

STORY: My way, my story...

Time went by and they continue to meet and weave stories...

It's spring, the sun invites them to meet, the place: Domingo Faustino Sarmiento's Park, in Azul the Cervantine City, which, like every season, captivates with its magic.

The singing of birds, the scent of the flowers, and the sound of water running through the stream captivates them like when they were children.

Betty, Celeste, Mariana, Susana, and María sip mate in this wonderful setting.

Between mate and mate, each one narrates how the years have passed, and all share something about a passage in their lives, experiences, testimonies, or simply memories, but with nostalgia and tears in their eyes, Betty recalls a school event on May 25th in her childhood. She tells how her mother would prepare her for that date, wearing a white shirt with large ruffles, a flowery skirt, and espadrilles. Everything was flawless, starched, and well-ironed. Her hair was styled in two neat braids, finished off with large bows on each side.

She represented the Creoles of the time.

Other classmates would go with whatever they had.

There was always a teacher who played the piano, an essential instrument in every school.

Celeste remembers how the school would prepare with a week in advance or even more time. The rest of her classmates agree with Betty and Celeste's story.

The school community and the neighborhood residents were also protagonists of the great celebration.

They remember how, at the end of the ceremony, they shared a feast: pastries, empanadas, fried cakes, delicious hot chocolate, and the indispensable companion: the mate.

Today, each of them, based on the experiences of their children and grandchildren, comment on how these celebrations have been influenced by technology: videos, screens, cell phones, accompanied by a piece of paper in case someone forgets the lines. Before, Susana said: "To perform, you had to study by heart and rehearse all day at home, because for the performance, you had to

remember everything." A sense of belonging and patriotism was further encouraged.

While the differences are significant when comparing, all the students of yesterday and today continue to be protagonists of history, keeping the memory of their homeland alive.

The five women remained feeling protagonists of those patriotic events. Nostalgia filled them, and they felt like those little girls from distant times who fervently hummed patriotic songs and suddenly, they were all singing "Aurora" at the same time.

Tears rolled down their cheeks, and the five women intertwined their arms, embracing each other, walking together along a path in the park.

Thus future meetings will come, where the place will be a silent witness to their stories.

They will once again bring charm to that dreamlike space.