

A LEGACY OF LOVE

*The dedication of this book is obvious:
to my daughter, Liliana Guillen Pradel,
authoress of my reason for wanting to eat my
life at endless puffs.*

The splendid motherhood

One October afternoon, when the splendor of spring in Bolivia was just beginning, the grass was so green that it seemed unreal. The flowers were in full button, showing their colors seemed daring and fearful; perhaps they feared that, beginning life, there, death also begins. And yet, at that moment, for me, for them and for nature that was the least important. We were happy and with all the wind in our favor.

September 21 begins the spring in Bolivia, and in the city of Cochabamba flourishes particularly beautiful, since it is located in a warm and friendly valley, perfect place for two to meet and make a nest where to start life together. There we found two that were surely destined to hold hands and walk the path, stretching our dreams to reach God: Jorge and me. And, suddenly, one day comes that moment in life when we feel that the presence of God has really touched us because it blesses us with the most beautiful of the universe and creation: a son, an identical replica of the most beloved of our dreams.

Then, the waste of beautiful but confused feelings begins; the questions arrive without answers; the endless nights; the indescribable pains; those loud sounds of the heart when it breaks again and again and, miraculously, it is replenished and improved to

be stronger and bigger every day. Because the heart becomes flexible, grows, absorbs all love to the point of overflowing, and then empties itself to carry much more than the previous time ... and so it continues and continues its amorous course along a path full of satisfactions, dreams, realities, fears, doubts, pain and fatigue, but always sustained by hope. How powerful can be an organ as small as the heart, that when measured from the feelings is immense, indescribable and infinite. Only loving mothers know what I'm talking about, no one else knows.

I return to the origin of those wonderful endless moments that life gives us ... Yes, endless moments that gives us life because each emotion is linked to another, enshrining a continuous chain of feelings that only ends with the end of our own existence.

Mothers experience this feeling of infinite successions. And everything begins with the primary love that marks us with blood and iron when we see our children for the first time, and they respond with that look that seems to say "I am yours, and for some time I will be in your arms and forever in your heart. Then I will fly where the strong wings that you will give me will take me and that you will strengthen with your example".

I am not the exception, but the rule, because I am an impetuous, passionate and desperate mother who experiences all those feelings that expand the heart filling it with love.

The security that gives us to love our children with justice and peace has no name, in those moments we are the All. When our children are small and suddenly we have to cancel ourselves to give way to the little person who wants to appear authentic and free, our love becomes omnipresent and omnipotent; it is there, visible, invisible, perfect, imperfect, flexible, rigid ... in all its dualities, like "image and likeness of God".

Tiredness is the first word we erase from our language and our lives; or at least we do not feel it for a long time, it is eclipsed by the word force that totally replaces it. And the force, paradoxically, is generated in the roots of weakness, is what gives the reason for being; both grow together, they need and feed back to coexist, overlapping like a vine.

Here I want to make an apology for the collection of physical and emotional strengths that since we became mothers, and then grandmothers, we have to get an inexhaustible source of love. Because our nights are happily endless, listening, feeling, waiting and hugging our children. From the first day we do nothing but synchronize our hearts with theirs. In my case I had two children, but knowing that there are loving mothers who are synchronized with more than ten children, make me think that the heart is a body of physically small biological functions, but with an immeasurable capacity for flexibility because it is capable of housing everything, absolutely everything. I am an example of a large and loving family, my parents had six children, we were all brought up with vigilant love and always with the lamp of example on, I saw my mother multiply in attention and love, while my father took time out to work, providing us everything necessary to live happily and without major worries. Thank you my dear parents!

As mothers, we learn to touch with fingertips their small and fragile little bodies, then hold them firmly with our hands to let them enter the depths of our hearts, making sure that they are always there. Since then, we are an undeniable part of God, of his word and mandate of authentic love, because we distance ourselves from the mundane to concentrate our time - more valuable than ever - in raising them as loving and blessed people. We remove all negative thoughts to focus the mind on what will be best for them during the upbringing. We surround ourselves with nature because we feel that through it we get closer to God, listening with attention and respect to teach them to be considerate and inclusive. We try at all costs the truth so that they grow with confidence. We approach, in short, as never and more than ever, to holiness.

As it surely happens to all mothers, suddenly we have in our arms, that recently could hardly carry a doll feeling so much tenderness, and now we have a treasure in our hands; suddenly, we are inundated with commitments, responsibilities, attention and many other feelings that are always accompanied by love; when I think of my first years of motherhood, with the arrival of my first-born, I am full of melancholy. I search photographs, toys or anything that brings me closer to those wonderful moments, which seem to have happened yesterday, but the sudden forgetfulness are in charge of warning me that it has been a long time. Then, I sleep tired, exhausted, trying to reconstruct those details to which I myself put labels when I had my children in my arms.

I will never forget how the sun shone on top and illuminated the room where I was alone with my daughter for the first time. The window was in front of my bed, and the small crib, on the right. And I begin my self-narrative, until suddenly I realize that there was something else I wanted to preserve in my mind, but that no matter how hard I try to hide it so deep I can not find it. The memory without memory erased it. I am overwhelmed by nostalgia, I close my eyes with force as if that could help me to return to the moment or to return the moment, I sleep in complete reverie a little awake to the memory and another, immersed in it.

And so I jump from oblivion to oblivion, clinging to what little I have left, because every time the memories are diluted more and more without being able to avoid it ... Even the memory becomes fragile with the years! To the facts I add a little of what I think happened or I would have liked it to be. In this way, my story is formed of a mixture of memories, illusions, fantasies and amorous desires plagued by infinite tenderness. These memories bring me closer to the divinity, because in it all is love and sweetness: the culmination of my legacy. That's how I feel alive and that's how I like to live!

When we become mothers, we begin a shared life in a heart divided into two bodies, one that beats slower and slower and another that beats more strongly every day; so much, that the heart of mother accelerates until reaching the beats of the new life to throb at the same time. And this synchrony occurs when the little eyes of our little ones express how much they love us and their little arms full of heat give us energy day after day. We marveled at the sight of their little feet, and we can hardly believe that there he will begin his walk through life; we are filled with his smile, which is equal to the sun when it appears in the morning announcing a new day, better than the previous one but invariably better than the one that will come. That is what the life of mothers is made of. It is a long and loving chain of feelings that accumulate, are recycled, reinvent themselves, are shared and through them we can see our sons and daughters become wonderful men and women of good, who contribute their knowledge and experiences to the family and the society to which they belong. Always clinging to not letting go of the reverie of her first years that fill us with tenderness the heart.

Aren't feelings full of confusion? All summarized in a magical phrase: "The love of a mother can do it all, because it is great and indestructible." And from this certainty we jump to the fact that before, long before, there was one, and another, and another mother who kept that power within herself. It is a long but very loving chain endless of mothers and daughters, of daughters and mothers, bound by all eternity, common in love and surrender.

And so we see our daughters grow up to become women. An inevitably confusion invades us because only a few years ago we wanted them to grow and, and then, we would like to stop the time so that they would continue by our side, even if it was a little more.

The roots where the wings of our girls are anchored begin to appear in their eyes, we see furtive and safe glances, others sad or full of reverie, sometimes mischievous and naughty that hide something that we do not get to know, but to guess: " they are growing

irremediably. " It seems that every time we notice this, a pottery will fall on top of us, and it is as heavy as it is necessary for them to flourish, and thus we go from crockery to crockery to build a tall column where our beautiful butterfly will rest to fly with its own wings.

The first of the separations begins, moment of mixed emotions: her first day of kindergarten. That day comes with a different sun, which seems to be an accomplice of our deepest feelings, as if afraid to announce the morning when we have not even slept, because that prelude night passes between endless musings: "What will happen? What will I tell her? And if she cries, how will I contain her? "We doubt if we can bear to see her dazed eyes asking in silence (but with shouts):" Will you leave me without you, here alone without being able to hold on to your hand that gives me security? I can not be without you! And can you be without me? "And we try to comfort ourselves:" Maybe I'll take your little hands between mine and I'll carry them against my chest so that I feel my heart split ... Or will it be better that I feel at peace because Is it your first step to try those little wings that are just growing? "But we do not know.

The first day of school is the most confusing for both. All mothers have experienced feelings of pride, peace, anger and pain; the eternal question arises that we will never stop doing, and that of course has no answer: "why?". That first absence is the essay that we will repeat every day of our lives on the road to motherhood.

In my case, when I reached the door of the school, I remember the great smile of my little girl caressing my heart; She looked at me with her eyes bigger and more eloquent than ever, shouting silently: "I'll be all right, I promise." But as those cries had no voice, I could not take off my feet to get away beyond the garden that was in front of the school. From that place, I imagined her face, her fantasies, what would be recording in her memory, the feelings that began to grow in her small heart; I imagined that I would no

longer be the only one for her because she would begin to feel affection and sympathy for other people; I imagined almost everything... So much so that I could feel her arms in my neck before we found the way out. In the midst of this dream of fantasies, I heard her laugh and ran to glimpse for a slit... There she was with a big smile, her cheeks were redder than usual, her little eyes shone with her own light and **twinkle** of emotion. He was fulfilling her great inner promise: "I'll be all right, I promise."

For some reason of my unreason, that day (and many more) I could not go home, I lost my way, I forgot the signs, I never knew where the compass of my life was. I decided that we would stay there in front of the school, sitting on a big stone — I speak in the plural because inside my womb was on my way my beloved son: Jorge Marcelo, together we waited days and days the sunrise of my life that loomed through the door of the kindergarten.

For all mothers, that is, precisely, the moment of detachment. There begins the contradictory destiny to continue hand in hand, but on different paths. As mothers we walk the path we choose because we trust that it is the best, and we prove it with the infinite love we feel. The children go through their own path of curiosity and challenges, because their condition requires them to experiment at every moment, although with it they take our temper and nerves, until leaving us almost crazy. Because the drastic changes and the unexpected surprises arrive. It seems that our children would not be able to put us on the edge of faith, but they challenge us and hold their eyes with an unshakable conviction, convinced of what they want. We, then, must give way to their life experiences, unique and authentic, while we look at them proud, exalted and willing only to accompany their growth, with their hearts in their hands and beating a thousand times per hour. I return to my conviction of how flexible the small big heart of a mother is. I guess for any mother it was easy and doing an exercise to remember what we felt when we were children, I can only think that for our children it was not easy either.

For our descendants begins the stage of personal challenges and their first satisfactions, and we applaud with invariable joy each of their triumphs. It seems that the heart begins to expand, filling each time with more and more satisfactions. "It is harvest time" and, like everything in life, it is cyclical and temporary. It seems that each day we are getting farther and farther away, and our love allows it because it is a love that liberates, strengthens and celebrates, keeping our arms open to cushion their falls.

I remember how my little girl's look changed when she met mine. She recognized in my eyes surprise and admiration, and I saw in her congruence and full confidence in herself ... then we smiled, accomplices of the heart that beats strong and full of pride.

Those changes in her look, the eloquence in what she did, accompany the transformation. It is a true wonder to see how her little body was gradually discovering the beautiful woman she became. How many times have we contemplated this development with eyes full of tears, happy for the opportunity to live and sad because the irremediable separation is announced!

When our girls become adolescences, walking with them and educating them at the same time becomes a real challenge. There is no way to predict their attitudes, because emotionally they are more vulnerable than ever. To that we must add our obstinate need to shape their lives, not because we are authoritarian or selfish, but because it is a natural response to see them at the same time rise and fall in their emotions; for this reason we wish to support them by offering our words, love and heart for the benefit of their development. With the flag of the upbringing we intend to lessen the damages of the gales of that difficult stage, but also so formative. And we do it always remembering that we also survive at that age.

When our daughters leave adolescence behind and the flower of youth begins, there comes the stage of complicity, of interminable talks, of confidences, of reciprocal

advice, of all those beautiful moments that we would never want to end. Thus they have been recorded in our memory. Although they separate us more than twenty years apart, we discover that in some cases we have found ourselves in sizes, and that our most beloved clothes are seen a thousand times better in them; we tried each other hairstyles, shoes, make-up, and we even arrived at that simple but so intimate act of sharing the experience of painting each other's nails. Events always accompanied by warm confessions and invaluable opportunities, because by feeling their hearts open we take advantage of our maternal ability to lovingly fill them with the best advice.

I know that as mothers, you will agree with me that those moments are true caresses for the soul. Now they have become memories accompanied by an overwhelming nostalgia. In my case, they come to me covered in a golden color, I do not know if they are valuable or as distant as they are in time, golden as a warm autumn.

The memories bring us again and again from tears to laughter because, although those experiences were already in the past, they will always remain in our hearts, giving us continuously small doses of encouragement to move forward. Then we smile when we relive the past.

How many times our daughters stole our favorite dress that - after secretly making the necessary seams to use it in the correct measurements of their bodies - ended up wrinkled and hidden in the most remote of their closets so that we would never find it! I, until these days, always carry with me the last skirt that my daughter - with stitches by hand - adjusted to her own waist, making seams on each side. I would not release them for anything in the world, it is my beloved garment because it allows me to imagine her quick hands doing that prank for her benefit. This skirt keeps a world of memories that I always carry with me, it is a talisman that accompanies me in all my travels and that has become my inseparable companion of life.

This is how, suddenly, our daughters begin to grow as we prepare for retreat. We nest in the heart all these beautiful experiences, which are nourished by authentic happiness when we realize that they carry our stamp, that they have so much of us: their manners, their movements and even those times when they wear our clothes in secret. They become true little women, an almost identical copy of us; so wonderful is the nature and will of God that allows us to see that metamorphosis. And there we will be with the twinkling eyes of love and admiration, watching ready to exercise our work as guides, to make sure they have fully understood that they must have their feet firmly on the ground, to advance with security and conviction.

We have in front a **complete woman**, with all the attributes that nature has given her. She is accompanied by a sensitive, considerate and loving soul. There, standing, is our daughter, identical reflection of us and with all the dyes of our love, but nuanced with the colors of her own life, personality and character.

It is time to return to the preparation that previously gave us the experience to be able to let go, now once and for all, the strong threads of the guardianship and let fly that beautiful human being that with so much love we raised, to whom we gave wings and taught to fly, at her own pace, in her own way.

And at this moment I share my personal life, because I'm sure that from the honesty of one's own experiences comes empathy with others.

When I was just recovering and adapting to my daughter's blossoming, when we began to coexist in complicity as women and adults who speak the same language, a new door opened for her, where I obviously had no place: the university ... a world in herself, with adults just like her, happy and full of illusions. I knew that my intervention in her life was over, because from that moment on she became the absolute owner of his decisions; and I, despite everything, I felt very happy.

It was not easy for her, nor for me either, but she was formed as a sensitive and careful person, following the principles that we inherited. It was the moment of experimentation: love, cigarettes, alcohol and "friends" (thus, in quotes); everything she faced with the necessary wisdom to be better and respect and understand others. She followed the path outlined in the profession she chose and in each step she took, I discovered her unwavering personality: a born leader, audacious, committed, sensitive, intrepid and unquestionably unique. My daughter soon revealed her nobility and character. And she showed it the night she graduated from law school, through a masterful speech expressed his love and gratitude to his parents and his beloved brother.

She has always been a bold woman full of projects, and I, as a mother, supported her in each of them. On her birthday, when she was just beginning her career, she announced to the family that she wanted to become independent. Good Lord! I think nobody is prepared for such a moment. I always thought that would happen when she decided to get married, but not so soon. However, she wanted to fly alone, one more proof of her iron will. Shortly thereafter, in the company of her inseparable brother, she told her father and me that she had found the ideal place and that she only wanted us to accompany her to the firm for the sale of the property. That's right, we attended full of pride, love and many other mixed feelings. That day the sun was inexplicably thin and the air dense. For the first time I felt the weight of something I did not know.

— Happy birthday, beloved mommy. It's a rest day at your job and I want to ask you a big favor. I want you to go to my apartment to receive my furniture.

Then, the weight on my shoulders had a name: "my daughter finally leaves home." And I could not cry, because suddenly I had a list of things in my hands, a crockery in my chest and a knot in my throat. It was better not to talk, the words would have drowned my emotions: pride, happiness, sadness ...

I arrived punctually at her apartment. The empty space that my eyes observed did not correspond to the loneliness that expanded hopelessly in my mind and in my heart. I thought aloud — screaming as loud as possible to make me understand — "How are you going to be separated from the people who love you the most?" Just the echo by response...

The first ring rang:

-We bring the living room, ma'am.

A space less empty in that place, a covered hole, and in my heart a tear more.

Second ring:

-We brought the dining room.

Same case, same mixed feelings ... and so on, until you see her apartment totally full and my heart totally empty.

That was a birthday present I'll never forget. I experienced an unexpected feeling of triumph, an overflowing pride, but contained by an infinite sorrow for the departure of my beloved girl. The answer to my inner cries came: she was leaving because her wings had grown so much that they no longer fit in the home we once formed as a family. She had mutated hopelessly, why put a brake on something so beautiful?

In the distance, I do not remember how much time it took to find the resignation that allows me to tell now that moment of my life. Silently and at all times, I dreamed or imagined my daughter coming through the door of our house, like any other day, while I was waiting for her with hot food on the table and with all my love, ready to listen to the great summary of her day . As painful as it was, deep down I knew that would never happen again. I do not know when I learned to live with that reality; however, when I miss her to rage, the dreams of seeing her arrive still remain. I go into her bedroom and it

comforts me by looking at his photos and imagining that she is still with us at home. It's like taking a bitter medicine, I close my eyes so I do not see how much it bothers me to swallow it. But before I look at each corner of her room and try to remember all the things that were there and that went with it, I try to visualize it back there; then, medicine goes directly to the soul and comforts it. I applied this remedy to my pain so many times, even still, although less frequently, perhaps because its courage, happiness and fulfillment have become part of my healing joy.

I have seen her grow day after day, and it has become my best reference in life, I drink its wisdom and I strengthen myself to reach my own goals. I make my most humane queries to her. And it is amazing that the world turns, and now it is time to learn from her experiences, which is not that they are better or worse but different from mine and happened in other times. I am in the beautiful era of learning from my daughter.

Many and very beautiful years of quiet calm and surprises have passed, of bad, good and better days, of Christmas and of joyful family celebrations, of bowing before God with infinite gratitude for so many blessings.

My girl is now a solid woman, radiant and fresh, beautiful as any, reason for infinite pride ... and that is that mothers lack words to describe the feelings we have for our daughters. When I look at it, the beats of my heart multiply. Today she has become a wife and mother, and I admire how she assumes her family responsibilities with authentic strength and love every day.

I know that my personal story will echo in the hearts of many women who, like me, have gone through that painful path of separation from their children, but also of infinite joy to see them flourish as independent, free and happy people.

The daughter-mother

The dream began shortly before the arrival of our beautiful reality. The hearts of mothers and daughters are synchronized looking for the way to beat with the same rhythm. The wisdom of nature calls and to that call there is no one who does not answer, because it beats in the deepest part of the heart; we have felt it with our mothers and surely our mothers with their mothers and, in turn, they with theirs.

Like many women, my daughter felt the need to leave a mark in this world, a little of her greatness, the wonderful dream of motherhood. She asked God to grant her the joy of being a mother in her infinite goodness. Thus, she began to prepare her delicate body, radically changed her eating habits and many other aspects of her life, because she was focused on "her great task".

Her decisions were so firm that they left me between amazed and incredulous. My adored girl was converted into a woman of a will of steel, the same one she showed since she started walking. So she placed her body and soul in the hands of God to face the greatest challenge, the queen of battles, the summit of life: to be a mother.

Faith moves mountains, and her was as great as the mountain itself. After a very short time -God's just time- the right person arrived, the best of men, noble, simple, hardworking and above all raised with much love. He combined his dreams with those of my daughter and, holding hands, overflowing with mutual love, they set out on the path of shared life.

My daughter and her husband became the new and fresh light of my eyes, with their hearts about to burst, they fill us us with their love and illusions.

A little over three years ago, one morning, after showering, my husband looked me straight in the eyes and with aplomb he said:

-Our girl is pregnant.

His eyes reflected a storm of love, tenderness and joy, as if the words came out of them, and his mouth was full of a confident smile. I responded with a claim:

-How could you keep that news?

And with those same eyes full of love and with a shine that they had never had before, he answered:

"She did not tell me, it's more because of the message. Ly, I'm sure, my daughter is pregnant.

My daughter had sent a message in which she commented that, without knowing why, she had fought with her husband the night before, that she was sad and bewildered.

Later, when I was already in my office, the phone rang. It was my daughter telling me that she had just made an appointment with her doctor, who had asked her to get a home pregnancy test before they saw each other. I discovered then that my heart harbored much more love than I had imagined, and I thought that life give us unexpected reserves for moments like that; we become an inexhaustible source. Without knowing how, the answer came from the bottom of my chest:

- Daughter, please, wait for me to go to your office and together we will do the pregnancy test.

I knew that we would begin the path in which we are exactly the same. Life puts us next to each other, women loving intensely. And what about the Pradel we are specialists in intense love! When that moment arrives, we mothers realize that all of a sudden, our daughters are ready to move on their own while we remain at their side, with their arms always ready to give them love and refuge.

Do it together? I remember that when she said yes, I felt like flying, or at least running away. My office suddenly became immense, everything seemed very distant and

bright. It was when I realized that my heart was already with her, right next to her, beating next to hers once more.

You know what I'm talking about, moms have a fortuneteller heart and we know exactly when our daughters are at the same pace.

We saw each other in the lobby of her office. The afternoon was beautiful and, for me, full of illusions. My daughter's eyes told me how much she loved me and how close we were to starting a great adventure.

A pharmacy, it was what we had in mind. Yes, a pharmacy would open our eyes. I can not remember where, but finally we found one:

Please, a pregnancy test, the most reliable one you have.

- I have a 99% reliable...

What a desire to embrace that person who gave us such an opportunity!

We ran to the bathroom feeling that from that moment we would be more than just mother and daughter, we would both be partners. My little girl went to the toilet, and I remained at the door unable to contain the beating of my crazy heart, an infinite smile crossed my lips from side to side and all my senses shouted at me: "You are happy, you have reached the summit of life, you are the mother of a mother, you can not ask for more.

"And I read my happiness in everything that surrounded me, how could I not see the beauty of that afternoon!" The sun shone in all its splendor, it seemed only ours The world smiled with me, I know it's true, because when the divine Creator looks at us happy and grateful, in his infinite love we share those moments of communion with nature that mark us for life in order to make us much better people.

The sounds of the world are harmonized and the sounds of the heart inside the chest excite us. The song of the birds announces a new dawn with so much enthusiasm that listening to it becomes a harbinger of a great day. Birds encourage us to wake up and

take life by the hand. Water, which always and undoubtedly brings life, also brings good news; announces better harvests, lulls the ears with a caress so deep that it touches our soul. We feel that things come and go, like the flow of water, whose beautiful melody brings life to its passage, a message of faith that warns us that everything is a constant movement

This is the sound of a mother's voice when she sings to lull, to love or to comfort sorrows in her ear. That sweet whisper reaches the soul, cleanses it of its wounds and fills it with love and hope. That is neither more nor less than the voice of God. And in the same way, God speaks in our ears when we finally hear "Mom, I'm pregnant", a blood stroke goes straight to the heart, which suddenly grows without measure while that magic box called chest is just a hole that ends up being small.

However, the beautiful sounds of life become deaf and dumb because the voice of the heart silences everything. Our palpitations become strong like a storm or a mighty river, but also sublime like a field full of flowers. The happy beats of our hearts make a duet with those of our daughters, which in turn synchronize with those of their offspring in the womb. Our happiness is so great that it is enough to share it with the world, but above all to communicate to God - although he knows it better than anyone - that we are happy in his image and likeness and that we are eternally grateful.

I still feel the hugs with my daughter as if they just happened, my hands are still warm and they retain their fragrance and sweetness. Happiness overflowed our bodies and souls, then we began to think about how to convey the joy of the recent news. Holding hands, we ran to give shape to my daughter's occurrence: buy a gift box and a card to announce it to the co-author of that miracle of love that would become a father: Miguel Ángel.

Waiting times are the times of God, and therefore they are divine and we must respect them accompanied by faith and trust ... Today I can say it because it is part of the past, but in reality those moments were of crisis, of nerves day after day, of to be on your knees in

the middle of the illusion; to count the minutes, looking each time we could, and out of the corner of our eyes, how her beloved body nested a new and small life that would put us on tiptoe and arms stretched to reach heaven, and kneeling before God to thank.

Nursing

This one is a separate issue, that each person writes from their own experiences. But there is a common point: confusion. For some women, the most important thing during pregnancy is to take care of food, for others rest, for others, more physical activity, and an endless list of options follows. Many seek consolation for uncertainty by repeating that pregnancy is "the most natural"; maybe ours was, but when it comes to our daughters, we would like to put their pregnancy inside our hearts to take care of it there until the centuries pass, even if reason tells us that it is just another process of life.

Personally, the confusion invaded me at every moment. It occurred to me that I should warn my daughter of the importance of taking care of herself during her pregnancy: "Try to get adequate food," I told her. But the next night she woke up with the start of another thought: "No, the most important thing is to take care of the mood, this must be optimal because babies assimilate everything their mothers feel". And I used to overwhelm my daughter every day with different songs: "Rest is very important, if you keep the child at rest, he will be calmer and be born healthier". "Forget what I told you, you have to have physical activity because it improves the birth process; stay active, it's the best thing for you and the baby. "And this tale of" the best of the best "became endless advice after advice. Luckily, my daughter had her own route, and she only listened to my follies for sheer attention and affection.

In this process of uncertainty, prayers, no doubt, help a lot. If it were not for the love and infinite faith that we have in our Creator, the pregnancy of our daughters would last nine hundred years.

After knowing the great news, the first three months of waiting to be able to shout to the world that my daughter would be a mother were very intense, full of light and illusions, of nights of wonderful dreams and nightmares, of dreams that dream dreams, and of anxious waiting arms.

Observing the transformation in mothers' bodies is really incredible. How in that little body of hands of pigeon, feet of apple and pink little heels can develop a life in front of our astonished gaze? Is it true that it seems that emotions and fears are going to upset us? In their bellies a new life grows that stretches the skin until it becomes almost transparent in the eyes of our love, and it seems to us that it is possible to see through it our grandchildren cradled in their home, which is the body of our daughters.

Life goes on daydreaming, in an endless emotion. The big day is approaching, and the images are crowding our minds.

Luckily, my husband is a doctor, so we had unlimited access to see the offspring the times we wanted through ultrasounds. The greeting, angelic and divine, still resounds in my ears, from mother to son when we saw him for the first time clinging to life with all his strength: "Hello, my life. There you are, sweetie; I'm your mom." And we know that at that moment God is watching us with infinite love by allowing us to perpetuate ourselves through our grandson.

But there is also the other side of the coin: nausea, headache and back pain, fatigue, vomiting ... I remember my amazement to see my daughter continue working, continue with her activities despite everything and with the same enthusiasm as always; she seemed to me from another planet, while I felt paralyzed without knowing where or how to move. Only respect, trust and faith allow us to stand when we feel that mixture of joy and nostalgia because our girls become mothers.

The days passed and another ultrasound allowed us to see the movements of little hands and feet of the baby; how his little body came and went at the same rhythm as her

mother's tears moved, tears running down her beautiful cheeks to form a loving stream that, when joined with the amniotic fluid, covered and protected the baby.

For me, the dreams about my daughter and my grandson were recurrent but hazy. Until finally, a great and blessed night, that beautiful baby took shape and I could see it clearly: his black and lively eyes full of joy sparkling love, shouting that he wants to live, that he is strong and very brave. I have his image engraved in my memory. And only he and I know of that meeting between dreams, each one in his respective bed: I in the bed next to our daughter's father, and he resting happily in his mother's womb, growing and growing the indestructible bond that will have forever with us. There we were the four: grandfather, grandmother, mother and the beloved grandson.

The next morning, I drew and drew without success, again and again. His little face and his little body. For some strange reason I could only describe it but not draw it, my stroke did not give to capture the essence of such a perfect and wonderful being. I think my soul saw his and that can not be drawn. Many days of failed attempts passed, until at last a light illuminated my path: Ivanevsky the Great, he would know how to interpret the story of my dream. And I wrote:

Angel adored, loved and waited with so many illusions and infinite gratitude to our Creator for his blessing with your arrival, that's how I dream you:

"So I dreamed Iñaki Alonso"

- * Black and rebellious hair, of charitable causes and prosperity.
- * Broad front, where there is dignity and criteria.
- * Big, attentive ears, ready to listen.
- * Black eyes, vivacious and bright, always watching.
- * Small nose and of great smell.
- * Sweet spring mouth of beautiful words.

* All in a wise and intelligent little head, where good ideas will fit and masterful thoughts and words will come out, full of great love for humanity, the earth and everything that inhabits it.

* Big chest where only love fits.

* Long, loving arms to embrace the world.

* Strong legs to firmly hold the great man you will become.

* And firm feet to move forward safely.

Abulina

May 2016

The water baby

Shortly before the arrival of the baby, the welcome party and shared joys between both families began. Love overflowed into a beautiful stream of happiness.

My admiration and recognition for my daughter grew without measure, because in addition to leaving in my heart a great mark, it transmitted to me a great teaching. She wanted a normal delivery and in water, again the water in its coming and going without limits, without time or hurry, only with the certainty that it is life.

In my house, we prepare a visit room for the baby and a definite home in my heart. An ornate space to weave, bake, embroider, cut, paste, paint and countless timeshare activities for all of us who form this beloved family, in that communion we sought to accumulate all our positive energy. I embroidered without stopping, because I felt that, stitch after stitch, the embroidered path was the path of love. Each day of work was a happy tribute to our grandchild and to the mother, to whom we had to thank for giving us the possibility of knowing total happiness. The desire to live well, and for many years, returned to my life with more strength than ever.

Like all families that await the arrival of a new member, we go through the invaluable moment of knowing the sex of the baby. Is it a boy or a girl? Surprise: is a man who brings light, hope, love and a world of happiness. For us, that day was especially beautiful and unforgettable because of the faces that drew happiness on our faces. My daughter seemed to have climbed to the top of a mountain and contemplate the world from there, full of satisfaction. Her husband showed a joy that seemed tattooed in his eyes; It is difficult to know if he smiled with his mouth or with his eyes. The face of the grandfather when he said "it's a boy" drew an indescribable love for his daughter and his offspring, transmitting infinite strength and a security proof of everything. Mine could not describe it, I only know that I was flooded with a deep sense of gratitude, first to God, to life, to my children, the parents of this new baby, and to the universe to come together to shelter my joy.

Our souls shouted: "We are waiting for you, adored treasure. Our arms are - and will remain for all that we have left of life - open to embrace you always. Our mouths await you full of loving words to sing and tell you beautiful stories and songs. And our hearts are anchored next to yours, full of love for your arrival. "

Little daughter-mom

As the pregnancy progresses, prophylaxis, preparation, talks and consultations begin. At night, we are startled by fears, but thanks to the divine mercy they are diluted in our confidences with God, he transforms our fears into authentic acts of faith.

Beloved girls are no longer at home. Then, the memories of our motherhood emerge and the nostalgia jumps in our chest; we realize how little the children lasted with us, and the memory hurts. They are now where it belongs, in their own homes, next to their husbands, living together the sweet wait.

In my case, I saw with infinite love how my daughter's body was still transforming, her eyes and her gaze no longer reflected anxiety, in them there was only love, a love that allowed me to recognize that she would be the best of mothers.

Her courage had no limits, she continued working and with all her strength; she wanted to postpone the maternity leave for when she had his son in his arms and stay with him as long as possible. There is no doubt that work enhances and enriches the soul, I looked at her more kindly and dedicated to her profession.

The arrival at the hospital started with a phone call from my daughter telling me that her doctor asked her to go to the hospital to monitor the baby because she was probably already in labor. He asked me if I could take her, I answered yes, as any mother would have, but inside I was dying of fear to have such a big responsibility. I took my car and, praying to all the saints, I arrived at my daughter's house. With love and caution we got on the car. To relieve the pain, she crawled into the backseat and began the breaths she was taught in the psycho-prophylactic course. I only heard her voice complaining and encouraging while I prayed with all my heart that she keep in giving me the instructions to get to the hospital. I do not know if the path was short or long, only the love and complicity of women prevailed, imagining the moment of birth.

We entered the hospital and, after monitoring the baby, they made the physical assessment of my daughter and they decided that she should be admitted for labor. Each one called to her respective husband so that they would not be late and together we shared that emotion that was beginning to overwhelm us.

Suddenly, my daughter was no longer within my reach, she had passed to the delivery room and as it would be natural, and in the water, that was completely unknown for me. In the distance I heard her voice asking for help because she could not stand the pain anymore.

All mothers know that nothing is more heartbreaking than listening to our children suffer. And in that case I was very sorry I could not even hold her hand to support and comfort her. I had to silence the impotence, the distance and the anguish with prayers. As if by instinct, I looked for a corner of peace where I could unload my crossed and confused emotions. So, I arrived at the chapel and knelt before God and the virgin pleading that everything would go well; I covered my ears not to hear the screams of my daughter asking to please do something, as normal in any delivery, but in this especially since she had rejected all medication support.

The hours with God always help us, we feel and we share the pain of the virgin before the suffering of her son. I had never experienced a feeling of such uncertainty before; I have never experienced a feeling of such uncertainty before; I feared double: for my daughter and my grandson. Soon the vocabulary ran out to organize a conversation with God, the words were crowded and surpassed my ability to pray aloud to avoid listening to the cries of my daughter. For me, the clock stopped, time stopped happening, the afternoon took on the color of the sun while my brave daughter had her baby from the loving hand of her husband. What a great emotion my grandson would have felt knowing that his parents were there, sharing the same heartbeat with him! He was and will be lucky always.

Once again, recognizing the Creator for his infinite goodness, I ran up to embrace my husband, thanking him that through the daughter he gave me, I could experience that feeling that revolutionized my life completely. Then I embraced all the other architects of that happiness: the parents and brothers of the husband, kind, loving and also dedicated to our treasure.

I say that I will never be the same person because, from that day, my heart before the altar of the Creator broke away from all the feelings that chain and condemn our lives to destruction, to turn them into love, faith and trust.

Seeing the radiant face of my grandson's father, it was like seeing the face of perfect triumph, with a smile full of pride and strength for having fully shared the arrival of his son, for having been the first to touch his little body and in telling him how much they love him and how grateful they are to the Creator. It must have been an experience of incalculable value judging by the impetuous transformation of his face. It was evident that he felt it that way, because his joy, the brightness in his eyes and his smile were eloquent.

My life lit up when I saw my daughter arrival with her baby in her arms, her eyes shouting the love that had just lodged in her heart, her smile would never be erased from her face; there was forever the seal of a happy mother, her arms looked like iron fortresses that covered her offspring with love and protection. From that magical moment, our destiny is to live with intensity and a lot of responsibility the wonderful time of love.

When we leave the new family at the door of their house, we also leave the heart suspended in the infinite, doubting if it will be possible that this young couple could attend to such a fragile little one. The best advice I have for all the grandmothers is going around and following the path. That is their life and is they must take their way ahead only with the help of God and the natural intelligence that paternity gives us.

In spite of everything, life changes completely, clocks mark eternal hours, thought is consumed in the new family, we are all aware of the beginners ... the telephone rings and it gives us a heartbreak.

My grandson, a legacy of love

When the best of the human being emerges and flows with the need to share, it is fair to respond to that call. I write these reflections because I believe that from my experience, as a mother and as a grandmother, some of you will find an echo in my voice.

I share my life with all those mothers who are forged in love and responsibility during the years of this wonderful practice, because we have the desire to always be better and do everything at once and well. With our hearts in our hands and with an eternal smile on our faces, we look like beings made of hard iron, but happily we wear a beautiful soft and smooth cape that makes us see at all times willing to receive our children with love, to offer them our warm caresses to heal their wounds and to drink their tears in order that they suffer as little as possible.

Even though experts, scientists, comrades, friends, enemies, colleagues and all the people around us tell us every day that our children should have their own life experiences, when a mother sees the slightest sign of pain in their children, love overflows and sends all recommendations and advices to the devil. In those moments, a mother just think about what to do so that it does not hurt so much or at least be in solidarity and share the suffering.

There is no school for parents, because there is not a single son similar to another, even if the brothers were born of the same parents. Each individual has a special place in the mind and heart of his mother. They are our connection with the memory and our extension with life, we move between those two poles as an interminable league. God is not mistaken when he gives us the fortune of having children, just to love them as we love God, with so much gratitude.

Time passes, and now I begin to be aware that each passing day is one less of life. Suddenly I realize that I need to live, be healthy and with a lot of forces, because I have the greatest bliss of being a grandmother, and it is my duty and I want to make those who survive me have the best of me, and I, for my part, make his company the best haven of my experiences.

My daughter and my grandson are a projection that goes beyond what I can imagine. Hold that baby in my arms and look at him in the eyes, discover an endless multiplication of the look I first received from my daughter. It is like an interminable multicolored tunnel, which fills the senses while the mind is filled with a single thought: that little being is the projection of my daughter.

A whirlwind of experiences fills the soul bordering on madness. To hear his sweet little voice uttering her first syllables: "ma", "pa", which later become angelic music: "mom", "dad", "there it is", "hand", "under", "cold", " burn ", " car ", " tomato ", " milk ". And then ... the culmination of my dreams, what life never announced to me, a flood of emotions expanding the limits of my chest, overflowing the capacity of my ears, that was not prepared to receive a treasure that only the soul of a grandmother can hear in its proper measure: "Abu". I wondered if there would be a more beautiful sound in the universe than my grandson's voice saying "Abu". My heart, accustomed to bravery, melted completely while the sound of his angelic voice was recorded forever in my memory.

And the same with each of his progresses. The first little steps that, although I did not have the fortune to witness, I contemplated through the eyes of my daughter and the eloquence of her words. This flow of emotions nourishes and enlarges the heart, which opens and remains in expectation of all the good that will keep coming.

Probably, many mothers will share with me the contradictory feeling, between admiration and sadness, that we suffer when our daughters tell us "the baby goes to school to the maternal stage". For God's sake, the heart goes out through the mouth, wanders through the atmosphere looking for answers and caresses of tranquility, but suddenly returns to the chest that remained open and lodges in its rightful place when the daughters -with all their love- explain to us the reasons: "he has to socialize", "it is good for him to be with children of the same age", among thousands of other reasons, of which only

one comforts us and wipes away tears: it is the loving mother who makes the best decision for the welfare of your child; her maternal smell and her infinite love, will never fail. It did not fail mine.

I imagine the anguish that my daughter felt when she learned that for the first time that little creature would be away from her for a few hours. And I can imagine it because I felt that way when I separated from my own children, that's how mothers feel when the time comes: the doors of the school seem like endless walls, where the gaze can not distinguish its limits; the windows are fortresses, that a muscle as loving as the heart or the understanding could not open; the minutes pass by ticking our brains, and thus everything seemed to be bigger, stronger and more distant, while we await the angels from our lives, come out from school.

I can see with the soul that moment, he was there, with his face of relief to see his mom and feel his protective hug, a hug that promises eternal companionship, because life put them together and thus remain fused in a perpetual embrace, beating at the same time and without any space that separates them. And I, with the contained breath, with all the love that I am capable to feel, I meditated how love is reproduced for my children, and they, in turn, for their own children.

Back home, looking at my grandson in the arms of my daughter, I contemplated how they began this path of physical separation, a process of individuality so necessary for human formation, but so difficult to understand. In situations like these, we can never tie the reason and the heart, even if they are complements of the same person and are as close as the chest and the head. Our need to stay with the children will not understand reasons as long as the heart has the slightest sign of life. Only God can give us a tiny ray of light that allows us to see that everyone has different paths to walk, and that, although

each one travels different paths, we all go towards the same end: surrender, happiness, complicity and over all the solidarity and loving support that the family gives us.

I am convinced that all women who are grandmothers understand perfectly what I am talking about. And I wish with all my heart that those who have not yet experienced the joy of having grandchildren, may God grant them the blessing of experiencing the greatest love we could ever have imagined. This is my own story and I share it for service and entertainment of all of you, colleagues of love.

Lullabies

Lullabying dolls
life began.
They jumped in my mind
gentle maternal songs,
unexpected auguries of the future.

My lullabies
in love song
They have been transformed.

Spring came suddenly
and hung its fruits on my tree:
love, flowers and singing.
Warm breezes covered my skin.
Joy twice filled my arms.

My lullabies
in love song
They have been transformed.

That warmth of spring
now it is docile serene wind.
My hair unfolds
his gray mantle on my shoulders.
Everything is in happy repose.

My lullabies
in love song
They have been transformed.

My arms were left open
and I still feel the distant lullabies
when melted into a single body

I cradled my children
in sweet motion.

My lullabies
in love song
They have been transformed.

Today the lullabies continues
overflowed ...
love, flowers and singing.
In the calm of my autumn
God blessed me with a grandchild.

Abulina