
THE UNEXPECTED JOKE
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I had lived my life without being fully aware of what I truly wanted.

An uncommon life, intense but real, fitting into no format, to the point that, in the eyes of everyone, I always ended up being the same thing:

Ferdinando. Someone you do not expect to exist.

My relationship with spirituality began when I was five years old, inside a school run by nuns. I clearly remember thinking they were women who never asked for anything. They prayed, yes, but they took... and how they took.

Yet in that place I met him.

Jesus.

The man on the cross who, after two thousand years, was still bleeding, except that very few people possessed the sensitivity to notice it.

He had come into the world to protect everyone and to leave his teachings behind. And whenever he spoke of the weak, he always seemed to say the same thing:

"They do not know what they are doing."

As I moved through life, I encountered my own weaknesses, and somehow, he would appear beside me, telling me what to do, what would be the better choice, though not necessarily the right one.

Almost as if I were living inside one of his plans.

So much so that at sixty years old I even found myself wondering whether he had once worked for Gillette, because the code I had learned there felt remarkably close to his.

Very close.

Perhaps it was his code all along.

Then he offered me opportunities.

Opportunities to understand what death really is, without resurrection.

And to understand the role of women in the world: those fascinating beings loved by everyone, yet fighting, much like the nuns, to take without asking.

Along the way I experienced many exhilarations.

I received countless signs, and all of them pointed toward a single destination:

the unknown.

But Jesus loved jokes.

And in me he found an ideal and welcoming partner.

So, I sometimes wondered whether he had ever considered placing me inside his Nativity scene, just for a moment, allowing me to replace him for a few minutes.

I would have loved to watch people’s faces and hear them whisper:

"Even here? He made it here too?"

ahahahahahahah

No one will ever be able to write an ending where there has never been a true beginning.

And the first joke ever played on me came from a stork.

Yes, the one that is supposed to bring children into the world.

Mine would probably have preferred to keep me for herself.

But I would have become too cumbersome even for her, just as all those people are who silently, without making any noise, spend their lives building pyramids.

It is all the fault of the architect of the universe.

The one who takes the glory.

The one against whom nothing can ever be contested.

Because what is truly just has never had a unit of measurement.

Goodbye, Jesus.

Ferdinando