



Love the homeland. In it we were born and raised. For better or worse, but it is simply our homeland.

There is also a homeland that I have not seen, that I have not touched, but it is still important: Heaven.

We are simply pilgrims. Nothing on earth lasts forever. Only when we reach Paradise, eternal Heaven, will we recognize that this was the true homeland.

Do we think of Heaven as an eternal homeland? Do we be thrilled as many of your flag, the homeland anthem, the name of your land, excite you?

The sky starts to attract when we think about what awaits us. The most important, the greatest, the most beautiful: the love of God.

In God there is the true treasure, the happiness that does not end, the authentic and full union with family, friends, compatriots and foreigners.

Only in heaven do we have a safe homeland. Wars, earthquakes, epidemics, hurt the fragility of our soil. Authentic love lasts forever.

It is beautiful to love that true homeland, to dream of it, to look at the horizon, and to intuit what is beyond space, time, taxes and fears of our wounded world.

Every day is different if we let hope be with us, if we open the soul's desire to a hug full of tenderness. We live in darkness now. Light frees us from sin, promotes repentance, places in our hands the keys that allow us to enter, definitively, into the eternal homeland.