**BRIEF PRESENTATION**

**INTRO WITH INSTRUMENTS**

**THE GOD OF GREEN VALLEYS**

..."Sliding by that brume, over the corn and the reeds. There was God... The God that appeared to her, and the One that spoke through his father: about Nature, fruit trees, cull, harvest and irrigation. Of values. Of honesty. Humility. Of kindness... It was the god who wandered discretely, like a hidden rumour. Hidden, but real, winding toward that mist, with a midnight costume, embodying the own river. It was the God of First Times. Of First Dawns, of dreamt possibilities and possible dreams. The God of love. Of humanity. Of the truly human. Of Sensitivity and Tenderness. The God of Compassion. Of Sympathy. Of Understanding and Empathy. The God of  Enthusiasm... The God of Hope. The God of Strength and Courage. The God of Bravery. The God of Growth and Beauty. The god of Hearts. He of Childhood...  
   
...God, entwined into that summer, was Victoria’s first experience of the world. That unconscious joy. The first dawnings of a life born into the love of the Loving Nature. God was all that beauty: the birds that kissed the sky and made cakes in it; the heat wave over the cornfields; the reedbed reflected in the surface of the river; the cull in winter, the  irrigation in summer, the grandparents, their cows, their chickens and the rosary; the harvest of cherries and plumbs with Sebastian in July and Adela’s stews made from vegetables picked in the garden; the sun, resplendent, gleaming brilliantly on the hill calling to her window and the apple orchard; the springs; the kitchen garden; the fertile meadows by the river; and the loving company of the tender Salvador.  
   
All of that was God. They were the times when Victoria believed that, magnificently and soon, the hunger of the world would pass and all would be well simply because there was enough beauty and enough love. It was that easy. For that there was God, the all-powerful God...  
   
                                                    ...the God of love...  
   
                                       ...The God of Green Valleys."

**SONG**

**A MYSTIC AUREOLE**  
..."It was, then, in the mornings, on the opposite shore, when poplars and aspens are reflected in the water and a gentle breeze runs over surface. When the skin of the river trembles and the million sparkles flame like playfulwater nymphs… in the mornings, and only at that hour when Victoria and Salvador came down with their bicycles those first years… on the surface of that water and over the green reedbed a heatwave was formed: a rippling heat that looked like a vision of an oasis in the desert. A hallucination. An air that danced burning all around, also over the cornfields and  sunflowers on the San Román road, after crossing the bridge. A wonder of Nature. A mystical aureole..."

**SONG**

**THE REEDBED AND THE EXOTIC GROVE – FLAMES IN THE RIVER**

**FLAMES OF LIGHT AND LOVE**

The village, on the top of the mountain,, and where centuries back was a castle, remains on the right, and the river, wide and abundant, mysterious, insinuates itself, in the first curves of its descent, behind an immense green foliage fulfilled of thick boughs.

Crouching, it slithers stealthily along the side of the mountain. It advances, discreet, from Toro to Zamora.

He is a wise man. A clear old man who can pass unnoticed before the eyes of men. A clear and living sign for those who pursue their dreams and search out their destiny. For those who know to read in its humble greatness the secrets of life."

Behind the riverbank vegetation, overrun with black and white poplars where grey herons make their noisy colonies, an enormous and fertile meadow with irrigated lands broadens to the bottom of a large dune. A dune covered with holm oaks, like a head of short green curls.

It’s the last thing the eyes can see from the church of the village The inert dune marks the limit of the horizon cutting into the sky. It has the shape of a hat, It looks like the second drawing of “The Little Prince,” the one where an elephant is hidden in the belly of a boa Sometimes things just aren’t what they seem. And vice versa.   
And the same happens with people."

**SONG**

**THE ATTIC**

...From old and cracked timber. It was the floor of the attic. From adobe walls and of mud. From straw and rough edges of old bricks. From spider webs and shady corners.

They had fixed four posts to hold the ceiling. The grand-mother  grandmother had tied ropes between the posts to hang the grapes. She also kept the apples on the ground; strings of garlic; bunches of onions; walnuts and hazelnuts, sunflower seeds; seeds for green beans for….so... that nothing would be wasted. Because everything from the garden was a blessing from the Heaven and one had to be thankful for all of these kindnesses bestowed on us.

And under the mountain, one could imagine more; a broken alarm clock, an irrigation pump, or a pious magazine. Everything had been kept “for it might come in handy one day.” The story of the daily routine told in that mountain; their  the past, sculpted there. Perhaps, it would recall forgotten memories; those that accumulated and are only momentarily deleted in order to be recollected one day. And there, at the bottom, where the slope of the roof went down to the three small windows wall, posed a shabby chest of drawers where Sebastian’s notes from his studies treasured slept.

It was a big, wooden dresser, and it was hard work taking out those stuffed boxes. Inside there were yellowed papers, maths and geography books, with grey linen covers and black letters; notebooks with mathematic calculations and chemical formulations. They were books that Victoria took with the awareness of the sacred.

**SONG**

**THE STAB OF JEALOUSY**

...It was at that moment. A very small time slice.

And the world changed.

It didn´t even last a second.

Perhaps a smaller fraction that shook the world of Regina. Turning reality on its head."

Her big eyes scrutinize missed. And when they all realized the Reality, they fell silent. A startled heart had just had a ghostly vision. In front of her, appeared a new Victoria. A Victoria completely transfigured, someone unknown. An intruder.  
  
The intruder  
  
Her intruder.

Suddenly she felt smaller. An uncontrollable fear, all of the sudden, kidnapped her. She realized that Victoria had changed. That she had turned into another person. Her face radiated. The world had mutated. The equilibrium had been lost.  And, seeing herself miserable and fascinated, something inside of her rebelled. And her heart said, categorically, “no.”

That night, the face of Victoria appeared in the middle of her dreams. The identical had become into different. And it had burst with noise in an unexpected way. Like a tsunami in the honey moon of two lovers. Like a son who leaves forever.

"And from that moment Regina began her Great Performance. A Parody from what she later considered should be Justice. Bending a reality that had been with her basically inmoral. Intrinsically unfair.

The plethora of Victoria had created in her a hollow:

The Jealousy

And from that moment...

She began to fantasize to harm her.  
To... destroy her.

She realized she had to rename the state of things in a way that that comparison would not be annoying and it would be recovered the previous situation. The times in which she was the Queen. She would destroy her. She would demolish the merit of her transformation. She would take them away. Not to acquire them, but to trash them. It was an autonmos act of predation. An act that was to appropiate of life and its substance.

It was...

the stab of jealousy.

 And her devastating plan would begin without a treaty."

**SONG**

**THE FEAR**

In the mind of Victoria many images were floating: the sleeve of Regina and the hairs on her arm; her gold bracelets dancing on her wrist; her finger, and the rectangular nail that pointed her. The uvula she had seen at the back of her throat, and those eyes that had blamed her arrogant. She had felt an overwhelming and deep emotion of shame. The others had kept silent; had looked at, and finally, had laughed. There had happened All and Nothing. And nothing happened because no one stood up and put a stop to it. And everything happened because, in some way, she was disappearing. From the arms of Victoria were taking away the Tomboy. She had dealt a blow to the Wild Woman. They had raped the Goddess and silenced her. And then the Fear came. A Fear to which she didn´t know how to face. A Fear that, the same grand-parent, in the war, hadn´t  known. She began to be afraid of cycling down by the roads of the meadow, of stopping at the fountain of the dam, and to continue with that tender unconsciousness, of the First Times, road down to the meadow.

The cornfields, the fog in the morning and the midsummer days of the Duero called to her. The flames of the river also called during the first sunny hours and the silver poplar leaves, the frogs in the reedbed at sunset. The green valleys, the dune on the top, the mount of oaks... they all lamented.  
   
And... the God of the Green Valleys cried for her absence."

**SONG**

**NEW YORK, AT HOME**

**GOD CAME BACK INTO EXISTENCE IN NEW YORK**

..."It was eleven. She went up the left side of 54th Street and came to 10th Avenue. An when she crossed 9thStreet and came to Broadway, a beam of sunlight entered her soul. A cotton and white jet that couldn’t be seen with the naked eye. It resembled what the saints had described when they had reached the ecstasy and when they had experienced a beatific vision. When they had entered Paradise.

And everything changed.  
          She was reborn.  
          A part of her died and was lost in the porous tissue of oblivion. It was lost into memory. It was abandoned in another dimension.  
          A Deleted Past and a New World. The New World.  
          An Existence of related vibrations and a harmonious breathings.  
          There was magic. Nothing that anyone could understand with Reason or Conventional Physics.  
          In that way, she felt she had come home.  
          Her home.  
          Her country.  
          Her homeland.  
          She was safe.  
          She was home."

..."Manhattan extended a carpet of gold for those who came out to meet her. For those in search of the Goddess Fortune. For those knocking on the doors of Fortune. And she was cheerful, as always. Bustling, that  morning, under the sun and the snow. Radiant and splendid. She smiled with its sidewalks and its London buildings and its neo-classical white stone cornices. With its dressed up doormen and frame windows, and its Renaissance buildings and massive buildings at the style of the Parisian school. Its fortress castles on Park Avenue with warheads, towers and pinnacles. With its Jewish temples and Catholic churches of Protestant architecture.

Smelled of Indian food and cheap jewellery. Of Italian coffee. Of private parties and jazz trombones. Of green hats and silver jackets.

Of  limusine. Of American flag. Of hot dog stands and free newspapers. Of the arrows  traffic lights pointed to a unique address. And of the ten million people who, like musical notes, composed its melody. A serene and  peaceful rumour conjoined by dissonant, spoiled, crazy and disparate chords.

It would be three in the afternoon by the time she got back to the residence. Then, she opened the door of the  immense chapel of white light like Heaven, and she knelt down.  
  
And there, she thanked the Lord.  
  
God came back into Existence."

**SONG**

**THE INHERITANCE OF THE GRAND-MOTHER - THE FAITH**

...""This is a blessing." The Grand-mother used to say. "Victoria, we must thank the Lord for all the blessings with which He fills us. "  
  
Wisdom had not come by chance to her grandmother. She used to say things like:  
   
a) Faith can move mountains.  
b) There is nothing more beautiful than simplicity  
c) Everything must be forgiven   
d) Everything must be put in the hands of God, because He knew what we were most in need at each time  
e) Give thanks Him for all things. For good and for disgraces  
f) Every hope must be put  in Him, because the Lord never fails.  
g) The Lord would always provide   
i) and that Salvador and Victoria were worth more than gold.

She spoke like a wise man. As if her words were not hers. Not that what she said was a revelation or something that had never been heard before. It was the gentleness she used to have with when she treated people. Her consideration. "Ask the Lord for everything, with faith.""Trust in the Lord, because He is all mercy.” "Ask, faithfully, and you shall receive. " And when her grandmother said that the Lord is all-merciful, Victoria believed every word of it.

She was the one who had taken care of the garden. Who had sowed and planted. When she watered one can hear to whisper her prayers.

And when the Grand-mother used to say to Victoria that the Lord was all-merciful, and even if there was a great flood, Victoria would have felt protected. She got Catholicism made sense in all its dimension. And she had no fear of death. "It will be a blessing to finally see the Lord’s face."

When she said "Trust on the Lord", she looked at the sky.

And forgive everything

And there is something very important not to be forgotten

That many of the requests that rise to Heaven from down here on Earth, do not rise to God, there up. He cannot hear.

Because every time you ask something to the Lord, you have to ask with Faith, with plenty of Faith. Most of the requests of the men on the Earth do not reach to Heaven because men do not ask them with enough Faith.

She spoke with such wisdom. As if her words were not hers.

**SONG**

**THE SOUL IS A CASTLE OF DIAMONDS**

**FROM A VERY FINE CRYSTAL**

**FIRST MANSIONS**

While I was begging our Lord today to speak for me, since I knew not what to say nor how to commence this work, an idea occurred to me. I thought of the soul as resembling a castle formed of a single diamond or a very transparent crystal,and containing many rooms, just as in heaven there are many mansions.The soul of the just man is a paradise, in which, God takes His delights.

And the door to enter this castle is the prayer and consideration.

There are souls  still very worldly, yet have some desire to do right, and at times, though rarely, commend themselves to God’s care. But they are very busy, and they pray a few times a month, with minds generally filled with a thousand other matters, for where their treasure is.

They are accompanied by numerous reptiles which disturb their peace, and prevent their seeing the beauty of the building.

The souls in this state must ask, often, like they could, His Majesty and the saints for them to fight for them.

**SECOND MANSIONS**

In this part of the castle are found souls which have begun to practise prayer; they realize the importance of their not remaining in the first mansions, yet often lack determination to quit their present condition by avoiding occasions of sin, which is a very perilous state to be in.

**SONG**

**THIRD MANSIONS**

The souls that have come in the Third Mansions are very desirous not to offend His Majesty even by venial sins, they love penance and spend hours in meditation, they employ their time well, exercise themselves in works of charity to their neighbours; they are well-ordered in their conversation and dress, and those who own a household govern it well.

I have known some, in fact, I may say numerous souls, who have reached this state, and for many years lived, apparently, a regular and well-ordered life, both of body and mind. It would seem that they must have gained the mastery over this world, or at least be extremely detached from it, yet if His Majesty sends very moderate trials they become so disturbed and disheartened as not only to astonish but to make me anxious about them.

**FOURTH MANSIONS**

In these fourth mansions they begin to be supernatural things and it will be most difficult to speak clearly about them.

And I imagine two fountains with basins which fill with water; the one with water from a distance flowing into it through many pipes and waterworks, while the other  is built near the source of the spring itself and fills quite noiselessly.

Believe in God, more and more, and don´t look at if they are mean or good to who His Majesty makes His mercies, because He knows it. With simplicity of heart and humility, serve to His Majesty and praise Him for His Works and Wonders.

**SONG**

**FIFTH MANSIONS**

And Devil comes with great subtleties and disguised with good intentions, making believe that no matter small details, and darkening the understanding, and warming the will, and making grow in the soul the self-esteem, until the soul slowly gets away from God´s will to reach the own

**SIXTH MANSIONS - MYSTIC BETROTHAL**

And when I saw Him, I certainly understood that He was the Lord, although I didn´t seen any face, but I knew It was Him who spoke: "Don´t be afraid, that´s Me", and had so much strength those words that I could not hesitate, and I stayed joyful in that good company, with a great regard to do not thing that do not displease Him.

**SONG**

**SEVENTH MANSIONS - MYSTIC MARRIAGE**

He puts the soul in His Mansion; the Lord joins the soul with Him to come in His center, and remains the soul mute and blind, since the great delight that feels the soul is seen herself near the Lord. It represents the Lord in a way with great brightness and beauty and Majesty, just like after resurrected, and He said that the time to take her things for Him had come, and He would take care of Hers, and other words that are more to feel than say.

And, although in these mansions walk around many poisonous reptiles, and the noise can be heard, nobody comes to make the soul leave from there, even the things that can be heard, although feels some pain, it is not the way that disturbs and disquiets, because passions alredy defeated, so that are afraid to come in there, because they will give up.

And in each mansion there are many, in the top, in the ground, at the sides, with beautiful gardens and fountains, and labyrinths and delightful things, as much as you would like to rave in praises to the Great Lord.