

What is in my future? Of all the questions we ask ourselves in our lives, this one is the most awkward. Not for the lack of asking. We ask this question all the time; in different forms, under different disguises, reconstructed and repeated in millions of ways. Will I ever be happy? When will I finally be successful? Will I meet the one person that will transform my life? Will my children be okay? What about health, security, the future of the culture or of the Church? This question is everywhere. The more we are aware of it, the more awkward it becomes. Despite our emotional assurances, profound intellectual analyses, and very convincing mathematical models, the answer remains the same: I DON'T KNOW. I don't know, and it bothers me. What should I do then? Pretend? Not think about it? Maybe, for lack of a good answer, should I accept any of the bad ones? In the middle of that turmoil, like a soothing touch, come the words of Jesus: "Do not let your hearts be troubled."

Thank God for Thomas and Philip, and for their questions. Without them, I would never know what to ask. Thomas asks, "Master, we do not know where you are going. How can we know the way?" Jesus's answer is spectacular: "I am the way and the truth and the life." That's right. He is not just some kind of a hero, a dot on the historical map of mankind. He is the companion of Adam's walks in Paradise; the creating Spirit; the Word of God. So all that walking with him, listening to him, attempting to live in his way, is not only the reminder of the lost happiness, but much more interestingly, it is also the promise of the happiness restored: the touch of the future. He is not only the past, the One who was from the beginning, but also the One who is to come. And He is already here. My imperfect attempts to follow him, to love him, to believe in him, are already encounters with the future, encounters with eternity.

Philip asks "Master, show us the Father, and it will be enough for us." Jesus answers: "I've been with you so long; you have seen me, you have seen the Father, Philip." How could I have not seen it? Every time I discover the Son, I recognize the love of the Father. Every time I adore the works - the words and actions of the Son - I adore the Father, in the splendor of His creation. And every time I confess the Son, I'm standing face to face with the Father's Mercy that raised the Son from the dead, and that embraces me and all mankind in the same promise. The cycle of creation finds its fulfillment here. The Father gives life and guides us through it. When we become confused, separated, wounded, self-centered, instead of acknowledging the distance or increasing it by some sort of punishment, He intensifies His love by sending His Son. And the more we don't know how to receive His gift, the more He offers and teaches us in the Son. Every time we meet the Son, we meet this whole intentionality, whole presence, whole holiness of the Father.

The full answer to the question about the future then is simple: It is the Love of the Father. The same love that created us, but bigger: perfectly revealed by the Son's death and resurrection, perfectly given in the silence and the intimacy of the Spirit. His love is the reason why Christians are not afraid. It doesn't matter how difficult the world is. It doesn't matter how exhausting the pilgrimage. It doesn't matter how complicated the structures of human mind are or how dark the corners of our hearts. When we follow the Son, we go to the Father. "Where I am going, you know the way. Because in my Father's house, there are many dwelling places."