MOTHER

A Letter Across Time

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When I was a kid, every time you told someone about my birth, you always started with the same question you asked when you heard my first cry: **"Is he healthy?"** And for years I thought children came into the world in pieces, like toys you had to assemble. People laughed when I said it. Then we all grew up and discovered it was true.

First comes a body that grows. Then a force that evolves. Then a brain that reminds us of who our parents are.

You and I… we were conflict from the start. It took me five years to understand we would always be divided. You thought we were the same. But half of me was not you — it was my father.

I did not love you because you never taught me how love works. I did not hate you because my DNA did not carry that code. But I carried your anger for sixty years, and a few months ago I returned it to you on your grave.

Today is Mother's Day. A day the world uses to say "thank you" for a thousand things. But gratitude is just a word — the rest is facts.

So, I celebrate you from a distance. No resentment. No forgiveness needed. Because I finally understood something: **what you did not give me, you did not have — and you did not know where to find it.** Your parents never passed you the torch.

I leave you with this, wherever you are reading me from: the memory of every time I made you smile. Because you always believed I was someone unexpected. But I was not. I was just your little boy.

Goodbye, Mom.

Nando

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