



To Maria Savateeva

Сергей Орехов (Панкратиус)

— *O God, tell me, what is the name “Maria” to You?*

— This name is like the sky, like an endless expanse.

By her the path is made holy, she is my own line,
once, long ago, I entered this world through her.

As the infant Jesus I lit up the world,
and the light in this name made the path shine bright.

In her purity my own repose is mirrored,
and in her I revealed my image to the world.

— *And what is Maria to Vadim?*

— She is like a foothold, a faithful good word.

She is gladness itself, an honest, true laughter,
her warmth breathes inspiration into success.

For him she is a home that glows with comfort,
where every moment speaks of grace bestowed.

She is a companion through whatever seasons,
love made incarnate in the simplest deeds.

She is his harbor in the surge of living,

she is his song, that sounds within a dream.

With her each daybreak is a luminous flight,
she is his strength, that leads him on toward eternity.

— *And what does her name mean to the children?*

— Ivan through his mother came to know his strength,
like morning — he is bright, like wind — he is bold.

And Elizaveta finds in her her wings,
her beauty is like a luminous, far frontier.

For them Maria is a bridge across the years,
she'll teach them how to shine out like a star.

In her warm tenderness the green shoots open,
she is their beginning, their essence, their fate.

— *And what will You say of her, of her beauty?*

— In her sincerity the soul shines through,

she is like the spring, both warm and fresh.
Her laughter is a song, her gaze is like the light,
no beauty in the world can equal hers.

She is like a dawn that brings a deep repose,
like a golden day above the flowering earth.
In all the cares she carries she reflects
that everlasting truth that's given to the world.

And in her honest heart there dwells the grace
in which it is so simple to forgive and accept.
Her kindness is a bridge across the age,
in her the light of my three people is reflected.

— Maria is not merely a plain name,
she is reflection of an unearthly love.
I made her as a gift unto the family,
that all their paths might be lit up by her light.

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