

Formerly the children buried their mothers, when these perished from old age, wrinkled by the severity from the years of toil, and conservation of the austere habits based in experience of the Christian family.

Nowadays the mothers bury their children that get lost on the abyss of life, depressed in the vices that the modern's life offers every time for unwary eyes from fragile adolescents.

They tear their maternal hearts, forgetting that the mother's love never finishes neither has size for their children. She does everything for them. She donates her life, her nights, her pleasure, her comfort, to see them well and happy. And what are they receiving as payment for what they do? Contempt and incomprehension.

Rarely they are loved with the size of love that they deserve to receive. Many times they are humiliated because they aren't modern as their children, I say modern in the same time, because nowadays what was modern two hours ago it is now in the past and it is buried. Each minute new things appear to substitute the olds and who doesn't update instantaneous, runs the risk to be passed back.

They kill their mothers with anguish and despair when they live their life like they wish and don't listen who donates the heart to them. They don't know that their moms are the true love that their hearts are looking for, because the others generally are drake and liar, only selfish in something material and not spiritual.

But I will tell you, now I am in the spiritual world and I have found fantastic reasons to be called mother again.

I say this, because I was mother many times in many incarnations, every time to help the spirits, that reborn like my children, could find a path of peace and light on their glorious journey

towards God.

Here on eternity, if you prefer, I have by my side, tens of spiritual children who many years I didn't meet in my journey. My spiritual family is very large and is formed from tens of spirits that treat me like a mother, because they were my children in previous passages on flesh.

Someones appear like children and their ages are between three and ten years old. Others are strong and happy teenagers. And others are adults. They are my true friends that stimulate my steps and my mission.

Every night I sit on veranda of my home, in a swing bench and look the flashing stars. They rock my dreams and I see again all the nuances that made up my life in many incarnations. I feel my heart beat in unison with the stars' shine.

I see again my children, in spirit, wherever they walk in this God's world, and I send them my loving kiss of a mercy mother. I hug them tenderness, feeling the light that emanate from my chest like a strength chain to feed their hearts to face the earth journey.

After, I do a prayer of gratitude to God for consolation to be able to help that offspring of my womb that now are in others arms, laid for sometime, to live new experiences.

When I come back to my body's conscience, returning from spirits trips, I feel the tears wet my face and in my misted look I glimpse some figures that appear to the hug and maternal kiss.

I see the children of this last incarnation that leave before me, returning to the spiritual world, sitting on my side. Maria Rosa appears with a pretty blue dress framing her body and angel face.

The children that I can call grandchildren, because are children of my spiritual children, and my medium that appears with white clothes, bringing a flowers bouquet as a tribute to this who is

his and of many others, the mother that they don't forget.

I am feeling the happiness to have a spiritual family at universal context, I say to you who is mother too. Never give up fighting for your children, not even if they don't want your support, your affection. Think that God protects your children forever on His heart and one day they will recognize your effort, your fight to them in order to walk with God. Not even if this only happens after the body's death, when there aren't more obstacles for whom walks on goodness.

Have faith on God, because the mother who fights with Jesus, always reaches everything that always desired: see her children happy, in harmony, developing dignified works of people turned to the love and light.

Maria Daminelli Marini

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