

# Return of Mariana

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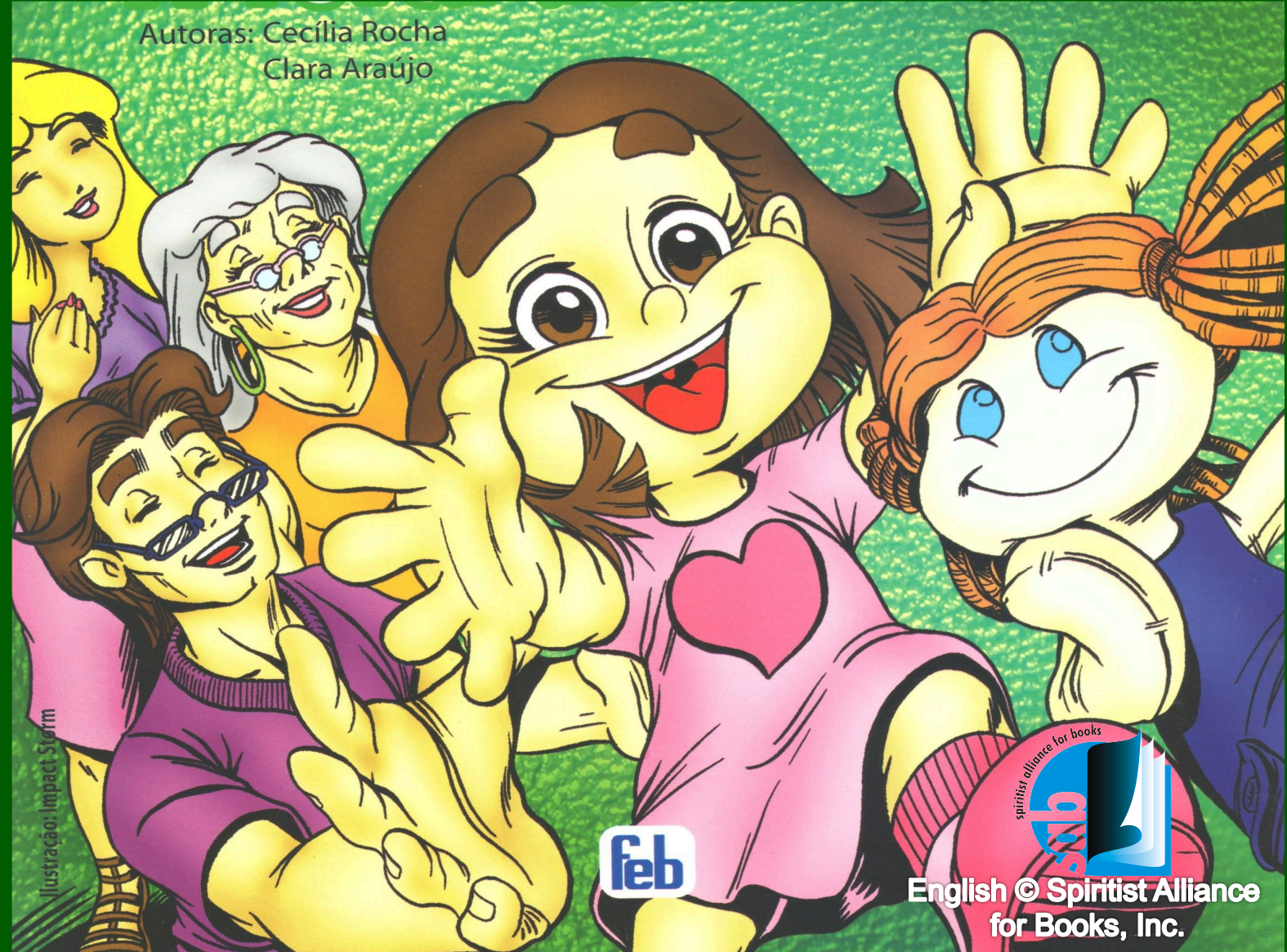


Ilustração: Impact Storm



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Celeste fixed her dolls' clothes, and cheerfully went down the stairs of her house to find her grandfather. She was anxious about trip she would be doing with her family: her parents, grandparents, uncle, aunt, and cousins.



The girl was eight years old and everyone said she was a lovely child.

“Celeste” called the grandmother, “let’s hurry, because we’re late for our trip. Your parents are waiting for us in the car”.

Oh grandma! I was fixing Milu, she needs to look pretty to go out.



Mrs. Nair felt a certain emotion in hearing Celeste speak that way. She remembered her daughter Mariana, who died 28 years ago at the age of 11. Celeste, in some ways was just like Mariana: the way she walked, smiled, the way she touched her hair, the way she showed affection, the way she put her toys away, and the way she got her dolls dressed to go out.



Roberto, Celeste's father called them: "Mom, Celeste, hurry, there is no time to lose. The boat will leave in forty minutes and the pier is far away."

They both ran and went into the car where Mrs. Lucia, Celeste's mother was waiting



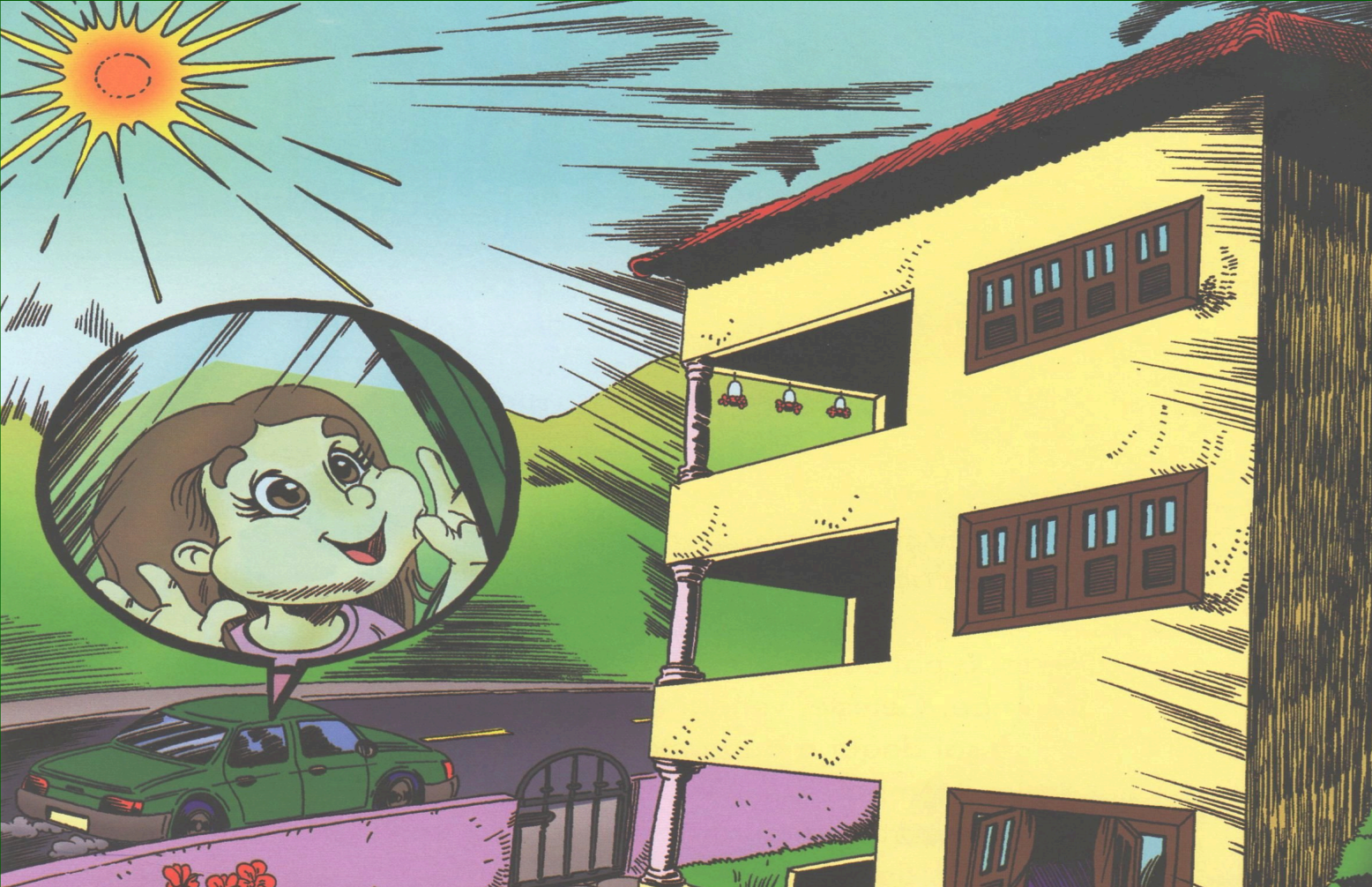


While the car traveled through the streets,  
Celeste suddenly called out:





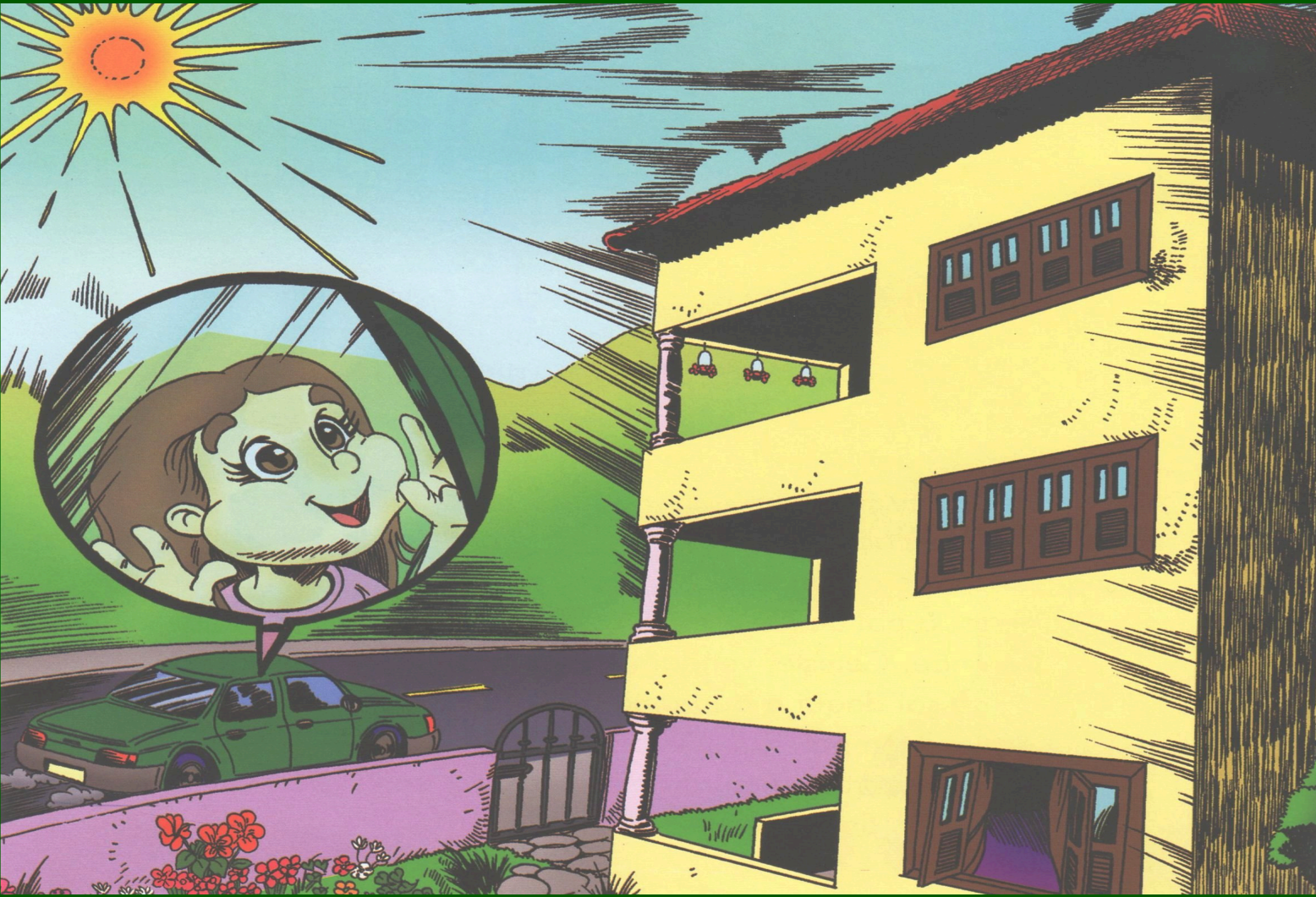
She pointed to a big old style house with a gracious garden of roses and geraniums.



Her Parents and her grandmother looked at each other surprised by the girls' behavior. How could she know that her grandmother's family had lived at that house? They have never mentioned anything and they never passed through that area!



Mr. Roberto, although surprised with the girls comment, said: “I can’t stop Celeste, the boat will leave in a few minutes. Your uncle, aunt and cousins are waiting at the pier and if we are late we’ll miss the boat.”



“Dad please stop, I miss our old house so much” said Celeste, slightly sad with tears in her eyes.



Mrs. Nair also surprised with her granddaughter's request, tried to calm her down:

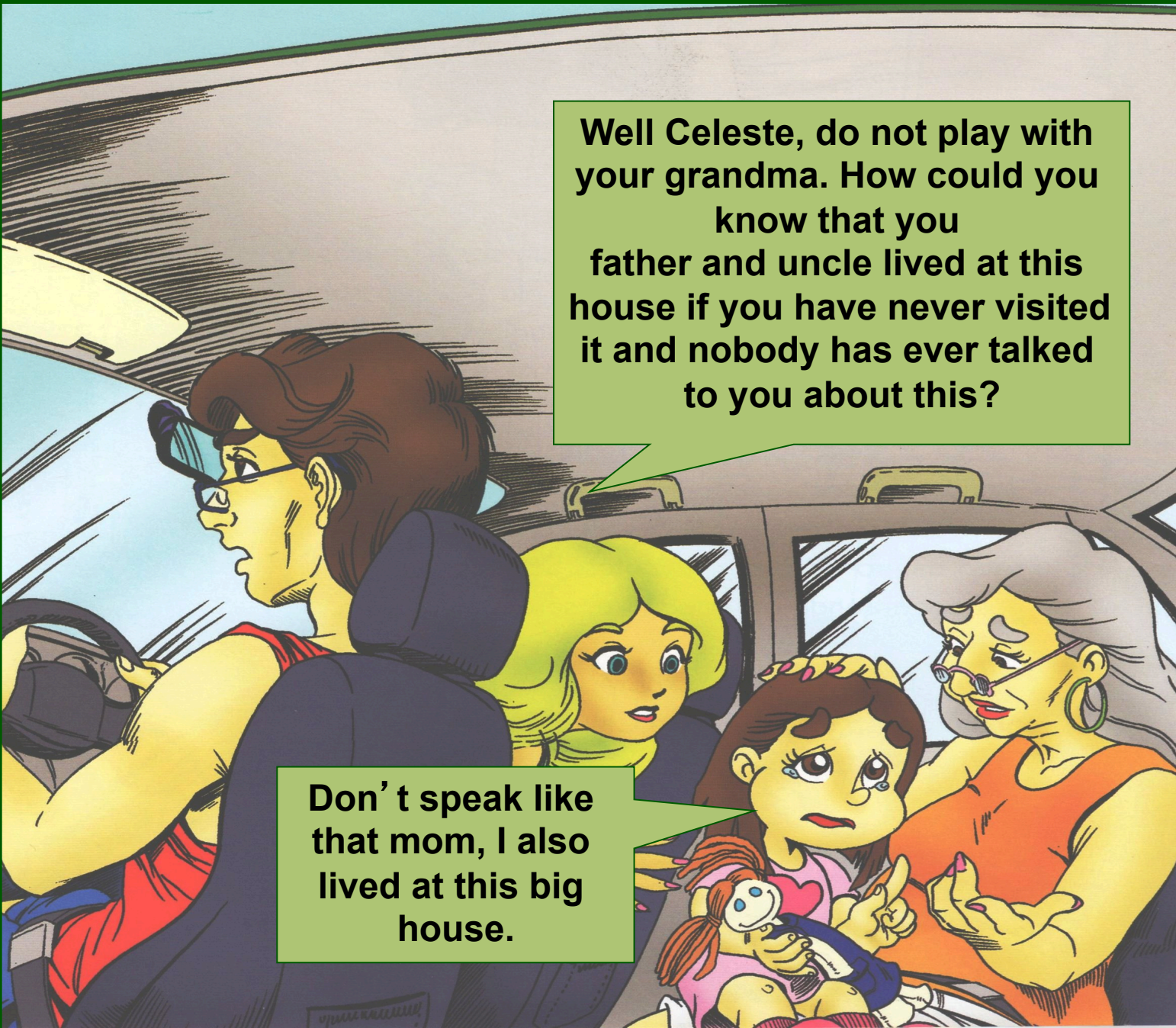
Calm down honey, we promise that we'll bring you back to visit our old house. It was at this house that your father and your uncle Pedro were born.

I knew that already grandma.





In hearing her daughter's comment, Mrs. Lucia said:



Well Celeste, do not play with your grandma. How could you know that you father and uncle lived at this house if you have never visited it and nobody has ever talked to you about this?

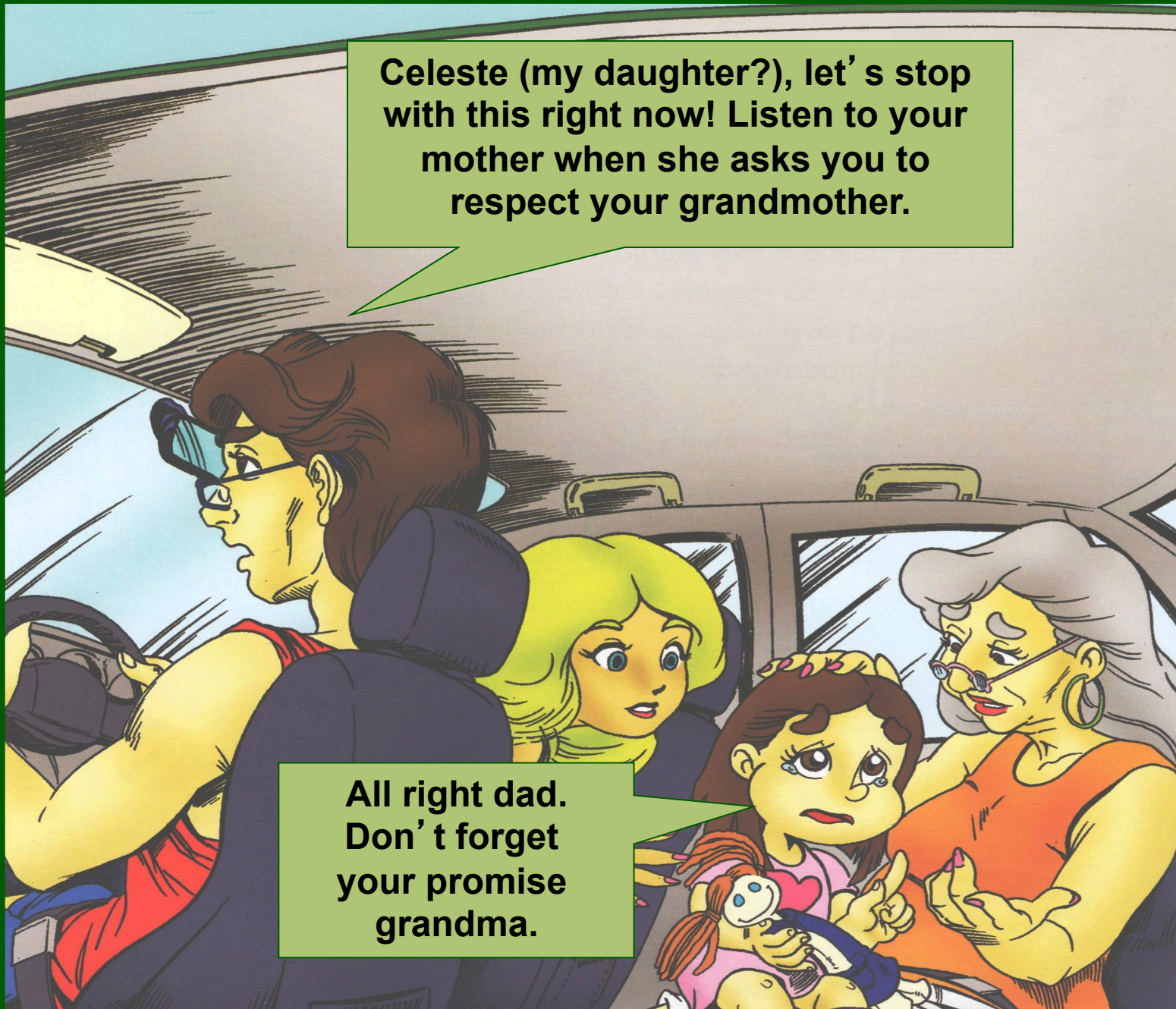
Don't speak like that mom, I also lived at this big house.



The father, worried about Celeste's words, said firmly:

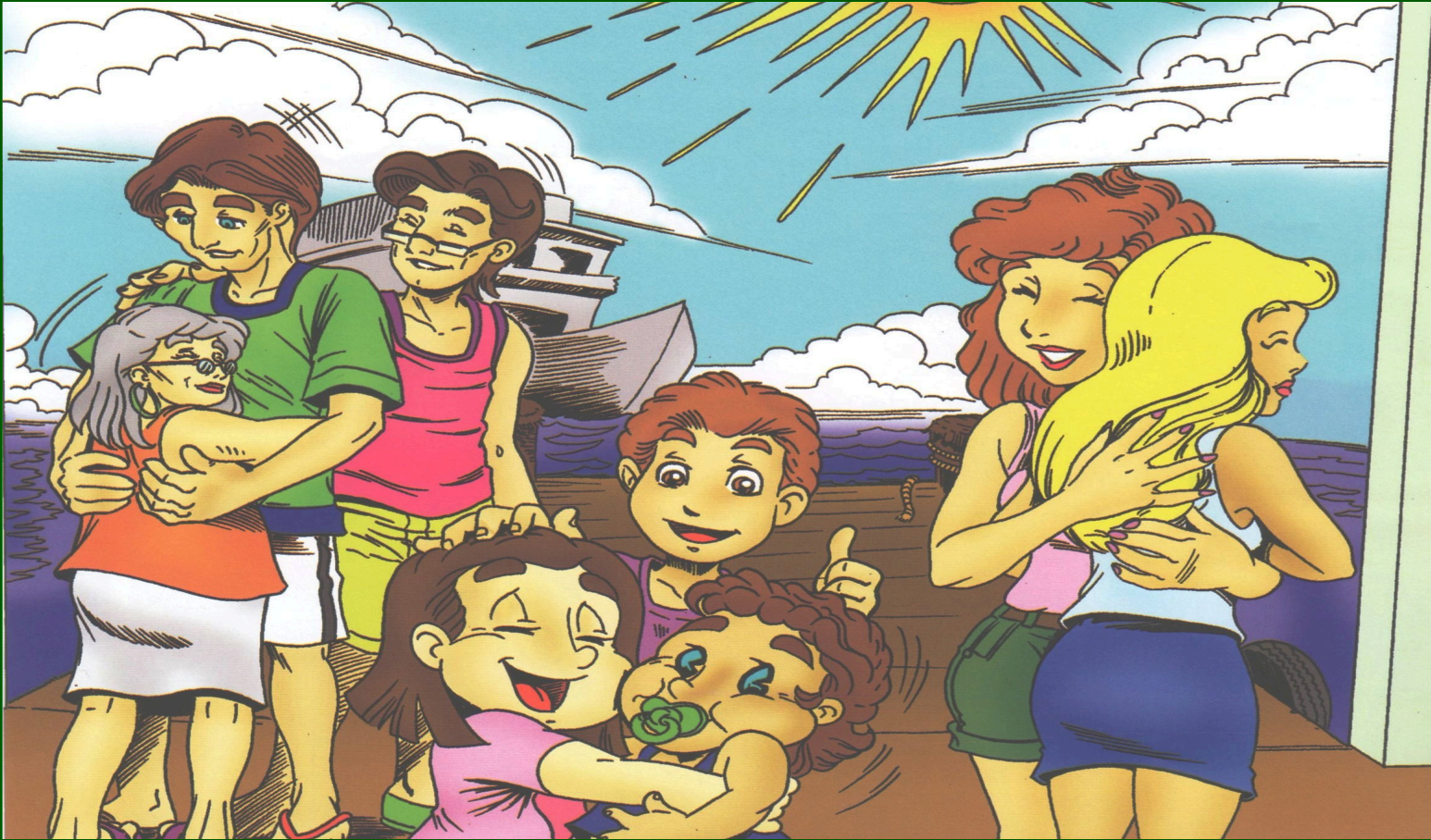
Celeste (my daughter?), let's stop with this right now! Listen to your mother when she asks you to respect your grandmother.

All right dad.  
Don't forget  
your promise  
grandma.





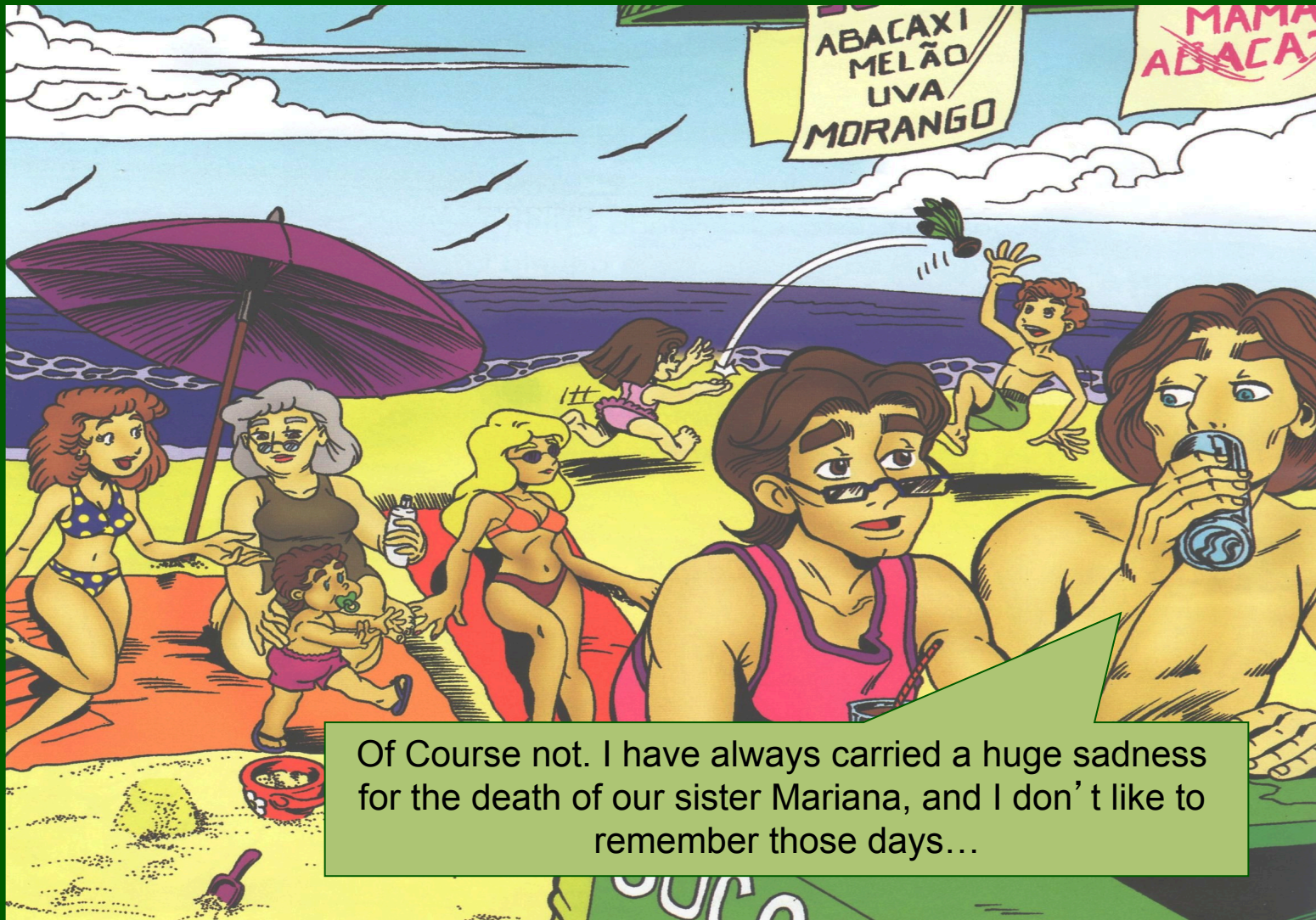
Mrs. Nair was intrigued. She was sure she never talked with Celeste about that house. Roberto and Lucia also did not understand what was happening, and at that day did not talk about what had happened with their daughter.



Once they reached the pier, Pedro, his wife and children were waiting. Both families hugged each other happy by the reunion. Mrs. Nair smiled when she saw her other grandchildren whom she also loves very much. Celeste jumped of excitement to see her cousins, uncle and aunt.



The trip to the distant beach was enjoyable and extremely exciting for the children, who played a lot enjoying the shining hot and bright summer sun that day. Roberto told his brother Pedro what had happened, and asked him that he had ever told Celeste about the house they had both lived as children.



Of Course not. I have always carried a huge sadness for the death of our sister Mariana, and I don't like to remember those days...





At that evening on the return home, Celeste sleep in her mother's arms tired of the long day playing with her cousins. However, at the following morning she got up early and ran to her grandmother's bedroom.




"Good morning grandma! You promised to take me to our old house. Can we go now?" "Of course I promised, but it's too early and I need to ask your parents' permission."

Mrs. Nair was worried. She thought her granddaughter would forget what happened the day before, but it seems that Celeste was determined to see the big house. She talked with her son about Celeste's request, but the father did not like the idea.








I'm sorry mother. I won't let her go. Celeste is a child with a creative mind and likes to day dream. This is likely of children, make up stories, and wish for them to be true... Pure Fantasy!

But, son, how can you explain Celeste's recognizing our old house without ever being there?





Well, mother, someone must  
have told her about it.

I don't know, son, it's very strange...  
However, because you don't allow her  
to go, I'll ask her to give up on this  
idea

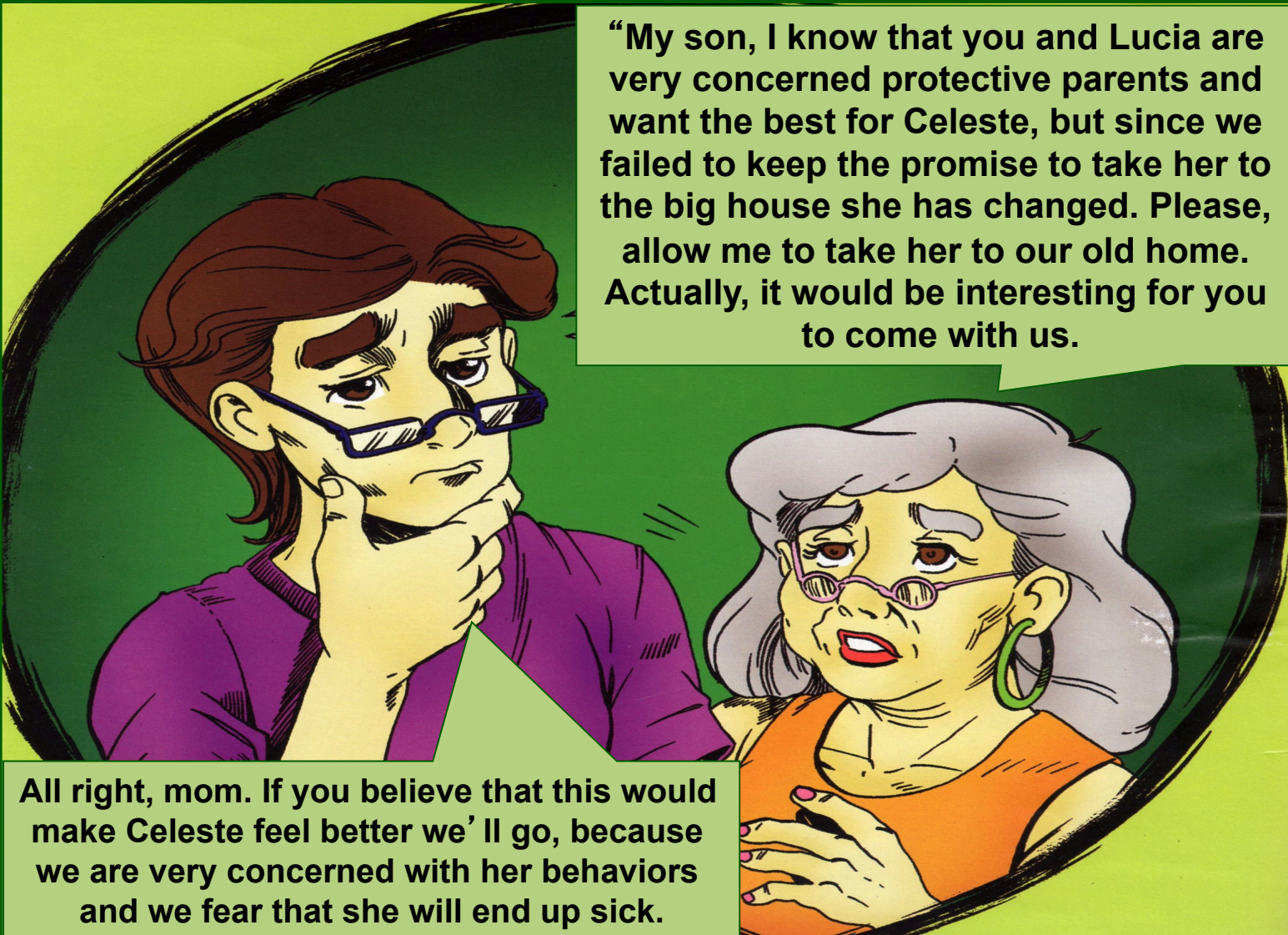


Celeste was very upset with her father's response and from that day on she started to behave completely different: she wouldn't smile, ate very little and wouldn't play with her friends. Even her dolls weren't getting dress up to go out.... At school, her grades started to decline because she didn't worry about it anymore.





Two months later, Mrs. Nair talked with her son again about the subject:



“My son, I know that you and Lucia are very concerned protective parents and want the best for Celeste, but since we failed to keep the promise to take her to the big house she has changed. Please, allow me to take her to our old home. Actually, it would be interesting for you to come with us.

All right, mom. If you believe that this would make Celeste feel better we'll go, because we are very concerned with her behaviors and we fear that she will end up sick.

Celeste was extremely excited when she learned that she would visit her old house. That night she couldn't even sleep well...



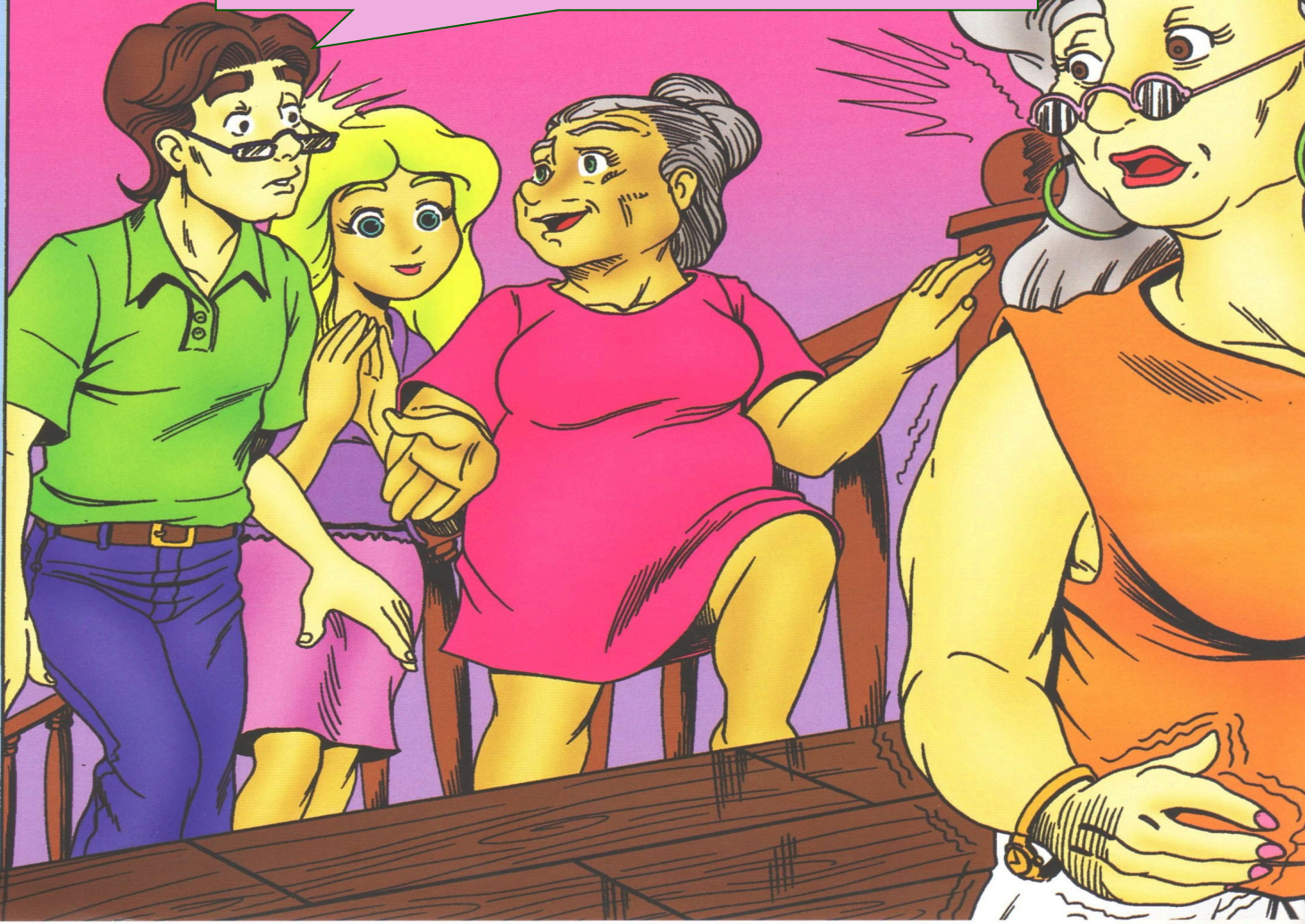
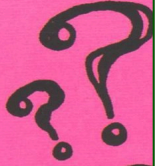
In the morning, her dad and her grandmother finally took her to the big house. When they arrived Roberto explained the owner of the house Mrs. Julia, a very friendly lady, the reason for their visit. Mrs. Julia allowed them to come and smiled when she saw the girl run up the stairs in search for what she called her bedroom at the top floor.





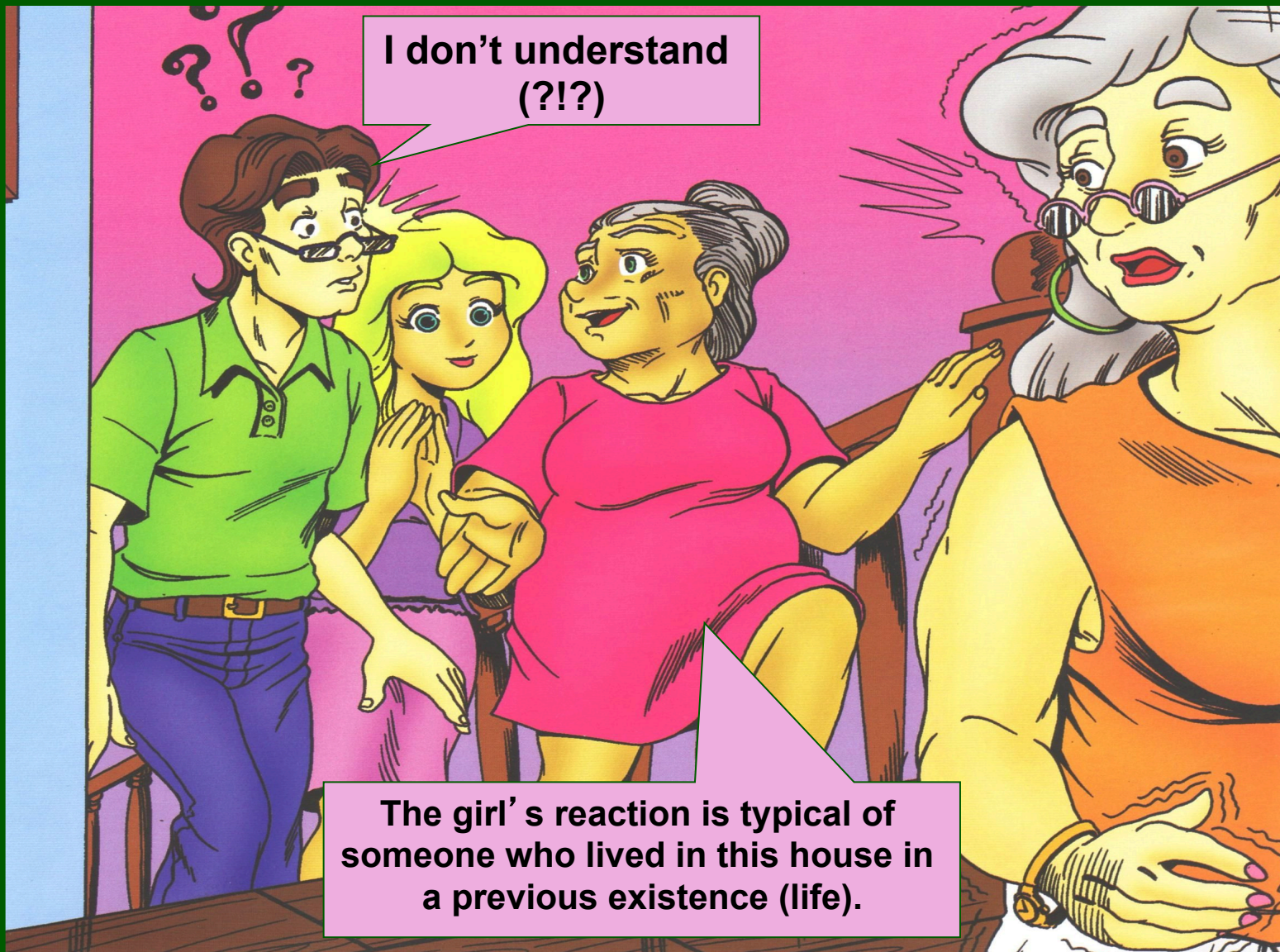
Roberto was embarrassed with Celeste's reaction and turning to Mrs. Julia he said:

**"I'm sorry for the trouble, but my daughter is insistent in saying that she lived in this house. The reality is that we lived here: my parents, my brothers, and I."**





Celeste's voice was heard: "Mom, dad, grandma, come and look my bedroom that is slightly different, but I still remember it! The girl's family was embarrassed not understanding what was happening with Celeste. Mrs. Julia, then calmly said:



I don't understand  
(!!!)

The girl's reaction is typical of  
someone who lived in this house in  
a previous existence (life).



**Do you mean that Celeste could be the  
reincarnation of Mariana, the daughter I  
lost many years ago?**

**By the memories Celeste  
has, she could be her.**





At that moment, they heard again Celeste's call. They all went to see her. Celeste's grandmother was so touched (or emotional) that her legs were shaking as she walked up the stairs of her old home. When they got to the bedroom, they heard Celeste sing the same song Mrs. Nair used to sing to put Mariana to sleep. Mrs. Nair could not hold back the tears...



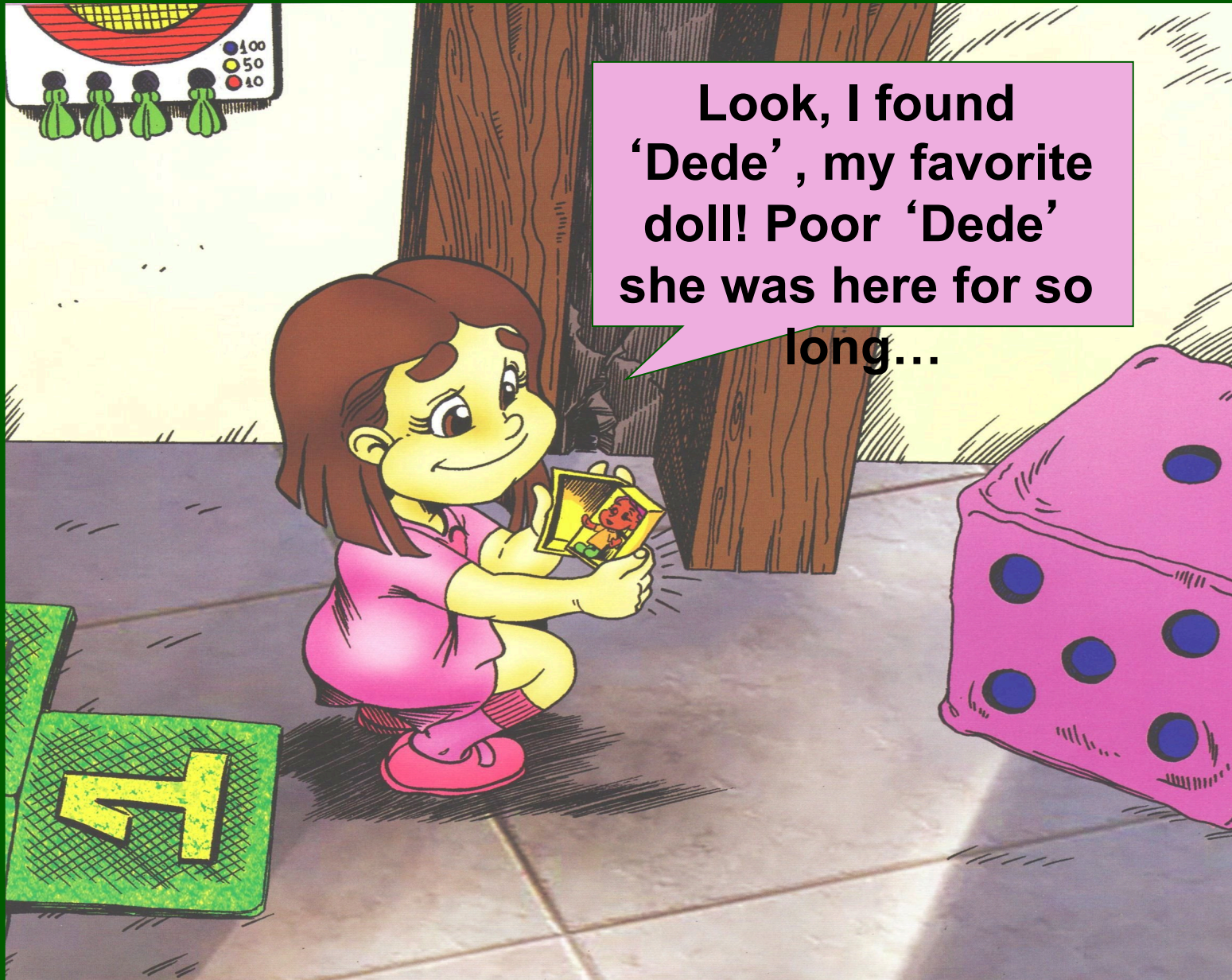


The girl insisted that they look for the doll she used to store at the home's attic. Roberto then remembered that his sister Mariana asked for his assistance when he was a child in storing the doll at the house's attic where they used to love to play. Mrs. Julia understood Celeste's request and took the group of people to the upper floor of the house where the old attic was located, which now was transformed into a playroom for the children.



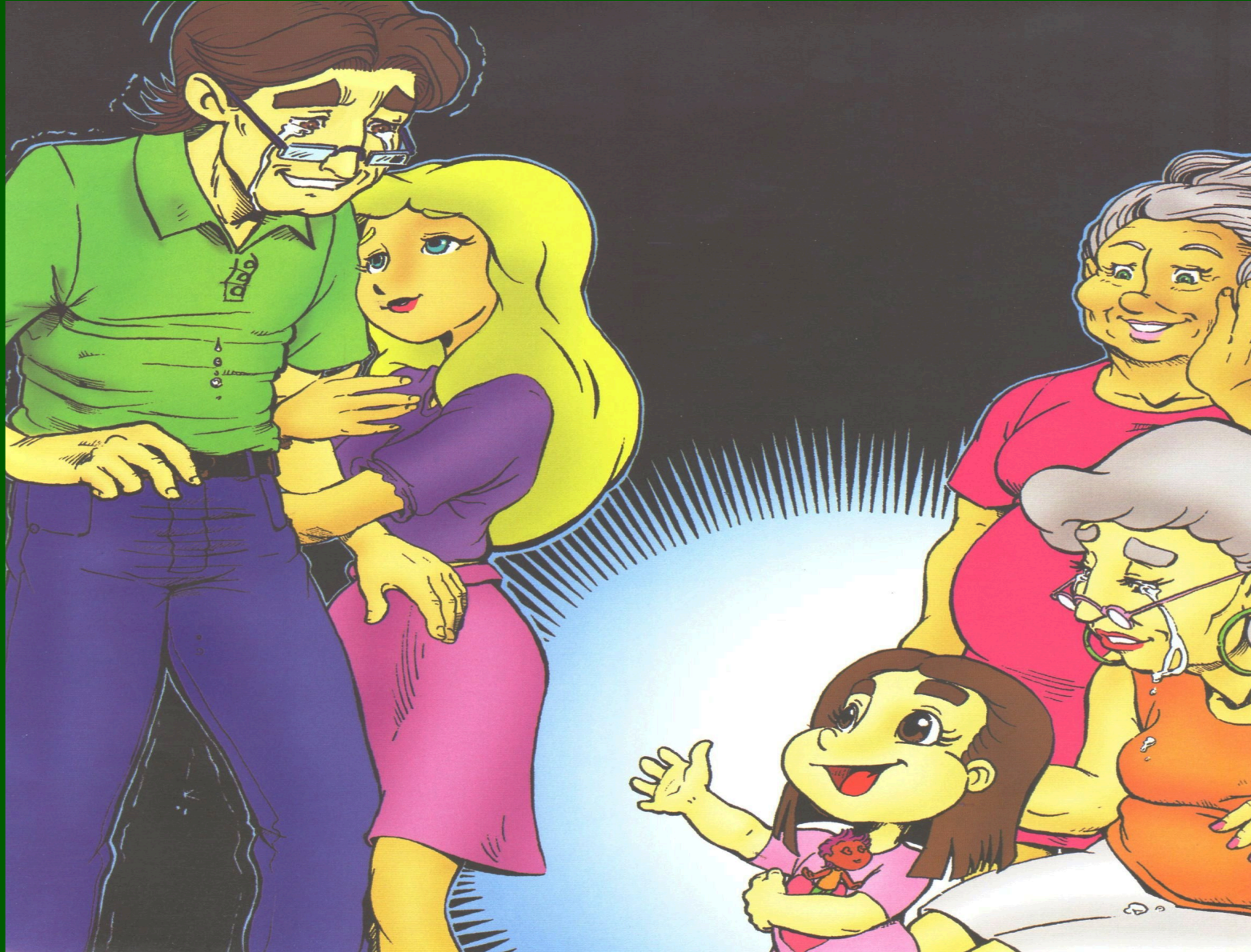


Once there, Celeste ran towards a corner of the attic reaching into a dent behind two wooden pillars, removing a small box with a small doll. There it was hidden, after many years no one was able to find it.





The emotion took over everyone. Roberto, remembering his sister Mariana cried watching that scene: it was there, exactly at the same place that they had hidden the little doll. There were no more doubts: Celeste was Mariana reincarnated!





Mrs. Nair, hugged her granddaughter and touched said:

The way to thank him, my friend,  
is in every existence in Earth, to  
live as sons of God and love one  
another as brothers.

How to thank God for his  
infinite goodness?



From that memorable day on, Celeste's family never again  
regretted Mariana's death, with certainty that everyone would  
return again to Earth in order to progress and perfect.



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