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Cuba is Fidel and Fidel is Cuba

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He was capable of stirring feelings in crowds and his popular summoning of forging a nation he was supported by majorities that is poor, humble, deprived.

Like that unintentionally and without thinking it, he became great. He understood workers, and stood next to peasants, he listened to intellectuals, dignified women, he filled the dreams of children with books, pencils and schools.

The fight began in the cities and in the Sierra Maestra mountains crowned the victory that later took him to lead the destiny of a nation through the paths of right to schooling, to own lands, to factories. After that Cubans were the true owners of their Homeland, without distinctions, putting aside social classes, skin color, or the place where one was born. No more Yankees on the road, neither traitors, neither those serving the empire.

From his position as statesman looked after his people and it was this people that gave him the greatest of joys. He opened the school doors to teachers, classrooms to students, he raised awareness of scientists, the knowledge of doctors, he elevated the honor of women to unheard of heights, fields and sectors they never treaded before.

Cuba is Fidel and Fidel is Cuba, and to millions of men and women, of children and old men, he is the greatest of Cubans.

He continued the path of the most illustrious and committed patriots, he learned from Jose Martí, and in that struggle for the definitive independence he brought along the most valuable men of his time.

I always wondered how he managed to join wills and crowds, fill squares, unite Cubans in the first call. Certainly, Fidel was not a god, he was as wonderful as real, also authentic as inexplicable. But undoubtedly, he was a giant of humility and moral, of courage and dignity that he knew - as no other - to assume that the all the glory in the world fits in a kernel of corn, like Martí said and being his most faithful pupil.

