

His name is Álvaro

Life is a gift that comes through the love of parents. But that gift requires efforts, often unexpected and even heroic. Sometimes even the life of the mother and the child on the way hang by a thread.

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In 2005, I became pregnant after a miscarriage months earlier. From the beginning I prayed to Don Alvaro for the pregnancy to go well to term, even though I had a lot of bleeding and heavy haemorrhages. We went

to the emergency room, fearing the worst. The doctors were surprised to find my son alive. I had to rest for two months. The delivery was five weeks early and complicated to the point that the child and I almost lost our lives.

But he was born alive, healthy and has grown up to be a wonderful boy. The surprise was that I was later diagnosed with a severe uterine malformation. With all this, the doctors cannot explain the life of my son. His name is of course Alvaro, after the saint who interceded for him ever since his conception. I asked him for the life of this son. We give thanks to God.

M. E. L. - Spain

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