

“This is my responsibility: to live from Him in order to communicate Him.”

Marcos Pou Gallo

We, on the other hand, by virtue of the hope in which we have been saved, looking at the passing of time, are certain that the history of humanity and that of each one of us is not heading toward a blind end or a dark abyss, but is oriented toward the encounter with the Lord of glory. Let us therefore live in the expectation of His coming and in the hope of living forever in Him. It is with this spirit that we make our own the burning invocation of the first Christians, with which Sacred Scripture ends: “Come, Lord Jesus!” (Rev 22:20).

Pope Francis, *Spes non confundit* (Bull of Indiction of the Ordinary Jubilee of the Year 2025), 19.



ASOCIACIÓN
AMIGOS DE
**MARCOS
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Notes by Marcos during the pilgrimage to the Holy Land

[...] From the beginning, a clear sense of unworthiness, inadequacy, and lack of merit for being here has been more than evident. Above all, given the overwhelming preference of Another. I could not have paid for it. Many never manage to afford it in their entire life, and I was invited, everything was paid for me, and it was explained to me, with a fatherly care I did not deserve. This is something I've had to embrace on this journey. It hasn't been easy, or not entirely; because justice is not that everyone gets the same, but what God gives to each one—and there we must “deal with it”; our curiosity about why this happens is left unsatisfied. It is given, period.

Just as Christ's exquisite preference for those few fishermen of Capernaum, who were neither the most learned nor the most famous or pious; they were not very poor, nor very rich; neither intelligent, nor faithful, nor inconsistent or consistent. They were who they were, and their value since then is immense, particular, solely because (99%) Another preferred them, and because (1%) they did not oppose; because they loved this Other more than their own images, miseries, abilities or limits. That's how it is: the value of our life is the one He gives us, and it depends only on our availability, our seeking, our openness. I am aware of the preference that it is to have been able to make this trip, and of the preference of JM¹, but also of the fact that it is not exclusively for me: There is Someone who is tenderly caring for me, so that—with me—He can take care of others too. And that is my responsibility: to live from Him in order to communicate Him.

I have also realized two mistakes of mine, two mistaken conceptions present within me. In the first days, I insisted on asking Him to reveal Himself, to make Himself known to me; and rightly so—it is necessary to ask for it. Because, as we see in the Gospels, it is impossible to "see the face of God" unless He reveals it Himself, and He does so how and when He wishes. I've come to realize that I've

¹ José Miguel García

measured—and still do—intimacy with Christ within the bounds of emotion, of an ability to pray and imagine, of sentimental intensity; but prayer cannot be reduced to the feelings it evokes in us – this is a human measure, and an incomplete one. In God's eyes, prayer unfolds in the sincerity and humility of the heart, in the simple and available adherence to Him just as we are, in the situation we find ourselves in. We do not know, in time, the consequences of this work and this prayer—as JM told me; our task is to be available, and nothing more.

My other error concerns the Passion of Christ and the human possibility of accompanying Him. For some time now, a growing desire has arisen in me to accompany Him in His Cross, to be like the Virgin, who supported and accompanied Him in that pain, that sacrifice, for the salvation of the world. It is a beautiful desire, a grace of God for a soul as weak as mine, which in fact neglects, forgets or disregards it, and which, on the other hand, disobeys and flees from sacrifice. My mistake was in placing all the emphasis of such a possibility (to accompany Christ in His saving passion) on myself. As if such a possibility were my initiative. And with my sin—including the sin of these days—I was crushed in admitting that this is not like that. Also upon seeing that my sin has consequences, and what He suffered because of it. My actions cannot count so much in the relationship with Him, in life, in the possibility of loving, for the simple reason that I do not know how to love, that I am pure betrayal, and I do not know how life works. The pain was great; it still is, when I think of it.

Above all, because of the fact that I recognize I would want to offer You everything, Lord, and I cannot offer You anything. It is hard to admit, but even what we want to give to Him must first be given to us by Him. That was a turning point, difficult to admit. But that is how it is: it is humiliating and at the same time beautiful. We (to use a synthetic phrase) give ourselves nothing in life. Then I asked myself: what sense does it make, then, that You give us such lofty, such pure desires, and yet the impossibility of carrying them out? Especially the desire to love, to offer our life. I asked myself this, perhaps with a touch

of rebellion. In the end, life is letting go of the reins; it is letting go of the sinful pretense that we can give ourselves things, to understand them—even to love them, to change, to control everything. That’s why it’s so difficult: because it’s simple. It is to let oneself be made. The answer is simple: He gives us these desires precisely so that we may admit this truth: that we cannot fulfill them. And to tell us with His patient presence and to promise us with full certainty that with Him they *can* be fulfilled. That these desires are not in vain, they are beautiful; He Himself created them, even though we claim them as our own. And only He can sustain them and protect them from skepticism and nihilism. So then, I have realized that the only real possibility for true change in my life is grace, and the first grace is to desire it, to desire Him—because that is the power behind that possibility. That is why it is worth following and asking for the grace to desire. I believe it is the greatest thing in me: that even though I am nothing, I have the “nerve” to desire—because Another grants it to me. Therefore, the possibility of living what I desire is dramatic—it is in His hands, not mine. Conversion is to recognize this truth and embrace it, nothing more; and consequently to let myself be shaped by the Eucharist (the sacraments and the company of the Church), and to pray. Because I have also realized that wanting to be the one who gives life to Christ, and not allowing Him to take it, is pride—not love.

When, on the day of the Mount of Olives, I saw this and I recognized myself in the disciples who fell asleep, I sadly recognized myself in them and began to weep for the impossibility of offering anything to Christ—I was not loving Him, not entirely at least. Because that possibility exists, there is a path by which we can offer our life more and more to Christ. The problem is accepting the form—and that is dictated by Him. So then, what I offer You, Jesus, of my life is (for now) only my “yes”, and I beg You to awaken, to rekindle, and to bring to completion this desire of mine. You have placed this intuition in my heart: the meaning of my life is to participate in Your Passion; its reason for being is the salvation of humanity, and its consequence, the Resurrection. I cling to Your promise: “The One who began a good

work will bring it to completion until the day of Christ Jesus.” Bring it to completion, Lord [...].

There has also grown in me the impression of how much the history of humanity, the meaning of everything, and what ultimately saves everything, is connected to Your story, to Your Cross. That is the most special and important event in history, and everything not tied to it is terrifyingly trivial—dizzily fleeting and mortal. You are the only one who rose from the dead, the only one capable of it. Without You, everything is lost! Recognizing the greatness of Your life, it became clear to me that the only thing that will make my life great, useful to You, is that the story of Christ may find continuity in me, just as it found it in Peter and so many other saints throughout history. Because if it were not so, it would be hard for me to embrace the fact that You did not make me a contemporary of Your Passion—I would be ashamed not to have been there. That is why I want to be You today. To live in You today. And that everything, exactly as You ask and propose, may be a repetition in the history of Your life—for me and for those You place by my side. It made me dizzy to think about the meaning of time and action. That is why I am eager to discover, amid this noisy world, so active, with so many possibilities and so forgetful and neglectful of You, what my life has to do with Your Passion, with Your life. It is urgent for me.

Here, another one of the clear fruits of this pilgrimage can be summed up as a certainty: I would not be interested in delving into the past of the history of that Nazarene if it were not for a present experience. That is, I am not attached to, not interested in, not moved by Your life if it cannot be present. My need these days has revealed this: what is urgent is Your present presence—even more than knowing every detail of Your past story. Because otherwise, I lose interest (and cease to know it—we only truly know what we love), and I miss out on life. What binds me to You today is that it has reached the point where, without You, I am not. Only Your carnal and sacramental presence corresponds to me. I am interested in that past story because it

illuminates a present experience—and that is how it has been.

This became evident to me at *Dominus Flevit*. When I was there, I was struck by how concrete Your preference is, Lord, but I asked myself why that would not be exclusivism—why it wouldn't be exclusivism. Because the truth is that Jerusalem, however extraordinary it was, was just one more city, with a population like many others, in the vastness of the world (even back then), and among the multitude of people that must have existed. I was reminded of the fact that, at some point and in a very different way, both in proportion and awareness, while running along the *Carretera de les Aigües*, this thought came to me—this question, this healthy concern for the fate of the city of Barcelona, for those who live there, and the desire that the Father might save them. I understood that we are Your continuation in history. You Yourself “weep again”, and this time also for Barcelona—through me. That is why it is a preference that opens to the whole world, that intends to reach wherever there is a willing “yes”, to the entire world. This is a beautiful discovery of Your contemporaneity that also makes me aware of the responsibility I bear. And that responsibility is to let You in, to recognize You.

Another point I want to highlight is God's method. Christ's “viral” method has become evident to me. It is exactly as it is described to us in the Movement². I've grown in respect and hope toward this method, in the conviction that it is the most suggestive and the most discreet with regard to human freedom, and also the most deeply human. These things were evident in the miracles Jesus performed—in the way He performed them, and before whom He performed them—[...] not to solve the problems of His contemporaries; because the miracle *is* His presence!

In responding to certain concrete needs, His intention was to know them one by one, and that they might see who He was. It depends on each person—and on grace—whether they realize who the One

² The movement of Communion and Liberation

performing the miracle truly is; this is the real point. This discretion is taken to the extreme when you see the places where He was, the time He spent in Capernaum—He “wasted a lot of time” forming the disciples. It is undoubtedly the method of preference. And how discreet it all is! Like when JM told us where Golgotha was and what the true impact of His crucifixion was in Jerusalem. Even today, thousands of tourists walk through those places and might not realize.

When He returned to the Father, a few terrified disciples remained, and with His presence in them, Christianity reached the ends of the earth. The paradigm of this discretion is Mary, without a doubt. As is her house, her visit to Elizabeth, her husband, the grotto of Bethlehem, and the Milk Grotto. I was struck by this shy and discreet personality with which He acts—not only does He accept, but He chooses and prefers nothingness in order to happen: the small, the silent, the everyday. In order to tenderly respect freedom, and never force it. Yet that humanity which captivates truly exists, and it can be recognized. In this sense, I’ve grown in my attention to Mary, in gratitude for her sincere and simple “yes” that allowed the hope of my life— Mercy—to become one of us.

This is why I’ve also realized something else: Peter and Mary would just be two ordinary people in history; they wouldn’t be so great if it weren’t for the initiative and preference of Another. I was so surprised by this—truly! I return from this trip having changed significantly regarding this point. It’s as if, before the trip, I idolized them, and seeing their concrete humanity has made me lose that kind of idolatry. It has turned it into grateful affection, into the awareness that their greatness doesn’t come from themselves, but from God, who has chosen them and accomplished great things for, with, and in them (*Magnificat*); and that their greatness comes from their “yes” to the Lord’s preference. That is why my own greatness lies in imitating that “yes”—Peter’s “yes” on the lake, and Mary’s “yes” in Nazareth or at the foot of the Cross. If His method is to choose certain men to make Himself present among men, then what matters—conversion—is to

realize who they are, where it happens, and to live alongside them. To follow those great chosen men, and those “moments of persons,” in order to grow, to recognize Him. So then, whether I try to resist more or less whoever He chooses, whenever or wherever He does so, the point is this: to hold on tightly to the ones I recognize as great in the world and follow them. That, along with the objective authority of the Church, would be enough to grow. Now I understand better what Julián told us at the *Équipe*³: that for Him to give us witnesses is mercy, pure mercy. [...] I was also greatly helped by the painting we saw by chance in the chapel of the Franciscan convent in Capernaum. It shows Jesus eating fish with them—some are entering the house, others talking. And that must be how they became friends; not because of the great healings, not because of something noisy or splendid—though that too—but through that serene sharing of life. I imagine Jesus speaking with those who had come to see Him that day while they were fishing, and fishing with them some other day. And Peter quickly gathering the nets to go to the mountain where Jesus would be speaking. I imagine them watching Him, even when He wasn’t speaking—watching Him cleaning, greeting people, walking. Because there must have been a deep and immense silence in each of His gestures. It would have been there, in that setting, that they became true friends, where they fell in love with His humanity. Where they asked Him many questions and brought more friends so that they too could see Him. I imagine Jesus spending a lot of time in silence, smiling at their clumsiness, correcting them with patience... Once again: normality, everyday life, a simple shared life in which He reveals something more beautiful than the color of the stars: the miracle was His presence.

Only by understanding that shared life—because one lives it—we can understand Peter’s pain and his “yes”. It is that friend, the one who slept in my house, whom I denied. And it is to Him—because of all the friendship we had, because of that humanity that was too merciful—that I cannot say no. I am nothing, but I cannot say no. That is why the

³ International Meeting of University Student Leaders of Communion and Liberation.

kind of work does not matter—whether fishing or leading a country—if it is not done with our eyes fixed on a man who is there, who is waiting for you at home, who teaches you to see how the Father feeds every creature, then it is not human. This has made me understand how one comes to know Christ, how one becomes familiar with Him, how one falls in love. And it would have been through things so simple and ordinary that they don't even appear in the Gospels—but as decisive as the miracle of the multiplication or the wedding feast. And it places the weight once again on the ordinary and the silent, and on the Christian communion with those whom He has grasped. There is nothing in life like the possibility of living with that man. Surely they must have struggled to fall asleep, thinking about Jesus, anxiously wondering what He would do in front of them the next day. God among us is so human, so discreet, so close, and so extraordinary. No wonder they were afraid during the Passion; they wouldn't understand how Jesus would walk with the Cross in silence, how He wouldn't respond or free Himself. *That man who calms the wind, lets Himself be killed!* Imagine the contradiction, the pain. And what an impression it must have been to see Him risen! Everything becomes easier to imagine, much more understandable. And then you better understand how He must have looked at people. Like when He weeps for Jerusalem, or when He sees people as “sheep without a shepherd,” or when He notices the hunger of those who had come to see Him. That is what left me speechless at Dominus Flevit: what characterizes Christ is this passion, total passion and service for the destiny of the concrete man, of the concrete city, of everyone. This is Christ. And there is nothing greater in life than knowing Him, feeling Him alive and beating within me. And being aware that He doesn't reach everyone, that many approach Him, He “invents” the Eucharist, making Himself accessible and close. These are all traits of a humanity so human that it can only be God.



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