

## Nine Months

By Marlene H Roessiger 12/27/11

Percilia Mariano de Barros. That's all I know about my mother: her name. I was born in May 28 and my mother passed away 28 days later. She left me without introducing herself to me. Actually, nobody ever did but my grandmother. One thing that I remember her saying about my mother is this: "I'm never seen a women like her. She never complains." That's all. After her death, my father sunk in a deep ocean of silence. My other 5 brothers and sister? Too young to remember...That's it. That's all. But today, something else about my mother was revealed to me: she loved my father, deeply.

How can I actually say that if I was not there? Well, I thought I wasn't there but I was. I was there, in her womb for nine months. I pictured her and my father dreaming about me, talking about me, picking my name. I saw me growing in her tummy. I saw her excitement: "It's going to be a baby girl". Again I saw love flowing out of them for me. Nobody told me this. I just know that I know. For nine months, it was me, my mom and my father, together! And this bond of love is stronger than time, than death, than memories, than past. I felt beloved by someone that I never met. I felt joy for being born because I'm fruit of their love and commitment. Have I ever read any love letter? No. I just know. Through my umbilical cord, love was flowing right in. Crazy! But I just know. I have this feeling of her love for my father. Then I sweet thought came to my mind and made me cry and smile at the same time: I was born out of their love!

The revelation of their love came as a sweet wind that brought me tears and joy at the same time because I was also getting a revelation of her love for me. I have gotten a little bit more about my mother, not by knowledge, or letters, or pictures neither by conversations about my past, but by her love for my father. It was not what she did for me, how she treated me, how she ironed my clothes, or how she put my head on a pony tail. It was by her love. It wasn't what she did that made me feel loved. No. But it was what she was carrying within: a type of love that is stronger than death.

Laying in bed, I turned to my husband and I thought on myself as a wife. Am I being known as a wife by my love for my husband? Many years from now, will I be known as Shane's wife by my love for him? When everything passed away, vanished, when there is no more memories to be remembered, nothing to be used as prove, will people know that I'm a wife who had loved her husband?

Nine months in her womb. Just enough time to teach me without any words. I want to go after my mom because she went after Christ without knowing. This is it! I want to be known as Jesus' disciples by my love. Love for Him. Love for my husband. Love for others. This is greater than any deeds. This love that is without explanation. It's for us to live, to experience, to remember forever. A love that can be proved, tested. A love that never ends. A love that is just...love. I have to give more than just words. My "umbilical cord" have to feed the whole Body with this liquid substance that brings life, that is everlasting, that overcome death!

Nine months...Her love for me overcame death, time, past. It is still here! Alive inside of me. This is what really counts. This everlasting love. Without words, without work, without payback. She loved me. I gave nothing to her yet she loved. I just know. Nobody ever told me. My father never told me. But I just know She loved me. Her love was poured inside of me...for nine months...and I still can feel it 39 years later. Make me be known by this greater love. Make me be known as a wife by love. Make me be known as Your disciple by Your love. This type of love can be proved, tested, tried. It will never failed. It cannot be denied. When experienced it, it cannot be explained. We just know...

**"A new command I give you: Love one another. As I have loved you, so you must love one another. By this everyone will know that you are my disciples, if you love one another." John 13: 34**

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