

Being a mother is abnegating the world to take care of fruit from her womb.

Being a mother is caress the undefended son that search the breast to satisfy the hunger and donate the precious liquid to conduction to the life.

Being a mother is disdaining the cold of frozen nights to wrapping the child dreams that wake up in half of night.

Being a mother is feeling the pain that the son feels when cries because he is sick.

Being a mother is caring in order the fever reduced and that the body temperature turns to normal then can recline on the pillow and snooze the just sleep.

Being a mother is taking care of the steps that the son follows at roads of life, advising them that never fall in temptation.

Being a mother is showing the abyss that open in their front and the imminent danger that there is falling in it.

Being a mother is talking to the son that he understand that life is full of opportunities to be happy, but also flood of tempting occasions that can take to perdition.

Being a mother is an example of dedication to the well, so that the son understands that the important of life is reaching the objective mirrored in morality and good habits.

Being a mother is showing how to do the charity, how to do the well, how to become a happy

person through other happiness.

Being a mother is understanding the difficulties and uncertainties of son all that the future, preparing for life can teach what the best way to follow.

Being a mother is rescuing the son who falls in the dark net of vice and dishonest and help them to re living in simple life who loves the beautiful.

Being a mother is dreaming to age surrounded by happy children and grandchildren to play.

Being a mother is experiencing a little of happiness that a sweet young feels when gave birth to a boy in a manger, in Bethlehem of Judea, two thousand years ago...

Luiz Marini, May the 1<sup>st</sup> of 2009.

Translation to English by Daiane Halila Gomes on May the 2<sup>nd</sup> of 2009.