

Friends, we don't feel humble to tell you that life has brought us great joy and great sadness also, because of the difficulties we had to fight for the cause of a suffered people as our.

Land, homeland and flag are three elements that we carry in the heart that never separate from those who truly loves his hometown. Especially when people outside the process of land cultivation, tilling of the vermilion furrow soil, from there making spring up the life in sowing of bunches and grain, they are trying to extort your piece of ground.

The land was our asset at living we had in our corner and we took the sustenance of our family from it. We did not need anything else than the sufficient to live in peace. Only the sufficient!...

We were not searching riches more than a simple and rural life, provided of food and chimarrão green and tasty come from the forest herb creole, that the land gave us.

The rustic life does not need to be more than simple life, because he is simple by himself and many times ignorant of letters that teach in the school. But I have noticed that has been more looking to recover what was spent in these studies and for it does not measure the damage that can do in plantation of other.

So our land was our caress of the morning. Our mother-land was the bulwark that we needed to care and respect.

You do not imagine the love that we had for our land, for our people, for our history. The backwoodman really loves the ground where he was born and grew, therefore fight until the death for his piece of land, for his native forest, green grassland, flowering valley, clearings pregnant of mature ears.

Never suspicious of a backwoodman that works his land, or away from his project to live its full backlands, because there is his heart and his treasure.

Our land is also called Brazil. We are not different of brazilian who live in the most remote corners. We are only a native of unknown and inhospitable backland of large cosmopolitan centers. We are the Brazilians who have not yet learned to deal with large sums of money and living piled up in apartments of large buildings by the sea.

We are the last lovers of nature that are not killed by the ambition of easy gold and excessive greed.

Our land is the same land of these that wear tie in their imported cars. We are different of them because we are simple and accustomed to love the corner where we born.

Your land is our land. The difference among us who live in this backlands and they that live in large palaces is in the following: we love the land where we born and fought for it. They enjoy and erode the wealth of the nation until they could not stand it, corrupting individuals and institutions, killing and stealing without any compassion. Suck the last drops of blood that still leaks from the mother-land veins.

We are the homeland, the true land's lords, the proud guarding of life, that do not sneack off fighting and dying for it, giving our blood in sacrifice so that it becomes ever more strong in global context.

Flag represents the brand of backlands at a cloth unfurled the tip of the spear. It is the farm labourer life at flag fluttering and at marks of the horses hooves on the ground. It should be kissed and respected as regards the mantle of God.

Flag is life and light in the backwoodman heart that loves his land. It is the conquest dream that open on breast and living the people journey that need to live and love.

Our flag represents our life at a cloth tied in a piece of wood, in the spearman heart, in the sight of a rifle, in the sword wire, in the boleaderas' leather.

In our distant Caraguatá, the recollections came in our mind and alarm in our tired soul of wars and deaths.

We love the land, the homeland and the flag. Did the adversary have the same love? But we were the land owner and did not separate of it without fight, only because some citizens desire to occupied and selling our land to the foreign company.

They got the biggest trouble in the world to annoy with the hired gun of our backlands.

And came the war with its dark tentacles carrying in the arms of death our best friends, our family, our companions. And was so subtle in their work for many years to pursued us without respite, until we end up succumbing to the force majeure of federation army. Brother fighting brother, because we were of the same brazilian land, the same homeland, the same flag.

People from different states killing and dying at the behest of generals and colonels to release a piece of ground to foreign that never had love in the heart for our land, for our homeland and for our flag, because after all the Contestado has always been Brazil too.

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