

Re(senhas)

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MEMORIAL: BLESS, GRANDMA!

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Memorial: Blessing, Grandma!

The philosophical clues built and developed during this formative path, the contributions to the making of creative writing within the scope of academic writing, the (re)knowledge of epistemological theories of a miscellany of theorists in the field of Philosophy asserted themselves as a possible ballast and framework for positive evolution [...]. (Martins, Silva, Feitosa, 2023, p. 224)

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With the vibrant tone of childhood, the melody of the birds accompanied a life full of joy and lots of laughter. The smell of flowers in the air, the gentle breeze caressing the skin and the sound of leaves dancing in the wind brought a sense of infinite freedom. The child, who was gradually transforming into a strong and determined little girl, did not know how great her essence was in that immersed in love. His dreams, sustained by the delicacy of the surrounding nature, were born with a unique lightness, as if the forest itself whispered secrets of happiness, tickling his ear. Each step, each laugh, was a reflection of the purity of the environment that surrounded her and awakened miraculous dreams, where the world seemed to celebrate her existence in an imaginary way, because she touched the sky, that blue immensity was very close to her.

She found an immense secret that did not fit in her dreamy heart, but her eyes shone with a unique light when she saw her grandmother. The silent smile reflected in her eyes was a testimony of the absolute love and understanding that only this special figure could offer, as if every philosophy of life translated her objectivity into a melodic and fun conversation, sitting on the grass with Jean-Jacques Rousseau, reporting the euphoria caused by nature and all the inner turmoil in an immensity of harmony.

The safe and welcoming refuge she sought, a quiet love that transcended words. The sparkle in the girl's eyes was one of magical, undeniable joy, as if each spark were an affirmation of the deep and unbreakable bond. The admiration for her grandmother overflowed in every look, and the trust, palpable in her gestures, was the basis of a relationship that filled the girl with calm and happiness and, sometimes, overflowed in her dreams, being a real belief what happened at night in that little head.

To live one's childhood next to one's maternal grandmother was to live in a small haven of affection, where time seemed to slow down, allowing the days to blossom in pure magic and there was no need to understand the outside world and its nuances. That tiny house, with the warm smell of freshly baked cakes and lemon balm tea (our favorite), was a temple of comfort and absolute peace.

She was the keeper of the best secrets, always with a calm smile and a helping hand ready to hold ours, or offer a snack as a caress to the heart. In his eyes, everything seemed more beautiful, more gentle. He showed us the importance and beauty of small things: the sound of falling leaves, the warmth of the sun, the magic of cool mornings or even in that backyard illuminated by the full moon, contemplating it (our favorite nocturnal activity). Life by her side was marked by the serenity of gestures, by the confidence transmitted and by each affectionate teaching, even if we escaped from that reality and needed to hear "more serious things in life", she treated everything with kindness and fortitude.

That strong and sweet lady had a special connection with nature. Her favorite place was the farm, surrounded by fruits and trees that seemed to talk, albeit in silence, observant and attentive to each offal referenced there in a diversity of species planted and watered by herself.

The farm was a refuge, a sacred space where the smell of wet earth mixed with the sweet aroma of ripe fruits, creating a unique feeling of peace and welcome. He loved the sound of birds, the whispers of the wind in the trees, and the chirping of crickets at dusk. For her, the farm was not just a physical place, but a space of dwelling and intense connection with nature and her own subjectivity. She taught us the importance of respecting the Earth and its components, of understanding that life is cyclical, like the cultivation of the fruits that she was so

dedicated to. On the farm, the fruit trees were like old friends, each with its own story and its time of maturation.

The grandmother knew how to harvest the fruit at the right time, with the patience that only those who respect nature can have and, in this context, she clearly brought the moment when the awakening to deeper study would arrive. Therefore, it would be the little child, a teacher, who would teach everything he observed successfully in that space, already in transition of nomenclature. She spoke proudly of the **Magisterium** from life to the **Normal Medium**, which brought the minutiae of the act of teaching and with them the freedom of enthusiasm to exchange other new experiences, but always referencing that gift that was later added to "Pedagogy of the Oppressed", a new conversation with the great Paulo Freire, the one of the books that the girl had been curious to find out what was in that pile of letters. On this enchanted trail, there was something new and precious: the enchantment of the **Inclusive Education**, awakened in the great learning centers such as the **Maroquinha Municipal School** or **NAPPNE, CREAS**; The little girl's eyes were now "wide" with maturity for something exceptional, she realized that time had passed and new children with different realities were there, and the direction of something greater was her new understanding of life: **AUTISM**.

Although a spectral conception inserts autism in a combinatorial possibility of symptoms, it appears in English as spectrum (Autism spectrum disorder). Such a term comes from Latin, indicates the appearance or vision of something, or even a simulacrum. The word derives from specio, a verb that indicates to look, see or warn (Ferreira, 1991). It also instigates the fact that the spectre, over time, has gained the meaning of a phantasmagoria. (Duarte, Bortoletto, 2024, p. 15)

Still immersed in grandma, she told stories about the magic of the jabuticaba tree, which bloomed with a rare beauty and gave us sweet fruits, as if it were a gift from the land itself. The mango tree, with its generous shade, was the place where lazy afternoons were spent, accompanied by the sound of the swaying of the leaves, in a giant embrace of welcome leaning on the cold sand.

The grandmother, with her serene smile (she remembered it fondly), knew that the secret of life was there, in that infinite cycle of sowing, caring for, harvesting and celebrating the abundance of nature. Now, it was time to decide something bigger, as IAMAMOTO (2009, p. 34) stated that "the choice of the **profession of Social Work** is closely linked to the commitment to social issues and the defense of human rights." Something charming for her, with a challenging training cycle, in the complementary courses she pretentiously focused: **Social Project Agent, Social Worker in the Health Service, Domestic Violence - Childhood and Adolescence, Inclusive Education, Assistance to Children and Adolescents at Risk**. She knew about the guidance she had received and the care of new children had been passed on with mastery by her grandmother, and knowledge had always been her main objective, as well as the **specialization in Management of the Unified Social Assistance System**.

Among the many teachings shared, one in particular touched the girl's heart: respect. And she taught it with the calmness of someone who lived a deep and real love with her admirable spouse. The grandmother spoke, with the lightness of the words of someone who knew the reality of the time, about marriage - not as something idealized romantic, but brought it as a commitment to sharing and mutual respect. She said, "marriage needs daily care to grow, everything flourishes if we start to share coexistence with zeal and care."

It was with this wisdom that he counted how a relationship needs patience, respectful silence, and daily gestures of affection. It did not refer to great declarations, but to small acts that, added together, built a solid and lasting love. This teaching reverberated in a deep way in the girl, as if it were the true essence of life, as she valued everything in detail that the lady brought.

And as she grew up, she began to understand the importance of these words: respect not only for her partner, but also for herself and others, always with an open heart. In this cycle of life's discoveries, new versions of oneself would come, the unknown and most challenging: Atypical Motherhood. Soon, she understood why her heart took her so much to an exceptional dimension in her professional choices, without even dreaming of being a mother one day (in front of science).

However, as in every story, there was also an inevitable moment of pain. What once seemed like an unbreakable shelter, now arrived the scenario of irreparable loss, the most complex and profound. Grandmother, the silent fairy who filled her childhood with laughter and security, flew away, taking with her all the magic, including her magic wand of enchantments, her deep knowledge. The frustration of absence had made an invisible, growing weight, as if the barrier of longing would not give way.

The mourning for her absence was a low note, a melody that repeated itself in every corner of the girl's soul, desolate, dull, lifeless. The world seemed to slow down, and each step in the journey of adulthood had become heavier, as if time were paralyzed, but in a strange way, unknown, colorless, dull, abrupt...

The change to adulthood was like crossing a bridge, where the familiar had met the unknown, but the new had not excited her. The girl, now a young woman, felt that the

responsibilities had grown, and the choices once made by others were now hers. She was faced with the challenge of resignifying pain and understanding that, despite distancing herself from childhood, her grandmother's magic was still alive within her, she needed to find it in submersion, guiding her choices and attitudes. Each teaching, each gesture of affection, was modified on a solid foundation that supported her on her journey, but there was no conformity with a fact as ghastly and painful as not having it, and forever.

The child's new view contained in his glaring subjectivity, belonging to the big city, reflected a mixture of fascination and fear. The chaos of the city seemed intimidating, but at the same time inviting, like that opportunity to deepen the realities and new forms of family groupings in the **Minha Casa, Minha Vida program**, as a **socio-educational agent**. The busy streets, the tall buildings, the rush of people – it all seemed like a surreal spectacle. But the girl, curious, knew that there, in the center of this new world, she needed to remake herself, for her dreams.

As a social worker, she began to work for the inclusion and well-being of the most vulnerable, especially the elderly, protecting the family relationships that she valued so much and had begun her small steps of **researcher**, searching in the first project entitled "**Intrafamily violence against the elderly**" answers to the context.

It was the reflection of his own adaptation between the past and the present, seeking to transform the "strangeness" of the world into something that he could understand and act with heart, in a position of **Social Educator**, at the Senior Center **CCI Grandma PULU**, in Petrolina - PE. Space for welcoming and developing activities such as: Literacy and literacy classes, Bibliotherapy classes, Health actions and Service actions for the elderly. As he developed, he understood that what had previously seemed to

be an eternal loss of magic, had now become a learning about himself and about life, as an immersion in the **Philosophy**, in the constant search for professional and personal experience, described in the **Masters**.

Over time, now a mother, she also came to understand that her motherhood would not follow the norms imposed by society, but would be her own music, a unique melody that was born among her little daughter, from a vast world. In atypical motherhood, she had thought as always: "the essential thing is not perfection, it is to be entirely who I am and to allow my daughter to be equally free, without fear of her particularities." And we followed with: "Bless, grandma!" ...

Summary

The narrative portrays a child who lived his childhood experience in an environment full of love and learning, harmoniously in the company of his grandmother. The bond with nature and the guidance of the lady were fundamental for her, who understood the value of respect, patience and discipline, particularly influencing her personal interactions and, consequently, her professional decisions. The grandmother, with her grandiose bond with the land and the cycle of life, transferred to her granddaughter the importance of caring for other people and the environment around her. As she grew up, the girl became a young woman, confronting the adversities of adult life and, in a remarkable way, the loss of her grandmother, her strength, bringing pain and longing. She dedicated herself to the profession, as a social worker, performing important functions for the well-being and recognition of the rights of vulnerable individuals, before the law, especially the elderly, and deepening knowledge in some social issues, such as domestic violence and social inclusion, enchanted mainly by education. In her journey, the girl became

a mother and was reborn, recognizing that her motherhood, especially in an atypical experience, would be unique, immersed in daily detail. The text also reflects on the metamorphosis of the girl into a woman, highlighting the importance of the grandmother, the struggle and adaptation to the changes of adult life and the search for a meaningful professional and personal path that respected her essence and values, focused on the criticality awakened in the philosophical context. In her primary maternal role, she learned to value authenticity and the freedom to be who she really was, living her grandmother's teaching in her heart, enjoying her passion for the educational field.

Keywords: Childhood; education; values; motherhood; inclusion.

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AbstractThe text describes a girl who lived her childhood experience in an environment full of love and wisdom, affectionately alongside her grandmother. Her bond with nature and the teachings of her grandmother were essential to her, as she understood the value of respect, patience, and dedication, especially in her personal relationships, which influenced her professional choices. The grandmother, with her deep connection to the earth and the cycle of life, passed on to her granddaughter the importance of caring for others and for the world around her. As she grew, the girl became a young woman, facing the adversities of adult life and, notably, the loss of her grandmother, bringing pain and longing. She dedicated herself to her profession as a social worker, performing functions for the inclusion of vulnerable people, especially the elderly, and delving into issues such as domestic violence and social inclusion, particularly in education. In her journey, the girl became a mother and recognized that her motherhood,

especially in an atypical experience, would be unique, immersed in daily minutiae. The text reflects on the metamorphosis of the girl into a woman, highlighting the importance of the grandmother, the struggle and adaptation to the changes of adult life, and the search for a meaningful professional and personal path that respected her essence and values, with a focus on the criticality awakened in the philosophical context. In her primary maternal role, she learned to value authenticity and the freedom to be who she truly was, living her grandmother's teachings in her heart.

Keywords: Childhood; wisdom; respect; motherhood; inclusion.

Theoretical framework:

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