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Mateo and the Secrets of the Eternal Word

Book One: Creation through Babel

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The Forgotten Church

“Hey—look at her,” one of the boys laughed.

“She actually thinks her Papá is coming back.”

Another boy snorted. “Yeah, right. He’s not coming back.”

“She’ll believe anything,” one of the girls added, shaking her head.

Mateo slowed as he rolled his bicycle toward the rack.

What is this? he thought. *Why are they being so cruel?*

He set his bike in place and walked over to the group.

“Leave her alone,” he said, looking straight at the first boy. “What’s going on?”

He turned to the girl. She stood with her head down, her eyes wet.

“What are they talking about?” he asked gently.

She wiped her face quickly.

“My Papá went to the United States... to study farming,” she said, her voice shaky. “He said he’ll come back. He promised.”

“So?” Mateo said, turning back to the others. “What’s wrong with that?”

“Look at him,” the first boy laughed. “He believes it too!”



“He’s not coming back,” another said. “He’s going to like it there way more than this place.”

A few of them laughed again—this time at both of them.

Mateo felt his face warm, but he didn’t move.

“You don’t know that,” he said. “None of you do.”

“Alright, that’s enough.”

A teacher’s voice cut through the noise.

“Break it up. Inside. Now.”

The group scattered, still muttering and laughing as they headed toward the classroom.

Mateo stayed where he was for a moment.

The girl—Andrea—stood beside him, still quiet. Miguel stepped up next to them.

“Don’t listen to them,” Miguel said, giving Mateo a quick fist bump. “They don’t know anything.”

Mateo nodded, then looked at Andrea.

“They just say things like that,” he said. “Even when they don’t know.”

Andrea gave a small nod, though she didn’t say anything.

“You know your Papá,” Mateo continued. “If he said he’s coming back, then he is. That’s what matters.”

Miguel nodded. “Yeah. He’ll come back.”

The bell rang.

The three of them turned and walked toward the classroom together.

But as they stepped inside, Mateo couldn’t shake it.

The laughter.

The way they said it like it was nothing.

Like it didn’t matter if it was true or not.

Why do people do that? he wondered.

Mateo’s family lives in the northern mountains of Nicaragua, about thirty kilometers from Estelí, in the Reserva Natural Miraflores. There, they grow vegetables such as potatoes and cabbage on their small family farm. Like many of their neighbors, they also tend a modest grove of coffee plants. Families throughout the community combine their coffee harvests, producing and selling small quantities together to help purchase supplies and support their way of life.



Mateo's parents are part of a homestay program. Visitors from other parts of the world come to live with the family, sharing in the daily work—tending the fields, caring for the animals—while learning about the food, culture, and language.

Currently, a young man from the United States named Benjamin has been living with them for about three months, staying in the small room set aside for guests.

Mateo and his younger sister, Elania, attend the community school—one of many small schools serving the scattered farming communities throughout the reserve.

Their household is simple but full: Mamá and Papá—Flor and Rafael—Mateo, Elania, Benjamin... and their maternal grandmother, Doña Rosa.

Doña Rosa is the quiet center of the family. In the evenings, she sits on the porch as the sun settles behind the mountains, reading from her worn Bible and softly singing hymns of praise. People from the community often come to her for advice. She always tells them the same thing:

“The answer to every question or problem can be found in God's Word.”

Everyone in the household has responsibilities. Doña Rosa and Flor care for the home while Rafael works alongside other members of the community tending the vegetable fields and other farm chores. Benjamin gladly joins him each day, learning everything from caring for the family's coffee plants to milking the cows and helping with countless other chores. Before school each morning, Mateo feeds the chickens, collects eggs, and helps wherever he is needed before hurrying off to class. In the evening, he pitches in again with whatever chores remain.

Benjamin, on the other hand, is in charge of milking the cows.

That had been a source of great amusement during his first few days.

Doña Rosa had patiently shown him how to work his fingers down over the teats, but Benjamin had struggled. The first few times, more milk ended up on the ground than in the bucket between his knees. Even now, Mateo sometimes had to hide a smile as he watched him try.

Mateo and Elania ride their bicycles to school along rough mountain paths.

Some stretches are worn smooth by ox carts and years of travel, but most of the ride is uneven and slow. It takes them about thirty minutes to arrive.

There is only one teacher, and usually no more than fifteen or twenty students.

Life in Miraflor is not easy. It is built on hard work and long days. But it is also steady, and good. People know one another. They help one another. And the mountains seem to hold everything together.

When the school bell rang, it was time to go home.

Elania rode ahead with two of her friends, laughing as they went. Mateo preferred to ride alone. It gave him time to think.

Sometimes, he thought about nothing at all.

Other times, he thought about everything.

Each day, he passed an old church that didn't seem to be used anymore. Still, he often saw an elderly priest tending a small garden nearby. The priest would look up, smile, and raise a hand in greeting. Mateo always returned the wave, but they had never spoken.

There was something about that church.

No one in the community seemed to know much about it.



No one talked about it. It was as if it had always been there... and had simply been forgotten.

And yet, it didn't feel forgotten.

As Mateo rode past it that afternoon, his thoughts returned to what had happened at school.

Andrea's tears.

The laughter.

The way they had turned on him, too.

He tightened his grip on the handlebars.

How can people be so cruel? he wondered.

Why do they make fun of things they don't understand?

The church stood quietly beside the path as he passed.

Still. Waiting.

Back at the farm, Mateo grabbed a feed sack from the shed and scattered grain for the chickens, which came running the moment they saw him. After that, he walked out to check on the cows while Benjamin worked—still somewhat awkwardly—at milking.

Mateo enjoyed talking with Benjamin, just as he had enjoyed getting to know the other visitors who had stayed with them. He liked hearing about distant places and unfamiliar customs. And he took pride in sharing his love for Nicaragua.

Later, when Rafael returned from the vegetable fields with the other farmers, it was time to prepare for the evening. One by one, they washed the dust of the day away at the outdoor shower.

Flor and Elania finished cooking, placing simple plates of food on the table. Benjamin joined them, as always.

After dinner, any homework had to be done first.

Only then could the family gather on the porch—some in chairs, others in hammocks—as the sun faded behind the mountains.

In the distance, there were often the soft sounds of guitars and singing carried on the evening air.

Life was simple.

Life was good.

But as Mateo sat there, watching the last light fade behind the mountains...

he found himself thinking again about the old church.

And for the first time...

he wondered what was inside.

The Invitation

The next morning, after breakfast and morning chores were finished, Mateo and Elania rode their bicycles along the familiar rugged paths to school.

Mateo hoped they would not find another scene like the one from the day before.

As he passed the old church, he felt it again—a strange, gentle tug at his handlebars, as if something was urging him to turn toward the open door.

Mateo blinked and shook his head.

I must be imagining things, he thought.

Soon they reached the schoolyard, and Mateo was relieved to find nothing unusual. It was just a regular day of learning.

Miguel was sitting alone on a bench when Mateo arrived. So Mateo joined his best friend.



They had been friends for as long as either of them could remember. Their papás often worked together in the vegetable fields, growing potatoes, cabbage, carrots, onions, and other crops. At certain times of the year, they also cared for their family's coffee plants. Their mamás were active in the church their community attended. On Sunday mornings, Miguel's mamá often came early to Mateo's house to cook with Flor and Doña Rosa. Together, they carried the food to church, where it was served on long tables for a community meal after the service.

"Buenos días," Miguel said. "How's it going?"

"Buenos días," Mateo replied. "I'm good. I'm just glad things are quiet today."

"Yeah," said Miguel. "Andrea's inside studying. She seems fine. The ones who were bothering her yesterday... I think they've already forgotten about it."

"Good," Mateo said. "Maybe they've decided to mind their own business."

He smiled slightly.

"Today's Friday," Miguel added. "Do you want to do something tomorrow?"

"I think so," Mateo said. "After morning chores, maybe we can hang out."

"How about riding to Poza Azul? We could cool off with a swim."

"That sounds good," Mateo said. "I'll see if Benjamin wants to come with us."

"Okay," Miguel replied. "I'll come by your house around ten?"

"Perfect. We'd better get inside."

Most of the students were close in age, so they studied together on one side of the room. The older students sat on the other side. Sometimes they all learned the same lessons together.

Books and materials were limited. Often, several students shared a single book, passing it from one to another as they read.

Life in Mirafior revolved around the rhythms of the farm, so classes only lasted a few hours each morning. By afternoon, many of the students were helping their families in the fields or with other chores.

For Mateo and Miguel, things were a little different. They were expected to help with whatever work was needed on their family farms, especially during the busiest planting and harvest seasons. **At that time, families throughout Mirafior gathered the ripe coffee cherries by hand from their small coffee plots. The harvests were later brought together by the cooperative, where much of the coffee was shared among the families and a small amount was prepared for sale to visitors. During the busiest weeks of the harvest, classes were sometimes shortened so the older children could help their families.**

The rest of the year, the two friends had more freedom. Most afternoons they helped with whatever work needed to be done around the farm, but there was usually still time to enjoy being boys. Swimming was their favorite way to escape the routine of daily life.

After classes ended, Miguel reminded Mateo about their plans for the next day and rode off with a couple of other students.

Mateo rode home alone, his thoughts drifting between the quiet rhythm of

the day and the questions that had been lingering in his mind.

When he reached the old church, he saw the priest sitting on the bench outside.



The priest looked up and smiled.

It was a warm smile—but there was something about it Mateo couldn't quite understand.

As Mateo passed, the feeling returned.

Stronger this time.

His hands shifted slightly on the handlebars, and his attention slipped for just a moment. His front tire struck a rock at the edge of the path, and he nearly lost his balance.

He steadied himself quickly.

A little embarrassed, he smiled and waved.

The priest returned the gesture, his expression calm... knowing.

Mateo continued riding, but something felt different now.

What just happened? he wondered.

He had ridden past that church countless times. Nothing like this had ever happened before.

Why now?

He glanced back briefly, but the church was already behind him.

Maybe the Father wants to tell me something...

The thought stayed with him the rest of the way home.

Back at the farm, Mateo moved through his chores as usual—feeding the chickens, carrying hay to the cows, and checking on the animals.

But his mind wasn't fully there.

When Papá returned from the vegetable fields with the other farmers, the evening routine began. One by one, they washed the dust of the day away at the outdoor shower.

Mamá and Elania finished preparing dinner and set the plates on the table. Benjamin joined them, as always.

Afterward, there was cleanup... and then the quiet of evening.

Mateo found Doña Rosa sitting on the porch, her worn Bible open in her lap.

He sat beside her.



“Abuela,” he said.

She did not look up immediately.

“Yes, nieto,” she said softly. “What’s troubling you?”

She had a way of sensing things about people—even things they had not yet put into words.

“It’s nothing, really,” Mateo said. “You know that old church on the way to school?”

Doña Rosa nodded slowly. “Yes... I know it very well. And Father Tomás too.”

Mateo looked at her, surprised. “You know him? How?”

“That’s not important,” she said gently.

Mateo knew better than to press further. When Doña Rosa said something was not important, the subject was closed.

“Now tell me,” she continued. “What is it about that church?”

Mateo hesitated.

“I don’t know how to explain it,” he said. “I ride past it every day, like I always have. But recently... it feels different.”

“Different how?”

“It sounds strange,” Mateo said, “but today it felt like my bike wanted me to stop there.”

Doña Rosa remained quiet, listening.

“And I saw Father Tomás,” Mateo continued. “He was sitting outside. The way he smiled... it was like he knew something. Like he was waiting.”

He looked at her.

“What does it mean, Abuela?”

Doña Rosa closed her Bible gently and rested her hands on it.

“It means,” she said softly, “that you must learn to listen.”

Mateo frowned slightly. “Listen to what?”

“To the voice inside you,” she said. “And when you hear it... do not ignore it.”

She paused, then added:

“And remember, nieto—the answer to every question and every problem can be found in God’s Word.”

With that, she opened her Bible again and began to sing softly:

What a friend we have in Jesus...

Mateo sat quietly beside her.

He knew she had said all she was going to say.

She was right.

If he wanted answers... he would have to find them himself.

The decision settled in his mind.

Tomorrow, after swimming with Miguel and Benjamin...

he would go to the church.

And this time—

he would stop.

The Open Door

Saturday mornings began much like any other day for Mateo.

He rose before the sun crested the mountains. As he dressed, he listened to the soft melodies of the clay-colored thrush drifting through the early light. Then, just as the sky began to brighten, came the unmistakable *bonk... bonk... bonk* of the three-wattled bellbird.

The sound was so loud and sudden that it always made Mateo smile.

Even the crowing of the family rooster seemed quiet in comparison.

These sounds, strange as they were, helped him begin each day in a good mood.

Benjamin soon joined him outside.



“Buenos días, Mateo,” he said.

“Buenos días, Benjamin.”

Benjamin carried his stool and bucket to the waiting cows. He paused to rub the nose of the first one.

“Buenos días, hermosa,” he said gently.

He sat down and began milking.

“I was wondering...” Mateo said.

“Yes?” Benjamin replied.

“Do you have plans after breakfast today?”

“I’m going to help your papá in the vegetable fields with some of the other families,” Benjamin said. “They’re going to show me how they prepare the soil and fertilize the cabbage and potato beds.”

“Did Papá give you gloves?” Mateo asked.

Benjamin nodded. “He said it was important.”

“Yeah,” Mateo said. “Some of the fertilizer is pretty strong. You have to spread it carefully so you don’t damage the plants.”

Benjamin smiled. “I never realized how much work goes into growing vegetables. I still want to learn about the coffee plants too. Your papá told

me that several families combine their coffee harvests to make the coffee your mamá serves. I think that's pretty amazing."

Mateo grinned. "It is. Every family grows a little, but everyone helps each other."

"I heard Papá talking with Miguel's papá last night," he continued. "The field they're working today isn't very big. It should only take a couple hours."

Benjamin looked up. "That's good."

"So," Mateo said, "Miguel and I were wondering if you'd like to go to Poza Azul with us after you're done."

Benjamin laughed. "After working in the gardens all morning? I think I'll definitely need a swim."

"So you'll come?"

"I'd love to," Benjamin said. "I haven't been there yet."

"Perfect," Mateo said. "We'll wait for you. Mamá will fix us something to take for lunch."

Mateo continued feeding the animals, but his thoughts drifted back to the old church.

That strange feeling from the day before...

When he finished, he and Benjamin carried the milk inside to be boiled for breakfast. The milk was almost always used the same day. If any remained, Mamá and Doña Rosa would make cuajada—a soft, fresh cheese—or sometimes a firmer cheese if there was enough.

Nothing was ever wasted.

After breakfast, Benjamin left with the men for the fields.

Mateo helped Elania hang their school clothes on the line to dry in the warm mountain air. Then he went to the shed and brought out a small oil can and some grease.

The rugged paths were hard on bicycles. Chains needed oil. Handlebars and brakes needed regular adjustments.

As he worked, a thought came to him.

Maybe that's it.

Maybe that's why my handlebars turned yesterday.

They just needed grease.

He paused.

It made sense.

And yet...

Even after convincing himself, he couldn't shake the feeling.

The church.

Father Tomás.

The look on his face.

Miguel arrived soon after, ready to go.

While they waited for Benjamin, the boys kicked a soccer ball around the yard, laughing and passing time.

It wasn't long before the men returned from the fields—dusty, tired, and warm from the sun.

Benjamin wiped his forehead and smiled. "I'm definitely ready for that swim."

The three of them grabbed their bikes and set off toward Poza Azul.



It was already busy when they arrived. Families and visitors gathered along the water, enjoying the cool relief of the pools.

The boys found a quieter spot.

Miguel climbed onto a rock and dove in first.

Benjamin followed.

Then Mateo jumped.

The water was cold at first—but quickly became refreshing. They splashed, laughed, and forgot about everything else for a while.

After about an hour, they climbed out and sat together to eat.

Mamá had packed tortillas, fruit, and fresh cheese.

As they ate, Benjamin told them about his home in the United States—about Chicago, the traffic, the tall buildings, and the sports he loved.

The boys listened closely.

It felt like another world.

After one last swim, they gathered their things and began the ride home.

At the fork in the path, Miguel turned toward his house.

“See you tomorrow,” he called.

Mateo waved.

Back at the farm, Mateo checked with Mamá to see if there was anything else he needed to do.

Before she could answer, Doña Rosa spoke.

“He has an appointment,” she said.

Mateo froze.

“Appointment?” Mamá asked, turning from the stove.

“It’s nothing, Mamá,” Mateo said quickly.

Flor looked at Doña Rosa. “What are you talking about?”

Doña Rosa said nothing.

After a moment, Flor shook her head and returned to cooking.

“Well,” she said, “whatever it is, don’t be too long.”

“I won’t,” Mateo replied.

He glanced at Doña Rosa.

She had that look.

The one that said she knew something.

She smiled... and nodded.

Mateo stepped out onto the porch, grabbed his bicycle, and began riding toward the old church.

When he arrived, the door was open.

He slowed.

Where is Father Tomás? he wondered.

For a moment, he simply stood there, staring at the doorway.



Then the feeling returned.

Stronger than before.

This time, he wasn't riding.

And still...

Something was pulling him.

Mateo looked around.

No one was on the path. No one nearby.

The door stood open.

Waiting.

He slowly walked his bicycle forward and leaned it against the wall.

THE OPEN DOOR

He stepped closer.

Peered inside.

Then he called out softly.

“Hello?”

The Eternal Word

“Is anybody there?” Mateo called out.

Silence.

Well, the door *is* open.

So he stepped inside.

As he looked around, he noticed a crucifix at the front of the room. There were a few wooden benches along the walls. In the center of the church stood a very large open book resting on a wooden lectern.



Golden lights floated above the pages like fireflies in the night.

Those weren't there a minute ago, he thought. Maybe I should go...

Before he could finish the thought, the door suddenly closed behind him.

Mateo jumped.

A chill rushed through his body. He wanted to run, but his feet refused to move. It felt as though they were rooted to the floor.

Without understanding why, his thoughts returned to that morning at school—to Andrea crying while the others mocked her because she believed her papá would return from the United States.

Why are people so cruel? he had wondered. Why do they make fun of someone for believing a person who wouldn't lie?

Mateo looked down.

His feet were moving now.

But he wasn't trying to walk toward the strange book.

Something was pulling him.

Then he gasped as the pages suddenly began turning in a violent flurry.

By the time they stopped, Mateo was standing directly in front of the book.

Words on the page began to glow.

The Lord saw how great the wickedness of humans had become on

the earth, and that every thought in their hearts was leaning toward evil, all the time. And the Lord was filled with regret that He had made mankind on the earth; it broke His heart. So the Lord said, 'I will wipe this humanity I have created from the face of the earth.' But Noah found favor in the eyes of the Lord.

"I know this story," Mateo whispered. Doña Rosa had read it to him many times.

But it's just a story... right?

He continued reading.

God looked out over the earth and saw how ruined it had become, for everyone on earth had corrupted their ways. So God said to Noah, 'I have decided to put an end to all people, for the earth is filled with violence because of them. Build yourself an ark of cypress wood. Make rooms within the ark, and coat it inside and out with tar.

The glowing words faded.

What does this mean? Why am I seeing this?

Suddenly the room began to spin.

Mateo found himself unable to move or speak. Something lifted him upward, and before he could even cry out, his body dissolved into the glowing pages of the book.

When he could move again, Mateo found himself standing on a hillside not unlike the mountains of Miraflores.



But everything felt different.

Not far away stood an enormous wooden structure that looked like a half-built ship. Mateo stared at it in disbelief.

There was no ocean.

No lake.

No river.

Then he looked down at himself.

His jeans, hoodie, and sneakers were gone. He now wore a rough gray tunic tied with a rope belt and simple sandals.

I must be dreaming.

This can't be real.

Where am I?

How did I get here?

His mind raced with questions.

Then he heard hammering.

Mateo looked toward the massive structure again. Three men carried heavy wooden planks while a fourth directed them where to place each beam. Nearby, four women worked together preparing supplies.

How can so few people build something this huge?

And why?

Then Mateo remembered the words from the Bible.

Could this really be Noah... and his family?

Just then he heard voices farther down the hill.

"I'll ask them what's happening," Mateo whispered to himself.

He quietly moved closer.



“Yeah, he started building that monstrosity one hundred twenty years ago,” one man said with a laugh.

“Well, you know he has to be crazy,” another replied. “He says God told him to build it because rain is coming to flood the whole earth. Rain? I don’t even know what rain is. Water falling from the sky?” He shook his head. “The old man has lost his mind.”

The others laughed.

“And when I tried reasoning with him,” the man continued, “he just told me, ‘God said it. I believe it. That settles it.’”

More laughter followed.

Another man, standing beside his wife, shrugged.

“We’ve known Noah for hundreds of years. He doesn’t bother anyone. Besides, I have my own problems to think about. I have a roof to repair and somehow need to save enough for my daughter’s dowry someday.”

A third man crossed his arms.

“Well, I say to each his own. If building that giant box makes him happy, fine. The only thing he’s hurting is the trees.”

The group laughed again.

But another man seemed less certain.

“But... what if he’s right?”

The others immediately turned on him.

“Oh, now you sound crazy too!”

“Noah must be rubbing off on you!”

The doubtful man defended himself.

“Just look around! Every day more animals arrive. Lions standing beside sheep. Birds gathering on the ark. Elephants waiting nearby. Doesn’t that seem strange to you?”

The others only laughed harder as they walked away toward their homes.

Mateo slowly moved closer to the ark.

The sound of sawing and hammering echoed through the valley.

Then a strong voice called out:

“Ham! Shem! Japheth! Let’s raise the ramp to the doorway. It won’t be long now!”

“How do you know, Father?” one of the sons asked.

Noah stopped working.

“Because Methuselah has died,” he answered solemnly. “One hundred twenty years ago God warned mankind to turn away from its evil. But they have only grown worse. The time is near.”

Suddenly the world began spinning again.

The hills.

The ark.

The workers.

Everything blurred around Mateo.

Then—

Silence.

Mateo collapsed to his knees inside the church.

He was back.

His own clothes had returned.

The spinning stopped.

Beside the Bible knelt Father Tomás, quietly praying.

The old priest looked up and smiled gently as he rose to his feet.



“Well, young Mateo,” he said softly, “what did you think about what you witnessed?”

Mateo blinked several times.

“That... wasn’t a dream?” he asked shakily. “How is that possible? And how do you know my name?”

Father Tomás smiled.

“Oh, I know quite a bit about you, my young seeker. And I knew the Bible would speak to you one day.”

“The Bible?” Mateo exclaimed. “How?”

Father Tomás rested a hand gently on the lectern.

“This Good Book is very old. It is one of the few remaining original Gutenberg Bibles in the world.” He looked lovingly at the ancient pages. “It knows the hearts of those who seek truth. It recognized your questions... and your desire to understand.”

Mateo listened silently, still trying to make sense of everything.

Father Tomás continued.

“You ask why. Why people hurt one another. Why cruelty exists. Why some believe while others mock. And because you ask these things honestly... the Bible has chosen to show you the answers.”

Mateo stared at him.

Then Father Tomás smiled again.

“Does that sound familiar? Something your abuela Doña Rosa might say?”

Mateo’s eyes widened.

“She always says, ‘The answer to every question or problem can be found in God’s Word.’”

“Yes,” Father Tomás said warmly. “And she is right.”

He placed a gentle hand on Mateo’s shoulder.

“I believe you are about to begin a wondrous journey, Mateo. You will learn about the world... about mankind... and perhaps even about yourself.”

“But why me?” Mateo asked. “And how does this happen? I didn’t do anything. I just came in here and suddenly I was there.”

“You do not need to understand everything right now,” Father Tomás replied calmly. “You only need to keep your ears, your mind, and your heart

open when God's Word speaks to you. And if you wish... I will help guide you."

Mateo swallowed hard.

"You mean this is going to happen again?"

Father Tomás chuckled softly.

"Oh yes, young Mateo. You will witness many things—from the beginning of mankind to events still yet to come."

At that moment, the distant sound of church bells echoed across the mountains.

Clang... clang... clang...

Mateo's eyes widened.

"Oh no—it's late! I have to get home!"

Father Tomás nodded.

"Yes. Go home now and think about what you witnessed today. And when you return... perhaps you will see what happens next with Noah and his family."

Mateo could hardly contain himself.

"Oh yes—I have to see! I *want* to see!"

Then his excitement faded slightly.

"No one will ever believe this..."

Father Tomás smiled knowingly.

"I would be careful about who you share this with, Mateo. For now... it may be best to confide only in Doña Rosa. And perhaps your friend Miguel."

Mateo nodded slowly.

"Gracias, Padre Tomás. Hasta luego."

The old priest smiled warmly.

"I know you will."

Father Tomás stood in the doorway watching as Mateo climbed onto his bicycle and rode down the dusty mountain path.

The priest breathed a long, thoughtful sigh.

"There is much for you to learn, young seeker," he whispered.

Then his eyes drifted toward the ancient Bible.

"And I will guide you... just as Father Juan once guided me."