

Marianist Sisters at REDS

We have spent different years in the scholastic environment with the children, to be again in the middle of them it is a motive for joy and enthusiasm. To have the daily possibility to attend the REDS Centre, here in Ranchi, is a totally different reality from Italy, from Rome, where I have taught many years, it has been as to find once again contact with life, with the child's dynamism, with the hope. Yes, because to be a child, in whatever latitude of the planet, it means: life, freshness, joy, and hope. But how much difference! To go to the REDS Centre doesn't mean to enter in a bright classroom, well furnished with every type of the didactic material...

To enter to the REDS Centre means to enter in a small room, often in a dark room, where the only available material are the blackboards, some play cards with alphabet, numbers... Nevertheless, there they are : the children! Often dirty and dowdy, but always full of life and above all with so much desire to learn. Why be there if I cannot give them a great help? Why, if the Hindi, their mother language, is for me an obstacle in every simple communication? Because I learn a lot from them. Because they give me the possibility to know these people better and this culture that I hope to love every day more. Because I feel that, despite my poverty, something I can give them, something of which every human being needs is: affection, attention, a smile, a caress. Therefore, we are reciprocally helping each other! Danniawad!

My experience in Khagarha REDS center has being very rich for me. In one hand, it is one possibility to know a new reality to which I was not used in my country and in my work as a teacher, because the condition and reality were different. In the other hand, this experience with the sons and daughters of the poverty put me in contact with my own poverty, my poverty in communication. I don't know their language. But, this poverty becomes richness when among the students. I try to learn Hindi, to read and to write. The students correct me, my pronunciation, so they teach me. I think this makes them feel important and their open smile for me makes me happy.

They are children with a few resources, but, at the end, they are children full of life, of dreams, and hope. They have the opportunity to learn, to read and write and prepare their future. I'm learning a lot from these students and their teachers. In my past work as a teacher always said that I don't know if my students learned from me, but always I learned from them.

Thanks to God and to all the people that make this experience possible for me.