Casa Branca Parish Church

There goes a boy with his father. Everything that surrounds us is part of the story that his father tells him: the whole church, the solid volume it occupies, the granite that gives it structure, the window of the choir loft on the frontage, the towers. All this is part of that story, as much as the actual words that his father chooses.

One day the boy will be here, he will be as tall as his father and, in front of this same church, under the shadow of Our Lady of Grace, he will believe that there goes a boy with his father. Because he heard the story his father told him, he'll think that this boy-mirage is listening to the same story as his father-mirage. He'll believe that all of this, the ground under his feet, the sky up above, the village of Casa Branca surrounding them, all of this belongs to that story.

So the boy won't be able to distinguish himself from his father, he won't be able to distinguish himself from the mirage, he won't be able to distinguish himself from Casa Branca. He too will belong to the story that his father tells him, told him, and will tell him forever. The same story he tells on all occasions: the only story he knows.

José Luis Peixoto