

Dear son/daughter...A close-up, sepia-toned photograph of a hand with a ring on the ring finger, resting on a textured surface. The hand is the central focus, with the ring clearly visible. The background is a soft, out-of-focus texture, possibly fabric or paper. The overall mood is nostalgic and intimate.



The day that you see me old, have patience and try to understand me ...



If I get dirty when eating... if I can not dress... have patience. Remember the hours I spent teaching it to you.

If, when I speak to you, I repeat the same things a thousand and one times... do not interrupt me... listen to me.

When you were small, I had to read to you a thousand and one times the same story until you got to sleep...



A young boy with dark hair is standing in a shower stall. He is looking down and has a sad or thoughtful expression on his face. The background consists of light-colored tiled walls. The text is overlaid on the bottom half of the image.

When I do not want to have a shower, neither shame me
nor scold me...

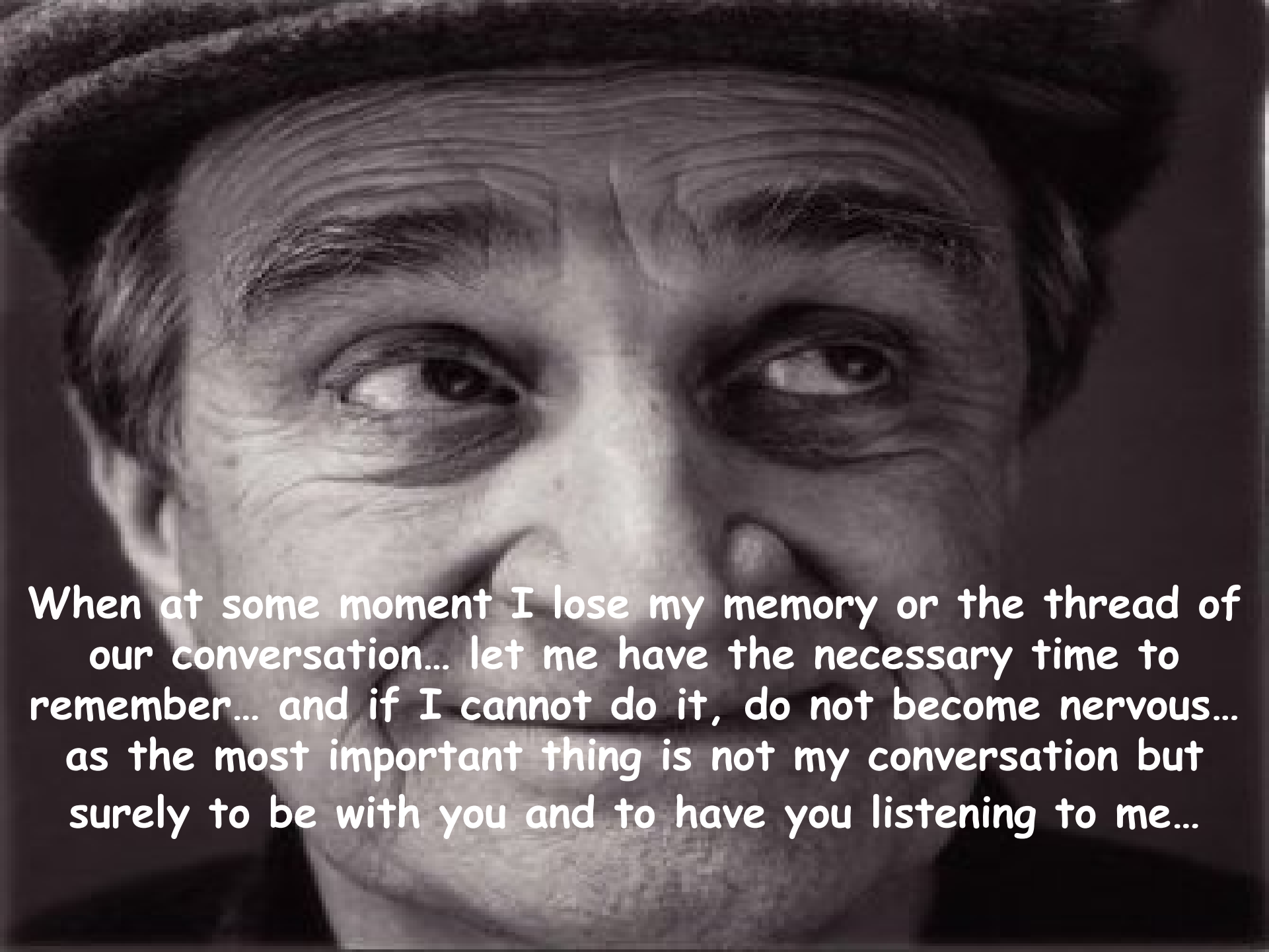
Remember when I had to chase you with a thousand
excuses I invented, so that you would want to bath...



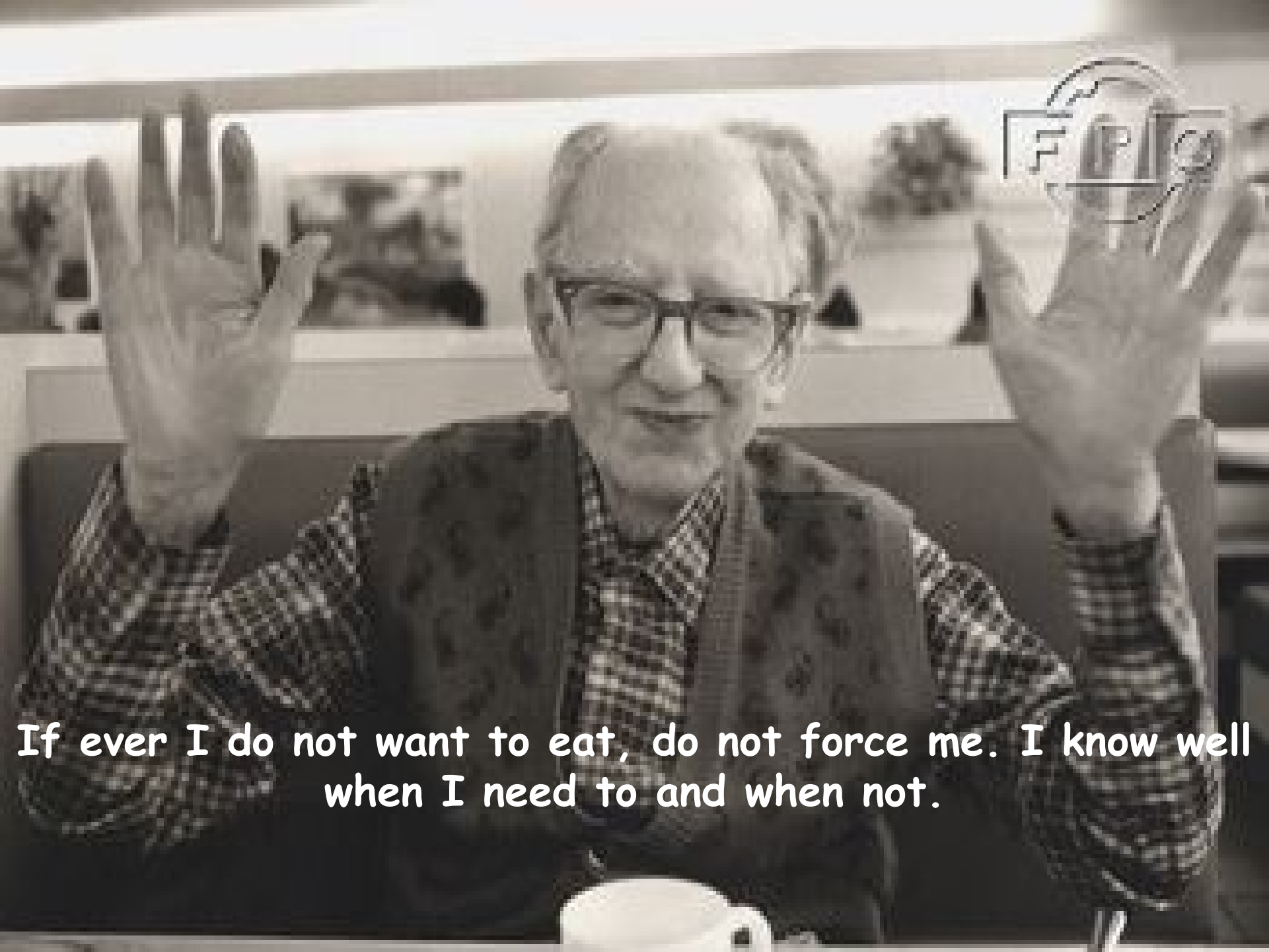
When you see my ignorance on new technologies... give me the necessary time and not look at me with your mocking smile...



I taught you how to do so many things... to eat good, to dress well... to confront life...



When at some moment I lose my memory or the thread of our conversation... let me have the necessary time to remember... and if I cannot do it, do not become nervous... as the most important thing is not my conversation but surely to be with you and to have you listening to me...



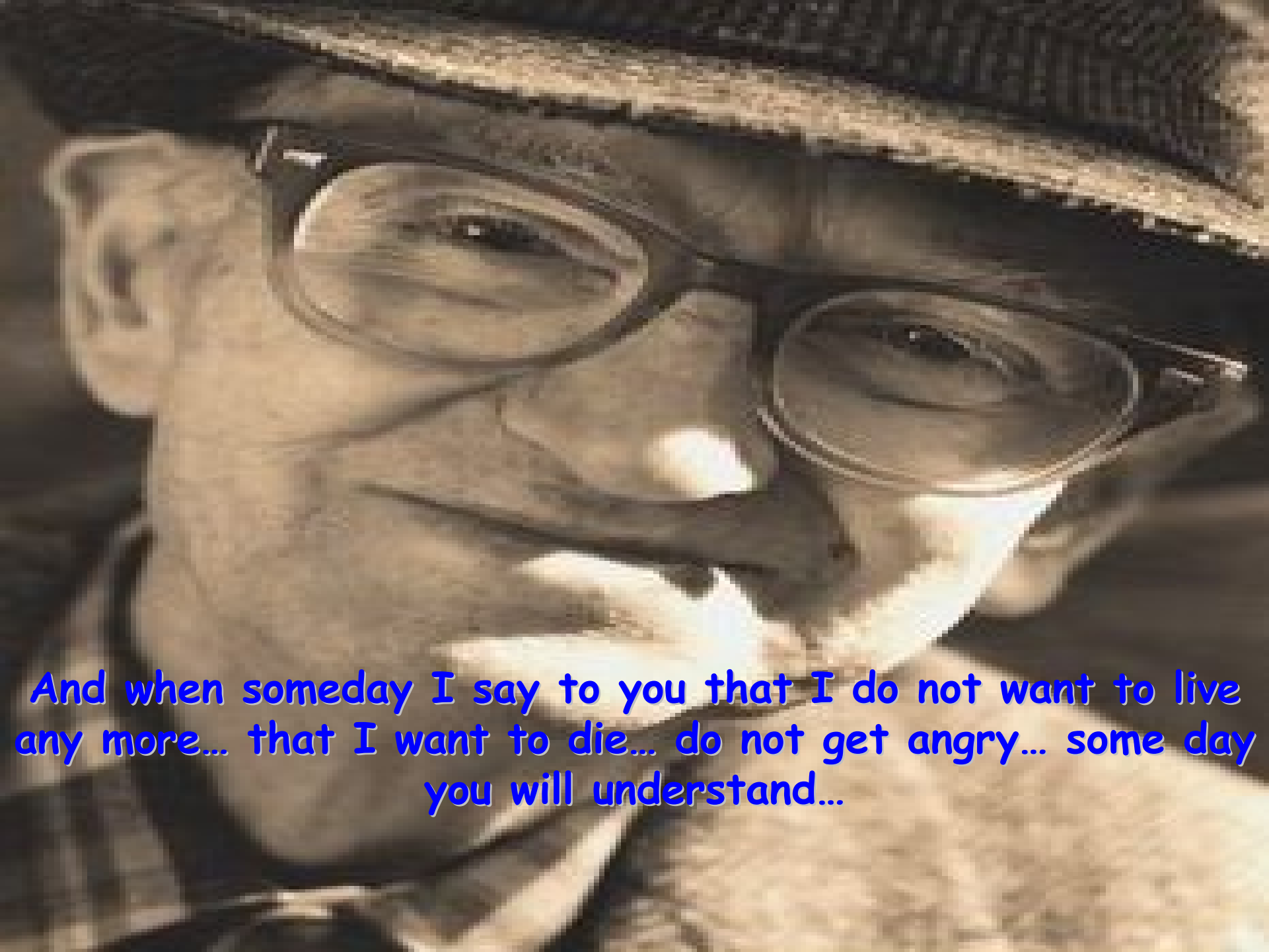
If ever I do not want to eat, do not force me. I know well when I need to and when not.



When my tired legs do not allow me walk...



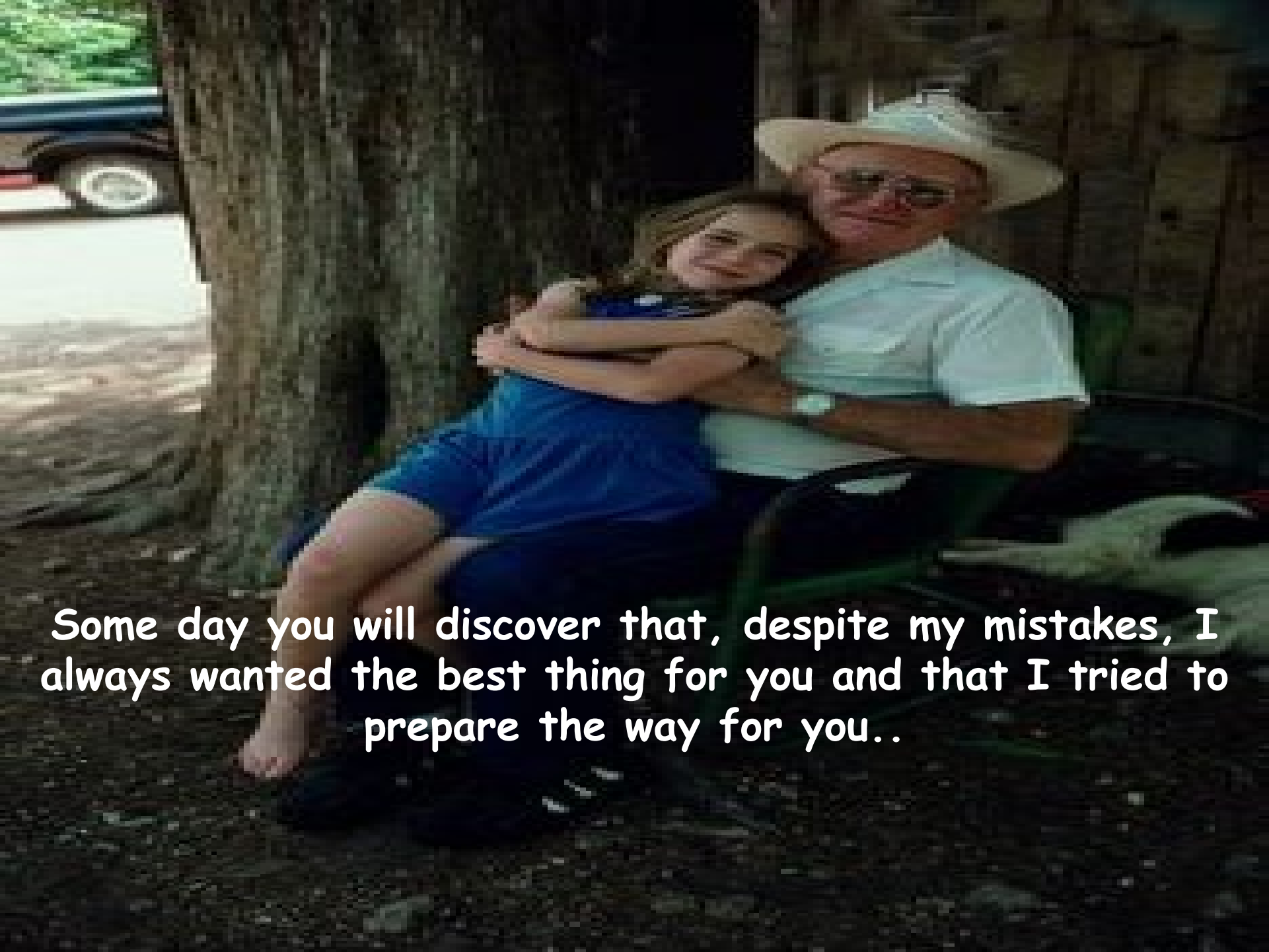
... give me your hand... the same way I did when you made your first steps.



And when someday I say to you that I do not want to live
any more... that I want to die... do not get angry... some day
you will understand...

Try to understand that my age is not lived but survived.



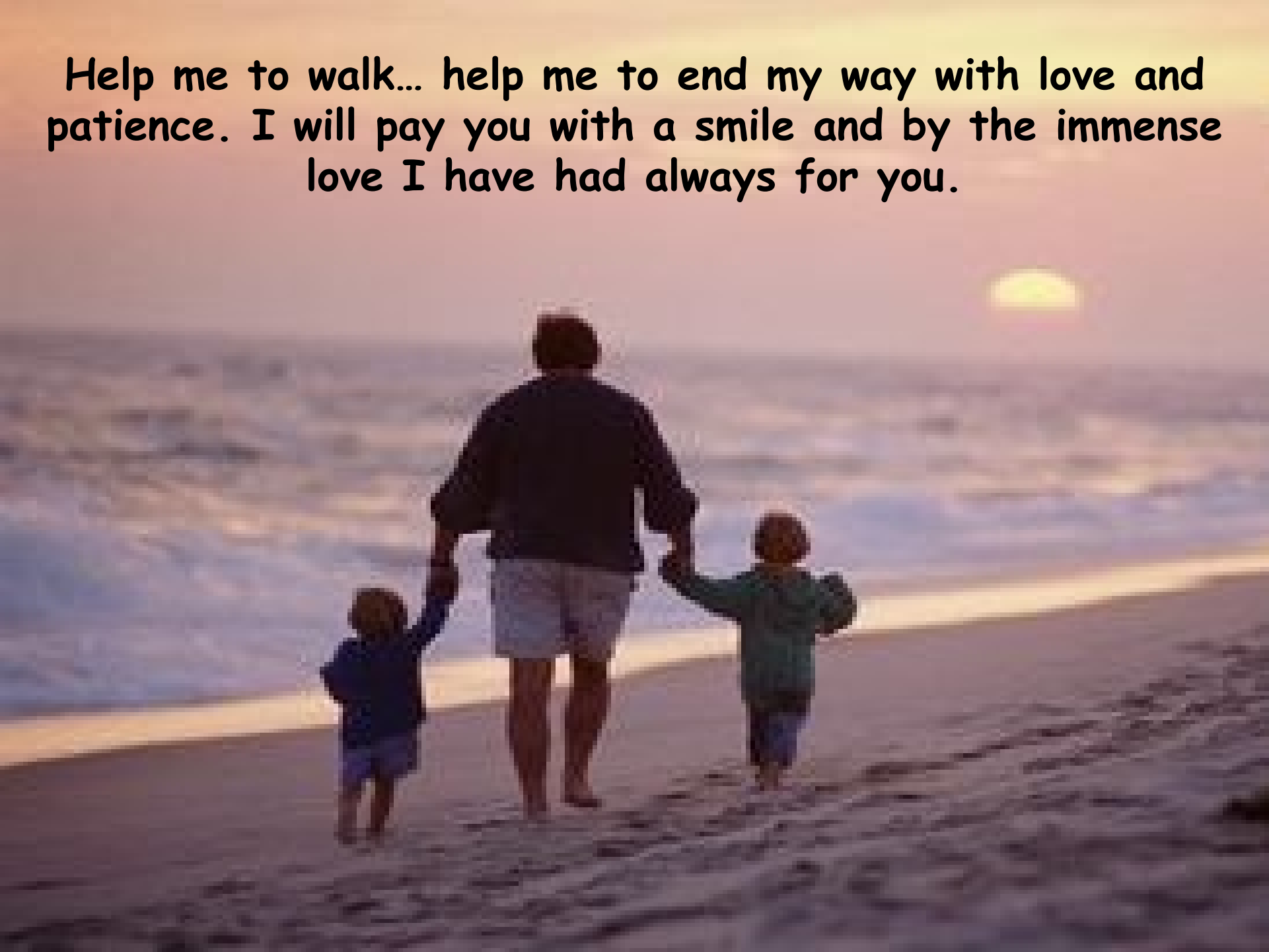



Some day you will discover that, despite my mistakes, I always wanted the best thing for you and that I tried to prepare the way for you..

You must not feel sad, angry or impotent at seeing me near you. You must be next to me. Try to understand me and help me as I did with you when you started your life.



Help me to walk... help me to end my way with love and patience. I will pay you with a smile and by the immense love I have had always for you.



A close-up, sepia-toned photograph of a hand holding a pen. The hand is positioned in the center, with the pen held between the fingers. The background is a soft, out-of-focus light color. The text is overlaid on the image in a clean, sans-serif font.

I love you my child...

Your father

We care for Elderly: Silver Innings