This was a poor man. His upkeep was to bring firewood from the shared land to sell in town. The day he would sell firewood, he ate and so did his family. The day he could not, they put up with not eating. He lived this way for a long time, there was a day when we was very hungry and decided to steal a hen from his wife. He went to a chicken coop and pulled out the chicken and killed her. Then, he went out to the mountain, made a fire and put the chicken to roast. The woodcutter was savoring the broth when suddenly he felt someone nuzzling where he was, and thought, "Good God! What, I can never eat alone? But I will not call them to eat."

- How you doing, friend? - He said when he reached the man.
- How's it going, friend? Who are you?
- I am the Lord God. What, you won’t give me anything to eat?
No, I will not feed you because you disregard a lot of people. You give a lot to the rich and nothing to the poor. You don’t treat us all the same.

The Lord left very sad. Soon, he saw another person approaching him; it was Blessed Mary.
- How you doing, friend? – She told him when she arrived.
How’s it going, friend? Who are you?
Well, I'm Mary. What, you won’t give me anything to eat?
- No, I will not feed you because your child disregards people. Being the mother of Jesus Christ, why don’t you intercede with your son to make us all equal or all rich or all poor? No, he makes some very rich and other very poor and I am one of those poor. I don’t invite you to have some chicken with me.

When Mary went, after a while he saw another person coming, it was Death. How you doing, Friend? - She said when she arrived.
How’s it going, friend? Who are you?
I am Death. What, you won’t give me anything to eat?
Yes, because you are Death and you are very skinny. You I do invite
because you do things rights. You don’t separate a millionaire for being
rich, or the poor for being poor, or the beautiful from the beautiful, or the
fierce from the fierce, or the old from the old, or the boy from the boy. You
take everyone, equally.

When they finished eating the chicken, Death asked him for a gift and he
said:
Mam’, what gift do you want me to ask for? If you want to give me a gift,
give me whatever you want.

I will give you the gift of being a healer. But I will warn you one thing, that
when you go to heal the sick and see me at the head of the bed, don’t cure
them regardless of what they pay you, or what they promise you. Don’t cure
them. There is no solution or remedy left but for him or her to die. God is
calling him. If you see me at the foot of the bed, cure them with water, dirt
or dust. They will wake up sane and healthy. But if you see me at the head
of the bed, no you dare cure them regardless of what they have promised
you.

He healed many sick people and had done very well, he would cure them
with sacred remedies and people would pay him well with food and other
goods. The last he cured was a king. The richest he had cured in the whole
world. It is there that he broke Death’s orders. When he entered the house
when the rich king was, he found Death at the head of the bed. He grabbed
her and he tried to stun Death by the crib until she ended up at the foot of the
bed where she got bored. Then, he cured the king.

When he returned to the road. He encountered Death and she told him he
had disobeyed the orders that she had warned him about.
   -Didn’t I tell you not to cure them when I was at the head of the bed?
And she put him in a room and showed him two candles. One of the candles
was running out and the other was very long.
   -Do you see this candle? The long one is you and the small one the sick.
      Now you are the small one and the sick is the long one.
In that moment, the flame of the small candle went out and another soul
joined the rest in the wagon of Comadre Sebastiana, walking slowly for
eternity.