the Divine Will, with supernatural love of Charity and not with benevolent love exclusively philanthropic and self-interested.

“All the travelers realize very well,” she added, “the imperative need of living a virtuous life to benefit society. But they mistake the path. Because complete honesty, in and of itself, does not reach our God. Nor is desperate earthly concern over health and well-being the right path that leads to heaven. Therefore, the contentions and arguments of humanism and philanthropy do not motivate with any degree of force. They lack the force to enter the core of man’s will. They lack the efficacy to mold the innermost and operational conviction. They draw attention but they do not convince. As a consequence, youth become discouraged and turn aside. They lack vigorous ideals to lift up the heart. And such ideals are not found on earth and only our Lord gives them. It is useless to search for them in human reason. But who approaches our God in spirit and truth obtains them in abundance.”

“Why is the love of Charity of such value?”

“Because when material alms are given out of compassion, humanism or philanthropy are practiced with the intention of obeying our Lord’s law, or pleasing Him or manifesting to Him preferential love. This fulfills the love of Charity. This is the only fruitful and liberating love. Therefore, when human love is bound with divine love, it is no longer man who acts but the Most High. It is He who gives man the fervor, the efficacy and the triumph. The motive with which one completes his tasks is most important. It is not just the intention that validates and defines a human act.”

“It is said that true love is reciprocal. Describe God’s love for me.”

“The Creator is—and *listen well*—profoundly in love with each of His adopted human sons. He does not love globally the entire human race as a farmer cares for his crop. No, He loves each one of us with a Supreme Love which infinitely surpasses the greatest created love. Our Lord loves you singularly, with vehemence and energy, and with ineffable loving desire, with immense affection, with

indescribable tenderness and with a thousand other qualities which are explicable neither on the earth nor in heaven.”

Fascinating!—I exclaimed to myself. Never has religion been explained to me like this. Perhaps a deep and operational conviction was forming with respect to my situation as a dependent and limited traveler. But, at the same time, perhaps as a counterbalance, another conviction seemed to form: *God loves me!* And He does not love me as part of the mass of humanity. He knows me personally and loves me individually. I am not just a number in the catalogue of Creation. How marvelous! Never would I have expected that my weak and precarious old age would inspire love and nothing less than divine love.

Afterwards, when Tenderly-Loved left and I meditated on her message, I felt exhausted by the weight of God’s love, so completely unmerited on my part. I felt my littleness magnify, that I was more valuable than an old rubbish dump where indifference and contempt are thrown. Because someone—*the Greatest*—loves me. It was as a transfusion of hope for my future celestial happiness.

I understood quite well that this hope was not my fabrication, that it was not about earthly optimism founded on the probability of quickly obtaining some very worldly advantage. Without the slightest doubt it was one of the gifts brought to me by my glorified beauty.

In the modified time in which I found myself, I considered that the divine Love, in spite of its great intensity is not jealous or selfish like we know it. He has placed an ineffable love, in a celestial manner, between me and my beautiful companion. I felt, then, a profound gratitude not so much toward Tenderly-Loved as toward her Creator.

“From gratitude blossoms love,” my loved dead friend surprised me in my thought. “Rejoice because you are beginning to feel your love for our God.”

Now I am confirmed in grace! I shouted in my interior. I am a “discovered candidate” for the future glory. Now I have a passport to heaven! I have felt the love of God! I knew that great saints such as Saint Theresa of Jesus or Saint John of the Cross barely felt their love for God.

“Don’t harbor any illusions,” she advised me. “To feel love for our God for an instant in modified time is no ticket to enter heaven. Many mortals experience, at least in some moments of their lives, the feeling of love for their Creator. They do not experience this for any length of time because they would die of happiness. On the other hand, it is not necessary to continuously feel it because the love for the Most High is exercised by the love of Charity for one’s neighbor. But it is very pleasing to feel it, although it be for only a thousand-millionth of a picosecond. However, it is said that love for God cannot be felt.

“The little love we have for our God, in effect, is not felt. It is only practiced by the love of Charity for our brothers, not because of a pretty face or purity or fear of reprisal, but obedience to the Most High. But a great and intense love is clearly felt! And in what way! And even in this mortal life.”

“Why do we not talk about this perceptible love for God?”

“For the same reason I mentioned—sin. Because the traveler lives in an environment of sin. It is clear, consequently, that he is unable to guess, let alone know, God’s love. Many preachers don’t even dare mention it for fear of provoking ridicule from their listeners.

“On the other hand,” said Tenderly-Loved, “consider that if the Lord had permitted mortal man to control matter, energy, created eternity and modified time, surely sin would have increased in kind, number and severity. This is because humanity in general, in spite of Divine Revelation and the Redemption, continues to be tremendously proud and selfish.

“Understand, then,” she concluded, “that Divine Providence has chosen to limit the influence of His beloved, adopted, human children and has limited their movements in extremely dangerous areas. This is the cause of individual, social, scientific, technical and artistic limitations.”

“Nevertheless, some scientists have left the cradle and have arrived at the moon. Others keep humanity in fear with their atomic mischief and intrusions.”

“Yes,” she responded, following the humor. “But all of them will not get very far by crawling. Our heavenly Father lovingly cares for them from above. And if they should stray too far, He affectionately takes them in His arms and returns them to their primitive little go-carts. He permits them to enter such mischief—and sometimes to the point of danger—out of respect for the human liberty He gave them.”

“Can the traveler lawfully leave the limitations of this providential enclosure?”

“Certainly. Many do, if this helps them reach heaven. It is enough that the mortal Christian, being in the grace of the Most High, seeks it from our Lord with true humility, sincerity and perseverance, not selfishness or unhealthy curiosity. It is enough that the prayer of petition he made in spirit and truth with filial confidence that our Father will efficaciously respond. You, yourself, are a witness of this in this modified time.”

“Yes, but God delayed twenty years in fulfilling my request to know something about the future life.”

“But in the end, you obtained it. Aren’t you happy about that? Do you give greater importance to the time that has transpired? Would you have preferred that our Lord immediately grant your request in spite of your sins at that time, sins which would not have permitted you to receive divine intervention?”

“Our God,” she added to convince me, “is slow to act but not because of His Will but the moral laziness of the traveler. In spite of everything, you can’t deny that He loves you very much and that He finally did answer your capricious prayer. If you had advanced in Christian perfection a long time ago, you would know everything I am telling you today.”

“And if you,” she continued, “without being a perfect Christian, are obtaining this singular divine assistance, how much more—if they try—will those who love their Creator obtain? And believe me that they really achieve it. You cannot imagine the help and gifts given by God in this life to those who truly serve and love Him. Many mortals who take seriously our Lord obtain from Him gifts more valuable than those you are now receiving. But this is little publicized, sometimes because it concerns private gifts or sometimes the recipient does not know how to explain it.”

“If present humanity greatly suffers,” she reiterated, “it is because pride does not allow man to petition the remedy from the Most High. *Divine gifts, both material and spiritual, are tied to obedience to the law of our God.* And man does not wish to combat the concupiscence which drags him to sin, nor to logically proceed, for if He believes in the All-Powerful, why does he not ask for His help in truth, humility and perseverance? The world suffers more than it should because of its deliberate rebellion against the Will of our Lord. Individuals wish to resolve problems through mundane means with the absolute exclusion of the Creator. Religion is reduced to periodical psychotherapy with remedies to momentarily calm selfishness. And clearly humanity is rejecting Divine Love. Divine Love retreats out of basic courtesy and men's best plans fail.”

“However, people pray in temples all the time.”

“Yes, but that prayer is usually routine, tepid, pallid, fearful, shy, almost devoid of faith and charity. Such supplications are not even heard by leaders nor used by competent beggars.”

“It is that a great miracle is needed to change and help society.”

“Then ask for a miracle. However hard you might try, you cannot perform a miracle. The fault is not in the All-Powerful but in you—proud unbelievers who refuse to fall to your knees and raise your weak hands to your Father in heaven.

“Instead of loving one another with the love of Charity,” she continued, “as our Lord commands, men persist in hating one another, openly or secretly. And when they think they love one another—because they do not do it with real love of Charity—their affection becomes locked in selfish combat; everyone from their trench takes whatever they’re able. Naturally our God does not help them and the disastrous consequences of putting aside the Creator rains as heavy hail on all of you.

“A personal miracle,” she concluded, “requires an individual petition. A national miracle requires a request by all the people. If the believers of the nations unite in urgent supplication, supported by works of the love of Charity—not by pure humanism—you would be amazed at the marvelous result. The history of Israel is a testimony of the omnipotence of the Most High.”



“Now,” proposed Tenderly-Loved, “I invite you to visit San Luis Potosi.”

A trip with my first love! On the spot I became enthused. But afterwards I understood that this trip was nearly impossible for an aching old man like me.

“You will soon see it is not so complicated,” she told me, insisting with her beautiful glance. “We’ll arrive at San Luis in a little less than one thousand-millionth of a picosecond. The entire journey will not last longer than seven ten-thousands of a picosecond. Instead of objecting, take advantage of the opportunity which our Lord gives you to travel faster than the speed of light, even though you are still a mortal.”

I thought about the problem of traveling at the speed of light. If human physiology becomes unaware of what happens at a speed of 300 kilometers per second, what would happen at a speed exceeding 300,000 kilometers per second?

The predictions from modern relativistic theory are horrifying. At a speed greater than light, matter increases in mass and would possibly disintegrate. The classical laws of physics are broken because the maximum limit is precisely the speed of light. Straight lines become curved. And moreover...

In spite of bad prognostics, Tenderly-Loved was so beautiful, so radiant, so optimistic that I stopped worrying about what could happen.

“Let’s go wherever you want, my beautiful dear lady,” I exclaimed in my interior. “Because if I die on the way, instead of losing you we’ll both be dead.”

She again stroked the backside of my hand with her fingers. And I don't know what happened, nor did I feel anything. Then I realized I was standing next to Tenderly-Loved on the sidewalk of a narrow, provincial street.

"We are already in San Luis Potosi," she assured me with her youthful smile.

"It's a miracle!"

"No, it's very simple. Mortals would call it a miracle because it surpasses the technology of modern science. But, for the Blessed, this is nothing extraordinary; it is a celestial trip which is very natural and frequently done. You will see in the Fatherland that the least of the glorified can travel at a speed equivalent to that of light raised to the thousandth power."

"It is fabulous!"

"No, on the contrary, it is a little thing. Some of the greatest saints travel with greater speed. When they invite us to travel, the less glorified immensely enjoy it. I will tell you that the speed of the trips, as with the other joys of accidental glory, depends on the degree of happiness obtained by the free collaboration of the human will with the Divine. This collaboration is achieved during mortal life while in the state of grace. As you can see, our God glorifies with justice and magnanimity."

"It is fascinating to travel at great speeds. Well, I am referring to the speeds in this world; in other words, hundreds of kilometers per hour. But why didn't I feel dizzy from the speed and why did I suddenly find myself here?"

"First of all, because in modified time you are assisted by special help from our Lord. If you had felt the pleasant sensation of vertigo, you would have died from joy. Secondly, because the distance was minimal; the most rapid acceleration to which I was referring corresponds to distances of trillions of light years at the speed of light elevated to the power of trillions."

"How true it is that astronomy is behind," I told myself. I have never read that a distance of trillions of light years existed. I would have enjoyed feeling the delightful vertigo of the velocity of light even though it would have been for the short distance of our trip. But I was fully content with what my dead beloved one gave me.

"You need to understand," she directed me, "how immensely you'll enjoy the Fatherland. I recommend that on a clear night you lay down in a high place with no trees or buildings to contemplate at length the musical and silent *River of Diamonds* (Milky Way) of the firmament. You will admire and you will feel nostalgia for the infinite.

"Do you know where we are?" Tenderly-Loved asked me.

My recollections were foggy. But I remembered the paved sidewalk with round stones. I saw, further away, the little plaza of Linan. Yes, we were on Independence Street and it was about 5 p.m. I noticed my clothing. I was wearing my slippers. The neck of my shirt was open and my house jacket was red and very used.

I don't know why I started to think how the Blessed will dress. Tenderly-Loved's dress was simple and elegant, modern and of good quality. But how was the clothing of the glorified during other epochs? I imagined they were tunics and cloaks as were used in the time of our Lord. Perhaps, with their formidable powers, they could dress anyway they wished.

"Don't you like my dress?" she asked me with an inflection of preoccupation.

"It is very beautiful, although you would look good in any dress."

“Don’t be shocked at what I am going to tell you. The Blessed don’t wear any clothes. We don’t need to, not even to protect ourselves from inclemencies of weather which don’t affect us. Actually we enjoy such inclemencies. We don’t need clothes to cover our physical imperfections since they do not exist in heaven; nor for modesty, since in the Glory there is no malice and everyone is impeccable. You will see that to visit you, I ordered atoms to combine and organize to form my dress and they obeyed me joyfully in their own way. But maybe I was wrong and my dress is ridiculous.”

It is clear my mortal concupiscence stirred my imagination and... I don’t know how to say that I loved my loved one still more. She, for being so beautiful and amiable, even dressed in our mundane style, seemed more beautiful than the prettiest movie actress or the ideal Helen of Troy.

Some passers-by, dressed in mourning clothes with long skirts and faces almost covered with dark veils, were standing immobile on the narrow, worn tiles of the sidewalk. Tenderly-Loved guess my question and answered it.

“No, we are not in normal terrestrial time. We are in the past; it is October 21, 1923.”

What a marvel! I am visiting the past! It seems to me incredible but I have the evidence in front of me.

“Nor are we placed,” she continued, “in the normal passage of past time. We have been placed in a modified time slower than the time we utilize in Mexico. We move at a rhythm of billionths of picoseconds. Look at those mourning women. They walk in the rhythm of the normal time of this date. However, they don’t move for us because their walk is too slow relative to the rhythm of our modified time. I’ll explain a bit further,” she added. “You and I are in a temporal wave very slow in comparison to the movement of the earth. Such a wave, however, is very fast for the mourners. It is that they walk at a rhythm of a clock and calendar. We, however, move at a rhythm of billionths of picoseconds. Later you will understand better.

“No,” she added, on observing my thoughts. “Don’t hope to apply classical equations of wave movement to temporal waves. They do not coincide. These formulas hold only in the present moment of normal earth time. They do not take into account the parameter of the fifth dimension, which we will see later. With this new coordinate, you will get a glimpse of how it is possible for temporal waves to increase in frequency without modification of amplitude or length. You’ll also glimpse at the coexistence of diverse temporal wave trains.

“Time is very related to wave movement,” she clarified. “Many varieties of time exist which correspond to temporal waves which, in turn, are similar to light and sound waves. The rapid frequency of the clock rules the lives of mortals. The travelers jump from one second to another as if they were leaping. But they can’t jump from Monday to Wednesday, nor from today to yesterday. They live with their consciousness bound to the actual instant, without possibility of retreating to the past or advancing with greater speed to the future. And they continue this way until a good death—death in our Lord—breaks the rigid bond and obtains liberation. In the meantime you are scarcely able to view the past from the hundreds of cerebral centers of your memory. These are the windows from which you obscurely view your history.

“The travelers cannot see us,” she continued, “because our images on their retinas only remain a few millionths of a picosecond. Naturally, human visual acuity does not permit the perception of images for such short durations. The passers-by are not even able to move their eyes toward us.”

I imagined that the mysterious frequency of normal terrestrial time is as a narrow sidewalk on which mortals walk. This sidewalk has deep abysses on each side and if we don’t fall into this bottomless pit, it is because of the careful protection of divine providence. I thought of how terrible a

fall into that infinite abyss of time would be. If God did not protect us, we would remain, until who knows when, in one of those mysterious temporal frequencies as the modified time in which I was. There is no doubt in my mind that the fourth dimension (time) is a complicated labyrinth. How good of God to impede us from going our own way in modified time. We would get lost! Because if we complicate our lives managing the three dimensions of space, how much more complicated it would be if we traveled across the innumerable temporal waves! The complexity of time is ever so marvelous! But what is still more amazing is the majesty of the fifth dimension at which you will later have a glimpse.

Very soon I will corroborate what Tenderly-Loved said. The passer-by who was the closest had one foot elevated as in walking but was unable to complete the step. In the same way it occurred to me that just as those who were mourning were unable to see us, perhaps other visitors of slower modified time could observe us without Tenderly-Loved and I realizing it. It was not logical to assume that we were the only travelers passing through time in those precise moments.

But in such a case the world would be a theater and mortals would be the comedians, but without any applause or heckling. I didn't ask her about this because her smile let me know that she had known my thoughts.

"Yes, of course," she assured me. "Innumerable Blessed, traveling across time, view the daily events of this earth obscured by sin. And don't believe that they prefer to observe those events which mortals consider important. They observe the events that are really important: acts of love of Charity, hardships endured with Christian fortitude, sincere worship of God, peace of saintly travelers, good works practiced without self-glorification or vanity—in essence everything that is truly pleasing to our Lord and which, precisely for that reason, has value in eternal life.

"Many angels," she continued saying, "some of the most important, as well as numerous human glorified, are in expectation of the free decisions of mortal travelers. They rejoice when they see that the law of God is faithfully observed and they become depressed, without suffering, because in the Fatherland you feel the emotion without any pain. When a great moral deficiency occurs you cannot imagine how quickly the news travels in heaven. The most insignificant traveler, who is a faithful Christian, begins to be famous in the glory."

"Then human solitude," I told her optimistically, "doesn't exist. Isn't this true?"

"It is a fact. No mortal is completely alone. Of course our God is also always with him. Additionally, various angels and glorified humans are usually present. Of course, they never directly interfere in the free, historical events of mankind. But yes, they pray to God for humanity. The universe of the Blessed is so interested in mortals that it is impossible to forget them."

"Why so much interest?"

"Because every traveler is—or could be—by His grace, an adopted son of the Most High and, therefore, a fountain of glory to Him. But since the divine glory reverberates in the Blessed in that the Most High permits us to participate in the universal praise He receives, it is logical the saints in heaven are in expectation of everything that could increase the celestial enjoyment. Consider, then, when you think you are alone that many intellectual eyes lovingly contemplate you and fervently desire that you utilize the present moment in accordance with the law of the Lord. The glory that you reach will have an effect on all the other Blessed."

"Does the same thing happen with all mortals on earth?"

"The more Christianly humble the traveler, the greater number of spectators he has. This is because there is greater probability of giving praise and glory to our God through the love of Charity and, therefore, to all the Blessed. I will tell you that the accidental glory—the happiness in heaven

caused by the creatures, not by the Creator—is like the earthly environment. If someone contaminates it, everyone resents it. But if someone purifies it, everyone benefits.”

During a brief instant of modified time I meditated that I should be very careful about my private conduct since some Blessed could be observing. What I didn’t consider is that God continually observes me.



Tenderly-Loved and I continued to stand on the narrow west sidewalk of Independence Street in Saint Luis Potosi in 1923.

“Would you like to look inside Mrs. Campos’ home?” my beloved one proposed to me.

We were in front of Mrs. Campos’ home. It was a poor, small home, although somewhat pretentious in a humble neighborhood of Saint Luis. The living room windows were open widely. The ordinary and old curtains were drawn such that those outside could enjoy the music from the house. I looked through the window and saw a scene that disconcerted me. I lived that experience many years ago. I saw about ten immobile people, the majority women sitting modestly around the room. All were dressed in dark clothing. I observed them better and, yes, I recognized the Campos girls discretely dressed. That seemed strange to me because I know that none of them is currently alive. Afterwards, when Tenderly-Loved explained to me the majestic fifth dimension, I had a glimpse of the prodigy.

What a marvel! There was my paternal grandmother who died thirty years ago. It was impossible to understand what was happening. There was a mysterious fusion between the past and the present. But it was the past that seemed real. I returned not just to remember but to be present at an event that I had lived many years before. The past was so real that I resisted accepting it as the past. It was only that the living room seemed narrower than before.

I was unable to suspect an illusion because the reality was too objective. I wasn’t looking at my paternal grandmother’s picture but at her—alive and corporeally—although immobile. Also, my paternal aunts who passed away many years ago were there although like immobile statues. What happiness I had to see and be able to greet them.

“Don’t harbor any illusions,” warned Tenderly-Loved. “You are only able to see them, not touch them because they are now glorified and contact would cause you to die of happiness.”

“But you have touched me and instead of killing me you strengthen me.”

“It’s that they would not caress you carefully. On recognizing you, they would embrace you full of joy and this contact would kill you. Also, for the same reason, when our God caresses the soul of a mortal, He does it lightly and quickly. Of course our Lord would like to continue to caress but the dense smog of sin restricts Him.”

“Why is it that none of these people move?”

“It’s due to the slowness of our modified time in relation to the rhythm of ordinary earth time and the very rapid rhythm in which you and I are moving. Don’t be surprised that two very distinct temporal rhythms coincide. If, in a still pond you throw two rocks, one at each end, they form two

separate waves, opposite but coexistent. Well, then, the persons in the living room live in temporal waves different from us.”

My paternal grandmother and my aunts! So humble and courteous. They were so loving with me. I was going to say “poor things” but no, since they are glorified. Instead I should say “poor me” that I am a traveler.

“Who is this very startled child standing by the piano?” asked Tenderly-Loved, with a certain humorous tone.

It was a fat eight-year old child who really did have a frightened face. I looked at him better and... it was me, in my childhood! Now I, an old man, was the most frightened.

But this can’t be—it’s absurd. Surely this was a strange hallucination caused by the wonderful events happening in modified time. My logic assured me of the actual impossibility of what I saw. Quite simply, I could not understand how I, as an old man, could be looking through the window at a boy standing by the piano who was my very self. In spite of such marvels I couldn’t accept this last event, which surpassed my capacity to understand.

“Don’t be amazed,” Tenderly-Loved interjected with the intent of calming me. “This boy is you. Remember we are visiting the past. This is you forty-eight years ago.”

“I’m sorry, but I can’t believe you. I am here in the street and this boy is in the living room by the piano. It is true that in my recollection he looks like me but nothing more... nothing more...”

“No, my love, this boy and you are the same person. The same spiritual soul that gives life to this boy is actually the same soul that gives you life.”

The tenderness of my beautiful friend had destroyed all my arguments. Sweetness breaks rocks. Although my understanding doubted, my heart had been convinced. This boy and I were the same person. However, how was it possible that a single soul could give life to two different bodies? The body of the child had no similarity to the current one. They are essentially different; not just in age, weight, and height, but in features and in their very matter.

It is certain I lived in a similar situation in the Campos sisters’ home a long time ago, that I was standing close to the piano, and that I fell in love with the splendid young lady at my side when she sang *La Pajarera* in that unforgettable time. What is happening now, I thought, is a strange coincidence of circumstances. But in any case, an unknown energy pushed me toward the boy.

I believed Tenderly-Loved was trying to represent, as in a movie, an event that happened forty-eight years ago. I was very thankful for her loving attempt and I even thought to follow the game and continue with her that illusion done out of love.

It was shortly after my beloved dead one permitted me to glimpse at the portent of the fifth dimension that I resolved the enigma of my two bodies in simultaneous existence.

“To better understand the intricate universe,” stated Tenderly-Loved, “the four dimensions you know—length, width, depth and time—are insufficient. With only these dimensions you encounter problems incompatible with divine wisdom and even with your own intelligence. Therefore, you don’t understand the presence of your childhood body in this modified time. You are not even able to explain to yourself how it is possible that the Most High, in love with His creatures, permits their deterioration and destruction. Moreover, you have always thought that the annihilation of beauty, love and the products of human labor were an absurd waste. This is also true with the destruction of your loved ones, the complicated living organisms, and things in general. And you are right.

“The four classic dimensions,” she reiterated, “are not sufficient to decipher the enigma of creation, the meaning of life and love. Nor do they allow any explanation of the wearing away and the destruction of things as occur in food-chains, death, tragedy and eschatological matters of the hereafter. You will have a glimpse of all this through the fifth dimension or created eternity. You will surmise the astonishing logic of Creation. For this reason, our God has permitted today that you objectively view this new cosmic parameter. This is the reason for our trip to the past.

“Created eternity, or the fifth dimension,” she added, “clarifies and establishes the axes of the coordinates of the universe. It is the parameter which, along with length, width, depth and time, causes the absolute continuance of all beings from the beginning of their existence. It includes the complete being, including what occurred in the passage of time and all its evolutionary stages. Created eternity is like a well-ordered storehouse that contains all the real and perpetual history of the universe.”

“What you say seems impossible to me...”

“I am telling you the truth. But you reject it beforehand like a ping-pong ball in a game of ping-pong. Don’t close your mind *a priori* to new scientific ideas that do not oppose divine revelation. I recommend you study them.

“The existence of a being,” she continued, “for example—you yourself—can be compared to a large deck of cards which are perfectly and chronologically arranged. Each card could represent an act of existence, each event, each moment of the historic past of this being. However, the observer—mortal man—with his consciousness bound to the event of the actual moment, only sees the last card, that which corresponds exclusively to the present moment. But in the back of the storehouse of past time are found all the other cards in rigorous order. These cards represent the eternal, real, and living history of this being.”

“How unfortunate that I am unable to shuffle the cards of my existence.”

“You will do it when you become a Blessed. For now consider the card which corresponds to your eight years of age.”

“I don’t know... I resist believing in created eternity.”

“I will help you with another simile. To calculate the position of a train, one needs only the distance and time. You do not need the altitude as in calculating the position of an airplane. As long as the train doesn’t turn into a plane, it would be enough to have the coordinates of distance and time to calculate the train’s position.

“However,” she continued, with celestial patience, “it would be a grave error to deny the existence of altitude above sea level only because the train’s conductor doesn’t need it to calculate his position. Moreover, to live the mortal life, it is sufficient for you to have four coordinates: three of space—length, width, depth—and the fourth dimension of time.

“Mortal man,” she emphasized, “does not use the fifth dimension because he lives with his consciousness bound to the present moment as a locomotive to its rails. And he is incapable of freely using the fifth dimension of created eternity due to divine punishment from original sin and because he still lives under the structure of the Faith. He scarcely can see it but wants it even though he is unable to understand it well.”

“I neither understand nor desire this fifth dimension.”

“Yes, you do. Desire for eternal life is manifested everywhere. The strong instinct for self-preservation, the permanent vows of love, the yearning to establish a home, the monuments

representing noble ideas, the tendency to maintain a good reputation and riches, the recollection of pleasing memories, the maintenance of affections, the constant collecting of things, hatred for the uncertainties of death... show the need for and the love of the fifth dimension. And they serve as indirect proofs for the real existence of created eternity.

“After a good death,” she concluded, “glorified man regains his physical freedom and rule over nature which was lost due to sin of the world. And then it immediately happens as though a train acquires the characteristics of a plane. The Blessed understands created eternity and lives it to the fullest and exercises dominion over it. And he rejoices—indescribably—in feeling eternal, contemplating the eternity of the other Blessed and his loved things, along with the whole universe. The fifth dimension will not be manifested until the end of time. Created eternity is already here in this present moment.”

“My intelligence cannot conceive of an eternity of created beings.”

“It is because you separate time from space. You view time as passing but not space. You are wrong. I will clarify for you what is space-time. In the objective universe of reality, time and space are inseparable. Time is not the only parameter which measures the movement of beings. The truth is that time is really in things; it does not exist apart from them because bodies are made from matter and energy in movement. And movement necessarily requires time.”

“Every act of existence,” she reiterated, “such as a change of form, a physical phenomenon, a step, a chemical reaction—whatever mutation—happens in a determined space-time which is indissoluble and inseparable. Don’t believe that time passes while space remains unchanged. No, absolutely not. That is a sensory illusion. The great objective reality is that time passes along with the space corresponding to the same existential act. When the clock indicates that a second has passed, not only has the time passed, but also the corresponding material space.

“The space-time of an actual instant,” she affirmed, “offers the only opportunity to effect changes. It is an intense point. It is the only terrestrial place of love, desire, joy, pain and death. But the phenomenon, once completed, remains immutable with its mass, energy and space-time in the great storehouse of the fifth dimension since it already passed the dangerous stage of the present moment. The actual instant is the factory of existential acts—both good and bad which will bring greater glory or shame in the future life.

“From heaven,” she continued, “you will contemplate the moments of antiquity from their beginning to their destruction because existence remains intact in past space-time and stored in the fifth dimension. It is a great error to suppose the past is annihilated.

“I will help you with another parable,” she resignedly added. “As the sewing machine embroiders, the stitches are meticulously organized on the cloth. In the same way, man, passing through the needle of the present moment, embroiders on the cloth of his will with the thread of the Lord’s law and His design over the traveler. The raising and lowering of the needle represents the actual instant. The stitch signifies the moment in which the act of existence occurs. Once completed, the executed act is guarded in space-time. This act, in turn, is precisely added to all the others to form the design. This design comes as the complete man with his history. The beauty of the embroidery results from the free, virtuous collaboration of the cloth of the human will with the thread of the Divine Will in the love of Charity. The design is kept forever in the inviolate case of the fifth dimension.”

I asked: “However, Tenderly-Loved, when something is transformed, it stops being what it was. It is converted to something else.”

“There is the error,” she responded. “Your senses deceive you. They present the transformations, destructions, and death of beings as definite and irreversible facts. This is because your senses present the facts from the perspective of the actual instant. *They don’t allow you to see that material space passes along with time.* You fall in a trap created by the bondage of your consciousness with the present moment. Also the mental schemes you have are erroneous and deeply rooted to your atavistic ignorance. You confuse the past that you can no longer see with the present you are observing. It is that you, being a traveler, cannot stop in the space-time race. You always continue galloping, tied securely to the swift horse of normal terrestrial time, without the possibility of turning your face and fully contemplating the majestic horizon of all the space-times of the things you just left behind.

“It is clear then,” she affirmed, “that you conclude that the remote past is finished because you don’t see it. You also conclude that the immediate past fuses with the actual instant. Therefore, you resist accepting the perennial existence of your childhood body. You confuse the body you now possess with the uninterrupted phases of biological development starting with your conception. The phases enclose in a meticulous chronological order the innumerable existential acts which correspond to the space-times you have lived. And all this perdures without end in the objective, majestic reality of the fifth dimension.”

“It is inconceivable that my senses can be mistaken to such a degree.”

“That is what happens because of sin. You will be able to glimpse at the transcendence of moral evil. Sensory deception is easy among the travelers. For example, sometimes a train starts so smoothly that it is not felt. If you look through the window at another train, you are not able to tell which train is stopped and which is moving. You need, for example, a point of reference such as a post. Unfortunately there is no reference point to convince you that *what happens is not annihilated but maintained*, even though it seems to you that the opposite is true.

“But you will see in heaven,” she told me with radiant joy. “You will observe the history of the universe as if you had an enormous album of photographs. You will be able to contemplate them in any order, not only chronologically as they happened, but the last ones first and then the first ones last or compare them indiscriminately at your own pleasure. Only in the fifth dimension one does not look at pictures but perpetually contemplates the exact reality. In heaven, consciousness is not limited to the actual moment nor to classic notions—which are purely subjective—of past, present and future. These are interwoven, according to our will, and serve as means to increase our joy. Take the example of binocular vision. Each eye forms an image on the retina. You should see two objects corresponding to two images. But you see only one. If you place a slight pressure on your eye you will immediately see two images of the same object.

“Analogously,” she continued, “you hardly see what happens in the present moment. This is because your consciousness, as I said before, is so tied to the here and now. You wrongly judge that this constitutes everything that is true when it only shows you the small truth of the present moment. Don’t confuse the brief evidence—small and incomplete—that the senses give you at a given moment of time with the great reality, everlasting and objective, of created eternity or the fifth dimension. It is deplorable you are unable to verify the existence of the eternal warehouse of all beings. In your state as a traveler, the best possible demonstration of the existence of the fifth dimension is what you are now seeing in this modified time.

“Well then,” she ended, “to acquire moral certitude—not absolute evidence which is impossible for the traveler—the light pressure over your eye does not suffice. But it could serve as prudent

pressure on your good will to meditate without prejudice on the existence and transcendence of the fifth dimension.”

“So here’s an example: if a glass is broken, it is finished as a glass.”

“No, because it was broken in a precise moment. It was not broken one moment before nor in all the time the glass was a glass. The glass was broken in the space-time of the last act of its existence. Moreover, all the space-times which correspond to its acts of existence—changes of place, color, content, wear, usage from its fabrication until the instant it broke—remain intact in the fifth dimension.”

“Tenderly-Loved, how can we avoid the unfortunate deception of the senses?”

“It is very simple. Remain very close to the Most High, in His grace, in spirit and truth. If sensorial deception impedes your eternal salvation, be assured that He will remedy it. But even if you continue to be deceived, you can be assured that such a truth is unnecessary to reach heavenly bliss. You will understand in heaven. Clearly you are obligated on earth to do what is possible to remain free of this error.”

“Why do you call the mysterious fifth dimension *created eternity*?”

“To differentiate it from the absolute eternity of the Most High. You will understand that created eternity cannot be the total possession—simultaneous and perfect—of life without end. This corresponds to *Immutable Eternity* which is exclusive to our God. Created beings have many limitations. We will live forever but our existence had a beginning and innumerable changes. Nehemiah proclaimed these notions: '*Stand up, bless the Lord your God from (created) eternity to (Absolute) eternity.*'

“Neither is created eternity,” she explained, “contrary to what is temporal because time and the fifth dimension exist together. We continue without end from the beginning of our existence. But we always place ourselves in some temporal frequency. Our glorified organism cannot live outside of time. Forever we will be passing from the desire to the immediate possession of the loved one. Only the Creator is pure act. In heaven we are free to choose between two good realities but not between good and bad because our will constantly embraces infinite goodness. As you know, matter and energy cannot exist without the fourth dimension of time.”



Tenderly-Loved and I remained standing in front of the window of the Campos’ house. A peaceful silence dominated the environment. I examined my childhood body without totally understanding the prodigy.

“The human organism,” she stated, “seen from the perspective of the actual moment, not from the fifth dimension, is constantly renewed. This is because assimilation continually incorporates new matter which receives life. And through dissimilation, the body eliminates material that before was alive. Human bodies change constantly in such a way that approximately every seven or eight years all the chemical molecules of the traveler are renovated.”

“Consider then,” she added, “that you have changed your material body about seven or eight times. However, your spiritual soul, free and immortal, continues being the same. Well, then, so you can admire the grandeur of your eternal soul, observe that your spirit, giving you testimony of your continuous and personal 'I', continues being your only indivisible, irreplaceable and completely simple soul. This soul is the substantial form of your entire organism—all your material bodies beginning from the egg cell.

“But don’t suppose,” she continued, “that what has happened to your entire body—because of its succession—has vanished or definitely ended. Don’t believe that your corporal changes, because they pertain to the past, are annihilated. No, because in objective reality they have not ended. They are happening; they are existing in the ambient of created eternity or the fifth dimension.”

“Are you saying that I possess only one spiritual soul but seven or eight distinct bodies?”

“In objective and eternal reality, you have only one complete body which has adapted diverse features, heights, complexions, matter and energy. But your seven bodies remain intact forever in the past of terrestrial time or the fifth dimension.”

“It is marvelous!”

“If your seven bodies are observed from the plane of created eternity, they reflect a single, total organism as the seven primary colors unite to make the color white. But if you observe through the prism of time, your only integral body, as a beam of white light, will refract to give the seven colors of your distinct bodies and the continuous gamut of shades corresponding to your acts of existence and the space-time they conserve.”

“How is it possible that one is unaware of possessing seven or eight different material bodies?”

“To some extent, you do notice. You remember your childhood, adolescence, youth, and adulthood. You sense your physiognomic changes of weight and height. In another sense you don’t note these different bodies due to the fact your consciousness is chained to the present moment of your existence. As you visit the past in this modified time you view your childhood body—living and existing. In the same way you now live and exist in the storehouse of the fifth dimension.”

“I would like to understand all of this well.”

“You will understand it when you live in heaven. For the moment, don’t forget that every being, by reason of its existence, is one, true, good and beautiful. This pertains to the four great and classical values. Well, then, add the fifth value: every being is eternal.”

“This is something new you have revealed to me.”

“No,” she rejoined, “we are merely following one of the fundamental laws of science which you learned: *Nothing is annihilated or created; everything is transformed.* You only needed clarification that the transformations are taking place in the present moment. Once completed, they will last, without end, in created eternity. As you see, you are unveiling the mystery of the fifth dimension with your own learned *Law of Conservation of Mass and Energy.*

“In this modified time,” she expressed, “you observe your body as a child—immobile but living. You would not be able to endure looking at your bodies as a traveler or, more properly, your integral body, moving in the normal course of terrestrial time. Can you imagine viewing your seven bodies in complete action? Can you imagine observing yourself super-introspectively, both objectively and subjectively?”

“It would be fascinating viewing my bodies acting at the same time. Will I be able to see it?”

“Be patient. Only we who are glorified and free from the bond of consciousness to the present moment are able to enjoy these marvels. The soul, at any given moment, can glorify different stages of corporal development in whatever space-time of its earthly or heavenly evolutionary phases. It is most wonderful to enjoy all of this with the Blessed in heaven. However, I can barely do it in seven stages because of my diminished degree of glory. I am able to live and feel myself as a baby, child, adolescent, engaged, newlywed, mother and grandmother. It is feasible for me to do many other combinations. We change our corporal stages as you change clothes. We have at our disposal many physical aspects in the Fatherland. You will be able to be young and feel young in the glory. You won’t be like an eternal portrait.

“At another time,” she continued, “when I explain a little bit about the sixth dimension, you will glimpse at the prodigy of which the prominently Blessed are capable: clothing themselves with all stages of their corporal life at the same time in the same conscious act. They participate, analogously, in the divine omnipresence. But the lesser Blessed manage few physical stages at the same time. Therefore, make the intention of reaching a high degree of future glory with your terrestrial good works.”

“Once glorified, the integral human organism is amazing. Because in this life we don’t even have one spare corporal body. Isn’t there any psychological confusion in this multiple personal experience?”

“No, because the intellectual capacity of the Blessed is enormous. The light of glory (*lumen gloriae*) and the dominion over the sixth dimension give us the capacity to enjoy a thousand marvels at the same time. Nor do the space-time events of the developmental phases impede us. In conversing, for example, you attend to the conversation and forget about your little fingers. So also the Blessed, enjoying a heavenly experience of youthful love, are not aware of their childhood phase. Moreover, all the phases of corporal development completely exist in the stupendous archive of past time. And the Blessed are able to put them into action in very different temporal waves because once an act of existence is completed, it is impossible to place it in other times or modified time.

“In conclusion,” she indicated, “whatever change in man, whatever phenomenon—physical, chemical, biological, social, political, religious, etc.—persists, without end, in the majestic archive of past time or the fifth dimension. Everything is preserved, even the most insignificant movement.

“You can’t imagine the fifth dimension,” she said upon observing my thoughts, “as a library bookcase or a museum where your body and things pertaining to the present moment are stored in sterile containers. No, the cosmos functions as a living and everlasting storehouse. The universe consists in the perpetual existence of all creatures—absolutely all. Remember that space and time go together.”

“However,” I protested, “because of assimilation, new matter is incorporated into the organism which replaces dissimilated matter. The latter is then excreted. And I am seeing my complete body as a child...”

“It is that dissimilated material is excreted in the present moment but not when it was living matter. Realize that every space-time preserves the phenomenon in the instant it occurs. The great objective reality is different from the evidence you perceive at first glance in the present moment.

“For example,” she explained, noting my difficulty in understanding, “the epidermal cells which died on Tuesday were alive on Monday. And, as such, will always remain alive. Since everything lasts forever, the cells of Monday and Tuesday and these at every moment of life last forever. Observe that the acts of existence were sequential, not simultaneous. Accordingly, it is possible to distinguish them and arrange them according to the clock and calendar. Moreover, in eternal objective reality, the

matter/energy/biology of the human being exists together. But this does not happen in the same space-time but in a series of innumerable successive space-times.

“I was telling you,” she continued, “that time apart from events has no objective reality. Every instant joins the matter-energy of every corporal being so that the acts of existence are accomplished. Therefore, a being with its matter, energy and space, along with that precise moment, form an inseparable whole. Consequently, don’t separate something from its past time. Every being is made up of the total of the space-times corresponding to the acts of its existence from its beginning.”

“Then,” I said to her, “I exist and I am only one person with a complete body, formed by an innumerable number of existential acts which I completed in so many other space-times. My organism is multiple. Not only because it is the totality of my stages as a fetus, child, adolescent, adult and elderly person, but, above all, because I am the sum of an infinity of vital acts. And every act of my existence conserves the matter, energy, space and time in which the existential act was done. Every present moment exhibits nothing more than an instantaneous balance of my being. Accordingly... I am a monstrous giant.”

“It is true that you are a giant in objective reality. However, you are not monstrous because your acts of existence, just as the space-times which conserve them, were successive, not simultaneous. Your actions of July 31 and those of August 1 separately exist. They don’t happen on the same day.”

“Now I’m beginning to understand the simile of the deck of cards. Every act of my existence is as an indestructible card in an enormous deck of cards of my life.”

“Yes, it is so. Your entire organism entered existence with only one spiritual soul and one cellular egg. Your individual being was constituted in this fashion. But cellular reproduction began. You took possession of matter and energy. You became an embryo and you developed. You organized biologically without conscious awareness and you were born. Afterwards, the life processes, especially assimilation and dissimilation, replaced your atoms little by little.

“However,” she emphasized, “this replacement of matter-energy, as with cells and tissues, is purely subjective, associated with the state of the traveler with respect to his consciousness being bound to the present moment.”

“I think the replacement is very objective.”

“No, it is that you judge everything that happens with respect to the actual instant. In eternal, objective reality, metabolism does not exist, at least not as it is biologically perceived. Organic matter is not eliminated completely. I told you that what is dissimilated in a given moment was living and assimilated just a moment before. And what lives and is assimilated remains forever because every completely existential act, along with its space-time, lasts forever.

“Yes, but it corresponds to the act of existence in the actual moment, and nothing else. It does not signify a loss to the total organism. The idea that your matter-energy has changed several times in the course of your life is a mistaken notion, mistaken from the viewpoint of created eternity, not in relation to the present moment. This change is an illusion. In eternal objective reality you are always in an accumulative enrichment process. It is only that such richness is not found in the present moment, but only in the fifth dimension.

“Understand well,” she asserted, “that biologically—judged from the viewpoint of the actual instant—the matter of your body had changed about eight times during your life. But from the perspective of created eternity, you have not made any exchange but you have collected matter-energy in your entire body.

“But I see in your mind,” Tenderly-Loved told me with a resigned tone, “that it is very difficult for you to abstract the idea that beings are eternal. It is that everything you think is in the perspective of normal terrestrial time. Force yourself. Your integral body, not only the one you possess today, remains intact in the majestic storehouse of past time.”

“I am sorry, Tenderly-Loved. I am very dense.”

“Don’t worry,” she told me lovingly. “These problems happen to all of us. However, you do not need to know the essence of time nor created eternity for your salvation. Faith and works of Charity are enough for you. But I maintain that the human soul remains united to its total organism: the biological body of the organism, the fetus, baby, child, adolescent, youth, adult and elderly person. What took place was not annihilated, but exists eternally in the space-time which maintains the act of existence.”

“If my integral organism remains with all my material bodies, why can’t I see them?”

“I will explain to you with an example. As in the movement of a propeller, it is impossible to distinguish the blades and it is hardly possible to see the faint disk due to the speed of rotation. In the same way, in an actual instant you cannot see the materials, events, and circumstances that integrate the total human organism. You only see the body corresponding to that present moment. However, on considerably decreasing the speed, as is occurring in this modified time, you are able to observe your childhood body. Soon you will know the truth of what I’m telling you.

“The apparent contradiction between your adult body and your childhood body, she clarified, is due to the false image you have of things due to the bonding of your consciousness with the present. I will give you another simile. As in the making of a movie the film moves through the camera to take pictures. In the same way the human organism, as a long strip of celluloid film, passes through the photographic camera of the present moment which registers forever what happened at each space-time with its act of existence. Only in this great objective reality we are not talking about photographs but the real conservation of events. Nothing escapes and everything endures. Therefore, today you contemplate this space-time when you were eight years old.

“You don’t exactly remember,” she added, “what you did ten years ago today. Nonetheless, it has not only been registered as a recording but it remains alive in the prodigious archive of created eternity. If you only look at the picture of yourself and things at that moment, it is because you are still a traveler with your consciousness bound to the present. And, just as you show pictures on various occasions, so also do the Blessed contemplate whatever picture of their historical past. They relive but without pain, the eternally real and living events of their history, either earthly or heavenly. Such relived experiences are obtained in other temporal waves different from the ones already lived. You will better see this when I somewhat describe the sixth dimension.

“Well then,” she concluded, “as far as you are concerned, your body has changed physically and substantively but only with relation to the actual instant, but not your soul. Your soul changes, but only in as far as it knows, undergoes, and savors the experiences of life.”

“I feel the same,” I said, “although my body has changed.”

“You feel the same because you have only one soul—spiritual, free, indivisible and immortal—which has animated you from when you were a single egg cell. Your current body has deteriorated with old age. Your soul has spiritually enriched with age. Your being is the same although your external physical aspects have completely changed relative to the present moment. You know that no modifications exist from the perspective of the fifth dimension.

“However,” she added, “you are moral and, for now live under the structure of the Faith and with your consciousness forcefully bound to the actual instant. Nevertheless, your soul is vitally united to your total organism. But since your consciousness needs the present moment to collaborate with the Lord and reach heaven, your spirit, in the meantime, vivifies your bodies through the space-times you have lived, although you have not realized it. This is why it is possible today to contemplate yourself as a living child.”

“Why do I not understand created eternity?”

“Because your consciousness still has not had the opportunity to fully live in it. Today you had a glimpse at your childhood body. But your soul knows it well, just as it fundamentally knows your biological functions. And your consciousness already knows something about created eternity such as the abstractions and fundamental principles of science. Also, the knowledge of the personal ‘I’, independent of space-time materials, emanates from the essence of your spiritual soul. And when you admire or intensely love, you don’t notice the passage of time. It is as though you anticipatorily enjoy the unending peace of the fifth dimension.”

“Why must I live with my consciousness subject to the yoke of the present moment?”

“Because of your status as an earthly traveler and because you are barely meriting heaven with your faith and works of Charity. To comprehend created eternity is to already enjoy heaven.”

“And why can’t I even understand the fourth dimension of time?”

“The reason is that you don’t need anything more to fight for and obtain the blessedness which is what is fundamentally necessary in this mortal life. The Creator has revealed everything essential to reach the future life in the actual structure of the Faith. Deeper explanations are not available because they are unnecessary to achieve the final end. However, our Lord respects the scientific investigatory efforts of His beloved mortal children. And to honor the intelligence that He has bestowed on them, it is possible He permits them to travel through time and somewhat gaze into the fifth dimension.

“In eternal glory,” she continued saying, “when the All-Powerful wishes us to know a historical event, He doesn’t need to orientate us nor show it in a movie theater. It is enough that He places us in the space-time corresponding to that event. No, we suffer no inconvenience because we are already glorified. Nor do we alter the historic event because it forever remains immutable in the fifth dimension.”

“And if they are not pleased with what they see?”

“Then we change to another terrestrial episode or so some other place in the infinite universe. To accomplish this, we only need to want it. And we don’t need to think much because our God is most disposed to suggest what is best.”

“Marvelous. You observe the history of the cosmos as we watch television. And you can even change channels. What I find disconcerting is to view my own childhood body.”

“It is that you give excessive transcendence to the present moment and you diminish the importance of the past. History doesn’t only exist in memory, book, films and computers; it lives endlessly in created eternity.”

“Everything being considered, the fifth dimension is never discussed.”

“It is a modern concept which has not become common knowledge. I see in your mind, although quite disordered, that the recent mathematical theories of relativity affirm, without experimental confirmation, that objective reality goes far beyond the perception of the present

moment. It embraces all the history of the universe, in perpetual existence, from its creation. You have this notion very ingrained in your memory. Objective reality does not happen, does not succeed, is not annihilated; it simply exists. And only our God is fully able to embrace its majestic importance. This is very certain, in spite of the fact that this knowledge is not generally known. It is unmistakable that cosmic reality should include, beyond what happens in the present moment, the ordered, chronological accumulation of every act of the existence of beings.”

“Why did you tell me that the idea of the past is not real?”

“The idea of the past is purely subjective; it does not correspond to the majestic and eternal universal reality. If what has happened has not ended, it is incorrect to say it has already passed.”



“Why hasn’t the existence of the mysterious fifth dimension been experimentally proven?”

“Because the experimental capacity of the scientists is intensely anchored to the present. They only observe and modify things in the lapse of the actual instant. They are unable to see or alter past events which persist, however, intact and alive, just as they happened. However, the spiritual and most intelligent souls of these learned relativistic scientists permit them to consider and express their mathematical conclusions, which, in this case, are in agreement with divine revelation.”

“In such case, the idea of created eternity is useless in a practical sense.”

“Not at all. The fifth dimension can serve philosophy to honor the truth and clarify cosmological ideas. And theology—even the Magisterium of the Church—can better discern, within their theoretical scope, dogmas relating to Christian eschatology. Clearly, created eternity does not have applications in the natural sciences. It is not important that it does.

“Created eternity is most valuable in religion,” she added. “It shows the decisive importance of every act and circumstance we lived on earth. Every space-time with its act of existence is transcendental—either for good or for bad—forever, either for eternal blessedness or everlasting disgrace. Not only is the grand total or subtotal of every reconciliation and encounter with our God important, but every response to divine grace is most important. Human acts continue in the fifth dimension. Terrestrial and celestial mathematics do not coincide precisely because of failure to include the parameter of the fifth dimension.

“The importance of human acts in this world,” she affirmed, “is striking. If you reach greater Christian progress in society, happier will be your loving relations with the other Blessed. But if pride and egoism weaken the love of Charity in the apostolate, we will have a smaller number of Blessed, with limited numbers of enjoyable space-times, certainly with less abundant joys and pleasure in accidental glory.

“The fifth dimension,” she argued, “is a most valuable corollary of relativistic theory. It is a jubilant incentive for Christian activity, both personal and social. It is a potent sedative for the anguish of today’s problems. It is an antidote for pessimism. It is a vigorous argument to better understand

peace and hope among Christian pilgrims. Moreover, our God wished to objectively demonstrate it today.

“The fifth dimension,” she insisted, “is amazing in heaven. After the end of traveling humanity, the glorified will return to the past to fulfill those honest desires that were frustrated in this world. We will return to give thanks for the favors we received from those who loved us with the love of Charity and to make and fulfill licit intentions which passed us in mortal life because of invincible ignorance. This will be achieved by using modified times similar to this one in which we have placed ourselves or, also, resorting to the sixth dimension. Afterwards we will see that Blessed man, to enjoy his accidental glory, utilize any space-time of his earthly or heavenly life in any temporal wave of the fourth dimension.”

“Are you saying that the Blessed will return to cohabit and be with one another after the final judgment?”

“Yes, this very thing. But not only on the actual earth, but in the entire planet from its creation. This is something we are beginning to do now, but with timidity so as not to interfere with those mortals still living. We do it with great caution, given the state of interdiction which governs the earth due to sin. Nonetheless, after the final resurrection it will be something grandiose for the Blessed: reunion with those who loved them with Charity, truly amiable cohabitations, fulfillment of honest ideals and licit loves, in a fruitful, celestial manner, the encounter of unknown persons from the same epoch or diverse periods of history and the discovery of new and most enjoyable loves of accidental glory.”

“How is that,” I asked in amazement?

“In this world you have known only a very few women in which you have had interest from the great number which our God has designated for your glory. You didn’t even have time to admire all the beautiful women who were your contemporaries. Remember, it is enough that you feel a loving attraction to complete the bond of reciprocal love in heaven. Thanks to the fifth dimension you will interact abundantly and you will discover unsuspected loves which you will fulfill in accordance with the most enjoyable heavenly norms not just in your time but in future and past times. A little later you will get a glimpse at human love in accidental glory.”

“I will have to travel much through the fifth dimension to find them in the extensive history of the earth.”

“You will find them immediately and opportunely because our God has already arranged for your greater accidental glory each of the indescribable loves. Nothing requires work in heaven. We depend on the Lord who gives everything to us with infinite magnificence.”

“The fifth dimension is astonishing and disconcerting,” I said to Tenderly-Loved.

“Yes, it causes confusion at first glance because it presents a cosmic reality in a new way. And you resist correcting the classic subjective models which are very deeply rooted in your consciousness. You have constructed an egocentric and incomplete reality. The physical and chemical changes of things, and of you yourself, happen in a given moment, but they remain in the past forever exactly as they happened. Is perhaps the Creative power of the Most High so fragile? No, of course not. That which you believe is annihilated remains immutable in eternal, objective reality.”

“Then what has happened cannot be corrected. It remains that way; isn’t that certain?”

“Virtuous acts remain unchanged. But sins can be annihilated in every cosmic dimension through divine pardon. Moral evil is the only thing that can be annihilated from Creation. The

redemptive power of our Lord Jesus Christ is very great. Individual human nature is restored—physically morally, and spiritually.”

“It is said, ‘Once struck, not even God can remove it.’”

“This blasphemous saying is false. Let’s suppose a defrauder destroyed a document which compromised him. He burnt it on a given day and time. No mortal could reconstruct this document. Anyone interested would conclude that, once destroyed, no one, not even the All-Powerful, could restore it. The sinner feels very secure. Having destroyed the proof, there is no crime to prosecute. What the evildoer forgets is that the document was burned at a certain moment, but not in prior space-time. It would be sufficient to return in the fifth dimension to find the paper intact. Isn’t it a consolation to you that the same happens with good works?”

“Therefore,” she concluded, “it is inadvisable to remain even one second in serious sin. Upon recuperating the grace of our Lord, the acts of existence and the space-times of that period in which the sinner rejected the Most High are reduced to nothing. The justification (restoration of grace) is complete and intrinsic. A superficial or extrinsic justification makes no sense in the fifth dimension which guards the history of the being. Acts are either erased or remain there. On the final analysis, no traces of pardoned sin remain. Their annihilation has been complete. Therefore, afterwards in heaven, these annihilated space-times will be missed and should have been filled with the love of Charity to better enjoy accidental glory.”

“I understood that time passes and only leaves its traces.”

“Yes, but the vestige of time and space do not only consist in the erosion of things as wrinkles in the face. More important is the eternal duration of innumerable space-times corresponding to the acts of existence of every real created being.”



“Tenderly-Loved, it is difficult to accept the absolute continuation of the history of people and things. It contradicts common sense. Perhaps the childhood body I am observing is a hallucination.”

“No, you are seeing the reality, the great objective reality which is not contrary to common sense. It goes contrary to your mental set, subjective and erroneous, due to a fallen human nature, a nature flawed by sin. Your mistake is similar to one which occurs on a trip. From your seat you see the panorama which continually changes. But this change occurs only in your consciousness because, behind you the same landscape remained undisturbed. If you return you will find everything just as you left it. Analogously, in the brief transit of the mortal through this world, you will see your passage and other things from the window of the present, with incertitude about the future and sadness for the good things that have already passed. This erroneous point of view causes you to suffer more than necessary.”

“Why?” I asked her, hoping to discover a way to suffer less.

“For example, you suffer when a legitimate love escapes you. However, the pain is mitigated almost entirely if you seriously accept the everlasting nature of these things. The Christian hope of someday regaining what is lost diminishes the actual pain. The seed of immortality and the fact of

everlastingness are in you, as you are able to prove in your childhood body. You have lost no act. Everything remains except the sin pardoned by our Lord.

“When you say it has been a year ago today that I received a great joy, you remember this event with a touch of bitterness because you view it as having already gone, distant and unrepeatable. But it is not like that. And how good it is that you are wrong. Nothing in this life perishes or passes. The past is a perpetual archive. Nothing has been snatched from you. If you would believe in the fifth dimension you would joyfully exclaim: *‘for one year I have been receiving a deep and everlasting joy! And with interest I will return to live this joy when I go to the Fatherland!’* Let go then, of your attachment for songs which say *‘it forever ended.’*

“As you see,” she said smiling, “what happens to you is the same as what happens to little children when they lose a toy. They inconsolably cry because the ball rolled under the bed. You become sad because of the loss of your goods—youth, lost moments of legitimate joy that passed from the present moment to the fifth dimension. Such useless sadness, unless that moment was lived without the love of Charity! But if you trust our God as a child trusts his mother, you will wait with patience until you regain everything with most abundant profits. This will happen when you sever, with a good death, your bond with the present moment and enter triumphantly into glory. It is for this that Christianity is the religion of joy.”

“Why does God permit suffering?”

“Suffering exists because of the sin in the world, which includes our own moral faults. Although we were redeemed by our Lord Jesus Christ, every man must have his share in the mystery of Redemption. As a consequence, it is more logical and more consoling that you accept failures, errors and tribulations as transient proof to merit heaven or as didactic designs of divine providence to correct your conduct. These sufferings serve as a stimulus of Christian hope to reach the enchanting glory of the Fatherland where there are no frustrations or anything negative.

“On accepting the fifth dimension,” she continued, “it is indispensable you modify the image you have forged about things. The true form of beings during their existence does not coincide with what you actually perceive. You only observe what happens to bodies in the present moment. You view such changes sequentially. You are forced to study them with mnemotechnic devices: photographs, descriptions, models graphics, computations... but it is unfeasible to view the same being in the space-time which just occurred, much less what happened to it a day ago or a year ago. However, remember that every real being is the sum of the space-times corresponding to all its acts of existence.”

“But if it were like that, beings would interweave in the boundary of created eternity because if one thing would transform, its matter would be used for something else. It would result in the same matter serving for many distinct bodies.”

“That’s what happens, but with no inconvenience. For example, the wood from a tree is transformed to a table and later to firewood, but the being of a tree, a table, and firewood are not the same; they do not exist simultaneously: they correspond to different space-times. The being of the tree preceded that of the table which, in turn, preceded the firewood. You should understand that no created being is completely simple.

“In every material creature there are various levels or grades of existence. Accordingly, in men you find in first place the degree of existence as a person formed by the total organism and the spiritual soul. Another grade of existence is cellular, that is to say, the complex of living cells at any given moment. These cells, although they totally depend on the man, have a certain independence with respect to their specialized life and they possess properties different from the whole organism. One

would need to mention, moreover, the chemical level of existence of the same human being in the defined space-time of its life and the energy level corresponding to every instant of its pilgrimage.”

“This signifies that the beings mix-up in the fifth dimension.”

“They mix, but without confusion. They only interrelate with much joy because all are bound by universal love. We don’t confuse one another because of the continuance of our Being in the fifth dimension. I was telling you that every act of existence, every phenomenon, endures in its instantaneous and exclusive space-time.

“As a consequence,” she affirmed, “Don’t conceptualize man’s integral organism as an immense number of bodies simultaneously departing from one another. No, because the acts of existence were not simultaneous. They happened at different space-times. And, although all corporeal states persist as an interminable line, they persist chronologically and are spatially ordered without the possibility of intercommunication because of the bonding of the consciousness to the present moment. Later I’ll tell you how the space-times of a Blessed are related.”

“What, then, is the true form of things?”

“The form of every object differs and is of much greater value than what is observed. It is much more extensive in space. To understand the true aspect of something you need to mentally add the sequence of images, one by one, of the innumerable space-times corresponding to the acts of its existence. These space-times chronologically aggregate and exactly mark the historical development of the body in question in eternal, objective reality. Convince yourself that the being you see and its complete becoming, which you are unable to observe, form a real, continuous and inseparable whole.”

“It is difficult to imagine something under these conditions.”

“Try, for example, to imagine the earth in the fifth dimension, instead of representing it as an immense globe. Try to see it as a grandiose comet in whose majestic and unending tail is found the entire history of all the real, living and immutable beings that have ever existed. The form of a ball is spherical in actual instant, but in the fifth dimension it is exceedingly elongated, such that it corresponds to the trajectory of all its movements. The spiral line is the favorite line in the universe.

“Observe,” she firmly stated, “that prior images correspond to current cosmology. Don’t forget that the objective world of reality, according to modern relativistic theories, does not happen, does not succeed, is not annihilated; it simply exists. Beings are transformed in the present moment, but they subsist safely in the past.

“Never can a planet crash with itself,” she told me on reading the objection in my consciousness, “in spite of the exact periodicity of its revolution in orbit. The new theory of the expanding universe maintains that even though planetary orbits are exactly periodic, no star would ever return to be in the same place, although they all maintain their relative distances from one another. In our case it would be the same for the theory of a retracting universe.”

“Are you saying that when I put a pencil in the same place where, previously there was a pen, that I am mistaken?”

“Of course. An instant passed. The space-time of the pencil precedes that of the pen. But each of them persists, without end, in its corresponding act of existence. Every created or real being lasts forever, synchronously with all the others, at a rhythm of a clock, in its innumerable space-times, with all its becoming, without danger of colliding with itself or others. Collisions only happen in the present moment.”

“Perhaps the expansion of the universe is due to the fifth dimension.”

“Yes, both are a consequence of the exact harmony of the cosmos. You need, however, to modify the conventional, subjective and entrenched models which have been suggested to you until today. It is necessary to foster a legitimate optimism in yourself and what surrounds you, to erase the false and restrictive idea that the past is annihilated. It is advantageous, on the other hand, to hope in the divine providence of heaven so you can live here in peace, to open your spirit to the notion of created eternity or the perpetual storehouse of past time.”

“It is difficult to renounce what is observed... that beings definitely come to an end.”

“Consider that if some being were annihilated or lost its form during its temporal evolution (or, its becoming), it would remain only in God’s mind as a remembrance of the past. Don’t you think it would be going too far to attribute to our God, who is most simple, the cerebral circumvolutions of memory? Created eternity is most convenient for absolute divine eternity.

“Moreover,” she argued, “wouldn’t the divine love wish not just to remember but to restore to His beloved and blessed children those earthly moments of fidelity to divine grace and moments of prayer and mortification for love of Charity? And the Blessed, would we not wish for something similar in the Glory? Would you not be pleased to restore, in a beneficial manner, the frustrations and sorrows of your history? And how then would those just longings be satisfied if the past were completely annihilated?”

“I understand that God will permit us to participate in His absolute eternity.”

“Precisely. Created eternity is the analogous participation in the absolute divine eternity. Only that the fifth dimension does not start until heaven; it is already with you on earth.

“And there is still another proof of created eternity,” she added. “Wouldn’t you feel strange that only the merit of all your good works remained before the Most High and that their remembrance for you was turbid? Don’t you believe that this situation would be the height of pessimism? On the contrary, the moral certitude—not absolute evidence—of the everlasting duration of your complete being as well as other people and things give you strength and hope. And it harmonizes divine providence with what happens to you as a traveler.

“Doesn’t it seem strange,” she added, “that the scenes of the *Great Christian Mysteries* do not exist in actuality? On the contrary, if you accept created eternity, the history of salvation exists forever. And so it is. How sad that it is not possible for you to view the crib of Bethlehem, the sermon on the Mount, the Last Supper, the cross of the Redemption... All of these are conserved alive but without sorrow because they have been freed of the tragic actual instant.”

“You are right. The eternity of the Eucharist and the eternal rest of those who died faithfully to God are religious beliefs which speak in favor of the fifth dimension. However, Tenderly-Loved, those who are loved die, youth passes, riches are lost, and precious objects are broken.”

“This is the appearance, nothing else. Here you have still another proof of the continued existence of things. Would our Lord, perhaps, who loves us so much, permit a legitimate desire only to leave it eternally unsatisfied? Our God does not give and then take natural goods. Never does He retake His gifts. I will relate to you an anecdote that happened to me. When my young son hardly three years old, died, I was inconsolable. In my desperation I said to our God: ‘*Why did you give him to me if you intended to take him so quickly?*’ I never forgot this pain in my mortal life. But once glorified, the Lord brought me to these critical space-times of my past. He consoled me tenderly as only He knows how to do. He made me see the design of the premature death of my dear son and He put him in my arms,

alive and resplendent. *'I did not take him,'* the Most High said to me, *'I only asked to borrow him.'* In this most pleasing way, the remembrance of my maternal pain was more than consoled, thanks to the continuance of things and persons in all their ages of development.

"And," she added, "another proof of created eternity is the intense desire for the immortality of beauty and of love which passions all of us. You will see that we creatures are mirrors of our Creator when we proceed with purity. And the love of the Most High is incompatible with lasting frustrations. Only sin which has not received divine pardon fails forever. Therefore beauty, love, and those things that preserve them should last, without end, in the fifth dimension."

"It is certain some poets have written poems about eternity, not about its expectation, but about its actual presence."

"And you, to the contrary, because of an improper indulgence to the fragile testimony of your senses, resist believing in the logical continuation of all things. The desire for created eternity is so forceful, being a requirement of truth, that even the language grammatically lends itself to the fifth dimension. The historical present and the ante-present are furtive yearnings for perpetuity.

"Perhaps in the future the truth will govern," she concluded, "and people will think and speak in terms of the fifth dimension. For the moment, before the change in mentality, all of you are using inaccurate verbs such as *lose, annihilate, happens*—which are common, but do not correspond to objective reality. Little by little, however, to the extent that the transcendence of the eternity of things is recognized, the language and customs will change, although it will not in a short period of time."



I didn't stop observing with amazement, curiosity and pride the prolongation of my body in a childhood form, paralyzed next to the piano.

"Would you like to prove," Tenderly-Loved soon said, "that you and this child are the same person?"

I thought she would permit a conversation between the child and me. A conversation with me myself? Although at times I have carried on a monologue, how marvelous now to carry on a dialogue with myself.

"Yes, for sure," I responded.

"Good, but first I want to explain that only your soul is going to bilocate with respect to your consciousness. This is to say that it is going to consciously operate in two distinct space-times: in your two bodies. Clearly your soul maintains life at every stage of biological development, which remain in the fifth dimension but without your being conscious of it.

"Bilocation consists," she continued, "in the same spiritual being, either a human soul or an angelic spirit, consciously acting in two distinct places at the same time or in two different space-times. In this case your bilocation will not be simultaneous in that forty-eight years which separate your two bodies. It will be in two distinct space-times. I should tell you that human bilocation is not exclusively

spiritual. In addition to the spiritual soul, the biological energy of the body intervenes. This biological energy is consubstantial and inseparable from the soul.

“Conscious bilocation and multilocation,” she added, “are quite frequent phenomena in celestial life. They permit the Blessed to enjoy new and very pleasing sensations.”

“Does bilocation happen in animals?”

“In an intellectual sense, certainly not. Because the souls of animals are not spiritual, that is to say, they are incapable of reflecting or loving as does man. However, in an inferior manner, exclusively energetic, yes, in the sense they produce some communications at great distances among irrational creatures. The immaterial soul of such a creature enjoys great powers.”

“Then do animals also have ‘hunches’?”

“In a way very inferior to persons but, yes, they are present. Don’t reduce the universe to the terrestrial life that you know—matter and energy. Many other elements exist. I don’t know them completely but I can mention *super-energy* and *infra-energy*, which are very common. I will tell you more about this later.

“The souls of organisms inferior to man,” she assured me, “will never directly know God nor will they possess Him with supreme love as do the Blessed. But through glorified man—as the priest of the irrational creatures—matter, energy and vegetables receive their happiness. They live eternally in the fifth dimension and it is in that very place they will be glorified in their own way.”

“You say they *lived*, because the majority have already died?”

“They also passed through the fourth dimension of time and died. But don’t forget that they exist and they live forever in the ambient of created eternity. For example, look at that fly on the upper pane of the window. It is in a position to fly, although it isn’t moving. It lives in this precise space-time and, without knowing it, awaits its glorification, that which will come from some glorified person. What I say about the fly also pertains to the dog lying on the other sidewalk and applies also to the matter-energy of this window and to all of the houses of this block and to the entire city. The universal love which interrelates creatures among themselves and souls with their Creator is abundantly fulfilled in heaven.”

“But for how long will they be glorified?”

“If I speak in terms of the year in which we are visiting, I would say ‘someday.’ But if I answer you from the viewpoint of created eternity, I assure you that they are already being glorified to the limit of their natural capacity. Remember that the past, present and future are purely subjective notions, although necessary for the traveler. Well then, by reason of the universal and multiple love of heaven, the Blessed enjoy their accidental glory and they bring joy to the inferior creatures. It is fascinating that we will find all creatures bound with reciprocal, joyful ties of pleasant universal love.

“To satisfy your curiosity, I am going to do a demonstration,” she continued. “I am going to glorify the fly on the window.”

My beautiful Blessed went forward a little and placed her index finger close to the insect which, with its wings spread, seemed to fly, but remained immobile. The fly began to revolve around her finger. It had entered modified time. The joy of the insect was evident. With its legs it stroked Tenderly-Loved’s finger. It turned the other way, caressing it with its wings, without fear, as though it had forgotten man’s cruelty. The animal was in harmony with the beautiful inhabitant of heaven. Suddenly the fly disappeared. But Tenderly-Loved, without moving her finger, continued smiling.

“I am glorifying it,” she told me.

“But the fly already flew away.”

“No, it hasn’t gone. It is inside my finger. I am compenetrating lovingly to produce the happiness of which it is capable.”

The fly, in fact, became visible and was holding itself closely to Tenderly-Loved’s finger. It held itself with all its feet, body and proboscides and even the wings, taut and oblique, adhered to the skin on her finger. With the other hand, Tenderly-Loved placed the fly in its original position. It required effort to disattach the insect and place it exactly as it was.

“This fly,” she affirmed, “will wait eternally in the fifth dimension new and better glorifications which will be given it from the rest of the cosmos in accordance with the designs of the Most High. And the fly will correspond effusively with the natural gifts which our God gave it.”

“What a shame that some mortals, and I speak for myself, act as dirty mirrors which barely reflect, even turbidly, divine love.”

“Happily not all travelers are like that. There are many saintly travelers in this time. But, as you say, it is a real pity that some human beings have the tremendous aberration of hating those who love them or those able to love them.

“It is also deplorable,” she pointed out, “That you are unable to experience in this life the delights of accidental glory. On the contrary, the loving embrace, given by the earth from the force of gravity, bothers you. And the affectionate encounter with electricity irritates you. The caresses given to you by things in the language of hits and cuts hurt you. You fear wild beasts. Insects repel you. You are not capable of actually sharing universal and multiple love. But in the Fatherland you will verify that to love is to give, that love is paid with love, that the return is very delightful, that to be happy it is necessary to make other creatures happy, those lovingly associated with you. In heaven the marvelous bonds of universal love are most joyful and cannot be frustrated. You will see that assimilation, dissimilation, food chains, etc. instead of being cruelties of natures, are agreeably replenished, inspired by universal and eternal love.”

“Tenderly-Loved, of what is the immaterial soul—not the spiritual one—of animals made?”

“I was expecting that question, but I didn’t want to explain it for fear of making things more complicated. It is a form of super-energy which is very superior in nature to the matter and energy you know, but extremely inferior to the human soul.”



“Now if what is superficially known about the universe crushes me with such complications,” I told myself, “what about the existence of *super-energy* and *infra-energy*, things about which I know nothing?”

“In Creation,” she patiently expounded, “many marvels exist that surpass the intelligence of the most learned men and the most understanding angels. Consider, then, that if nature is inexplicable to the most sublime creatures, how much more ineffable is the Creator. Don’t even try to understand the

magnificent universe. The little human science is simple foolishness, less than the babbling of children before the Most High.”

“It is that I desire to know the truth.”

“You will savor it in heaven to the limit of your intellectual capacity. And I am not speaking about what you currently possess but what you will possess in your future state of Blessedness, as king of Creation. For now, while you are a traveler, instead of searching egotistically the ineffable mysteries of the cosmos, give thanks to the Creator for all that He has brought forth from nothing for His great glory because you will participate in it in heaven.”

I believe in that moment I understood a little better the prayer of the *Gloria* in the Mass: “*We give You thanks for Your great glory, Lord God, heavenly King, Almighty God and Father...*” yes, because someday in heaven we will participate in that great glory.

“It is so,” ratified Tenderly-Loved. “But you need to collaborate with the Most High to achieve this participation, loving above all His Creation and demonstrating your love—loving your fellow man because He so commanded you. But remember, it should be the love of Charity and not simple philanthropy. Your love for your neighbor should be based on the love of your God and not in humanism, egoism, and disguised Christianity. True Christianity is based on the first commandment of the law of our God and has nothing to do with that comfortable attitude, pseudo-Christian and pleasant religion of the idle which suppresses and reduces dogma so as not to bother the believers.

“Rather than understand,” she told me, “try to accept with faith what is occurring in you due to this special gift of God. Try to obtain from all of this a moral gain to better yourself and reach, during your stay as a pilgrim, a greater level of Charity. When you fulfill the love of Charity, you increase your earthly collaboration with our Lord’s design for you to reach a higher degree of glory in heaven. If your accidental happiness increases, you will make the universe more joyful.”

“I somewhat see what you are saying, but I don’t quite understand it.”

“I know, and our Lord also knows. Therefore, He has allowed you to live for so many years so you can calmly meditate and put it to work. You, together with our God, are the author of your merit and glory. But listen to me. Put aside your intellectual, religious doubts and believe. And when you have doubts as to how you should proceed, love... but love with Charity. In this modified time our God will permit, if you wish, that your only soul return to animate your childhood body without stopping the consciousness of your adult body. Do you really wish to do it?”

“Yes, Tenderly-Loved. I don’t understand all of this, but my curiosity prods me.”

“Good, but don’t abuse bilocation. When your consciousness returns to your old home, I mean to say to intellectually possess your childhood body, you should only observe. Do not act with your will upon him. Behave as a receptor. Don’t try to influence your childhood body in the least way.”

I told myself: “Tenderly-Loved is exaggerating.” I forgot—she was observing my thoughts.

“Look,” she insisted, “you can seriously compromise your temporal future.”

I continued thinking: “My body of forty-eight years ago is like my own cadaver, like fingernails I have trimmed in the course of my life. What damage would I do if I asked some questions?”

I started to elaborate a series of questions when she who kept reading my thoughts through the inexplicable contact of our souls, told me: “Don’t you do it. The damage could be grave. You are still a traveler and we find ourselves visiting the past. But what is past to you, as an old man, is present or future to your childhood body. If your childhood brain perceives something uncharacteristic for its age,

this could cause a psychological trauma or something worse. This upheaval would have repercussions in all the stages of your life until now. As an adult you have lived innumerable space-times. But it is not so with your childhood bodies. What happens now will inevitably influence the present. Remember, the past, present and future are subjective notions necessary to the traveler but are unimportant in the hereafter.”

Although I had accepted it, I couldn't believe the idea that the child and myself were really the same person.

“Your present being,” she stated, “has accumulated a great number of existential acts which are saved in respective space-times of the fifth dimension. But not so your childhood phase. Don't you understand that what has happened to you as an adult still has not yet happened to the child? Pardon me, but I believe it is better for you not to do this experiment. It is dangerous. To discourage you I want you to think that there are many universal biological notions unknown to you and they would be difficult to explain. I don't know why it occurred to me to suggest you bilocate under my direction.”

Tenderly-Loved was right. My indiscretion had discouraged her.

“It is not that, my love,” she said to encourage me on seeing my thoughts. “It is that cosmic biology is very complicated.”



Tenderly-Loved and myself continued standing before the window. Inside the living room, all the people remained as immobile as figures in a wax museum. My curiosity was great. I was burning with the desire to have the marvelous conscious possession of my childhood body.

“Tenderly-Loved, permit me to bilocate. I promise to behave prudently. I'll be a simple spectator.”

The child—my childhood body—remained immobile with eyes staring at the face of the beautiful girl who seemed to be singing close to the piano.

“Well, try to bilocate.”

“How do you bilocate?”

“It is enough that you want to do it, since the Lord permits you.”

I said to myself: “I want to bilocate.” But everything remained the same. I was still standing beside Tenderly-Loved in front of the window.

“Try it again,” she said piously.

I closed my eyes, tightened my teeth and again commanded with all my strength: “I want to bilocate in that child! I want to bilocate in that child!”

But... nothing. I remained in the same place.

“Look,” she advised me. “The act of fervently wanting something does not consist in closing your fists, tightening your teeth, or any muscular effort. To fervently want something is an act of the will, not the teeth or the fist. Do it again.”

I tried again and... I still couldn't bilocate. I felt that I had failed and I felt very sorry for Tenderly-Loved.

"Don't worry," she comforted me. "When a mortal can't accomplish a good act, he should ask his neighbors and our God. Our Lord always helps even though what you ask for does not always coincide with what He wants to give you. Your brothers and sisters in Christian charity help to the extent they are able."

"I am unable to bilocate," I said sadly.

"Of course you can! The least of the Glorified can consciously situate themselves in at least three or four space-times at the same time. I can only do it in seven locations simultaneously; no more because of my small degree of glory. Some Blessed can multiply themselves billions of time and indescribably enjoy and bring indescribable enjoyment to others."

"I am not glorified," I pessimistically stated.

"But I am helping you. Listen: instead of saying '*I want... I want...*' ask our God with sincere supplication."

I did it that way. From the deepest part of my soul I said: "Lord, if You wish, permit this fascinating bilocation. And if not may Your Will be done. Enough—but enough—you have already given me."

That's how it was. I didn't know how, but suddenly I felt myself inside a scared and immobile child. It was not an encounter between him and me since in that child there was only me. I was absolutely sure that the two were one. Due to the position of the child's face and the visual field, I could barely see through his eyes—my childhood eyes—a small part of my elderly body on the other side of the window. I would have liked for the child to have slightly moved his head to see Tenderly-Loved standing by my old body and also see my face.

I didn't dare move, complying with the instructions I had received. I knew, however, it would be very easy to do. But, yes, I could observe with my staring childhood eyes the beautiful face of the girl who, with her mouth partially open, seemed to be singing. This was the same Tenderly-Loved, my old *Pajarera*, only now she was standing close to my small body. However, the celestial Tenderly-Loved, the one that was outside, looked much more beautiful than the one I was contemplating with my childhood eyes.

What a wonderful sensation. I was living in my old body. She was right. I felt as though I was in my own home. And that prior body of mine—faithfully guarded in the storehouse of past time or the fifth dimension—was forty-eight years younger than me. My spiritual soul had taken conscious possession of my own body. The option was fascinating: to feel as a child or an old man. Of course, I did not understand the prodigy but I was enjoying the experience.

"In spite of bilocation," Tenderly-Loved told me, "I continue in spiritual contact with you. In these instances of modified time your only soul is consciously animating your two bodies. I don't suggest you try to prove it since it is difficult for travelers to act in one body and be a receptor in the other."

"It is as though my only soul had been reincarnated into my childhood body. Isn't that true?"

"No, bilocation is different from reincarnation. The latter, from what I can see in your memory, means only one human soul animating bodies different from those possessed in earlier life. Bilocation, on the other hand, is the conscious act of one spiritual soul in two different places at the same time, or in two different space-times. You have not been reincarnated in your childhood body because it is your own flesh. Your soul has not migrated from one body to some other body but animates your two

different bodies separated in time. Moreover, metempsychosis (transmigration of souls) is an erroneous theory. The soul is never independent of the integral body. It is, therefore, impossible to reincarnate when the soul doesn't leave the body. Afterwards I will explain to you of what death consists.

"Your childhood organism," she detailed, "continues and will continue being you. You would be able to return to completely possess it in modified time. But I cannot permit you to verify this for the dangers I already indicated. When you live in heaven you will be able to use whichever body in whichever space-time you lived on earth. And, moreover, your soul will glorify them very well to the limit of your degree of glory. Your spirit will perfect your entire organism in such form that you won't even recognize yourself. The Blessed exercise complete dominion over the matter/energy/space/time of created eternity. Later I will demonstrate this to you.

"Actually," she added, "you now see yourself alone in the plane of consciousness, reduced and incomplete. You barely recognize yourself because of the speed of the present moment. You are unable to see yourself as a total being in the grandiose arena of objective and complete reality, and you are unable to see yourself with all your acts of existence with their respective space-times. You will see such marvels when you contemplate the progression of your corporal phases in the fantastic eternal hologram of the Blessedness. You will not see them tri-dimensionally but penta-dimensionally in the five dimensions: height, width, depth, time, and created eternity. But now focus on your bilocation. How do you like this experience?"

"It's fantastic. I feel this little body is all mine. But I can't explain why. Never have I contemplated my soul."

"You won't see it with your corporal eyes, but you will know it very well in your eternal life through your pleasant heavenly introspection. Then you will comprehend that your soul thinks, loves, governs, and perfectly controls your biological, psychological and material energy. In the same way you will directly know your face, without mirrors or photographs. You'll understand to the last detail your anatomy, physiology, biochemistry, nuclear physics, supra-energy and infra-energy. And you will give thanks to our God for the splendid gift of your whole human being."



My bilocation was fascinating. I felt myself a child and old man—alternately and simultaneously. The experiences of my childhood fought with all their emotional strength to disrupt my consciousness, but naturally and without psychological conflict. Soon the anxious experiences of my childhood began to surface in my mind.

I explored my childhood mind without any difficulty. I didn't understand how, but I noticed that in contrast to my actual experience, my memory nerve centers contained disorganized images instead of conditioned reflexes. This demonstrated to me that my old acts of existence chronologically remained guarded in the space-times of the fifth dimension. My beloved teacher was right.

I felt once more the many fresh remembrances I had forgotten as an old man. These remembrances wanted to spring to consciousness. There was the image of my grandmother, kind and energetic. There was the image of my mother, young and active, having suffered but who was faithful to

her responsibilities. She was sad because of her premature widowhood but happy for my future. I experienced warm, living memories, due to their recent origin.

All of this produced new and very pleasant sensations. I was able to distinguish the actual memory from the awareness of living it the second time. It was something different from the fantasy of a dream. Perhaps it is similar to the sensation of having been in some place that you visit for the first time.

Probably many para-psychological phenomena are explained by the continued existence of beings in the fifth dimension. Perhaps God permits certain mortals, for some reason which only He knows, to visit the past or future and act in some way on them. Such would be the case in precognition and knowledge of another's past.

During this unforgettable bilocation, my soul made comparisons and deductions, in spite of finding myself living in the rhythm of billionths of picoseconds. My beautiful friend was right. The human soul is free in its journey through space-times and free from the organism it consubstantially animates.

Afterwards, Tenderly-Loved told me that I hardly remained a few hundred-thousandths of a picosecond in my childhood body. They seemed like hours to me. There is no doubt that past, present and future lack objective reality. Such ideas are due to the punitive bond of human consciousness with time. I explored my childhood thoughts. They were very few, timid and erroneous.

Ah, if she had permitted me to inform my childhood mind of the knowledge I now possess from my studies... But she warned me to only observe as a spectator and not to act. And it was so easy for me to act on it. I perfectly controlled it.

In an instant I would have been able to infuse formulas, scientific laws, habits, abilities... Would something have happened like this in child prodigies? This child was anxious to know the truths. As an old man I perceived his acquired defects. It would have been so easy to help him.

If only I had warned him of so many dangers, I would have prevented many disappointments. But no, I had transformed him into an old child. I would have killed many illusions. I would have taken boldness from his undertakings.

In that instant I, an old man, perceived his innocent love for Tenderly-Loved. What a marvel to feel again this intense emotion with all its vehemence—passionate, revived and so violently contradictory—and at the same time sweet and tragic, tender and explosive, sluggish and volcanic. I again experienced my enthusiasm to live, my longing to know and embrace everything, but, for sure, not to return to school.

This bilocation was, in my ailing old age, an invigorating transfusion of my childhood life.

"Give thanks to our God," Tenderly-Loved counseled me, "for having given you a spiritual soul and not purely material organs incapable of bilocation."

Yes, and I told her I had felt a strong temptation to intellectually communicate myself with my childhood body. Of course she realized and insisted I not do it. But my imprudent curiosity, as that of Adam and Eve, could not resist the temptation and I asked a categorical question to the immobile body. I asked him: "Who are you?"

I barely began to notice the mental reverberations which the question produced when Tenderly-Loved had already removed me from my childhood body. I returned to feel old, next to my beloved heavenly visitor on the sidewalk in front of the window.

"Why did you do it?" she asked me kindly but a little displeased. "You should not have consciously influenced your childhood body. You do not understand that this will reverberate through

all phases of your whole and eternal body. I should have supposed you would be absorbed by your childhood.”

“But I am now an old man and what I have just done in my childhood body has not as yet disturbed me.”

“Our Lord, with whom I am always united by essential glory, is telling me that I should take you to your adolescence so you can see that this imprudent interrogation has affected you, although not significantly.”

I felt ashamed, like a disobedient old man guilty of an adolescent impulse.

“Our God also says,” re-stated Tenderly Loved, “That the question you asked the child produced a slight split of your personality which, without any significant impact, disturbed somewhat your adolescence. Remember you asked yourself ‘*Who am I?*’ and you found yourself searching for the cause of the demanding and strange question.”

It is true. With all the difficulties of life, I had forgotten.

“Pardon me. It is true. I remember when I was young reading *The Disciple of Paul Bourget* to see if I could find the cause of that insignificant but bothersome split of my personality.”

“How good is God’s design in maintaining us enclosed in the space-time of the present moment. Because if we were free to move in the complex labyrinth of temporal waves, we would injure ourselves disastrously.”

It is without doubt that matter, space, energy, time and created eternity are most complicated parameters and we only see and understand superficial aspects without understanding their deeper operations.



“Look once more through the window,” my beautiful friend suggested, again in good humor. “Do you recognize the person closest to your childhood body?”

Another Tenderly-Loved was next to the fearful young boy. More properly, the body of Tenderly-Loved in that era was immobile but in a singing pose. She was very beautiful but not as much as the celestial Tenderly-Loved that was with me at the window.

“Perhaps you have two bodies or one is real and the other is unreal.”

“My body, which is close to you, is the same one inside the living room. However, already glorified, it exists a second after the space-time in which we are. Let me explain. Before I went to visit you I took my young body from this same living room one second after finishing my interview with you. I glorified my body with the possession of my glorified soul. I endowed it with greater beauty to impress you more but not so much as to make you die of joy. As you can see the fifth dimension was my ally, thanks to the complete dominion we Blessed exercise over it.”

“Why did you take your body one second after our interview?”

“Don’t attribute to the fourth dimension or time an excessive and inviolable value which does not exist in reality. Remember that time and space are united and that corporeal beings are composed of the ordered and chronological aggregate of all their acts of existence. These acts are accomplished and stored in their respective space-times which are instantaneous and chronological. Of course, the number of space-times for each act of existence with its respective space-time is objectively separable in heaven. It is like the unit existing in the events of the life process.

“So you can better understand this,” she continued, “you should consider four ideas:

1) the fifth dimension forever guards the total organism, both earthly and heavenly, of all the Blessed;

2) glorification is fundamentally received by the soul which is the substantial form of the complete human body. The soul, in turn, glorifies the particular space-times of the organism. Which one? Whichever one is more convenient in a given moment to enjoy some fruitful experience of accidental glory;

3) the intellectual acuteness of Blessed bodies consists in their full dominion over the fifth dimension or created eternity. It is the analogous spiritualization of the corporeal matter which is independent of the chronological order of the normal space-times of the earth, space-times which give reality to the acts of existence. Consider that we Glorified are not pure spirits. You, being in modified time, are enjoying in anticipation a little of the extraordinary vision of the blessed;

4) the complete organism of a Blessed is physically separable in each of the space-times or infinitesimal moments of terrestrial and celestial life. It is divisible in every act of existence and it can participate in personal experiences in the glory in very different temporal waves, waves different from those composing the original space-times.

“I will make you a comparison. Suppose you wrote a sentence on a paper. This note was really made forever. But you can often change its position. Analogously, a completed act of your existence, along with its inseparable space-time, can be put in many other places and in different time waves. An existential act with its original matter, space and time constitutes an object and independent reality, although it always forms part of the entire human being.

“Therefore,” she concluded, “with divine consent I arranged for my young body to pass from original space-time which I lived in this living room on October 21, 1923, to the modified time in which I am visiting you. We Glorified exercise complete control over our entire organism and over the complex of matter, energy, space-time and created eternity.”

“It is complicated...”

“Try again. Listen. What happens at every instant of human life can be objectively separated in heaven because it became a separate, living act in and of itself. It is like a link in the large chain of existence. It is clear that you, living with your consciousness bound to the present moment, are unable to physically separate your space-times of life events.

“The actual instant,” she reiterated, “is the only opportunity to complete earthly acts of existence. But such acts, once completed, are eternal unities and, in a certain sense, independent. It is possible to separate them in heaven so as to better enjoy accidental glory.”

“Doesn’t an original act of existence lived in this world conflict with the use of the same space-time in heaven in accidental glory?”

“No, on the contrary, the primitive event is enhanced by its repetition in heaven. Just as the cymbal of an orchestra reinforces the intensity of the other instruments instead of obscuring them, so also are earthly space-times enhanced when enjoyed by us in the temporal waves of the Blessedness.”

“Why didn’t you remove your corporal phase from this house for our interview in modified time?”

“Because you wouldn’t have found me in the living room next to the piano. The human body does not bilocate as the soul. It is absurd that the same act of existence occupy two equal and coinciding space times. Space-times, along with their respective acts of existence, can be separated in eternal, objective reality but they are never confused. Later I’ll demonstrate the way human space-times are intercommunicated in heaven.”

“But I am seeing two bodies.”

“It’s because they correspond to different terrestrial acts of my existence. We are talking about two different space-times which are separated by an interval of one earthly second. Moreover, don’t forget that my body in the living room and the one with you in front of the window are from different temporal waves.

“I’ll give you a demonstration,” she emphasized, “to convince you that my only spiritual soul animates both the bodies you observe. I’ll make my body, the one next to your childhood body by the piano, turn to us.”

Fascinating! Tenderly-Loved’s body, which did not exhibit glorification in that moment but seemed to be singing in the living room, stopped being a beautiful wax figure and turned her face toward the piano and tenderly smiled at me. The clear proof convinced me she had complete control over both bodies, over her corporeal aspect and over the space-times of her entire organism. And the tragic bonding of the traveler with the actual instant of terrestrial time did not exist.

“How do you like this experience?” asked my beautiful Tenderly-Loved with a smile.

“It is marvelous, but not as marvelous as you. The love I professed to you has intensified to mysteriously capture my childhood emotions.”

Actually my excessive sensibility and my innocent self-criticism *as a child* have just been re-experienced and cry out with joy and sadness. *She sings a wonderful melody that, for the first time in my life, inspires me. It is something very pleasant and beautiful that I am unable to define and which I dare not accept... it must be love, even though I hardly know the meaning of this word.*

I feel immensely happy, but I dare not say I love her, because according to my embedded convictions, the mysterious word ‘love’ is taboo for me. She attracts me very much in a different way than my family and friends. I have fallen in love and I should not love her because I am a child.

There were deficiencies in the education of my time. How sorry I feel that the timidity of my childhood and the paralysis of an old man did not allow me to even give her a kiss.



“Tenderly-Loved, do you actually possess your entire body?” I asked her, trying to investigate the hereafter.

“Almost all. I lack my corpse. I need it to be completely happy because the instinct of somatic integrity is very strong in heaven. It is as if you had lost a finger. You would be resigned but you would not easily accept such a mutilation. Thanks to our God I will recover my corpse which I lost at death at the final resurrection and I will enjoy even more the glory God has given me.

“Doesn’t it seem strange to you,” she said, “that I, being a Glorified, possess a real human body like yours? I already told you that man’s integral organism is eternal since conception. It is certain that my entire body is completely subjected to my soul; it functions as a material organism analogously spiritualized. But I keep all my acts of existence, all my earthly changes, in the respective space-times which I lived in the world. The resurrection is the recuperation of the corpse brought back to life and the continuation of its vital processes, evolved and most perfect in heaven.

“Grace in this life and glory in the other,” she continued, “do not alter man’s nature. Much to the contrary, they presuppose, elevate and perfect it. The Blessed act as super/men with unique qualities such as keen intelligence, agility, impassibility and still other gifts. But we enjoy celestial life with our being as humans just as you see it here, however super-gifted we are.

“Moreover,” she insisted, “remember what is created eternity or the fifth dimension. Human beings are eternal in the sense they will never die in the future life. Also they are eternal from the viewpoint that all their phases of development, all their acts of existence, and all their material space-times from the human egg cell, excluding the cadaver, persist without end, even though man is a traveler learner in the parameter of the fifth dimension.

“Each vital act in its space-time,” she continued, “or more properly each unit of existence of the biological stages lived in this world constitute an occasion of happiness in accidental glory, provided it was lived in the state of grace with our God. Because, as I explained to you, if the act was done in grave sin, the unity of existence will have been annihilated upon receiving divine pardon. As you can see, knowledge of the fifth dimension is a moral incentive to joyfully persevere in the strict Christian life.”

“What, then, is death?”

“Death does not consist in the destruction of man. It is far from the divine plans that death be a total disaster. Don’t forget that each being remains forever from the moment it begins to exist. This is why you are able to observe your childhood body in this modified time of the past just as you observe the living bodies of those in the living room. You now know they live in another temporal wave, distinct from the frequency of ordinary earth time.

“What dies,” she affirmed, “is only the cadaver, which, no longer able to be an organism, becomes incapable of retaining the soul. The soul continues separating, then, from the final phase of biological development. This is because this phase begins an irreversible process of putrefaction. The soul, however, does not become independent of the integral organism; that is, from the corresponding phases of the past and those space-times corresponding to the acts of existence already completed. All this constitutes the total man who lives forever in the sphere of the fifth dimension. Man, therefore, continues being man before, during, and after death. I was telling you that the danger of dying, as the opportunity for change and the completion of existential acts, is only present in the space-time of the actual moment.

“In this sense,” she related, “I won’t forget my amazement when, immediately after death and during my judgment, I saw the interminable string of my bodies and my acts of existence in their respective space-times. They were like a slow motion film but, for sure, most real. The fifth dimension

is grandiose. Of course, the particular judgment is very fast compared to normal time since it is done in detail and exactly in very slow modified time.

“Don’t believe,” she added, smiling ironically while exploring my mind, “that you need to wait until death to participate in eternity. No, death is not the entrance from time to eternity. Created eternity, even though you don’t feel it, is with you and in you right now. From this comes a wonderful consequence. It is amazing man really cooperates with the Creator in eternal things and in the evolution of beings which is moderate in terrestrial time but marvelous and grandiose in heaven. You are a co-author with our God of created eternity; you are the actor around which it revolves, a consideration which significantly increases your human responsibility.”

“Tenderly-Loved, why doesn’t the soul separate from its body prior to death?”

“Because the soul is alive, because it has not undergone putrefaction and because it is immortal.”

“Are you saying my childhood body is immortal?”

“Clearly so! For better or worse it will never die. I maintain that the only danger of death occurs at the actual instant which is the only opportunity for change. But once the space-time of the present moment passes, death is impossible. No natural phenomenon can occur. Putrefaction would be impossible. There is only continuation in the eternal storehouse of past time. However, immutability is not absolute since there are other frequencies of time in the realm of created eternity, which are different from the temporal rhythm of the earth such as the modified time in which we are today. Here occur many phenomena of a supernatural order, or better, of a different nature than the chemical and physical changes you know.

“Death consists,” she clarified upon seeing my doubts, “in the corruption of the final corporeal wrapping, that which becomes a cadaver when the decomposition of the organic matter occurs. Moreover, the living cells of your prior bodies, in other words, your entire organism, continue guided by the soul in their respective space-times. And they will continue due to the intrinsic eternity of every being.”

“Excuse my persistence. I see my childhood body, yes, but what about my adolescent body and the others?”

“You don’t see them because they are living in the present instant. They live in the fifth dimension, in temporal waves which are not ruled by the clock and calendar. They live in space-times different from those we are using.”

“At death, then, the soul does not separate from the body.”

“The soul separates from the cadaver and that’s why it’s called a separated soul. But it does not become independent of the living material of its prior bodies since this material remains eternally alive in the great storehouse of past time. At death, the soul, joined to the total organism, separates from the cadaver. Consequently, isolated souls do not exist apart from the total body. The soul and the entire organism are consubstantial and, therefore, inseparable. From conception, all the man remains alive and continues to subsist after death for the simple reason it hasn’t died. Only the corpse corrupts. Death does not affect the total body prior to the act of dying.”

“Who, then, are the dead?”

“Those who are called dead continue living in objective and universal eternal reality, not in the present moment of terrestrial time. They live without their cadaver and without taking the same

temporal path as the travelers. These 'dead' persons continue to live, at a different pace, on other paths of the intricate frequencies of time. They live in a place which they merited according to their earthly works. But they live free from the bondage of their consciousness to the present."

"Then, instead of saying 'living and dead', we should say 'free and captives!'"

"Yes, something like that. Now observe the tragic confusion between the integral body and the cadaver. The process of actual death begins at a determined moment and not before. And in this simple moment, the testimony of your senses cruelly mislead you. You confuse, deplorably, the past which you are unable to see with the present you observe. Without justification you transpose data of the present to the past. You arbitrarily decide that history has been annihilated. And you conclude that the immediate past merges with the present. In this childish manner you confuse the putrefied mass of the cadaver with the whole man, incorruptible and eternal, who continues forever in the majestic objective reality of the fifth dimension.

"The cadaver," she added, "continues its corruption in the passage of normal terrestrial time. But, as I warned you, before the process of death the entire human being is free of putrefaction. But this organism does not find itself in the risky present moment. It lives complete and immortal, but without the cadaver, in the sphere of created eternity.

"Well then," she emphasized, "don't you think the conviction that the dead continue with the bodies and souls immediately after their demise, although without their cadavers, mitigates the suffering of the relatives who experience the death of their loved ones? Doesn't the moral certitude that everything is forever calm you even though you are unable to observe it? This is why I tell you that the fifth dimension is the source of optimism."

"It is strange that God reveals the mystery of created eternity to secular scientists and not to the learned hierarchy of the Church."

"There is nothing strange about it. Secular scientists are also part of the Church. I already told you that the pedagogy of divine revelation is slow and progressive, according to the culture and Christian progress—not materialism—of the society. The ideas given to you by our Lord and which I have now clarified may seem new to you. You will see from heaven, however, that in the next century, they will be taken into account by the Magisterium."

"Why doesn't God permit me to see the space-times of my prior bodies in the marvelous fifth dimension?"

"It is the first thing you will see in your particular judgment. It will be soon. Mortal life is most brief, however desperately the travelers seek to hold onto it. Moreover, the Lord has permitted bilocation in your childhood body. That is a lot! On the other hand, the shock of contemplating the majesty of the eternal, objective reality of the universe as a traveler would overwhelm you. The grandiose observation of your entire past would diminish your human freedom in the present moment. You would love the Most High for selfish interest or out of fear. It would reduce the merit of your future glory; our God does not want love of Charity which is forced."



“To help you better esteem the fifth dimension,” Tenderly-Loved told me, “I am going to tell you what happened to me after my particular judgment, but before glorification when I assisted at my own burial at the cemetery of Saucito.”

“Did you attend your own burial?” I asked her, more than amazed.

She smiled at me. In her blessed, happy expression I noticed an abandonment of amiable and pious indulgence.

“In another occasion I will relate to you the living details of our God during that stage of my death. For now let me tell you what the angel who assisted me in that difficult moment said: *‘I am taking you to your internment since it is necessary for your purgatory so that you comprehend the enormous deception of what is sinful and worldly.’* I was taken by the arm with such force that I was unable to resist.

“Through the great power of my angel,” she continued, “we arrived, without my being able to explain how, at the principal gate of the cemetery. The casket has just arrived with my cadaver in a very beautiful casket. I saw my relatives and friends without their awareness of my presence.”

“But could you see without eyes?”

“Of course not. I was looking with the corporal eyes of my biological phase immediately before my actual death. Don’t forget that each act of existence endures forever in its respective space-time. I already told you that the total human organism is multiple, that is, forming through the uninterrupted series of existential acts, but that each one of these acts, joined to its space-time, can be separated from the others, although this is not accomplished during mortal life. Later, after a good death, the entire organism, freed from the bonding of its consciousness to the present, is able to consciously operate with any act or biological phase of its past life, vigorously guarded in the fifth dimension, and it is possible to live in very diverse temporal waves.”

“Why didn’t your relatives see you?”

“The angel and I placed ourselves in temporal waves different from normal terrestrial time. Listen. Radio station waves are all found in the air of the city. But your radio only receives those stations synchronized with it. In a similar way, my family and friends, with their consciousness bound to the present, live in the stream of waves of ordinary terrestrial time. On the contrary, my angel and I were traveling in another stream of temporal waves, parallel but not communicable with those of the traveler. Because, in spite of wave movement of equal frequencies, my temporal rhythm had an instant of delay relative to mortals. My relatives, therefore, were unable to see me in a different temporal wave. At another time I’ll tell you how I suffered the deception of worldly affections upon reading in the minds of some of my relatives their true sentiments toward me.

“My three sons and nephew, Damian, recovering from rheumatism, carried my casket on their shoulders. But my nephew stumbled and I felt the blow on my head which rebounded in the badly cushioned casket. *‘Ah,’* I said to my angel, *‘they are going to bury me alive!’* But he calmed me: *‘Don’t worry. The human soul does not separate instantaneously from the cadaver but gradually. While living material remains the souls assists and animates it.’*

“I didn’t understand him,” Tenderly-Loved continued, “since I didn’t yet process infused celestial science. I insisted: *‘I felt the hit on my head. I am not really dead. Please stop the burial.’*

“It was an unbelievable experience,” added my beautiful glorified friend. “I was terrorized because of all the stories I had heard about people being buried alive due to negligence or cruelty. My angel assured me *‘Do not think any more about that. Your cadaver is very dead. What happened is that*

your spiritual soul continues to animate the few live tissues that remain in it and will do so until all living tissue has died. This suffering which you are enduring constitutes a portion of your purgatory.”

“I thought that death was a very rapid process,” I commented. “But, if it is slow, I suppose there are possibilities to resuscitate a dead person.”

Tenderly-Loved kept speaking, speaking for the angel: *“No, once the principal, central nerves die, the process is irreversible. If ‘cadavers’ sometimes revive, it is due to medical misjudgment or catalytic stages. Also, modern medicine obtains, with much effort and expense, the prolongation of the death process with its pre-agony and agony.”*

“Well then,” the angel continued, “in this moment you know what is happening in the few living tissues of your dead body because your soul is not separated from them. These tissues still form part of your integral organism. Therefore, you feel something but without discomfort or pain. You perceive in a spiritual way what you consciously experience in life with your senses.”

Then Tenderly-Loved added: “I asked the angel: ‘in the final analysis, where am I? Here outside with you or inside my casket?’ He responded ‘Your spiritual soul with all your understanding and will is able to be in difference space-times or phases of your life at the same time. Your soul is not bound to the present moment of terrestrial time. Simultaneously and without abandoning your total organism your soul obtains the joy of heaven or continues its purification on the earth.’ The same thing that happened to you in this modified time happened to me. I was amazed and incredulous. The angel continued: ‘By reason of its spiritual essence, the human soul is independent of space, time, matter and energy. It fundamentally lives in the fifth dimension or created eternity. In union with whichever space-time of its total body, it can act in heaven, purgatory, hell, and, co-existentially, in the living parts of the cadaver. Tissue grafts, therefore, can be successful from a dead person to a patient. Biological acceptance of the graft signifies replacement by the patient’s soul.’”

“Tenderly-Loved, how is it possible that one soul can substitute for another?”

“In the same way the oysters you ate today are incorporating into your living tissue. The immaterial—but non-spiritual—soul of those mollusks stop animating its living matter while your organism assimilates it and makes it yours. To make it yours necessarily implies that your soul accepts it and animates it.”

“But the digestive process destroyed the complex living protein. Didn’t this living material die during digestion and prior to intestinal absorption?”

“Digestion did not disintegrate these proteins to the point of separating their atoms. It stopped at a molecular level, more simple but still alive; that is, animated by the soul of the oyster. In this way they were taken by the blood to your cells. These cells take what they need and assimilate it, replacing the immaterial soul with your own soul.”

“And does boiled milk, roast meat or fried eggs conserve life? Does the soul of the corresponding animal give them life?”

“Yes. For example, let’s say a cow is butchered and its meat used to feed a human. The cow died at its level of existence as an organism. Its immaterial soul—not spiritual—continues to unify and animate its entire body, forever guarded in the fifth dimension, just as the living material of its cadaver. After cooking the meat, a portion was carbonized and stopped living. The remainder was eaten.

“Digestion of the meat,” she continued explaining, “transforms the living protein of the cow to amino acids which continue living. They are absorbed by the human intestine and continue living. They are absorbed by the human intestine and pass to the blood, arriving to the cells which select the

necessary amino acids. They are assimilated or, in other words, the immaterial soul of the cow is substituted by the spiritual soul of the one who ate the steak.

“Of course,” she added, “the soul of the cow, once displaced of its organic matter, is not annihilated nor does it vanish, but continues eternally animating its whole organism which, excepting the cadaver, remains in the fifth dimension. Every substance (essence) endures forever from the beginning of its existence. The complete death of a cadaver is not so easy. Organic matter remains alive until it is used as food, putrefies, or is burned.”

“It seems the fifth dimension requires the existence of souls.”

“Yes, the soul or unifying life principle of biological organisms is indispensable to eternally conserve human, animal, and vegetable life. Plato was not so wrong.

“Your ignorance and the bond tying your consciousness to the present,” she emphasized, “display death, cataclysms, wars, food chains, famines, as irreparable tragedies. But all this has a profound and mysteriously beneficial aspect that can only become clear from the plane of ‘endless duration’ (eternity). These things continue existing, not in the present but in the past time of the fifth dimension. If it weren’t for this, they would be absurd enigmas and incompatible with divine Wisdom and with human intelligence. On the other hand, this replacement of one soul by another is a pleasing result of universal love which marvelously interweaves every creature.

“I know,” she continued, “from one of my sons who studied in medical school that human cadavers were refrigerated in the dissecting room. I asked my angel if the soul of a dead person remains long in the refrigerator. He said that the presence/action of the soul can be for a long time. It is not, however, important, since the soul does not experience pain or bother. Don’t think the human spirit remains prisoner in the cadaver, enclosed in a refrigerator and shivering from cold.

“Something similar,” asserted my beautiful Blessed, “happens with animals and vegetables, although at a level very inferior to humans. The soul, unifier, or vital life principle—immaterial but non-spiritual—maintains the life tissues and organs separate from the rest of the organism. For example, this is what happened with the chicken heart in Alex Carrel’s experiment. This heart lived isolated for many years with extensive laboratory care. The immaterial soul of the chicken maintained the heart alive until it lacked oxygen due to the negligence of the assistants.”

“Poor chicken soul,” I commented “enclosed so many years in a laboratory deposit.”

“Yes,” she added, “and I already know what you are thinking... that it would be better if each tissue or organ had its own ‘little soul’ even though the organism would result in a kind of soul colony. But it is not like that. Our Lord has arranged that every organism, in as far as it is singular, has only one soul which unifies and governs it in all its functions as happens in the perpetuity of the fifth dimension.”



I remained contemplating my beautiful Blessed and enjoying the loving emotion she inspired. I felt the force of this love which was so complete and clear, so well reciprocated, strong and serene,

confident and secure, more perfect and balanced than my contradictory childhood love for her. How I would have enjoyed knowing the profile of her glorified character!

But as she explained to me, “The eyes of mortals scarcely see what is superficial. They are incapable of seeing the profound essence of persons where this greater beauty rests and they are content with only the vaguest external appearances.”

Only in heaven will I know, in an ineffable heavenly manner, through contemplation and possession, all the nuances of her glorious personality.

How well I understood that love is inexplicable. But why did I feel so sure of my first love? To what did I owe this certainty so strong and stable?

“Why do you love me?” she added.

“I love you because of your beauty, your radiant youth, your attractive personality, your...”

“No, my love,” she interrupted. “This is not the primary cause. You and I love one another because our God has so ordained it. Our love is determined from the absolute eternity of the Most High. Our Lord has acquainted us through qualities of strong reciprocal attraction and bonds of mutually spiritual and physical complements. In this modified time you are scarcely able to see that magnificent bond.

“You are able,” she continued, “to observe the qualities given me by the Most High. For now I should not reveal all my attractive qualities. You see me as though from afar and you are unable to know me. Nor am I able to see the gifts the Creator has given you as they will be in the future nor the new secret name you will have in heaven. The scars of sin in the world obscure the talent, stature, vigor, that our God has given you.

“Nonetheless,” she added, “we will continuously discover and enjoy our loving bond little by little in heaven in accordance to our littleness as human creatures. For that reason we have accidental glory and the fifth dimension. Human love on earth is like a greenhouse plant asphyxiated with the smog of moral evil, but it will be adapted to the splendid ecological environment of heaven.”

If love is a divine design, I thought, it can be understood why it is inexplicable to mortals. And I thought I was the primary cause of my loving sentiments. How we fool ourselves in this world. I began to understand that all chaste love, as Tenderly-Loved described, comes from God. I understood, then, why I was wrong in pretending to love someone whenever I wanted.

A rush of memories surged in my mind and they added to the childhood feelings I just relived: those of childhood, full of uncertain hope; those of my manhood, serene but influenced by my prior experiences, and those of my old age, in a farewell synthesis, which solidified all the feelings of intense love toward my enchanting visitor with the hope of a future life without frustration.

Bilocation in my childhood body had not only refreshed my memory but seemed to shorten the time between my childhood and old age. It seems to me that the principal events of my forty-eight years of life were coming closer together. What had been disarranged in time became united in a single, current living totality as a prelude to future celestial experiences. The great love of my life was frustrated in this world but not in the Fatherland. Today I know she loves me and that we are bound by invincible, reciprocal attraction.

My loved one insists that I be patient. Well, yes, I am in agreement. After all, how much longer can this mortal life be, for however long and painful it may seem? Is not the happiness of heaven and the dominion of the complex of matter/energy/space-time/created eternity of greater value? Are not the obituaries signs of hope for the Christians? I hope so...

She interrupted my thoughts: “Our God will grant you in your mortal life the profound and operative conviction of love. If this happens, you will somewhat understand what created love truly is and, analogously, Uncreated Love, that is to say the Personal Love (Holy Spirit) with whom God the Father and His Incarnate Son love each other in the most holy Trinity there in total infinity.”

“Tenderly-Loved, these ideas are very elevated for me.”

“They are not so difficult if you pay close attention to listen and believe. The divine mysteries are inaccessible to the proud and egotistical sinner. But these mysteries are easy to believe—I did not say easy to understand—for those Christians who are free, generous and strong. The true believer is divinely assisted to enjoy the mysteries of the Most High.”



I thought about human pain and about so many calamities which befall us during our mortal life.

“Tenderly-Loved, if the All-Powerful is a God of love and He loves us, why does pain harass us in this world?”

“Our Lord does not wish humanity to suffer in the slightest. But man has strayed through sin. God permits pain—pain Christianly suffered—so that man, upon encountering it in his impotence, returns to his legitimate state as a friend and adopted son of the Creator. As you see, Christian suffering has been converted to a most valuable form of the love of Charity and a most ingenious way to reach the Most High.

“However,” she declared sadly, “in heaven we deplore the waste of human suffering. It’s like throwing millions of dollars into a sieve. The value of suffering is lost when it is not Christianized. Pain is converted to future happiness when suffered for the love of Charity for our Lord. In any other way, affliction means nothing more than spiritual hemorrhage.”

“Perhaps the waste of pain is due to ignorance.”

“Yes, in large part, our Lord Jesus Christ lacks true apostles.”

“I don’t understand the reason for Christian suffering. Why do we ingratiate ourselves with God through suffering? Why don’t we satisfy Him through praises, or simple repentance of sin or something else, but in a painless manner?”

“Because praise, repentance, prayer or any other ‘painless response’ is owed God for different reasons. Praise is owed because of who He is, adoration because He created us, repentance because He loves us, prayer because we depend on Him. It is only suffering that is not owed Him under some other title. Therefore, divine justice permitted and tolerated Christian suffering, although it is not part of His nature. It exists as an original, didactic process so that *man might complete what is lacking in his redemption* and cooperate so that his sins can be annihilated by suffering, that he may recognize himself and easily encounter his heavenly Father.

“Don’t harbor vain illusions,” she emphasized. “Pain is indispensable in this life of sin. It is foolishness for the Christian to attempt to dodge suffering under the childish pretext of attracting more followers. Our religion cannot be imagined without austerity, voluntary mortification, without

charitable acceptance of the evils which the Creator permits, without Good Friday... However, the pains are very brief when compared to the eternal duration of future glory. If suffered for the love of Charity, they are tribulations most fruitful for heaven.”

“I know suffering doesn’t last forever, but how it hurts!”

“It is not so bad. What happens is that, for now, you are a slave of the present. If you have to suffer, suffer with Christian patience. Why should suffering embitter you with sterile reflections if you await the eternal presence of heaven? Why do you unnecessarily afflict yourself because of such a fleeting event? Don’t exaggerate the tribulations which our Lord sends you. They are bitter but are very valuable medications. On the other hand, many hardships which are not endured in the proper spirit are as an angry child who punishes himself, refusing candy so as to come out successfully from his tantrum. Isn’t the dimension of pride behind the tantrum?”



“The happiness awaiting you in heaven is very great,” Tenderly-Loved told me with great fervor. “And to think I am only referring to accidental glory, the inferior glory. You still need to glance at the ineffable essential glory. But I would like for you to consider a little the most minimal pleasures of the Fatherland.

“For example,” she added, “an earthly melody is principally for its composer, although the message resonates in others who spiritually identify with him. However, since there are no two persons exactly the same in the entire universe, however much affinity might exist between those most related, no one else will entirely capture the musical message of the artist. And the Creator does not repeat His works. Even the new name and the hidden manna which God gives us in heaven are singular, unique and have no substitutes.”

“Accordingly, we mortals understand and feel only partial...”

“Even less. Very little, of the little within your reach. But what I want to tell you is that you and I do not have a melody exclusively our own.”

“Pardon me. The song of the *Pajarera* which you sang on this day of the past that we are visiting is our song.”

“Consider well. It is not the musical style which satisfies. It is the union of memories and sentiments in which your love for me is found. In reality you love the remembrances more than the actual music.

“You will see,” she continued. “In heaven we compose our own music in accordance with the ineffable, loving, personal experiences we have there in the pleasant manner of the hereafter. A music which does not express desires of fulfillment without shades of exile such as those here. For my part, I am already making plans for my own song. Will you start to compose your own song?”

“But how can I, if I am not a musician?”

“It is very easy for you if you reach a high degree of glory by your earthly cooperation with our Lord’s plan for you.”

“I don’t know how to write music and certainly not heavenly music. It seems you are making fun of me.”

“No, my love, I am raising a little the veil covering the wonders of the Fatherland. To be a musical genius in heaven you need only to love our God above all things and love your brothers—for love of Him—who are still in the terrestrial journey. This is to say, to faithfully love the law of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

“Ah, it is the same thing! I thought that was what was needed to get to heaven, not to make me a musician there.”

“If you persevere in fulfilling the Divine Will, you will not just enter heaven. You will gratuitously obtain, without theoretical studies or practice, the glorious, professional title of a great heavenly musician. It won’t be necessary for you to play musical instruments. In heaven energy will obey you to produce sounds according to your will. You will exercise this profession and thousands of others, all perfectly. These professions will not be done by necessity but by reason of your supernatural vocation and for pure delight, without fatigue. In the Blessedness there are no dormitories because no one tires in this great Happiness.”

“Consider that I would have desired to have been a champion boxer. But because of my illnesses, poor vision, and sedentary lifestyle...”

“You will be that in heaven if you strive to obtain it. I assure you because you just formulated this desire. And in heaven every honest earthly desire is fulfilled. I tell you that in heaven there are no earthly frustrations: physical, artistic, professional, nor in friendship or love. On earth muscles are strengthened and limbered through difficult gymnastic training and adequate food. There it comes through the love of Charity practiced on earth because the greater degree of glory, the greater the power over one’s celestial biology.”

“How different are earthly gymnastics from heavenly! But with whom could I box in heaven if total peace and tranquility prevail?”

“There are also games, sports, enthusiasm and camaraderie. There is eternal youth, without possible injury or rheumatic annoyances. There will be plenty of powerful and friendly competitors. The reward: the indescribable embrace of our Lord and a compenetrative kiss of your Tenderly-Loved.”

I was intrigued by the “compenetrative kiss” but in this moment she didn’t explain it to me. Great was my surprise when glimpsed at this mystery.

“If sports are practiced in heaven, I suppose one would physically tire, especially after a boxing match. Isn’t that true?”

“One does not feel tired as on earth, where nearly everything is working against you. In heaven there is a muscular fatigue but without discomfort, one sweats more and there is increased respiration and heartbeat but without physical wear and tear. You could box a thousand uninterrupted matches. And things like that happen because the stimulus of pleasure is very strong in heaven. You wouldn’t tire as earthly boxers. On the contrary, you would enjoy it incredibly more than the greatest boxers on earth.

“It would be apropos,” she continued, “that from today you begin preparing your spirit to enjoy the stupendous accidental glory in joyful reunions, astonishing sciences, most entertaining sports and games, exhilarating arts, shared personal experiences... But the most amazing is that our Lord plays with each one of us. And He doesn’t get mad as earthly fathers when we break the toys which consist of matter/energy/space/time/created eternity/sixth dimension... He renews them with just His Will.”

“I never would have imagined God playing with the Blessed.”

“And why not, if He is our heavenly Father? What happens is that you have formed a grim and sullen notion of God. Love and respect go together. The Blessed adore our God and we play with Him. He delights with us and He invents and promotes games. He has prepared human nature for magnificent heavenly amusements.

“And they are never the same,” she added. “They are never boring and always changing toward progressive, limitless perfection. All this occurs in an environment of sincere, true and profuse enthusiasm with happy, joyful companions, eternally amiable and generous, incapable—by the very definition of Blessed—of causing difficulty or rebuff. All are motivated by infinite happiness and enthusiasm. All completely participate in His joys.”

In contrast to what Tenderly-Loved just expressed, I—wretched and afflicted—vividly felt the instinct of future glory. But I suffered because of my opposing egoism. I started to rebel—now that I was aware—against the handcuffs holding my consciousness to the present. Instead of reacting with humble desire for future glory, I was depressed because of this miserable, terrestrial situation.



I responded to my beautiful Blessed: “But in the hereafter there are no theaters or movies.”

“There are, but very perfect,” she piously affirmed. “I was telling you that instead of movies, we visit any epoch of the earth or other inhabitable planet. We observe, with the actual persons, the real events of the history of the universe. We don’t need audiotapes with special effects. Remember that events do not vanish. They are eternally present in the fifth dimension to inform the Blessed who want to experience, remember, or relive them.”

“Yes,” I continued objecting with a feeling of sadness difficult to repress. “But they can’t make a movie or play with a plot of pure fiction.”

“More than that, we turn dreams into reality. Don’t forget that imaginary entities are possible beings which lack material existence. Well, then, we give them existence and we enjoy them not only in terms of imagination but actually living our fantasies. Terrestrial imagination is a jewel of the future power of the glorified. Don’t be amazed by that. We who are Blessed are small gods, not by essence, that is clear, but by participation in the Most High.”

“Then you can imagine a script and with that the scenes really exist?” I asked with all my incredulity.

“Yes, I can do it. It is evident though, that since I don’t possess a prodigious, creative imagination the spectacle is not so attractive to me. But there are great Blessed who perform marvels in this respect. When they invite the inferior glorified, we enjoy it very much. The only limit in fulfilling honest imaginations is the absurd because what is nonsensical and false cannot exist. I should tell you that the best artists of celestial imagination are the failed authors of this mortal life when they could not carry out their works to serve their brothers with love of charity. It is that the imagination has no limits. It is because the divine Omnipotence in which we participate has no limits.”

“How do you give material existence to thoughts?”

“Our God gives them existence to please us. We simply actualize them. To convince you I will tell you about a dialogue I witnessed in the Glory between our God and a Blessed poet, a friend of mine, the author of some poorly rhyming—but very loving—love verses.”

“I like very much the sonnet you dedicated to Me on earth,” the Most High told him.

“In reality it is your work, Lord. You gave me the thirst and the opportunity; I am sorry because of my meager collaboration. It ended very poorly.”

“It doesn’t matter. Your verses enchant Me because they correspond to the singular tone of My Love for you. But I am not the author. You were the poet, and a poet for love of Me.”

“No, Lord, you gave the inspiration. You are the Artist.”

“Well, my little son, the sonnet is from both of us since we lived consumed in love. Let’s go back to my dear earth and perfect our sonnet.”

“And it was like that,” concluded Tenderly-Loved. “The two returned to this world, utilizing the fifth dimension, in the precise space-time in which my friend was writing the verses. They moved in the most accommodating, temporal rhythm and our God made my friend feel the sweet weight of divine Love. Of course the verses changed metrics and were so perfect they are famous in the whole universe.”

“Would it be possible for me to hear them?”

“I’m afraid it’s impossible. You could not resist them as a mortal. Their beauty captivates and causes the most prominent Blessed to tremble with emotion.”



“How many marvels in the Glory,” I said to Tenderly-Loved with a sadness close to envy.

“Clearly our immense joy in these living spectacles does not permit sadism or masochism—taking enjoyment in the slaughter or seeking the death of someone who displeases us. We are always joyful and happy.”

“Yes, I imagine you wouldn’t have need for bars in heaven.”

“It is true. We really don’t need them. One of the easiest things to do in heaven is change water into delicious wine. And we drink it with pleasure. We don’t drink to get in any mood, because we don’t need it to acquire a most brief euphoria because our happiness is always immense. We serve it for its exquisite taste and its special symbolism.”

“Do the Blessed dance in heaven?”

“Yes, they do, but they do it much better. Earthly dance rhythm is forced to coincide with the normal space-times of the earth as indicated by the clock. Due to gravity they need to be on a dance floor. You have very few rhythms there on earth.

“Let the harmonious flight of a flock of birds show you new possibilities of heavenly dance. In heaven a dance can take place anywhere; an enclosed and polished dance floor is not necessary. Because we exercise absolute dominion over gravitational forces, it is possible to dance on the

mountaintops and on the surface or depths of the ocean and also in sidereal space. It is amusing to dance inside of volcanoes. I am not referring to earthly volcanoes which have little activity, but those of the stars. Afterwards you can surmise the ineffable embrace of the couple.”

“But you don’t have beach resorts,” I triumphantly replied.

“No, not like here,” she responded affably. “Yours are superficial, artificial and poorly-adorned as well as dangerous. Heavenly beach resorts are adorned with the attractiveness of pure nature. Of course, we don’t need to bathe. Our glorified souls eliminate dust and sweat from our bodies. Nonetheless, when swimming we enjoy the light touch of the fluids of the universe: water, as on earth as well as other liquids and stupendous gases which you do not know, and even volcanic lava! We are invulnerable. We delight ourselves with the caresses of the rolling waves, not produced by the tides but by the natural emotion of the liquid which knows, at its level, our proximity and expects the joy that, according to its nature, our contact gives it. This is how universal love and understanding operate in heaven. All the beings of the universe are interrelated and we know and love each other and we possess one another ineffably in the Glory.”

Tenderly-Loved noticed I was ready to explode with envy and she again stroked the back of my hand with her fingers.

She lovingly said: “Come on, don’t be envious, if you take our God seriously, you will enjoy all of this. You will see what it means to be a little god by participation with the Creator. It is something like being all-powerful in miniature. What power in spite of being so small! What grandeur within such insignificant substance. How immense is the love with which our God loves us.”

The light stroke of Tenderly-Loved revived me and her celestial tenderness put me in excellent humor.

“If these magnificent joys correspond only to accidental glory, the lesser glory, what must be the indescribable joys of essential glory!”

“I understand your nostalgia for the Blessedness,” she emphasized. “It is the noble and solemn sadness of exile that longs for the Fatherland. But make it a constructive sorrow which motivates you to do everything possible to reach such a high destiny. The toil you suffered to obtain it will be compensated in the future glory.”



Tenderly-Loved and I continued standing before the window of the house where the Campos sisters lived. Everything was immobile and silent. Only I was listening or, better said, I perceived—I don’t know how—what my beloved heavenly teacher taught me.

“I would like to explain to you,” she announced, “a little about the fruitful possession of human love in accidental glory. If, despite my efforts, you are unable to understand it, make an act of faith and don’t try to scrutinize what is much beyond your present intelligence. To do this, I wish that you permit me to salute my mother. She is the lady who has the grey wool cape. She is the fourth chair before the piano in front of us.”

I looked through the window. She was a young lady. Well, young for me because old men see women in their forties as young. She was distinguished but did not resemble Tenderly-Loved. The lady, who seemed as a wax figure, suddenly regained her movements. She first made herself comfortable, then stood up. She came toward the window, smiling at my beautiful friend.

At first I thought the lady was going to bump into a small table. She never even saw it. She walked through it without disturbing it. Next to the window there were a number of people seated. But the lady did not pay any attention. She walked through them as, I suppose, a ghost would do. She also walked through the gate without moving it. Tenderly-Loved and her mother greeted each other holding hands. They remained together, I believe, about one minute, as I perceive time. Then they separated. The lady spoke again, crossed to the gate, and the other persons remained seated as statues in the living room. She sat back down in her place. She made herself comfortable and returned to the same stationary position as before.

Afterwards, Tenderly-Loved explained to me that when the Glorified use modified time, they need to return exactly to their original positions so as not to disturb historical events, events stored in their respective space-times in the fifth dimension. She added that it was very easy to do because the Blessed soul possesses an incredible memory. But even if something should be forgotten, God, in view of man's littleness, immediately compensates.

"Did you notice what happened?" Tenderly-Loved contentedly asked.

"Yes, of course. Your mother walked through obstacles as if they were not there."

"I don't mean that. I am referring to how we greeted each other with our hands."

"I'm sorry, but I didn't notice."

"We didn't shake hands like mortal travelers. Our hands compenetrated and became one, but without losing their individuality. They intimately united in the midst of immense delight—skin with skin, blood with blood, and muscles with muscles. They interpenetrated without damage, injury or disorder. Enthusiastically cells caressed cells and protoplasm caressed protoplasm. Through our hands my mother and I achieved a compenetration of heavenly love. We gloriously communicated and immensely enjoyed one another.

"To have at least some vague concept of a greeting in the future Glory," she continued, "it is good to remember two qualities of the Blessed: the complete submission of the human body to the spirit and the impassibility or absence of pain. Moreover, matter is excessively porous. It is almost pure space. If all created matter were compacted, the entire Creation could fit in a thimble. These properties permit the compenetration of hands in a heavenly greeting and they become like a single hand but without disorder or trauma because every being is, in essence, independent of every other."

Fascinating! So this was the heavenly compenetration my beautiful dead friend had announced. I began to understand something about a compenetrative kiss.

"It seemed to me that you didn't speak to one another—although I don't know what I'm saying!—because as you assured me, the voice is not transmitted in slow, modified time nor are any words needed. The fruitful intercommunication of a kiss between two souls is sufficient. Why, an earthly handshake—just the touch and squeezing of the fingers—is a manifestation of an instinct of future glory. It sort of represents a nostalgia for the pleasant heavenly greeting. But if this heavenly greeting is unknown on earth..."

Tenderly-Loved picked up the thought: "Consciousness ignores it. But the spiritual soul, having roots in created eternity and being the substantial unifier in every human being, discerns it and longs for it."

Then I noticed: “In some regions and eras people are unaccustomed to greeting one another with a handshake.”

She reminded me: “Earthly greetings, however, involve a light touch or slight caress which serves as an anticipation of the marvelous greeting of heaven.”

“It is nice to shake hands,” I said, “but I am unaware of any future heavenly greeting when I do it.”

“We are speaking about instincts for heaven which do not originate in the consciousness of the will. Our Lord placed instincts in each one of us to help us effect what He has already arranged in accordance with the new name and the endowment of hidden manna which everyone will enjoy in heaven. Instincts are not always satisfied in mortal life. Some, as this one, are inexplicable in the world.”

“Why inexplicable?”

“Because they can’t be fulfilled on earth but only in heaven. There are no points of reference to understand or enjoy them. If you were to manually compenetrated as I did with my mother, you would die of pain. Your skin would not tolerate the penetration of a foreign body. Only in the Glory is it possible to enjoy these and many other instincts which are hardly perceived on this planet.”

I was again bothered by my sad situation of a limited and powerless traveler and I responded: “Some domestic animals, at their level, greet us with physical contact as, for an example, an affectionate cat. Do they also possess the instinct for future glory?”

“For sure they do,” she responded with a compassionate look. “It’s that they cannot aspire to the glory of humans because they lack a spiritual soul. As I already explained, they receive their glory from the Blessed. However, their immaterial soul—not spiritual—permits them to obscurely know that superficial petting is a prelude to greater pleasures which they will receive from the Glorified. And they are disposed to share, with the authentic generosity of their inferior but sinless nature, those unique gifts which they gratuitously received from the Creator.”

“Some modern scholars maintain that a free, immortal and spiritual soul does not exist. They say that when our Lord mentions the human soul, He refers to the center or vital nucleus of man, but not to some spiritual substance.”

“Well, let them be careful with the notions they propagate so they don’t, due to their highly advanced ideas, barely reach heaven with happiness comparable to the animals. I insist you accept the Sacred Scriptures and Apostolic Tradition in their simple language without meticulously searching and crushing them and that you do this in unity with the official Magisterium of the Church. The divine Word has not been dictated for proud scholars but for those humble of heart.

“Don’t worry,” she concluded, “about the apparent differences between revelation and earthly science. Is perhaps the Creator a slave of the sciences that He Himself created? His Word requires faith, not objective and evident demonstration, and not even exact correspondence with marvelous modern discoveries. Our God prevails. Human science makes mistakes, changes, and declines. You will verify how different earthly things are seen from heaven, from above to below, not from below to above as is happening here.”

“I don’t understand how a celestial hand greeting can be so pleasurable.”

“The immense joy of the least loving compenetrated is due to the reciprocal participation among the Glorified in heaven. It is due to individual, unrepeatable, divine gifts which God gives to each Blessed according to his new name and his endowment of hidden manna; that is, with the

singular shade of happiness everyone enjoys in heaven. It is equivalent to a mutual transfusion of glory and rejoicing. It permits an indescribable intercommunication of joy, very superior to the brief, limited and superficial embraces of those who love one another in this life.”

Now I am getting a little glimpse of the pleasant embrace that couples enjoy in heaven.

“The corporal sense, once glorified, functions intensely without deficiencies or weaknesses. Touch is accomplished not just by the skin but by all the cells of the entire organism which possess and communicate their joy to the soul that governs them. Tactile acuteness is not limited to a little cold or heat nor is it like humans experience it. It is most varied and even includes the differential perception of atoms, electrons, and quantum infra-energy. It is that every individual element is capable of communicating by means of universal love the special gifts which the Almighty has given it. Now you are able to obscurely see the immense tactile happiness in the Fatherland. The same thing could be said of the other corporal senses.”

“It makes me dizzy thinking about such joys!”

“Of course. Our God is most generous. Remember there are no two persons exactly the same. The Creator never repeats His works. Nor are there two identical Glorified. Well, then, these differences are intercommunicated and transmitted among those who greet one another in a celestial way. And the most amazing thing is that each time the same person is greeted, new nuances of happiness are shared. Thus, the Blessed are not static but made more perfect within the degree of glory they have reached in geometric proportion toward mathematical infinity, but, of course, never reaching pantheism. Nothing, nor anyone, can equal the sublimity of our God.”

“Why do we feel pleasure on earth when greeting an esteemed person with our hand?”

“This small delight is an anticipated joy of the instinct of glory of a hand greeting customary in the Fatherland. Here happiness is shared verbally with special courtesies and gifts. In heaven it is done by the loving compenetration with a hand greeting in a heavenly way. As you see, heaven does not consist of the diluted confusion of the Blessed but in personal interrelated joys.”

“If a hand greeting among the Blessed is fascinating, how much more significant would be the greeting of our Lord Jesus Christ or the most holy Virgin Mary! Would you not like to tell me something about this?”

“Yes, there is a joy much greater than the simple compenetrative greeting—the ineffable compenetration with Them, most loving and absolutely complete. However, the intensity of these joys depends on the degree of glory reached on earth. And don’t be surprised. The sacred Communion on earth is an announcement of the same in heaven. Human beings have been created to receive the infinite divine affection. Of course this is not pantheism, nirvanas or Mohammadan heavens. Therefore, universal love is always given with indescribable affection. Only egotistical man, encapsulated in his crust of pride, becomes incapable of glimpsing at universal tenderness and adopts *supermachoism* which surpasses the instincts of the beasts.”

“Your mother did not see me when passing through the gate and almost bumped into me.”

“She didn’t notice because she was so happy to see me and because of the presence of a traveler in modified time is unusual. But she wouldn’t have hurt you. she would simply have gone through you without causing harm. Accordingly you will see in heaven that there is no need of transit regulations in spite of the fact that there are most complicated universal movements at immeasurable velocities in all the dimensions of the cosmos.”

“What you need are stoplights and policemen.”

“No, instead of them we rely on the divine Omnipotence. We have absolute confidence in our God.”

“Why can’t mortals do the same without running into obstacles?”

“Because they are only travelers. Because you live under the structure of the Faith and you do not gloriously participate in the Divine Power. There is another reason: the great sin in the world. Some travelers would commit atrocities if they possessed such great gifts.”

“You are right. God doesn’t give wings to scorpions. But if only the stroke of your fingers over my hands causes me such contentment what would I have felt if your mother had passed through me?”

“A Blessed is able to effect glorious interpenetration with or without love. If it is done without love, as when my mother passed through the gate and the bodies of those seated, not the slightest pleasure is produced. But if it is initiated with the love of Charity, magnificent pleasures are experienced.”

“How important is love in the Glory?”

“It is decisive, not only in heaven but also in terrestrial life. On earth one begins to notice its valuable influence. Where there is true love, love of Charity, joy always abounds, although on earth it is sometimes mixed with inherent suffering during the time of trial which is this mortal life.

“I will explain a little more,” she added. “My mother and I very much enjoyed this compenetration. However, there are a great many types and degrees. For example, when you and I compenetrate gloriously, our reciprocal joy will be immensely greater because we were designated by our God to consummate complete celestial compenetration. This is not related to matrimony as on earth. It is something much more elevated. It is the sublime fulfillment of the love of Charity in the jubilant style of the hereafter.”

It seems as though the light in my mind once again turned on. I began to feel—not understand—the delicate but strong providence of God over each of us. I felt that without it the poor human would be absolutely lost. I began to see more clearly that my resistance in believing in the delicate and energetic influence of God on every mortal was due to an unfounded sense of self-sufficiency, to a subtly hidden pride, to this *supermachoism* denounced by my beautiful teacher.



Lastly, Tenderly-Loved told me, “If it is all right, we will visit Blanca, your second love. She lives near here on Galeana Street. Do you remember? We will rapidly move to the year 1927 and place ourselves in an opportune space-time. I want you to observe the power of the Blessed over the space-times of the entire organism, guarded faithfully in the fifth dimension.”

It was fabulous to travel through created eternity. How I would have enjoyed feeling the tremendous acceleration and deceleration! My enchanting friend again stroked the back of my hand with her fingertips. I don’t know how it happened but I was standing next to her in front of Blanca’s house. In that instant of new modified time Blanca was leaving and she didn’t completely close the door. She was immobile as a delicate infant statue.

In 1927 Blanca was an enchanting blonde little girl with big brown eyes. She was charming but not as much as my beautiful dead friend. At that time I was very enthused about her, except she seemed somewhat immature.

“Remember,” suggested Tenderly-Loved, “that you were friends when she was barely twelve years old, your same age. Observe her calmly since we know she can’t see you.”

Blanca had been my second... or third... love. In my memories she was very beautiful and attractive but I was seeing her as an amusing child who could have easily been my granddaughter. How much a human being changes, both internally and externally. My passionate childhood love had changed to the serene tenderness of a grandfather. Clearly it is the physical presence of this small child that strongly evoked my innocent early remembrances of her. But I was no longer able to love her as in my childhood.

“What, now you don’t like her?” expressed Tenderly-Loved, with a shade of mischief in her smile.

“Being with you prevents me from being attracted to any other woman. I don’t have any more capacity to love.”

“Don’t exaggerate. If you are rich in anything, it is in your capacity to love. It is infinite. What happens is that love among the travelers, although it is extensive and powerful in essence, is supremely weak in practice. You don’t use the strength it possesses, however much to the contrary mortals believe. It is that terrestrial love is exercised only in the brief space-time of the present instant. When you glimpse at the sixth dimension, you will be shocked before the vigorous intensity of heavenly joys.

“No human purpose,” she added, “is capable of satisfying the infinite thirst for love and happiness which encloses the human heart. The same is true in the Fatherland with created love—not with the Beatific Vision which is completely fulfilling. Therefore, the love of the Blessed is multiple in their accidental Glory. Clearly their multiplicity does not prevail in Christian matrimony that, by divine command, is exclusively monogamous. But in the eternal Glory, everyone satisfies everyone else in the love of Charity. There is no doubt that man was created, above all, for the admirable society of heaven. And it is foolish to seek on earth what is only found in the hereafter.”

“I feel very sure I am loving you with all my force.”

“You are wrong. Because of the inadequacy of the senses, which always operate in the present, the consciousness of the traveler doesn’t perceive the beauty of the persons and things and supernatural state of the one who knows. Those in God’s grace more easily perceive beauty than sinners. Physical and moral beauty, when united to goodness and with the value of eternity, is what most excites love among humans, both travelers and those who understand.”

“Well, this little bit seems a lot. My eyes have never beheld beauty such as yours.”

“Then consider how much joy you will have in heaven when you perceive with complete clarity in the least Blessed the five values: truth, goodness, beauty, unity and eternity. Neither is the traveler able to comprehend these five values, hidden in the most inferior object.”

“Why?”

“Because contempt and indifference to our God has reduced mortal life to a brief period of trial to merit heaven. It is in heaven where the love of Charity is truly fulfilled which, in the land of sin, is more or less frustrated. Therefore, in your condition as a pilgrim, you could not endure the immense joy of fully comprehending the truth, the love of goodness, the enjoyment of beauty and the

enjoyment of all of this in the unity and eternity of an insignificant object. For now the fullness of being remains hidden to you, to the most intimate aspect of its innermost recesses.”

“Are you saying that I hardly know people and things, that I am looking at life through a periscope?”

“To teach the innermost essence, you will need the gown of glorification. Now tell me,” she asked with a mischievous smile, “what does Blanca need for her to attract you as she did in your childhood?”

“I liked her a lot back then. I remember my feelings toward her. But now I see her very much a child.”

“Would you like to see her at twenty-three?”

Tenderly-Loved did not await my response. She again revived me and again without knowing how, I was next to her in the courtyard of the University of San Luis Potosi. It was very early. It had rained and a wind was blowing that chilled my bones. But it was a familiar cold, different from the strange cold that bothered me in modified time.

We placed ourselves in the normal passage of terrestrial time in the past. She tranquilly said, without giving any attention to the strong winter, “We are in December of 1938. Come out of the puddle where you’re standing and look at your watch.”

My watch was keeping time and I heard it tick. “Are you cold?” I asked, seeing her thin summer jacket.

“Yes, but it doesn’t bother me. To the contrary, it caresses me. I already mentioned that the body of a Blessed is invulnerable.”

One could hear the murmur of the city that was beginning work. I heard the sound of the broom when the old street cleaner swept the water from the puddles to the less wet tiles of the patio.

It wasn’t difficult to recognize Blanca, who approached us. She was beautiful. With reason I was enthused about her as a childhood friend. Because of the bilocation that had just occurred in my childhood body, I felt the revived feelings at that age: the initial feeling of love, its vehemence, its delicateness, my desires for tenderness and the yearning to protect and defend my loved one, my desires of understanding and friendship.

Blanca approached us as a magnificent female. She was the embodiment of youthful health, perfectly proportioned in her curvatures and very self-assured. Her elegant demeanor gave evidence of an incapacity for tenderness. Her snobbish posture, walking graciously but arrogantly, indicated a lack of sweetness. The naïve and affectionate Blanca had changed to an attractive, exuberant, impetuous woman, emotional, dominant, radiant, and very sure of the power of her beauty. It called my attention in such a way that I was able to perceive everything in a simple glance. I never had any luck as a psychologist. Perhaps I was exaggerating my judgment.

“No, you don’t exaggerate,” Tenderly-Loved assured me. “What is happening is that I am transferring to you the image of Blanca’s true personality on this past date. At this age she was quite impulsive. Do you like her at age twenty-three?” she added, with an ironic heavenly smile.

“Of course, but differently than in my childhood. I thought that human anatomy and physiology play tricks on us with the help of their two inseparable companions: time and space.”

“If you were capable of changing Blanca so you could love her dearly, what changes would you make?”

“Why do you delude me? I know that love changes the behavior of the lovers but it doesn’t change the physical constitution or the temperament of the one loved. *Disposition and figure to the grave.*”

“Don’t be a pessimist and answer me.”

“I don’t need to think much. I would like for her to keep the simplicity of a child and link it to her maturation as a woman and her knowledge as a university student. Yes, I would like that... I don’t know how... that her childhood candor and feminine maturity be harmonized, but without pretense. I would prefer that her legs be more shapely and her eyes more like yours. But don’t pay any attention to me because I am asking for an impossible combination.”

“Really you aren’t. This is how created eternity helps. One need only use the space-time of the integral human preserved in the fifth dimension. This is something very natural and common in heaven. To achieve personality changes, it is necessary to only put some central nerves of the total organism in a defined rhythm of time. Meanwhile, other groups of neurons act in different frequencies of the fourth dimension, that is, they serve us in the space-times and in temporal waves as if they were our tools. They don’t dominate us as happens with mortals.

“In this way,” she clarified, “the glorified soul arranges as it pleases the temperament and disposition, aspects which are largely influenced by synergetic hormones. Glands secrete these hormones relative to the new state of the central nerves. It works something like this, as if the whole organism were plastic and altered at your pleasure.”

“But how can this complicated physiology be investigated?”

“We ask our Lord. He is anxious to explain it to us since He yearns for our accidental happiness; moreover, the glorified soul knows the technique quite well. The soul’s dominion over the organism’s space-time permits the Blessed to modify different segments of their bodies so they can change their features and acquire new and real aspects of beauty to rejuvenate—as do the amoebas—to increase or decrease their height, weight, complexion, etc., without need of beauty parlors, make-up, diet or gymnastics. The complex of matter/energy/space/time/created eternity obeys us without any possibility of error. Remember that we analogously participate in the divine Omnipotence. How great it is that in heaven ugliness does not exist and that the only change is toward progressive perfection without limit.”

“It must be fantastic to change physiognomy at will, just as our Lord, who was not recognized by the disciples of Emmaus. Perhaps it is the instinct of the coming Glory that motivates the ladies to dye their hair and put on make-up.”

“Now you’re starting to babble the language of heaven. In reality, the desire to physically perfect one’s self and seek new forms of beauty is an impulse of the instinct of future happiness, an impulse which seeks to practice the customs of the Fatherland on earth. The great saints, those who were great Christians in this life, achieved amazing changes in their bodies.”

“And why would such corporal and physiognomic modifications be made in heaven?”

“They permit many romances, in a marvelous heavenly manner. The lovers adjust themselves exactly to the ideal prototype of the other, to their new names, and to their endowment of hidden manna. They meticulously complement each other, without concessions or tolerance. They fulfill exactly the Divine Design. The Glorified don’t need to examine the soul of the loved one to ask astute, clever questions or make subtle observations to determine preferences. Because this love is planned, God indicates the best physical changes to dazzle the lover.

“These changes do not falsely delude the lover,” she affirmed, “because the power to change oneself is merited on earth by good works of the love of Charity. This power is a personal attraction which is not given gratuitously as are inherited qualities. It is obtained from the number of mortifications endured in this life to combat concupiscence and fulfill the commandments and the counsels of our God.”

“Then the preeminently Blessed enjoy better and more numerous celestial loves,” suggested my envy.

“Yes, because they achieved it as travelers through their works of love of Charity. I hope, therefore, that you endeavor to procure a great future glory. You will bestow greater joy on all the inhabitants of heaven! Well then, our God is permitting you, although only slightly, to see your desire accomplished. Look at Blanca again, but don’t go near her. Her childhood has been coordinated with her youthful splendor.”

Blanca, who had passed us at length, turned toward us. She walked very sure of herself but without arrogance. I was able to see her sweet expression displaying tender love. I was right. She was most fascinating and corresponded to my prototype of a woman. She was a completely beautiful young woman but simple and innocent. Extraordinarily marvelous! Blanca corresponded to the ideal woman I would love, barely surpassed by my beautiful visitor. Her legs were perfectly shaped. How fantastic! Her dark eyes had changed to clear brown, exactly like Tenderly-Loved’s.

“Don’t think I loaned my eyes to Bianca,” she told me, energetically laughing on seeing me amazed. “Changing the color of the skin, eyes, eyelashes, and all that—is so simple. Even mortals could do it if they understood biochemistry a little better.

“The space-times of the fifth dimension are magnificent. Thanks to them it is possible to fulfill in heaven the experience of honest loving desires which were frustrated on earth. These are the desires in this life which for many reasons—mostly sin—are not completed. But they were licit desires; they are true realities. How good it is that in heaven they acquire real existence.

“You will observe,” she added, “that each Christian forms in his mind a physical image of our Lord Jesus Christ, which is more or less idealized—his Christ. He has as many images as man’s fantasy permits. Movies and magazines try to update His appearance and clothing. This is not frivolous nor does it indicate lack of respect. It is an expression of an instinct of future glory which is customary in the Blessedness. Our Lord has an infinity of faces in His human nature. He shows Himself differently but always lovingly to each Blessed in accordance with the degree of happiness obtained by the traveler and with the new name enjoyed in heaven. The new name indicates the delicate way in which our God loves and wishes to be loved singularly by each Blessed. The hidden manna expresses the capacity awarded by the Most High so that the Blessed withstand and enjoy this unique shade of divine love and respond to Him in this same manner, uniquely and singularly. Hidden manna also indicates the exquisite primary happiness which each Blessed will enjoy from all the universe.

“However,” she added, “observe that our God places a condition. He says *‘To he who conquers, I will give a hidden manna and I will give him a small white stone on which will be written a new name which no one will know except him who receives it (Rev. 2:17).’* The Creator speaks from His absolute eternity, not from terrestrial space and time. Therefore, in the language of the fifth dimension, *‘To he who conquers’* means to be conquering. Consequently, when you advance in Christian perfection and find yourself overcoming the enemies of your eternal salvation, you will see from the earth your new name and the divine, loving nuance [with] which our Lord has singularly called you from His absolute eternity. You will then be surprised on contemplating this subtle, loving aspect of your personality

which corresponds to our Lord's yearning for you and your dearest wishes: conscious, subconscious, actual, future, in this life or in heaven.

"You will be very encouraged," she concluded, "when you see a bit more clearly your new name and its mysterious relation with your negative qualities which are a cause of pain, laughter, and aversion to others. Your limitations and faults which are not sinful will no longer worry you because you will see them in the light of the hereafter. You will accept them as part of the pain you share in the Redemption, as a stimulus to grow in faith and love of Charity and as most valuable jewels and pleasant pre-joys of the future Blessedness."



"I am sorry that Blanca has left her glory to come to the university courtyard," I said to Tenderly-Loved, when Blanca withdrew.

"She did not leave heaven. No Blessed can leave the happiness in eternal life. To do this experiment she only had to bilocate. Her glorified soul consciously animated and perfected some space-time of her life. She changed her personality according to your desires, an anticipation of the great change she will make to captivate you. She is one of the incalculable loves which God has intended for you in your accidental glory. Blanca did not display the exquisite beauty of which she is capable relative to her degree of glory."

"Why didn't she show all her beauty?"

"Because you would have died of admiration and love for her."

How incredible! Tenderly-Loved and Blanca are the most beautiful women I have seen in my life and I have hardly seen any of their real beauty. What must their heavenly beauty be like? What delight when I kiss them compenetratively . . . ! Now I want to leave this world. I can't endure the bond of my consciousness to the present moment!

"Don't think like that," she scolded me. "This life is very valuable for the future glory, even though it is very poor in truth. I don't want to dishearten you. It's better we talk about what you just observed in Blanca. The change in her was real and genuine. Nothing was contrived. On this occasion it lasted only a few minutes, but it could last thousands of years, depending on your will and hers. Mortals will alter their personality and physical aspects in many ways. In that way they will mutually enjoy taking various forms and acting in different circumstances. But it will be a love very different from what you know.

"It will be a much better love. In this poor earthly life love is repeated almost in the same way. Mortal bodies—like electric fences—impede reciprocal compenetrative ecstasies of heavenly love. They do not permit the enjoyment of each other in intimate spiritual knowledge. An earthly kiss cannot be compared to a kiss between two souls. When earthly lovers confide in one another, there always remains a shadow of doubt due to the impossibility of absolute spiritual communication which has no ambiguity, fears, disguise or words.

"Moreover," she continued, "terrestrial love easily becomes routine and tiresome. Since it is not possible for earthly lovers to perfect their physical aspect nor return to the happy space-time of the

past, spouses often end up bearing with each other and tolerating each other and, sometimes, tiring of each other. On the other hand, time works against them and little by little, youthful beauty and initial attraction disappear. Fortunately the senses dull. The elderly are not clearly aware of the physical changes.”

“You didn’t intend to depress me, but you just did.”

“It is not my intention. What I wish is to bring you closer to the truth. Be convinced that earthly love is hardly a colorless portrait compared to the great, definitive, heavenly love. I want to persuade you to put your sight on the love of heaven. Take precautions against the illusions of some mortals who are polarized seeking perverted love with consuming passions that close the gates of the Fatherland. The stay of the traveler on earth is so brief. I hope you humbly accept your condition as a pilgrim and that you behave accordingly.”

“I understand. My ardent desire for happiness pushes me to seek the impossible in this life, and now I know I will only find it in heaven.”

“*Where your treasure is, there will be your heart,*” she stated. “If you frequently meditate on your future life, you will see your real treasure and put all the strength of your spirit in that treasure.”

“Then what is terrestrial love good for?”

“Pure human love in this life is like a rehearsal for the delightful banquet of love in heaven. Earthly love, unified with the love of the Most High, expressed in the love of Charity and in conformity with the divine promise of the Blessedness, encourages the pilgrim to accelerate his steps on the way to Christian perfection. Honest love is necessary for travelers to progress and help others progress. Love of Charity, far from alienating man, inspires him to perfection and to cooperate with the Christian progress of humanity.

“Love of Charity,” she continued, “is like a frugal snack in the difficult road of this world. It also enables couples to marry and procreate more citizens for heaven, that is, more celestial happiness which we all enjoy in accidental glory. The greater the number of Blessed, the more new names and hidden manna, the greater the number of personal loving relationships, the greater the joy for all the citizens of heaven. It is better to resolve demographic problems through fraternal charity than criminal abortion and birth control by illicit ways.

“If it weren’t for the vehement passion of love,” she added, “some couples would not get married, considering the responsibilities of Christian marriage. Lastly, but most important, earthly love helps the traveler know, by remote analogy, the infinite Love with which our Lord loves him.”

“It has many important goals to only be a colorless portrait of celestial love.”

“There must be other purposes, but they escape me in this modified time or I don’t know them because of my poor degree of glory. I call terrestrial love small because I compare it with the love of heaven. But don’t think I want to minimize it. On the contrary, I recommend you foster it with Christian prudence. Your licit loves of this world, in spite of being small and ephemeral—relative to the present moment, not the fifth dimension—constitute the only inherent drive to spiritually leave the earth and orbit, although very far away, the regal heaven which awaits you.

“Fundamental love,” she emphasized, “makes all the other loves beautiful good, unified and eternal. It is the love of Charity to our God. Never exclude divine love from your earthly loves. If your loves don’t agree with divine love, reject them. Always remember the passage from the prophet Isaiah: *‘Woe to you children,’ says the Lord, ‘who formulates plans without Me and weave a web not according to My desires, adding sins to sins... children who do not wish to hear the voice of the Lord and say to*

those who prophesy: Do not prophesy ... don't look for righteous things. Talk to us about joyful things and prophesy falsely for us. Remove from our lives the Saint of Israel.'

"If you need anything," she concluded, "ask the Most High. If He gives it to you, thank Him. If not, thank Him also, since He denied it to benefit your celestial future. Do not look at death through the wrong side of the binoculars. Let joy help you see heaven and let sadness make you yearn more for your future joy. Don't let yourself be deceived by appearances. Mortal life unfolds as if the Creator did not exist, but this appearance is false. Our God is very solicitous of each one of His beloved mortal children."



"So that you may have a remote idea about the power that we, the Blessed, exercise over the matter/energy/biology of the universe," proposed Tenderly-Loved, "I am going to tell you about an experience I had with accidental glory. It concerned a loving compenetration I had with a flower. Yes, don't laugh. I interpenetrated with a beautiful, burgundy rose.

"Universal love," she continued, "incomplete and evasive on earth, is most perfect and resplendent in the Blessedness. Beings love each other according to nature and the singular shades of love which the Creator has given us. All creatures desire and enjoy one another, among ourselves and in and with Him. It is fascinating to go discovering in the glory, to see the majestic relationship of love among all beings. For you to see a little of this marvelous multiple love, you would have to put every living being in each space-time of its existence in relationship with the rest of the cosmos.

"But don't continue smiling," she observed, "because it unquestionably concerns grandiose loves. What happens is that with your imperceptible, superficial, brief and egotistical love, you love the beauty of a single flower or the garden without understanding it or enjoying it. You look at the flowers, fruits, seeds, and forest only in terms of money and utility. And if in passing you love a flower for its color and fragrance, you regard such love as exclusively your own. However, true love is never unilateral; it is necessarily reciprocal because it reflects a divine design."

"Why don't I observe things as you?"

"Because egoism, pride and ambition blind the eyes of your spirit. Moreover, now you live under the structure of the Faith with bound consciousness and the rapid transitions of space-times as though in a race."

"I'm beginning to see that the state of pilgrimage is terrible."

"Yes, it is a very brief but painful trial to reach the Blessedness. But in heaven we seek one another and we are sought by all; we love each other and are loved by all; we enjoy and we give joy. I told you that the great values are Truth, Beauty, Goodness, Unity and Eternity. They are as allurements of fruitful love, and every being possesses them to a greater or lesser degree relative to their unique relationship to God. Is it not true that in the unity of a true flower beauty exists in its petals and fragrance and that it attracts because of its complete beauty and that it never ends but lasts forever?"

"Yes, but I again state that love of a flower cannot be reciprocated."

“It seems like that on earth. It is different in heaven. You will see. An angel, a friend of mine, took me to a planet of Andromeda, similar to earth. There we had sublime experiences which I will tell you about in heaven because we don’t have time here. One such experience was the wonderful, loving compenetration with a beautiful, dark rose, similar, although a little wider, than those found in earthly greenhouses. *‘Would you like to physically compenetrate with this rose?’* asked my angel. *‘The rose, in her own way, desires you.’*

“Because this was the first vegetative interpenetration,” Tenderly-Love clarified, “I consulted with our God who is always united to me by essential glory. And He encouraged me. Then the angel took me with immense energy and, in his spiritual manner, caressed me, filling me with joy. He reduced me to a few microns and, joined with him, I compenetrated the rose; my size and weight were no obstacle. And I won’t surprise you because I already told you that matter is incredibly porous and compressible. It is nearly all space. Besides, the Blessed, little gods by analogous participation with the Most High, are not subject to natural terrestrial laws. We dominate the complex of matter/energy/space-time/created eternity and the sixth dimension.

“I don’t understand how this compenetration happened,” she said. “You already know that my thought is not so profound. But, yes, I appreciated the joy of the rose, manifested at its own natural level and in accordance with the planet’s biology, upon being compenetrated by us and, above all, by the Most High, gloriously united to the angel and me. You have no idea of the pleasures you will produce in heaven when you lovingly compenetrates with the biologic organism the Lord has assigned you.”

“Incredible!”

“You will practice it,” she stated. “I understand the reason for the rose’s corolla, fragrance and beautiful color; it was the nuptial bedroom where fecundity was anxiously awaited which, for that rose, signified the greatest natural happiness. With great jubilation it recognized our presence in its interior and responded with all its natural love to the love it received.”

“But what did you and the rose feel?”

“We all enjoyed pleasures unknown to you. I couldn’t explain it to you any more than I could explain what the color ‘white’ means to someone blind from birth. I cannot even explain it analogously because if I said that the color white is like the snow on volcanoes, the blind man would infer that white is cold as the snow.”

“I can’t wait until I get to heaven, if I get there!”

“Be very patient. Do your best as a Christian and trust the Lord. Let’s go back to the rose. It communicated to me its instinctive energies. I enjoyed with it the pleasure of the male gamete as it penetrated the stigma and stylus and as it produced its pollen tube in its search for the ovule. I participated and increased its biological orgasm when the sought fertilization occurred. I tenderly kissed the egg as it started to reproduce. The angel, in his spiritual way, also caressed it. I understood that the rose knew, in its natural way, the new happiness it was receiving. It tried to keep us. It rapidly reinforced the membranes of its ovary, closed its petals and increased its perfume. In this way our God gave it the greatest happiness to which a rose can aspire. I was very moved and very happy for this new delight and I gave thanks to our Lord while the angel spiritually caressed me and I reciprocated.”

“How can a vegetable acquire knowledge?”

“In the same way a root knows where there is water and goes toward it. Every real being is capable of knowledge and love. Remember that living matter has the property of irritability which permits it to receive and recognize environmental stimuli and, in some way, to react and love them.”

“So you are saying that the corolla is not the only receptacle of fecundity. It is also the aspiration of the vegetable to have an intimate, multiple embrace of love that will be fruitful by the Blessed and with other beings which, in the same way, will enjoy it. It is fantastic, Tenderly-Loved!”

“Without a doubt. However, I see you’re thinking about repugnance in imagining loving penetrations with living beings which on earth are considered repulsive. It is hard for you to reflect with love on your brother centipede, your sister tarantula and your brother worm. This is because your psychological understanding of repugnance is very shallow.”

“No, there are things which, by their nature, are repulsive.”

“You will see that it is not like that. Disgust which is not exaggerated is advisable and even necessary in this world. It keeps us away from danger. A bad odor, for example, keeps you from infectious or toxic places. Many insects, disgusting to humans, are bothersome because of their bite or because they transmit pathogenic microbes. The soul knows all this and transmits this knowledge to consciousness with repugnant sensations.”

“After hearing all this, I imagine there ought to be some repulsion in heaven.”

“No, there is none. You are going to see it. For now observe that certain disgusting things, poorly understood and controlled, hinder us from completing many Christian duties. The poor, for example, often smell bad. Some tidy Christians, for this reason, do not approach them. They prefer to give Charity to the poor, sick and elderly by means of intermediaries who do not always faithfully carry out the intentions of the donor. In heaven, to the contrary, repugnance does not exist. No being causes the slightest aggravation in eternal Glory. Not even does the aversion to sin exist in the Blessedness because moral evil is unknown.”

“But... a loving penetration with a scorpion?”

“When you have advanced on the road of Christian perfection in the conquest of bad earthly habits and you see your new name, you will gladly accept heavenly penetration with sister rattlesnake or with brother bacillus leprosy. In this world love already inhibits disgust. A loving mother, for example, does not feel repulsion for her son no matter how dirty he is. How well lovers know that love is demonstrated when disgust fades. You will realize that the most joyful interrelations in heaven are based in this stupendous, universal love.

“How well was this known by St. Francis of Assisi in his most Christian life of poverty,” she commented. “He realized that all created beings are brothers, created by the same and only celestial Father. How much spiritual peace and perfect joy you will obtain if you learn to truly esteem, in a Christian way, brother sun, brother wolf, sister deer and sister flower... It will be a fruitful training to acquire heavenly customs while still on earth.”

“But the least repugnance in this does not exist in eternal Glory.” I insisted.

“Of course not. The Blessed could not feel aversion in loving penetration with what God had no repugnance in creating. Realize that repugnance in this life is often related to inadequate child rearing. If a mother, for example, doesn’t like a particular food, it is almost certain that the unjustified aversion will be continued by the children. Each region generally has its own customs which are initially repugnant to strangers such as our worm fritters or pasta with garlic and oil, well liked by Spaniards.

Rotten eggs is a delight of certain Orientals and cheese with worms is a delight for certain Frenchmen and Germans. All of this is due to sin in the world.

“Therefore,” she affirmed, “I hope you are able to see the joy and jubilation of the future life. They are different from what you find in this world where there is a relentless fight to remain alive. In all the planets and other places of the infinite universe, one contemplates and enjoys what is not permitted on earth because of sin. It was precisely sin that adulterated the world and gave us wild animals, insects, fears and repugnance.”

“Then the destiny of our planet is very sad.”

“I wouldn’t say that. It is a passing situation due to human malice. After the final judgment the Blessed will live in the fifth dimension on the earth and will recognize our dear animals, vegetables, and the objects we appreciate. Remember that every being is indestructible and that it will endure forever with its acts of existence and space-times created in created eternity. These loved beings somehow knew and loved us. They await us in the eternal space-times we shared with them.

“To be with these loved beings again,” she continued, “it would suffice—as you have seen today—to return to the past using space-times as a pleasant trip or by utilizing the sixth dimension. Now you scarcely know these beings externally and you communicate with them by means of signs and superficial caresses. But in the future life, thanks to the reciprocal interpenetration of love, you will enjoy them to the most inmost intimate aspect of their essence.”

“Have you lovingly compenetrated with any of your domestic animals?”

“Not as yet due to the prohibition which is in effect on earth. But I will do it. Better said, we will do it together. It is sufficient to choose the appropriate modified times. In this way you will know what your dogs wanted to say when they wagged their tails, jumped toward you, rubbed their dirty paws on your arms, and tried to lick your face while they looked at you with eyes full of innocence, driven by their instinct of future happiness. Happiness is what you will give them when you lovingly compenetrate with them.”



Tenderly-Loved and I remained standing in the patio of the University of San Luis Potosi in December, 1938. But it was modified time since there was no noise nor was my watch working.

“What you are telling me, Tenderly-Loved, is very fascinating.”

“Yes, the universe which our God has created is marvelous. He has determined that many irrational and inanimate objects be glorified through the Blessed. Our rule as kings of Creation primarily consists in this.”

“But there are beings which, in turn, are composed of still other beings. A given animal or vegetable, for example, is composed of innumerable cells. Each of these is a very complex, individual being in its own right.”

“Every particular being, however, occupies its place at a precise level within the hierarchical ladder of Creation and in its defined space-time of history. Don’t forget the levels of existence. The total

organismic level is not the same as the cellular or energy level of the same animal in the defined space-time of its life. You will effect the glorious compenetration with your dog at the oranismic level—this is how you knew the dog on earth. You would, of course, be able to interpenetrate at the atomic level, but then the happiness would be received by the atoms and not the dog with respect to the whole organism.”

“How complicated...”

“It is so easy. What is difficult is the explanation, but you will enjoy it in heaven. You and I, for example, will lovingly compenetrates a water molecule. Which one? One of the many our God has destined for us, the one that is certainly the best for us. When we interpenetrate we will enjoy its affinity which is the chemical love joining the atoms in tight embrace. The atoms, because of their instinct for happiness, will know, in their own way, our presence in their interior. We will glorify them with only our contact and they will communicate to us the intimate delight of their powerful stability. They will share their exquisite undivided gifts received from the Most High.”

“I don’t understand how you are going to give them happiness.”

“We will glorify them upon interpenetration. They will touch their Creator through our priestly mission in Creation. In their own way they will rejoice and make us participants in their jubilation. The atoms of that molecule of water will intensely vibrate with love. They will shine with joy while we relish the singular and unique gifts which the Lord specifically gave those atoms.”

“And they will explode... and perhaps we will explode with them!”

“They will explode from joy, but they won’t be annihilated because what our Lord has created cannot be reduced to nothing by anyone. On the other hand, it is very pleasant to place oneself inside an explosion. A great explosion in the Glory is equivalent to an immense manifestation of joy without any danger. You observe something like this during your mortal life. The fireworks and gunshots of New Year’s Eve constitute an expression of the glory, although a little distorted.

“It was with such chemical, physical, and celestial reasoning,” she continued, “that our Lord Jesus Christ said, on Palm Sunday when he triumphantly entered Jerusalem: *‘I tell you, if these voices become quiet’*—referring to the multitudes—*‘the stones will speak (Lk. 19:40).’* Actually, it would have been sufficient for the group of atoms to know, in their own material way and at their level of existence as stones, the presence of their Creator to start praising the Lord. They would have, at their level, broken out in praises and manifestations of joy with their own voices: light/heat/sound/explosion/fusion/and fission...”

“Tenderly-Loved, how am I going to get into a water molecule? If it would be a mammal or bush it could be, but...”

“You refuse to believe it because you feel encased in your actual height. The dimension of your corporal body almost inevitably influences you. However, it has not always been like this. Many years ago your height was the fifth part of one millimeter which was the diameter of your egg cell. You will see in heaven the height of the human glorified body may vary from infinitely small to immense. Haven’t you guessed the instinct of future glory in a child’s joy who gets on stilts to feel taller?

“It is the unconscious yearning for the future, physical immensity,” she added, “perceived by the soul in spite of the child’s limitations. It’s good for you to consider that your organism will be capable of growing enormously in heaven or making itself very small, without any need of stilts or compressors. You’ll do it by your own power as a Blessed.

“By the way,” she added, “let me briefly relate another adventure with my angel because time is running out. He took me at a fantastic speed through the infinite, serial space. He made me feel a most enjoyable vertigo from the speed of the Glory until we arrived near an enormous star. *‘Would you like to lovingly compenetrated the star?’* the angel asked me.

‘Well... I think not,’ I responded in fear. *‘Perhaps it would be better to contemplate it from afar.’*

“Come on, away with fear!” he insisted. *‘You are glorified. Fire cannot burn you. Nothing can hurt you, but only cause you incredible joy. Have courage!’*

“I was quick to ask our Lord,” continued Tenderly-Loved, “with whom I am always united by essential glory. But He only pleasantly smiled and did not answer. Certainly I felt very secure with the absolute certainty of glorification. In spite of that, my little glory and my feminine fears hindered me from taking a risk -- the surface explosions of the star were terrible. They kept increasing as if the immense ball of fire was ready to explode.

‘Lord,’ I said, *‘don’t smile and answer me.’*

‘The angel,’ He said, *‘answered for Me. Moreover, why are you afraid? Am I not with you always? Go, then, and let’s have fun.’*

“At that time,” observed Tenderly-Loved, “I had already lovingly compenetrated many beings and discovered in each one new joys. But lovingly compenetrating a supernova!

“Let’s go.’ I told the angel, although not very convinced.

“But before we do,’ proposed my companion, *‘I’m going to make you grow to a billion kilometers so you can embrace and compenetrated the star.’*

“It seemed absurd to me, as it does to you,” she clarified, “that my stature could grow to a billion kilometers. It was clear that with my little power as an inferior Blessed that I was incapable of increasing my size so immensely on my own. But the angel compensated my deficiency. As you will see in heaven, we, the Blessed, share our gifts and powers which God has given us. It is the complete fulfillment of the love of Charity in the communion of saints.

“I don’t know what my angel did,” said Tenderly-Loved, “but I immediately became immense. My body had grown, as my companion affirmed, to a little more than a billion kilometers in stature. However, I believe that my fantastic body, which had become transparent, remained proportional.

“Forward.’ the angel ordered me, while he spiritually encircled me, overflowing with joy. And we lunged toward the incandescent flames of the star. It was marvelous. I felt their intense heat—trillions and trillions of degrees centigrade. Far from burning me, the flames caressed me and produced a delight which I had not yet known. As a mortal I enjoyed an encounter with heat but only a tepid temperature because my mortal body couldn’t endure anything greater. But in those moments, I enjoyed most elevated temperatures. I gave thanks to our God for having freed me, by a good death and glorification, from the abysmal limitations with which original sin and my own mortal faults had oppressed me during my mortal stay on earth.”

“You weren’t burned, were you?” I asked while searching for some scar on her beautiful face.

“No, I wasn’t. We, the Blessed, are invulnerable. On the contrary, I experienced an incredible ecstasy with this loving compenetration with a star much larger than the earth’s sun. The supernova, at its level, knew us and rejoiced. I don’t know how many kinds of continuous nuclear explosions began to occur. It was in these moments that this immense star was glorified. This happened not so much on the

part of my angel or me, but our God who, united with us, embraced, through the matter of my enormously expanded body, the immense, fiery colossus which exploded in jubilation.

“The pleasure I felt,” she emphasized, “was overflowing. I couldn’t contain it, in spite of my vastness, and it overflowed to inundate the star. In this way the Most High granted it the highest degree of glory possible for a nova.

“It was then that the angel explained,” said Tenderly-Loved, “that the sense of touch in the Blessed is not limited to the dermis of the skin but to each cell of the integral organism in every space-time of earthly and heavenly biological development from the time of conception. In heaven the sense of touch can enjoy and share that joy with the soul that governs it, once man is glorified in the fifth dimension. And not only do the cells enjoy and cause the soul to enjoy, but also there is enjoyment at every level of organization: chemical molecules of the protoplasm and each one of its atoms, each subatomic particle, and each photon of energy and each unit of those energies unknown on earth. The angel also explained to me that in this most extensive compenetration with the star, the Creator permitted that my whole being be in rapture: spirit, brain, organs, tissues, cells, even each unit of intra-energy of my gigantic organism. Immediately afterwards, the angel reduced me to my normal size as an adolescent and placed me in the respective space-time of my earthly existence which I utilized in that fabulous experience.”

“I’m sorry I couldn’t share this stupendous adventure with you.”

“Why? For sure you will share this heavenly experience, just as you will invite me to share yours!”

“But how? Your adventures have already happened. You are telling me about them.”

“What a bad memory you have! The notions of past, present and future do not apply in heaven. Already you forgot the fifth dimension or created eternity. My adventures happened in the space-times of heavenly life. And these space-times remain in the archives so that we can return to repeat and perfect them as often as we wish.”

“Fantastic!”

“You could never imagine the intensity and quantity of these most powerful radiations, capable of volatilizing any mortal, however well protected, which caressed me in this loving compenetration which lasted an emotional equivalent of nearly a hundred years. Our God was enchanted with my happiness and He made me see that the best recipe for an intelligent person to be happy is to make others happy, but in a Christian manner.”

Afterwards I thought that perhaps many of the tremendous cosmological explosions which astronomers observe are due to the loving compenetrations of the Blessed.

“And don’t say, nor even think,” she ended, “that my stories are incredible. Because after what you have experienced in this encounter, I hope you open your spirit to ideas that transcend human knowledge.”



“I would like for you to see,” manifested Tenderly-Loved, “the profound strengths of evil acts, the advantage of living an austere Christian life, and the benefit of a good death.”

“The divine Justice is terrible!”

“No, it overflows with mercy. What is terrible is sin, personal sin and the scandal which is contagious and causes the increase of sin in the world. What is terrible is the totality of the sin of others: sin which is hidden but originates by the bad example of our mortal defects. What is most terrible is human indifference to the immense love of our God for us.

“On the other hand,” she added, “the glorification of man without the complete satisfaction of divine Justice is not possible. The Most High loves us infinitely but justly. He will never act as an unsuspecting, all-pardoning buddy. He does not tolerate in heaven the slightest stain or trace of sin of omission or commission because sin is completely incompatible with divine purity.

“This is not indifference of the Most High,” she continued. “The Blessed are in a personal and free interrelation with the Lord. Therefore, the slightest splinter of moral evil would obstruct this relationship. Because of this there is a need for purification after a good death; so if a man was not a perfect Christian in this life, he has to learn the customs of the Fatherland which are the Christian virtues.”

“It is very hard...”

“No, what happens is that you are very tolerant. Would you perhaps like for your friends and relatives to keep in the eternal Glory their defects, bad customs, impurity, impiety and mundane matters? It is clear that our God pardoned all guilt and eternal punishment of those who died in the state of grace. But some preserve the root of bad habits which were not overcome in the mortal life. These are the severe injustices which were not amended for lack of time and which were still not restored in the space-time of the past, guarded in the fifth dimension. Ignorance, due to religious indifference of the great Love given by the Most High, produces an inadequate response to this supreme love.

“As a consequence,” expressed Tenderly-Loved, “there is a need to suffer just punishment to compensate for sins, already pardoned with respect to eternal punishment and guilt. There is a need to rectify terrestrial indifference toward heavenly realities and find one’s exact place in the Fatherland. There is a need to learn celestial habits and make restitution, in a heavenly manner, for what was taken. With this in mind I am calling your childhood friend Mauricio, who is now a Blessed, so he may talk with you.”

Mauricio, my elementary school companion, quickly approached us. He introduced himself in the biological stage of childhood and I did not detect any signs of glorification. At that time he was a child of my age, taller and huskier than I, who continuously laughed at me. Of course, he was a burden to me. And I didn’t know that the dislike for others is due to the obscurity of the bonds of friendship planned beforehand by the Creator to unify His adopted human sons. These are stupendous bonds of reciprocal and complimentary attraction which, at times, are almost erased in life because of sin in the world.

Much afterward I knew I was not the cause of his laugh, but a bothersome tic which periodically contracted his left facial muscles, causing an intolerable sarcastic smile.

Because I couldn’t openly fight him, I contrived a little intrigue with the teacher by removing a small bi-colored pencil which was special to the teacher and arranged that he be blamed for it. He was severely punished and I laughed at his smile for a period of time.

Mauricio amiably greeted me and began to laugh. But he didn't laugh in his old jeering way, but with friendly and happy outbursts.

"Please pardon me, Mauricio," I contritely requested.

"Of course! And don't worry about what happened back in school. Be concerned about the way in which you will make restitution in eternal glory. But don't suffer, man," he exclaimed on noticing my disturbance. "I will help you in the Fatherland."

And he suddenly disappeared.

"What do I do now, Tenderly-Loved?" I asked with preoccupation.

"Try to increase your degree of glory. I already told you that if you become a better Christian, you receive greater joy in heaven and increase the happiness of all your brothers in the Fatherland. In the Fatherland the bonds of loving attraction, of complimentary friendship and congeniality will shine in all their splendor. These are the bonds which our Lord established from His Absolute Eternity among all the Blessed and all Creation. However, the consequences of unconquered hostility on earth is the reduction of the glory of heaven and the compensation of the glorified offended in this world. The Most High is very loving but terribly just."



"I will relate another anecdote," proposed Tenderly-Loved. "In it you'll understand that our God will ensure that in the precise space-time when you conquered temptation or endured any deception, poverty, sickness or tribulation for Him, in that very act of your existence, guarded forever in the fifth dimension, you receive the complete divine consolation you sought. The Lord will also give you the praise that erases the offense to your dignity as an adopted son of the Creator. He will give you the loving corresponding friendship denied you because of human misunderstanding.

"Recently married," continued the enchanting inhabitant, "I went through a difficult economic situation with my husband. At a desperate moment, I sought money from a lender in Potosi. *'I'll give you the money you want,'* the lender advised, *'but at a monthly interest rate of five percent. I have the Bishop's permission to loan at two percent but since I am a poor widow and I have many expenses...'*

"It's fine," I responded. *'Take my mother's small jewels and tell me where to sign.'*

"Of course," added Tenderly-Loved, "she didn't give me any receipt. Months passed and I could hardly pay the interest. When my husband found better employment, I went to repay the money.

"You only owe me half the loan," responded the lender. *'The remainder was paid when I sold your jewels. I supposed you wouldn't be able to pay me and I auctioned them off.'* I was distraught by this injustice," narrated my celestial loved one. "And since I was pregnant with my second child, I fainted from grief. The lender took all my money and dragged me to the street.

"After coming to the Blessedness," added Tenderly-Loved, "our God asked me to glorify my body at that time, in the house of the lender, precisely in the earthly space-time in which I was offended. You know how easily this is done in heaven, since the entire human organism remains alive in the ambient of the fifth dimension, or created eternity.

"Pardon me, pardon me," the lender implored with the profound pain and sorrow of purgatory which I knew well because I had just left it.

"Our God advised me," said Tenderly-Loved, "that not only should I pardon her, but I should promise her my friendship in heaven. I did it and, in part, mitigated her terrible purification and now she is my friend in the Blessedness. Our Lord enabled me to see how the injustice He permitted was to help me collaborate with His designs. What is amazing is that of my tribulations of losing my jewels and money; dozens of Blessed—and very important ones—begged our Lord the privilege of being first to satisfy me with their immense glory in a delightful, celestial manner.

"The Most Powerful," she continued saying, "plans man's voluntary and free destiny on a straight path, although it seems crooked from an earthly viewpoint. I'll tell you another anecdote in which I am the villain. Here you will see how moral faults in this life are exchanged in accidental glory once divine pardon is obtained.

"When I was a young girl," she continued, "I once became angry at a modest truck driver because of his 'audacity' to give me a flattering compliment in his direct country style. My vanity did not allow me to see the sincere sentiment which the humble man was expressing with crude words. I became excessively upset. I publicly humiliated him. An accommodating passerby struck him repeatedly for the 'crime' of offending my arrogant and foolish vanity. Well, then, I found myself with my supposed offender in heaven and, from a heavenly perspective, it was an awkward situation to obtain his friendship. He is a great Blessed who immensely surpasses me in dignity in the Glory. It affected me in the Fatherland—in the sense of lesser happiness, but without pain or sorrow—to know that his flattery was not wrong in that he only wanted to tell me I was 'pretty' in his language as a truck driver."

"Nor would I have refrained from giving you a compliment."

"With the experience I now have, I accept such compliments with joy and gratitude without vanity or displeasure. Even after this difficult moment, my gallant complimenter prevailed in heaven because he won my love, respect and praise in glory. And I also, to some extent, grieve about my vain conduct on earth—in a heavenly manner of course —while he favors me with his generous friendship.

"Therefore," she concluded, "you now have in your hands magnificent opportunities to reap a fantastic harvest in the Fatherland and win over many friends if you learn to suffer injustices and humiliations with the patient love of charity. Be careful how you treat your neighbor: we know their faces but we don't know their glorification."



"Tenderly-Loved, pardon a digression: do emotions and intense feelings exist in the Blessedness?"

"Certainly! The Blessed continue being human in heaven; our entire organism continues. Glorification perfects us but does not alter the essence of our nature. We feel emotions in this world. Because of our exquisite and most pure sensitivity, we experience them intensely. We feel love in all its

fullness, joy in its innumerable forms, pleasure to degrees inconceivable on earth, desires with all their vehemence. Moreover, we also feel, properly orientated, hatred, fear and anger.”

“Are you saying you suffer in heaven?”

“No, no! Here there does not exist the slightest suffering nor the smallest annoyance. We experience emotions and intense feeling, but without any pain. Certainly when we experience them, the psychomotor reflexes, which continue being human and which function perfectly, produce tears, pallor, or flushness, voice changes, even the shaking of knees. But in no way do we experience the slightest sadness because anxiety and insecurity do not exist in the Fatherland.”

“Have you felt angry in heaven?”

“Yes, for sure. I feel it when I see, from the Blessedness, my terrestrial loved ones committing grave faults. In this respect, my grandchildren provoke me in heaven.”

“Wouldn’t you like to admonish or correct them?”

“Yes, very much. But it is not easy to obtain divine permission.”

Thank you, thank you, Lord, I exclaimed from my interior, for having permitted this marvelous conversation for my spiritual good between one of Your beautiful Blessed and one of your earthly sinners.

“Tenderly-Loved, have you felt hatred in heaven?”

“Yes, also hatred. I hate all the reprobates of hell.”

“And if a relative of yours becomes lost, would you hate him equally?”

“Some are there. And I hate them the same or even more. I’ll give you an example so you understand me. How would you feel if one of your relatives, simply for the sake of evil, destroyed my face and tore out my eyes?”

“I would kill him.”

“Although for now you would hate him, you would immediately repent as must happen to all good Christian travelers. But the first impulse would be to hate. Now the reprobate has offended our God, the one who will be your supreme Love, more gravely. Because the destruction of my face and the tearing out of my eyes are nothing in comparison to the offense which the love of the Most High receives from the hardened and condemned sinner.”

“And after hating like that, don’t you repent as a glorified Christian?”

“No, because in heaven the terrestrial commandments of our Lord are not in effect. We, the Blessed, are impeccable; we do not need moral laws. What happens on earth is that hatred is wrong because it distances you from the Creator. But in heaven, hatred, properly ordered, unites us with Him.”

“So, in this life hatred is always evil...”

“Not exactly. Here there is also legitimate and well-directed hatred. You should for example, hate sin. You should also feel anger toward your own concupiscence so as to dominate evil passions. I’ll say the same about fear—you should increase your fear of forever losing the future Blessedness.”



“But, if you like,” Tenderly-Loved suggested, “let’s return to the theme of purgatory. It is impossible for a sinner to enjoy heaven without prior purification, either voluntary in life or forced after death. And only pain purifies. It is because of this that every encounter with our Lord Jesus on this earth always carries the seal of pain. The mystery of Redemption and the testimony of the martyrs has no comfort—spiritual joy, yes—but in the midst of pain and tribulations.”

“What is purgatory like?”

“Of course, purgatory is not a concentration camp of human souls independent of their bodies. I was telling you that man’s soul never separates from his integral organism. They are consubstantially united. The soul only separates from its cadaver. Both body and soul are purified after death. Nor are we speaking about purification which is intensive and instantaneous as with the angels, since this implies an essential anthropological change which is certainly unnecessary. Man lives here and lives eternally in the Hereafter with his human nature as given to him by the Creator. Purgatory, therefore, is a real and temporal place.”

“Where is purgatory?”

“It is in the space-times of the fifth dimension which conserves all man’s terrestrial acts of existence. There, in each relevant space-time it is necessary to purge the punishment due to the sinful acts of existence so that divine justice annihilates what remains of immoral acts, already pardoned with respect to eternal guilt and pain. For that it is sufficient that human consciousness place itself in those phases of passed life and freely recognize the malice and deadly consequences of deliberate faults. The human conscience repairs with pain for its failure to obey with love. Moreover, since man’s moral conscience is no longer bound to normal terrestrial time, the soul can contemplate in modified time of the past and future the consequences of its contribution to evil and to the sin of the world. A profound depression is felt for having misused the space-times of earthly life, generously given by the Creator. The purification of the corporal senses is extraordinarily painful. A great sadness is felt for having caused a Blessed a reduction of glory. It is dreadful when one has cooperated in the eternal condemnation of some neighbor. It is excessively sorrowful to observe our failure to correspond to divine love.

“There,” she explained, “bad habits are corrected and new habits acquired for the Fatherland. It is easy to say all this, but very difficult and distressing to accomplish it. For greater clarity I’ll relate what happened to me in my last stage of purgatory. I had already satisfied the divine justice for all my sins. Already I started to see at a distance the intense love of our God for me. I began to vaguely see my new name and my endowment of hidden manna. I was purified but didn’t know my exact place in heaven and I still did not fully trust in God.

“My instructing angel,” she continued, “took me to the place where I would principally live in the Glory; something like my celestial ‘refuge.’ You should know that every Blessed has a most proper and intimate place where his dearest loves are fulfilled.

“Well then,” she added, “I had never traveled by plane for feat of heights. I experienced a great panic when my angel made me rise to the firmament of heaven. I utilized a space-time of my adult body. I kept seeing the earth get smaller, greenish, as I left it with extreme speed. Since I was not yet glorified but in the training phase to acquire celestial customs, there was little I understood. My rooted habit of trusting myself instead of God increased my fear. I thought I would fall from these heights. Afterwards, I was terrorized from the total darkness in spite of my angel’s insistence, reproaching me

for my lack of trust in the All Powerful. My terror culminated when I passed the speed of light. Now you'll appreciate how the bad customs of earth impede the learning of those used in heaven. Certainly now, having absolute confidence in our God, I travel at much greater velocities without fear."

"Where is your celestial residence?"

"My refuge is on a small planet in the constellation Aster, a little more than a million light years from earth."

"And you came from there to visit me?"

"Yes, certainly. In actuality I travel at a great speed. Well then, when my angel and I arrived at Aster 5, I only saw a great inhospitable plain. *'You will live here,'* my angel told me. And I became sad. *'Why are you worried?'* he encouraged me. *'You need only imagine how you want your home and it will be done according to your thoughts. You now exercise dominion and rule over matter, energy and every creature inferior to you.'* But I couldn't manage. In my homeland I was accustomed to contract an architect and contend with the construction workers. I couldn't convince myself that things would obey me. My first attempt resulted in a large house of pink Potosi quarry stone. Afterwards, I made one that resembled the Palace of Versailles. And, in this fashion, I made many attempts until the angel convinced me that I didn't need so many walls, roofs, doors, and windows because there was no need to protect myself in heaven. Finally, it was good. You will see it. I won't describe it to you because I prefer to surprise you."

"Learning heavenly customs is very difficult."

"No, it isn't complicated. The essence of training is to acquire a full and absolute confidence in our God. This education should start on earth to abbreviate or avoid purgatory in accordance to the Faith and the multiple limitations of mortals. True confidence in the Most High does not consist in waiting for the fulfillment of all our caprice. Rather it consists in the security founded on His great love for us and the assurance He will give the best to each of us when and how He determines if we persevere and remain in His grace and faithfully fulfill His commandments.

"I'll tell you another one of my anecdotes," she added with her beautiful glance. "Before my glorification I knew well that my body could penetrate walls without any inconvenience in any of the innumerable space-times of my terrestrial life. However, the first time I attempted to go through a small hill, I stopped abruptly. My terrestrial custom of stopping before obstacles prevailed. But now I even pass through stars."

"Are prayers and supplications for the dead helpful?"

"They are most efficacious, even though you are praying for those who died a long time ago. In the Hereafter, the classic notions of past, present and future are irrelevant; nor does the bonding of consciousness to the present exist. Prayers opportunely arrive from any date, thanks to the immediate bridge of the fifth dimension.

"I hope," she ended, "that your acts of existence, guarded in the space-times of your life, along with your new habits, are so Christian that you won't need to experience purgatory. Such is our God's desire for you."



“This modified time in San Luis is very slow,” said my loved companion, “and the vital energy of your organism is barely enough for one-thousandths of a picosecond. When you go beyond this, even slightly, you use strength that you can’t recuperate because your physiology as a traveler isn’t conditioned to the slowness of modified time. The reason why I periodically touch you is to revive you. But I no longer feel it prudent to continue.”

“Why? Your touches, although brief, are enjoyable.”

“Precisely for that. After I have gone, you will feel the nostalgia of that vital force which was previously unknown to your organism. You will be anxious to receive it again like a person who is chemically dependent and whose euphoric drug has been stopped. For this reason my interview with you should end.

“Very well,” she stated. “What I told you about accidental glory is less than babbling in comparison with its reality. If I could find adequate concepts, images and available comparisons to better reach my objective and make you more clearly see the glory which awaits you... But heaven and earth are very different and dissimilar in their language. At least you’ll soon leave this world and, when you least expect it, you’ll find yourself enjoying what today you can hardly imagine.”

“Tenderly-Loved,” I said with complete frankness, “I am afraid of becoming an invalid because of my ailment in old age. I am afraid of my fellow man, for his egoism and ambition. I am afraid of solitude and pain. I am afraid of death because I have failed to see it in myself... Fear of hell, certainly merited by my sins... fear of my future and the necessity of purgatory. I am afraid of myself because I recognize my inconstancy.”

“Your fear would be founded if you would be completely alone without Faith, without a future Fatherland, without love. But it is not like that. Our God loves you very much and He has shown it to you in the course of your life. You possess the Faith, a gift which God has given you. You have very many loves in heaven and great friends who await you. You have an exemplary mother on earth who has been for you the visible providence of our God in this world. You have another Mother in heaven, the Mother of the Beautiful Love, the Mother of God who has assisted you with predilection. And you have me, your Tenderly-Loved, who loves you with a sublime, predestined love and I am ready, if necessary, to intercede for you to the ultimate. Change your mistrust, therefore, to a strong adoration of the Most High and toward an unlimited activity of grace. Don’t sit idly. Take your cross, the little part of your pain, and follow your Lord.”

“The mortal life is very distressing. I see my evil and perceive the sins of others. The whirlpool of pride and egoism seem to submerge everyone in an immense sea of iniquity.”

“It is not always like that. You see the sins because they are, in truth, very visible and numerous. But you do not see the conversions, repentances and the works of Charity which are also innumerable, although invisible and silent. The power of the Redemption is enormous and many sinners become justified. What is unfortunate is that many repent nearly in their final hour when they have little time left to reach a high degree of glory.

“Finally,” she concluded, “these persons recognize that they conducted their lives as a bad business. They sought to be rich with dollars and cents instead of possessing supernatural riches, numerous loves of Charity, which are the monies that circulate in the future Glory. They persisted in search of ultimate happiness in terms of pure earthly goods and, for sure, they did not find it. They deplore having preferred immoral enjoyments and worldly pleasures which are so insignificant,

uncertain, fleeting and fatiguing. They revert to the Church; they truly repent and our God pardons them and tenderly embraces them because they are His loved lost lambs. How unfortunate that in heaven they are unable to give the Most High all the praise of glory He sought from them. What a shame they only react, as I, a lesser happiness when it would have been so easy to achieve a greater glory.”

“What is the best way to obtain the greatest Blessedness?”

“Keep always the commandments and divine counsels which are not arbitrarily given by the Lord. To the contrary, they are our greatest help both on earth as well as in heaven.

“Eternal glory,” she insisted, “is a perfect Brotherhood which should begin here by practicing fraternal Charity. This Charity should not be confused with love that is totally humanistic or philanthropic which is rendered for pity or completely earthly interest. Charity is the reason for the divine commandments. For example: *'You will love your God above all things (Mk. 12:30).'* Yes, this is what you'll do in your future life. Your most happy future essential glory will consist in this. *'You will not steal (Ex. 20:15)'* because it is ridiculous to take what, in the final analysis, belongs to you in heaven. Saint Paul said, *'Everything is yours, and you are of Christ, and Christ is of God (1Cor. 3:21).'* *'You will not lie'* so that you become accustomed to the most pleasant and absolute veracity which governs the Fatherland. *'You will not covet your neighbor's goods.'* Why should you covet them if, in the Glory, there is nothing that is not yours?

“It shouldn't matter,” she recommended, “if your will or material well-being is contrary to the Divine Will. Don't protest or rebel against His divine Will. Don't be an inept businessman with respect to the future life. Don't uselessly lose the valuable space-times of your earthly life. Time spent in mortal sin is lost time. For the worldly, time is money but for Christians it is future happiness. The opportunity to store up treasures for heaven flies by and passes you. Therefore, you ought to worry about what lasts forever, in the fifth dimension, the true good, practiced for the love of our God which you can do more in the succession of passing space-times.

“You had a glimpse of the majesty of the fifth dimension,” she reiterated, “and you have learned the immense value of each act of your life, eternally guarded with complete fidelity in its respective space-time. You know that it is possible for you to annihilate your sins through the Sacrament of Reconciliation. Lastly, it is very advantageous that you enjoy and bring joy to others of greater accidental glory in the Blessedness, that you store up many acts of Faith and love in the fifth dimension. These will serve in heaven as pillars to sustain the immense and sweet force of divine love toward you. The moral certainty of the fifth dimension, reminding you of the eternity of your entire being and good actions will encourage hope in you. Because these virtuous works which you left in custody as deposits of future joy in the storehouse of the past time, will become for you and other Blessed with whom you will lovingly relate, marvelous treasures of accidental glory in the Blessedness.

“Be convinced that humanity's great sin consists in the contempt and oblivion of our God. Because He is placed outside of loves, ideals, goals and activities, your problem and those of society are not solved—not with capitalism, nor democracy, nor communism, nor humanism—however 'Christian'

they might appear. Without the help of our God, nothing can happen. Wise laws and detailed regulations are not sufficient. The promises of demagogues and collective suggestions are of little value. Perfidious selfishness causes everything to fail: individuals, families, businesses, labor unions, associations, municipalities, states, nations and the world in general.

“Now then,” she ended, “the antidote of selfishness is not exclusively material alms nor the distribution of spiritual goods for purely humanistic reasons. Look at what occurs in our country—egoism, ambition, pride, indolence and corruption. Vanity in the rich and poor is choking society in a terrible crisis of poverty, inflation, monetary devaluation, unemployment, anguish and war... The antitoxin of selfishness is the practice of God’s Law, for love of Him. It is, then, necessary—it is urgent—to appeal to the Most High with Faith, with love of Charity, with the faithful observance of His commandments, with the hope of heavenly riches at which you just glimpsed, with voluntary mortification as proof of man’s sincerity and with confident and persevering prayer.”



Suddenly, without knowing how, I found myself again sprawled in the old chair of my small living room. The image remained fixed on the TV. My unfinished cigarette, with its immobile smoke spiral, was in the ashtray on my right. Tenderly-Loved returned to sit on the sofa forming a square with mine. Everything seemed the same as before the vertiginous trip to San Luis Potosi.

“No mortal can save himself outside the Faith,” said my beautiful visitor, grazing the back of my paralyzed left hand on the sofa with the fingers of her right hand. “And Faith corresponds to what is not seen because if it were seen, I mean to say, if it were completely comprehended, it would not be Faith but evidence. Accordingly, when I go, our modified time will end. Your life will continue its normal course. There will be no definite evidence of my presence. You will remember this conversation. You will not know for certain if it really happened or was a dream. But what will persist more, however, is the operation of our God in your soul.”

“Why would I doubt my interview with you, the most extraordinary of my life?”

“It is to your advantage to doubt the reality of my visit so as not to alter the merit of your Faith. The authentic Christian believes in the Divine Word because our God, who can never deceive nor be deceived, has inspired it. It is deserving that every rational creature believe Him and Him alone. If some extraordinary events are added to the Faith, the merit of human cooperation with the Divine Will is diminished and the degree of glory in heaven is decreased. Our God is a just Remunerator.

“These are the words of our Lord Jesus to Thomas: *‘Because you have seen me, you have believed. Blessed are they who believe and have not seen.’* And you are among the latter. It is not important whether you doubt my interview with you because what is primary and truly essential has now happened. You have examined your religious ideas and you have transformed some of them into profound and operative convictions.”

“So I am going to think that this marvelous conversation and trip to San Luis Potosi were just simple illusions?”

“Yes, it will be like that. But listen well to what I am going to tell you: a single holy illusion of divine origin is worth more than all the realities of the world.”

“Will I, perhaps, forget you?”

“Certainly not. Our God is very strict with respect to the Faith and works of love of Charity in each of us because He is the Just Defender of divine honor. But He is not a tyrant—much to the contrary. He is the benevolent supporter of those great loves which He has designed.”

She smiled with her special smile, so sincere, so happy, so unforgettable because it came from her heavenly happiness. She looked at me lovingly and added: “Now I must go.”

“No, please, don’t go yet.” It wasn’t just a social compliment but the necessity of her presence which compelled me to stop her. I tried to touch her, to hold her but this time my paralysis was complete.

She smiled with her two beautiful dimples and said, “What more do you wish to ask me?”

Afterwards I thought of many questions about disturbing aspects of earthly life. But in that moment I couldn’t think of anything.

“It doesn’t matter. Don’t worry,” she tenderly consoled me. “Our God will grant you a second extraordinary interview, perhaps the last before your death.”

“When will the next conversation occur? And where?”

“I don’t know, nor should I find out. Our Lord likes to surprise. Endeavor to be always disposed.”

The beautiful body of Tenderly-Loved began to disappear and my sadness was changed to anxious feebleness. “Wait, wait!” I begged to stop her vaporous body which was vanishing.

“What else do you want?” she said with tenderness, displaying her new glorious name.

“I love you. I love you more than myself.”

“I know it, and I also love you. I love you more than you love me. But I am not your only love. Remember: *‘You will love the Lord your God above all other.’* I occupy in your heart one of the last places. It is our God who truly loves you – exceedingly more than I.”

My beautiful visitor was vanishing without my being able to do anything to stop her. Through the body of my beloved I could see the back of the sofa.

“Goodbye for now, my love!”

“Until then, Tenderly-Loved.”

Everything became normal. I looked at my watch. It was 3:18 p. m. Afterwards I called to get the time and found my watch had gained eight minutes. Was that the time I spent with Blanca in the university courtyard? Perhaps I had lived eight ‘extra’ minutes? The problem was to know which was right: my broken watch or my enriched mind.

The television characters continued. The spiral of my cigarette smoke continued. I heard the sound of the cook in the kitchen. It seemed as though I had just awakened from a long, pleasant dream. I called Tenderly-Loved but in vain.

It happened as she predicted. I thought that everything had been a magnificent dream. However, her influence over me was too strong to accept such a simple explanation. I looked at the package of cigarettes and the cellophane wrapper was gone. Had I, myself, discarded it in a somnambulistic act? And if I did it, when? The television characters were not interrupted in my consciousness. Did I actually fall asleep or did I have a fantastic trip in the fifth dimension? Moreover, the soles of my slippers were wet. Could it be the puddles of the university courtyard? And something else baffled me: my coffee was still hot.

I began to meditate on what I had dreamed. How beautiful was Tenderly-Loved! Were not the ideas she clarified in my mind too elevated for me to have conceived?

I thought of her ideas: *“You will remember this conversation, but you will not know if it was a dream or reality. And it is advantageous this way so as not to alter the merit of your Faith.”* And she was right. I was doubting now. How well she knew my ignorant, indecisive and positivistic spirit.

I remembered another one of her ideas: *“One holy illusion of the divine is worth more than all the realities of the earth.”* It seemed so certain to me. Because something interior said to me that any sincere approach to God is more real and true than the porous material which surrounds us, the plentitude of which is about the same as its reflection in the mirror. And what appears to be full is empty.

Also another of her ideas made its impression: *“More than anything, the action which God performed in your soul will persist.”* Yes, today I understand it. I can doubt the fifth dimension. I can doubt everything, including myself. I can keep doubting. But more than anything I am completely sure: God loves me. He loves me singularly, as if I, small and miserable, were the only object of His love. And this wonderful knowledge remains deeply rooted in my soul as the delightful prod of a deep and operative conviction.