

ON THE WINGS OF ANGELS

WRITTEN BY

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What is autism?

Autism is a mental disorder emerging in early childhood. Children having this illness show serious disorders of communication, social interactions, attachments and playing. Certain movements, thoughts or autodestructive activities often characterize their behaviour.

By what kind of means does this book help? Who does it help?

This book is based on empathy. Empathy is the ability to understand and enter into feelings, thoughts and problems of other people. In this case it means the understanding of non-speaking autistic children by transforming their feelings and dreams into understandable thoughts and words.

If we practice and improve this ability and try to understand our partners of communication by entering into their mental state a special aculturing process, which begins with the step of entering into a foreign culture and usually improves very slowly, can exceptionally speed up.

I've tried to phrase the fears, dreams and uncertainty of ten little people. First of all I would have liked to indulge parents, however I would like to address this book to all the people who can open their heart.

In my opinion feelings can be phrased best by the means of literature, so I've chosen that way. The occasional repetitions of train of thoughts are to express and intensify the stereotypic (permanent) behaviour.

Roland Zaja, the writer

Recommendation

Autism – a hardly understandable, a hardly approachable world, which draws wall between the autistic people and the others. The book of Roland Zaja tries to explore this unknown. “Light a candle in my soul and then you can see to the depths of it.”– sounds the message of Ricsi, a six-year old autistic child.

The book is the introduction and the unbosomming of the young residents of an Autistic Children's Home. The lines are about loneliness, about being non-understood, about love, and about the desire for being accepted. Behind the oddity of behaviour, the stereotypes, and the fact

of clinging to the accustomed and familiar things there are real, feeling children-hearts revealing. It is easy to forget about these things in the hustle and bustle of everyday life, in this achievement-orientated, utilitarian world.

The dream of Ádi, a six-year-old little boy, shows the permanence, the reassurance gained by the familiar objects, and the fear of the unknown: “In my dream I got on a tram. Trams run on rails. They know where to go, and they never run off the rails. That’s why I like sitting on trams. I don’t like getting off the tram, because then I don’t know where I should go. Trams know where they should go because they run on fixed rails. I don’t know where I should go, or where I came from, or who I am here... Trams know where they should go because the rails lead them to where they should go. The rails always lead them to where they could never get without them. Like I could never get there. Only to where my mom leads me. But alone I couldn’t get there to where my mom leads me.”

Cinti tells about the happiness felt by her, about the “flittering”: “There, deep inside, from my soul a song would sound. This song sounds when I am happy. The most beautifully on such occasions does this song sound. And this melody always sounds in my ears. When I receive love from adults the song is gaining strength in my ears and on such occasions I have to cover my ears and then I am glad, I am happy and I jump and flitter for joy because I can hear this song sounding. The song sounds!”

The writer of the book lives and serves among the autistic children. He does it with his whole heart, with all his faith. “He was touched and fascinated by the lonely life, which is willing to open but always frightened, that possesses the dreams and awakenings of autistic

people. And a desire rose in Him, a desire for sharing this with everybody.” – writes Gyönyi Varga about him in the foreword of the book. Through the feelings of Roland we can gain insight into the hardships, joys, dreams, desires, fears and the pure reality of the children, families, educators and nurses fighting autism.

Szeged, 7th October 2002

Enikő Kiss, dr.
Child psychiatrist

FOREFEELING

(INSTEAD OF FOREWORD)

Now it is particularly hard to find proper words recommending this book to You. Now this is my only “mean” to try to summarize my thoughts. How insufficient mean this is! We got used to expressing our thoughts, emotions and demands verbally to such an extent that we almost absolutely unlearn other – perhaps even more ample – forms of communication.

I felt emphasis on this fact while reading the book of Roland. He is at a loss for words to express, searching for words to interpret the feelings and dreams of such children who live in a world where words do matter the least. He tries to phrase and by so doing to show us such “aspects” that can be “only Roland-kind reflections” of a mute world.

What else could he do? How could he conjure the outside world into the world of a child having autism if not with the help of the words used – and accepted – by majority?

He had the fortune to have been allowed to get an insight into a world that is isolated, and due to its loneliness only a few of us have an opportunity for it. He managed to experience and begin to learn that level of empathy that is beyond common understanding and acceptance.

He happened to find himself in a dream-reality, in a world where the signals, the system of symbols are miles away from conventions, where communication and social interaction appears in a form unknown for majority. But I would like to emphasize that it is merely a difference in quantity not in quality. From himself did he extract the attention and loving acceptance that reflected and refreshed him. Feelings formally unknown to him made him richer and conjured his personality blossoming and more open.

He was touched and fascinated by the lonely life, which is willing to open but always frightened, that possesses the dreams and awakenings of autistic people. And a desire rose in Him, a desire for sharing this with everybody. He did it with words and with the help of His faith. Because He believes that the readers can get closer to this mysterious life that is longing for loving; and if they got closer they become curious men who show acceptance of their counterparts differing from majority.

I know I am in a fortunate status because I know Him and me myself I work among autistic people as well, so the mental identifications is a bit easier for me; but I believe that to those readers who really pay attention to the book the wordless thoughts attain as well.

Mrs. Zaja

The veil hasn't fall yet

Behind the scenery there are inclined heads,
are they ashamed of something?

I haven't told them, and them
to be ashamed.

Because it is not my task.

You ask, what kind of people we are?

We are alive – and is it our problem?

Only God has the right to sit in judgement on us,

Hyenas are gathering around us,

They shower abuse on us,

but we are stronger.

Power and strength lays in the family.

Oh, my dear God, I believe that goodness is a good investment.

I say thank you for my brothers, for regaining them with interest
with Your help, because still waters run deep.

The veil will fall soon, but behind the scenery the fight is still on.

But why? Having fight – or not,

Good be with you!

Time

Head over heels I rushed to nowhere.

Even then I did not understand why.

We have to take account of reckoning all through our life.

The feeling-bleeding heart cannot be wounded any more.

You should find your place in society.

You have to find out where you belong to!

Probation is inflicted on us from above.

We have to endure it! Strong will, stamina, goodness, cleanness is
needed.

Every ordeal is a sign of God's appreciation for us.

Darkness

Frightening darkness creeps on the village.

Think twice, man, what you do!

Let love flows in you in spite of hate!

Storm is raging ... everybody is scared.

Slowly it is getting light!

The storm is passing away.
Let love for others lighting in our soul as well.
When it has lighted you will never have fears!
That is how you can overcome your fears.

Man to the very last .

It was only a dream, I think...
Behind my memories only honour remains,
Cruel fight...
But I have to survive!
Still I remained who I had been...
Man to the very last!

Relapsing fallible creature

Attack, contempt, humiliation, great-great suffering...
- During many-many years.
- Withering look...
- But does not anybody know why?
- Good Jesus Christ says: do not search for “whys”.
I had to experience it, – it was not easy.
It is a bad Hungarian custom – we stand by the money not the man.
I leave home with God’s message.
It has not get to anybody.
The child dropped in front of my legs. I held him in my arms
like the Virgin did his son.

That time I realized that my suffering is only a fleck of dust compared to his.

I realized that he had been only a pawn of people's, that they had not raised him

by their actions but had trampled him down to the grave.

I wonder if I could see into their souls how could they reckon with their conscience.

But this is not my task.

Human dignity, it is not for sale – it cannot be bought.

But I know men are – relapsing fallible creatures!

The book of Roland Zaja:

CINTI'S SONG

Hello! I am Cinti from Budapest. I am an eight-year-old little girl having autism. Now I am a resident of the Autistic Children's Home in another town. I am fascinated by the objects surrounding me. They fascinate me because it is easier to understand them than to understand people. It is interesting for me being the only girl in the Autistic Children's Home. I am happy, I feel good in my world – everything is so simple here. Life is so simple. But only in the way I would like it to be.

Today Roland reminded me that Christmas come round soon. I like holidays and feasts. On such occasions all the family sit around the table together – and candles light on the table. There is holiday on the Earth, in Heaven and in the hearts. Besides, Roland told me I am an important member of my family too, and I was really gratified by what he said. I would like to be important; I would like to learn everything. However – many times I feel it not letting me, not letting me break out; it does not let the clean water, the cleaning water, which is extremely clean, to break through from deep inside. It is so clean as my world is. It is so transparent and reflecting as the depths of the ocean. There, deep inside, from my soul a song would sound. This song sounds when I am happy. The most beautifully on such occasions does this song sound. And this melody always sounds in my ears. When I receive love from adults the song is gaining strength in my ears and on such occasions I have to cover my ears and then I am glad, I am happy and I jump and flitter for joy because I can hear this song sounding. The song sounds! Many times the song does not sound in my soul! Many times the song does not sound in my soul! On such occasions I am alone and I do not cover my ears. On such occasions I would like to but I do not receive love, on such occasions. But when the song sounds again I am happy again; and it simply sounds so loud so that I cover my ears. I am happy to know this song sounds only for me. It's all mine. What is this song about, what are its words about? It is about me, me being a precious stone with a special shine, me shining by your love. When your love disappears my precious stone's shine turns into graphite-grey as well. And when your love returns to me my precious stone starts to glitter immediately. Please, I want more, more and more precious stone in my soul! Which become more and more shiny by the song and by your love. I would like you to have a very beautiful Christmas. I would like it very

much, because I love you all very much, and because many times I feel you are my family – my present family, here, in the Home. Daddy works very hard, but once a month he comes for me. On such occasions he takes me to Budapest, to the street Fehérvári in his car. I like that street. There is a petrol-station in it, and a lot of cars run there, and a lot of people walk there. I like flowers. I like them because they are as simple as me, and it is so easy to understand simple things. People are complicated. Many times I do not understand them, I do not understand why they are complicated. Why cannot they be so clean and honest as I am? Why does not the song always sound in their soul too? The song about the precious stone, the song about the precious stone with a special shine. Which you should not imagine being colourful but transparent, silvery, glittering – so beautiful. But it's only me who see it. Only I do. Only I do.

I like everything driven by love very much. I like everything coming from one's heart, words from one's heart speaking to me very much. Sometimes words hurt me. Sometimes actions hurt me; sometimes it hurts me when my objects are taken away from me. They take them away from me; they take away from my hands the only thing I can really understand, because it is not complicated for me. Objects are always understandable because I can put them wherever I would like to. And unfortunately I am always put wherever they would like to, wherever adults would like to put me.

I would dream so beautiful dreams. About a pink world. About a pink world where there isn't anything else but very pleasant water, and in the centre of the water a boat swings, and in the boat it's me. One of my hands reaches down into the water. My hair reaches down into the water. Many times this water reaches my neck. As I were in the womb of my mummy. I often wonder why I had to come out of it? Since I had such

a good time there, everything was so simple and understandable there. So round and complete as the Sun, everything stood to reason. Nothing was complicated, nothing was translated into men's hypocrisy; simply when something exists, it exists. I like my mates, and the adults who help me to live, who help me to find the precious stone in my soul, the song in my soul that sounds so loud in my ears. On such occasions I am very happy.

I like eating very much, and sometimes I am even greedy. But please overlook this fact. I would really like to be good. I would like to be loved always, and I try to be good.

Once I woke up in a tale and I was the princess. I put everybody where I wanted to. Since in my kingdom only objects existed and I was the princess. This kingdom was chessboard-shaped. I put everybody where I would have liked to. It was very easy to live like that; it was very good to live like that. Please think of me as a girl who can only live in the fascination of objects. Always think of me as a girl in whose soul as a respond to love a song always sounds, a song always answers. The song that gives me precious stones, and the precious stones shine in me, and love shines in me. On such occasions when it is the loudest in my soul I know the love in Your heart is the greatest. I love you very much! I wish all of you Merry Christmas! And do not forget the song about the precious stone in my soul.

Bye!

THE FLAME OF LOVE

Hello! I am Bálintka, a seven-year-old little boy having autism.

My parents live in Forró, while I am a resident of the Autistic Children's Home. Once I woke up in a room filled with toy-balloons. And due to the toy-balloons strange sounds filled my auditory passages. These wonderful sounds often return at night and then I cannot sleep. On such occasions I want to get rid of everything, everything that I wear, every duty, every hindrance – everything. I would like to be a foetus. A foetus from my mom's womb. I am only interested in freedom; I would like to be free.

I am often scared. I am scared of aggression, I am scared of a loud word, I am scared even of a look. I am scared because – deep inside – I am alone, I am alone in my world. Please, bring me the spring with the scent of flowers, with the field's colourful flowers. Bring the spring to my soul. Winter is long, severe and cruel. But spring and summer contains the rays of light, my strongest vitalizing power, the light, the rays of light.

I walk, go about in the world on tiptoe. And maybe it is easier for me, and I can be closer to God by these five-ten centimetres given by my tiptoes. Our family differs from others. The difference is that we are five in the family: Daddy, Mom, Dani – my elder brother, me – the middle-boy, and my little brother called Áki. I love them very much. I am only happy when fortnightly they come for me and take me home, to the most beautiful village of Hungary, to Forró. My mom lives among a lot of children since she is a schoolmistress. I love her, because my mom's soul is so beautiful. In my opinion I have the best mother in the world. She also desires love as I do. Her prime mover and only inducement is also love as mine is. She is also ordered about by her emotions like a marionette as I am. And her most important message, which we are able to ignore and forget, is love! Her most important element and component.

With Roland once we drew such a big sun that hanged out of the paper, and its beams reached as far as Forró, Akácfa Street 2. And there the beams, which are my love, stroked Mom, who is called Mariann, Daddy, who is called Gabi, my elder brother Danika, and the little one Ákoska, and I warmed their soul a bit. I blew a little soft, warm current to them. A little warm current because in their heart there is a little frost, which only thaws into water, pleasant, lukewarm water when I can be at home – together with them – as the fifth member of the family. We are a family! A five-membered big, nice family. We are very happy and we love each other very much.

Once when we went on a trip I embraced a goat. Hmmm – how much I loved it. Since on the group activities I always hear tales about the two goat kids. And – believe it or not – first time in my life I have seen a goat in the Mátra Mountains. Oh no – not one, but many. But the nanny goat I did kiss as well, and I embraced her because she was as cute as in the tales. She was so calm, and she loved me so much, and so warm her body was and so smooth her hair.

Once my parents watched a film. It took place during the Second World War somewhere in Poland. In a concentration camp, where I saw a boy like me, and he was killed, he was sent to death by gas only because he was handicapped. Only later did I understand my mom's tears. Nowadays I always take off my clothes because I would like to go out of this closed inner life, out to the open air, to outdoors. I would like to frisk about a lot outdoors, to live free like games in the forests. I like music very much. Music soothes me. Music takes me to a world, which is understood by very few people. Takes me far away making me forget my thoughts. Away, somewhere to the clouds, perhaps for a kiss from Little Jesus.

Every morning I am taken to a place where I have a very good time. They call it chapel. And we would pray there in front of a man who is crucified. Adults would pray for us, and they hold morning devotions to make it easier to bear weekdays. At such times I have some kind of entirely particular prickly feeling in my heart. On such occasions I know I am really loved. I learned a wonderful song for Christmas: Angel from Heaven. We often sang it before Christmas. Angel from Heaven came to you, shepherds...

My parent came for me by car and they took me home. We spent Christmas holiday together in silence, in peace with my family. With my real family. Besides, I like Christmas because it endows everything with beautiful colours. That so much light, that so much soothing light, that so much special light that flashes in the windows, on the Christmas trees, everywhere. I love colours. I love the abundance of colours in which I can bathe. I presented my parents with a special gift. Roland has prepared me for a long time for knowing what I should present to whom? Well, first of all, what always made them the happiest: at their request I pooped into the toilet pan. By that I gave them great pleasure. So it really was a very good present.

Once I dreamt about a wonderful thing. A flame sparkled around me with a special shine. Its light danced on my face and in the space I felt that smooth, warm feeling. It was wonderful. I dreamt about it before Christmas. The thing that Roland always talks about could be like this. Love could be like this. The greatest divine message, the only divine message. In my world people signal to each other by knocking, there is no speak there, there is no a loud word. There we only knock to each other, we only love by knocking, only by knocking do we show each other anything. There we speak by knocking. There we make contacts with others by knocking. There we enter into relations with others by

knocking. In this way world will be complete. In this way world is absolutely simple. Everything stands to reason absolutely. Please look on me as I have good intentions, but sometimes I am not successful when realizing them. Yet I love you all very-very much. And do not forget the boy in whose heart the flame of love burned stronger and stronger in his dreams during Christmas, and in whose heart the flame of love burns stronger and stronger from then on.

Bye!

IN MY DREAMS ON THE WINGS OF ANGELS

Hello misters and mistresses! I am Attila, I am a six-year-old little boy from Görbeháza.

Now I live in the Autistic Children's Home in a town.

So much I would like to be just like other children are. But I have not managed to reach it because something keeps me in prison deep inside. At times a voice enchains both of my hands and both of my legs. That holds me back not being different from others. I like drawing and I like animals. Among them, the animals, I am not an outsider. Among them I can be who I am really. I like them because their behaviour is predictable. I like them because they are so calm and kind. And their soul is clean...as clean as snow. Their soul is very clean.

On every of my drawings I draw two heads for myself, the one which I draw a face on is the real Attila Kovács. And what the faceless head restrains is the prison. My prison, which restrains me and due to which I

cannot be complete. Because that certain voice always tie down my chains, and this voice is controlled by that certain head. I was very sick before Christmas, and due to this I got to the hospital. How many children there were! And how many adults! Well, this was very interesting.

Once, one night I awoke to find myself having kicked a door, which was locked up, into pieces. A door, the lock of which can be reached by very few people. But I tried to kick it into pieces. I tried to break it into pieces, I tried to ruin those hindrances not letting them to hinder me in being Me. I awoke to my dream and I got sweaty. I could calm down really hard, actually I could not till Roland arrived. And he soothed me. He is always able to strengthen me, and he can always give that back to me; that, the key of the bonds; the thing this voice locks me with. This certain voice. He opens these locks. But only he has the key to this. Only he. This key is not made of metal, in fact. This key is driven by emotions. Two important powers: faith and love.

Yesterday we blew bubbles. And I imagined, I pictured, how it would feel like to sit into a soap-bubble, to float making everybody take delight in me, see only the beauty in me and then to disappear suddenly – without any trace, not leaving pain behind me but the pleasant, beautiful experience what the bubble gave. And perhaps the child can snap this bubble up and hold it in his heart for a long time. So I would like to stay in your hearts for a long time too. Because here inside I am very-very lonely. There is nobody with me here only the angels. I am locked up here. Sometimes on the wings of angels I can get to many places. I can get to the souls of many people and I can bite into their souls, which could cause pain to them. I can bite from their soul and I can eat my fill. Since their soul is clean and crackling, crunchy as the fresh snow in December. Their soul wanders again and again. The wings of the

angels are very comfortable, but it isn't always possible to fly away with them – away on the wings of the angels to the empire of the souls. To the hidden pits of the soul, where I can look around among the clean feelings, I can rummage in the world of goodness, love, faith and hope. And then around dawn I can see the rays of light that raises hopes in me for being, for a new beginning, for recovery, for the future. For imagining this six-year-old Attila Kovács being sixty-six years old and for not letting this prison of his soul blast him. Hopes for his surroundings not changing him, just letting him be the one who is happy alone deep inside, because he can get to the realm of the soul on the wings of the angels. I can fly among light blue, white and pink clouds. Together with the angels, together on their wings, together to a new world, together towards a new world where a lot of souls can be found, a lot of clean, simple, humble and affectionate souls. They do not need purification any more. They are already in place.

Every second weekend my daddy takes me home to Görbeháza. So much I like being there. I am surrounded by so many pets and they are so calm, and their bodies are so warm. I love them because they are so calm and clean. Their soul is clean. They are predictable. I can plan with them. I would like to be like you. But I can become like you only when I've gone through the way Lord laid on me. To reach this, please, treat me with patience – from deep inside! Give me love – from deep inside! Provide me exemptions – from deep inside! And do not forget me!

Tell me, is there any role for me in your world? Have I a role in the world of healthy people? Can I fit into it? Is it a suitable place for me? Should I live like you do? Is it the righteous way as you live? Is it the righteous way struggling against others all the time? I don't think so. I am happy in my world. I am happy alone. I am happy because at nights in my dreams angels always take me to the realm of the soul. There I needn't to think

about such question as: should I be healthy, or should I live as an autistic person. There, there are colours, goodness, love, humble and happiness. Floating is what exists there.

Please, always remember me as the boy who can fly in his dreams on the wings of the angels.

Bye!

TRAM-RAILS

Hi! I'm Ádi, a six-year-old boy having autism.

I'm fascinated by a black box that adults call television. I know all the programmes by heart. On Sunday on Channel2 at 17.55.: JAG – Affairs Of Honour, at 18.30.: Facts, at 18.55.: Diary. At 8 o'clock: Schindler's list, American film.

I'm always watching TV. I love TV because there are so many interesting people in it. They are interesting for me. This black box is full of colours. It's full of many vibrating colours. There are many red, yellow and green in them. I prefer American films, because these are the most colourful ones. In these films there are the most beautiful landscapes and the most colourfully dressed people. I like American films.

Believe me! Trust me! Believe that I am clever! Believe that I am intelligent! Please, believe me! Believe me, believe...Accept me, accept me! Love me to make me able to love you!

Yesterday we played the drums with Roland. The drumbeats rolled, sounded stronger and stronger in my ears. It did beat so hard that I was almost scared. But I just beat and beat the drums. I was happy to do

something useful. I was happy because somebody believed me. They believed me that I could sound an instrument. They believed me that I could enjoy the music – just like them. They believed me that I could think of music as a nice thing, that I could believe, that I could be glad, that I could be enthusiastic. I am a child. I am autistic. Accept me, accept me being a child and I won't ask you to do anything else.

I had a wonderful dream last night. A lady stepped out of the fog. She was very kind. She only said: follow your determined way, believe in your determined way! She had so pleasant voice. She had so pleasant voice. Once I saw a wonderful thing, to tell the truth, I couldn't decide whether it was reality or a dream, but it was wonderful. In this dream there were a lot of white, light blue, yellow and red – the whole thing was like smoke. Many times I am alone inside. Many times I feel bad. Many times something disturbs me. Many times I am scared. Many times it would help me a lot if I were understood better and better. Many times the door between my body and soul could help me. It would help a lot if this door were open all the time and it didn't work like a prison. I wish my soul weren't closed all the time. I wish that something inside didn't hurt me so many times. Many times I feel pain deep inside. I feel many times that I am a stranger there. Deep inside I am lonely and alone many times.

I would like to be an ordinary child. But I am different. Many times I would like much more light in my soul and many more colours I would like in my soul. I would like red, yellow, white, light blue...such colours about what that mysterious lady talked. I would like colours in my soul. I can read, and I like reading as well. Time is passing. Time is passing. In my dream I got on a tram. Trams run on rails. They know where to go, and they never run off the rails. That's why I like sitting on tram. I don't like getting off the tram, because then I don't know where I should go. Trams know where they should go because they run on fixed rails. I don't know where

I should go, or where I came from, or who I am here... Trams know where they should go because the rails lead them to where they should go. The rails always lead them to where they could never get without them. Like I could never get there. Only to where my mom leads me. But alone I couldn't get there to where my mom leads me.

I am often scared...scared that my mom might leave me, scared that my mother once might forget me...and might leave me somewhere. Then I won't know what I should do. If only I knew what I should do then. If my mom leaves me some day I will take a forever-ticket for the tram. I'll move in the tram because it always knows where it should go because it has rails that always lead it from somewhere to somewhere. I don't know where should I go. I don't know why I am here...I'll take the forever-ticket for the tram and I'll never get off. I will be the first child who never gets off the tram. I wouldn't miss the blue sky either, which I like so much. I wouldn't miss it. But my mom I would miss.

I have a friend. He is called Tomi. He is afraid of water, but I'm not...I'm not afraid of anything. I'm not afraid of anything any more. I wonder whether my mom allowed me to have a toy tram in my room? With rails, a tram, which would always know what it should do because the rail would tell it what to do.

The day before yesterday my mom took me to the doctor. The doctor said many things – oddities: stereotypic behaviour, fascination of objects...as if we were machines, as if we were programmed. We are human – living creatures. We live, and love, and hate, and we have needs, we have wishes, we see, sometimes we are scared, we fail many times... but we are humans. We are children. We are small. I didn't felt that she considered me to be a child. Then what is stereotype? How should we approach this? I was scared at her place because I didn't feel that she loved me. I didn't feel that she had treated me like other

children. I felt that – I did not feel anything. I was only scared at her place...I was scared because something deep inside whispered to me that she didn't love me, and it hurts me. And it hurts me. Many times it hurts deep inside. Many times it hurts deep inside.

One day I'll become big Adam. From little Adam I'll become big Adam. Even at that time there will be people who won't love me. But Roland said that independently of this fact I would have to love those people. Because love brings forth love; hate brings forth hate; aggression brings forth aggression.

My therapist taught me such things. This evening on Channel2 at 17.10 Wild Angel is going to start, then at 18.30.: Facts, at 19.55.: Inspector Rex, and what I like very much and watch every day – like it or not – at 7 o'clock: No mercy. I watch it every day. There's no mercy in life either – my mom often says. If you are different – there's no mercy. If you are bad – there's no mercy. Then what is good? What is good?

To this question my mom always answers this: to love is good. And to live in love is good. And to be loved is good. To be accepted is good. Those people are good who... And what is good for me? The fact that nothing hurts me when my mom is with me. Everything is so simple when my mom is with me. Everything flies by itself when my mom is with me. When my mom is not with me everything is so difficult. Everything is full of incomprehensibility when my mom is not with me. If my mom doesn't tell me what I should do, if my mom doesn't show me what I should do – then it is not good for me...when my mom is not with me. It is not good for me. In those cases I am scared. I am scared. At such times I would love her to be here, to cuddle me, to love me, simply to be with me and she would fly with me on the wings of the angels.

AWAY WITH MY SHOES

Hi! I am Tomi, a little boy having autism.

Adoring shoes is among my manias. I love them because they are the ones that take me where I would like to go. I take on my shoes and with the help of the shoes – which are on my feet – I always get somewhere. I would always go, I always would like to go somewhere, I would like to be everywhere. Though I would not like to take active part in anything I would like to be everywhere. Everywhere! It doesn't matter where – I just want people around me, to go, to be there. I like it very-very much when I can go. It's simply good for me if I could go. I like the company of adults. I like them and I like imitating them. I like disciplining my mates with the same words, with the same commands as adults use when disciplining them. For example: "Do not do that, Lacus!" Or: "Stop this, Lacus!" Maybe with the same tone as well. I can't bear the situations when adults are not determined enough with me. In this case I throw a bigger tantrum, which is followed by...it surely ends in punishment. I want my shoes so much, or so much I want more sugar on my vermicelli dusted with ground poppy-seed. Although maybe not the vermicelli dusted with ground poppy-seed and sugar is what I need but to be taken out, to be surrounded by people. Because I like when there are many people around me. Always somebody, always adults. I often do not know what I should do. Please help me to get to know what I should do. So it does not matter by what kind of means but show me you are adults, you are the ones who control me, and it is not me who control you. Do not fall into the trap because I do not know what would be good, you are the adults, and help me follow the way to which I am directed by autism. Please understand the fact that I do not like water, and it is not because I

do not like grooming, but because I dread being cold after it. It is the same: I love going to group activities but I am willing to do nothing on earth, because I am afraid of the fact that my hands get gluey. The glue does not matter but what does is that it is followed by hand-wash with soap, and that is what I am unwilling to do: to let soap touch my hands. Of course the situation is different when an adult initiates it like...playfully. Let's say – while singing, or perhaps like this: “Come on, come on little Tomiboy, let's wash your little hands, la, la, la... Come on, come on little Tomiboy, let's wash your little hands, la, la, la...”. Like Gubis Zoli does it. And I always wash my hands when he asks me. Please always show me the way, show me what is right. I have fixed, firmly rooted habits, fixed way, which I have to follow according to my own ideas. I know it is not right by all means, but adults are to show me the way.

Once I went out into the world. I got as far as the Profi Supermarket. I went with my shoes, through the Gyöngyszöv shopping centre... I got as far as the Profi Supermarket. I had to cross the road two times! Hmmm! And I got to the Profi Supermarket. Once we bought chocolates there and we found that there are chocolates there as well. I asked every man and women “where is my mom?”. I love her the most. She is very important for me. I cannot understand why she does not love me. Why does not she come for me any more? Why is not she here when I need her? Where is she? When I ask the others it is very good if they tell me how many nights I have to sleep trough till she comes for me. I love my sister, Kitti and my brother, Zotyó very much. I love them because they play with me, and we are together when I am at home. I like auntie Margó, the doctor very much. She often takes me away. She takes me away with my shoes. She takes me away in her car. Away, always, at any time, somewhere...I would always go – from somewhere to

somewhere...But I don't know when I has arrived at somewhere from somewhere...

I have different way than you have, different mission than you have. I am different – so I am judged from another standpoint. And me, myself I need to be judged from another, special standpoint. Please, do not leave the way because I need you – during the twenty-four hours of the day. I need disciplining and I need love too. As for my healthy counterparts they cannot live without disciplining either. I am not able to live without disciplining either. I say thank you for loving me, and I thank you very much for accepting me being like I am in fact. Thank you.

Bye!

LINK

Hi! I am Tomi, a little boy having autism. I am a resident of the Autistic Children's Home in a town. Welcome in my world!

My world is important to me. When I don't want to take notice of my world I plug my two ears with two of my fingers, and on such occasions I am alone. I like my fingers, because my fingers are the plugs, the links between the happenings of the world and my enclosed world. I like the plug, I like the link when it is important to me to be alone. It is important to me not to take notice of the outside world because my world is clean. Clean as the sea. Clean as a fresh forest-stream. Clean... While the outer world is wicked, debauched, and I don't like it. Now I am inclined to eat a few things, but believe me I had to accept that I was not home any more. Not my homies surround me, and I needed time for it. It is grateful to me when you say I am intelligent. My favourite is auntie Margó, the

doctor. She always says it to me, and it feels so good...and it feels so good. I like the company of adults. They always tell me what I should do. Because I need direction, I need love as well, I am not able to live without love. Love is important to me. I have thoughts. I have feelings as well. For example when I am furious because adults do not know I have to go out to the toilet I start to scream in a stentorian voice and I make flying movements. Mostly I do not want to disturb. Many times I escape to my world, to My world, to the world of autism. I go as deep, as the whales in the ocean. I am a stranger on the earth, I am a stranger on the earth. Or as I were in the womb of my mom. There, deep in the caul, being protected from everything. Many times I do not want to disturb because I see my mates needing more patience, more love. And many times not the fact of being loved is important, on such occasions I choose an adult with a free lap and I sit into it. By this I give a signal that I am here too – I have arrived to your lap. Hello misters, I am here, I would like to live! Hello mistresses, I am filled with values! Hey, take notice of me! Hey, somebody should love me now then! Hi! Hello!

I like this place, I like being here, in this town. Auntie Margó often takes me in her car. She always offers me crunchy when we go to her place. I take a piece and I plug my ears. To be alone, alone with that piece of crunchy. To be in my world alone with that crunchy, with the thing that is important to me from the outside world at that time. I don't bear my shoes on my feet, because they hinder me in being free. They hinder me being a birdie and flying with crispy wings high in the sky, where wouldn't be any hindrance I would just fly, flitter in the sky. It would be important to me.

I like my parents very much. We fly home every weekend. I wait for weekends so much because I can be with them. Ever Friday my mummy takes me home. I do not want to disturb at home either. I do not want to

disturb here either. But I am a child, and every child needs attention, care, acceptance, encouragement, and a lot of reassurance too. So please notice the when of me standing in need of encouragement, needing a bit more power, needing fondling or needing to be alone by my fingers. There, deep inside my world. It is also important to me. Please always look on me as a boy with good intentions and show me the way to avoid me leaving it by any chance. Show me, because my mummy told me when she brought me here: be a good boy, sonny. And me, I would like to be good! And I love you! Unfortunately, I cannot tell you. I love you and I ask you to provide me everything needed for my development. There are so many things hidden inside me, deep in my world, those things that I haven't managed to bring to the light yet; because in my world we do not need formalities, we do not need glaze, we do not need posturing, only simplicity, cleanness and transparency. Only these are needed, which are my main virtues, and simplicity, spiritual cleanness and love. And do not forget how much I love you.

Bye!

GAS

Fear and the odour of burnt meat spreads through the night in Dachau. It's 1944. January. I feel the cold in my bones. Death awaits me. Death awaits me, because in a supreme country I am not Aryan born. And what is more I was born handicapped. I was born different, and because of this I will be judged from another angle. From a special angle...As S.S. says: I will be judged from a special angle. Everybody has a signal here, in Dachau. Jews wear yellow hexagrams, Jehovah's Witnesses wear

white upside-down triangles, while Rumanians wear brown ones, but we do not wear anything. We, handicapped are the targets of constant jest. We always stare, stare at the Sun. In the depths of the barracks I desire the beams stroking our faces, because then it could be obvious that we will live through another day again. We always say thanks God for the day He gave us, and on that day we reborn again and again.

Yesterday my friend set out towards the light. He had already desired setting out towards the light – he was called by a voice towards the light. My friend – like me – was handicapped. He was handicapped in a supreme society, handicapped in a perfect society. I do not fit in this perfect society. Fear, fear comes upon me. I pray to You, my God for being able to bear that last day awaiting for me here, in Dachau, to bear it while remaining human. I pray to You, my God for not being pressed as a worm by nazis worse than ever! For not being exposed to live through those thing that others have to. Please, do it without causing pain! My God, I am frightened! My God, I am cold! My God, I am very hungry! My God, I am laughed at every day because I am handicapped! My God, help me! Where does my dear mummy happen to be? Where does the light happen to be? Where does the light that my friend caught sight of yesterday happen to be? Maybe he is there, in the light now. What colours could this light have? I desire you, light! Please come to me, light! Oh, my God I have to leave because I am awaited in the light. Take off everything – the order sounded. There, I did not want to part with my shoes. I wanted to take my shoes with me, but I wasn't allowed to. You will wait for me behind the light, won't you? You will wait for me behind the sunlight, won't you? Ssssz...I can see You, my Lord behind the light.

Telegram

“A voice sounds from deep inside. It will continue, it will continue, it will continue. He would rather give it up because deep inside it hurts so much that he differs from majority. He is not more worthless, he is not more versatile, he is different, he is different...The voice of love sounds and resounds from his soul. He fights and holds on, he fights and does not possess. Watches and sees, he fulfils himself and consummates. Unfolds and unties. Opens and closes. He is enthusiastic and cheerful. Nice and not intriguing. He requests and receives. He gives and receives. He believes and makes believe. Strains and stresses. Writes down and blesses ... and does not lose. He does not take and he is complete. Sweeps and wipes. Sends it and eases. He reaches out and he gets closed. They open it up, press it down, snatch it up, throw it down, open it wide, take it apart, bless it, canker it, notice it, bite it, write it, get it, pass it, bring it down, close it and throw it away.”

REAL PEARL

I am Ricsi, a six-year-old little boy having autism. I come from Budapest but now I am a resident of the Autistic Children’s Home in another town. Light a candle in my soul and then you can see to the depths of it. The deeper you see the more door you can open. But only if you find that certain key to that certain door. Only you are able to open my soul, and to open my soul. I am an artist. I like the art of painting; I like painting. I

have the joy of creating. I create with pleasure. Many things can please me, and when I am glad I am happy. On such occasions I grab the neck of the adult beside me and I make biting movements on his face – that's how I give pecks. The candle is burning in my soul. Now you can discover my soul. The corridor is long in my soul and along this corridor there are many doors. And which do you go through? That's your business. But you can open all of the doors if you love me. If you do not condemn me, and if you do not watch me through a glass wall you can throw open every door in my soul. There is a key for each of the doors. The key is in my mind. You are the one who has to remove it from there, and you are the one who has to find a door for the key. And there a lot of treasure will greet you; you will find many-many jewel-boxes there. This jewel-box, these jewel-boxes will be full of values. Full of love, love, love. These values are important not for mortal men; but for us, since this is our only vitalizing element making us able to follow the Christlike way. With crowns of thorns on our heads. While fearing, and shivering. Many times shivering with loneliness, indifference, exposedness and being hopeless.

Follow the Way with me! Greet me on the way many times! Greet me aloud: Hiii! Ricsi, hello!!! Take notice of me, treat me as a human being! Take me into account! Take my soul into account, and the fact that I am full of values! Believe in me! Trust in me and always search for a brilliant in me, always, for a pearl, always, for gold, always, for diamonds. And wait for me there; there, over the glass door; there, over the glass wall. Please wait for me and ask me to give you something from my soul: diamonds, brilliants, gold, pearls, or real pearls. But one of the doors in my soul hides a real pearl, which is the key to truth. This, this pearl is hidden by the darkest, oldest door. It has a special colour, perhaps a unique colour, but it is true, honest, and full of hopes for everybody. You

don't have to be afraid of it because you can easily find it. You can easily come at this real pearl in my soul. You do not have to add anything to it; you only have to love it as you love your Lord with all your heart, with all your nature, with all your spirit. Love! Love! Love more! Love stronger! Love deeper, and follow me, follow me along the corridor. Should you lose your way I will turn back, reach out my hands to call you: come, come with me on the way, which is assigned to me by Lord. Please help me to tread the path on this way. Should you overtake me, please wait for me. Should you hurry, please wait for me. Because I am not always able to go on the set way. I do not always reach the other side. I do not always reach the other side.

Yesterday fresh breeze touched my face. Has one of you found the real pearl, maybe? It is possible. Has one of you had the real pearl in his hand, maybe? Can you tell me what colours it has? Have you ever seen a real pearl? I already have! I can tell you it is wonderful! Now I do not have any pain. My candle is also blown by this fresh breeze. It is dark in my soul. In my soul the real pearl is cold. It is cold because it is still waiting for that man who can open the door; that dark, old door; and who can take the real pearl out of it; who can grab it, who can pick it up, and who can believe and tell me that it is good to live! You must live, because God gave you the right to live! So He has plans concerning you. Besides, the real pearl says that you are talented, you are clever and you are full of values! You are full of values to the brim. I desire you, real pearl. Every day more and more. I desire you, real pearl. When I have approached you close, I will know it, because I will see your light. I will see that yellowish light, which you light with to help me to find you, and to help others to find you. Till that time I greet you. I greet you, pearl. I greet you, truth-showing pearl. I am waiting for you and while I am searching for you I cannot do anything else – but love you.

HANDICAPPED CHILDREN

Different? Why are they different? From what are they different? In what are they different? Should handicapped children be differentiated?

Answering these questions puzzles many people. Is discrimination against others necessary? The answer is N O. However, people are prone to exclude and stigmatise. According to these people's scale of values if something is a bit different from the general then it should be trodden down, it should be eliminated. It should be liquidated. We can depict the deficiency of healthy people as well: they are prone to be dissembling while handicapped people are love-orientated, the healthy ones often pretend while handicapped do not play a part. Healthy people have company while their opposites are friendless. Many times they are lonely. Healthy people are prone to be rancorous, prone to tread down others while discriminated throw in their lot with others. They can sympathize with others. Healthy people only know the black and white while handicapped can take delight in all the colours of the rainbow.

How can we build bridge between these people? Should we clone a new Széchenyi? Or a perhaps a fashion-plate? No!

It's enough to love, together, for each other, with no strings attached, while holding hands.

HEXAGRAM

Hello! I am Krisztián. I am a six-year-old autistic little boy. I came from Kartal, but now I live in the Autistic Children's Home in a town.

Yesterday in my dream I saw a beautiful yellow star. I clung onto the star and it began to fly. We even reached the clouds. We overtook millions of planes. We were just flying, flying to the infinity. Somewhere the star stopped and landed. And I asked the star: "Where are we?". It answered: "We are on the Holy Land. I am on the Holy Land.". Shalom Israel. Shalom. – the star greeted the Holy Land. I started to spin the star round. It felt I was spinning with the star. I just stared at the centre of the star, of that star having so special light, of that hexagram with yellowish light. It just spanned, danced on the Holy Land. I said to it : "Star, lead me to world where all the objects spin." *And do I have* the right to spin the objects? That will be my world where there is only spinning, spinning and spinning. It would be so simple for me. This is what I would love.

While the star was spinning and spinning a cat started to mew beside me and then fawned on me. I asked the cat: "Tell me, which is my world?" The cat answered: "Go along this divine way and at the end of your way you will find your world. But be careful! It will be covered with rocks! Your way has many pitfalls. There are many wicked ones around you! Be careful! But at the end of your way you will be happy. – Well, all right. But in which direction should I start out to my world? – Just start on your determined way. – Star, please lift me up and take me to my real world! The star answered that way: – Your world is there where other people's world is. Teach them! Nurture them! Teach them to accept your otherness. When you are scared think of my light, my yellow light, the light of the hexagram shining yellow. And I will come and warm up your heart. But you have to follow your way, your divine way with them. Together with your fellow men. While holding hands, being happy, laughing, crying, hating, loving together with them. Always together with

them. So now I lift you up, Krisztián, and I take you back from here, from Holy Land to the real world! Your world is there where you are loved! And believe it that you are loved!

It's dawning; soon Krisztián's dream comes to an end.

Bye!

KEY TO FREEDOM

Hello! I'm Balázs, I am eight years old, my parents live in Kemence. Now I am a resident of the Autistic Children's Home in a town.

One night I awoke to clatter of hoofs and I wanted to run out of the room immediately. Since I couldn't get out through the door I hit my head stronger and stronger to the door. I wanted to get free and I wanted to see the horses. I wanted to hear the clatter of their hoofs. But the horses galloped further and further. The noise became more and more quiet in my head. And I heard it harder and harder with my ears as well. And I just hit and hit my head to the door. Perhaps I did not want to break the door but to make the loud noise disappear from my head, that loud noise similar to clatter of hoofs. Perhaps I wanted to slip out of myself just like from a fancy dress. And I wanted to take it off, and leave it behind. I wanted to be like my brother. Next day I watched the sky. And while watching I felt the beams coming closer and closer to me. This was good. This was wonderful. In the evening I heard a wonderful tale. About a boy who was as little as a bean. However, he coped with weekdays shaming giants.

Oh, my Lord, please give me power to be able to bear this burden. Grasp my hands when you want me not to hit my head to the door. Or just send

me a message, or send me a sign to let me know you won't leave me. In the morning, during the prayer I heard about the Way of the Cross. I heard about Jesus. I heard about Resurrection. I heard about everlasting life. I heard about love. I heard about faith. I heard about the world at large. About further and further worlds. In the afternoon I was just waiting and waiting for that blooming Sun beginning to shine at last. Bu it didn't. And I was just standing and standing and I couldn't understand why it didn't come out. Once I hid a bunch of keys. I thought I would be able to open every closed door with it. As adults do it. They just insert the right key into the lock, open it and they can go right away wherever they want to. Away, far. Away, to the Skála Gyöngyszöv shopping centre, to the great world. Away, out of my skin, out of the world, out of wickedness, out of lies, out of hatred, out of discrimination, out of desperation. Out...outside, out. Away, far away. Now I hear the clutter of hoofs again in my head. But now I don't hit my head to the wall. I don't want to hit my head to the wall because these sounds have brought the wanders of freedom to me. Who wander, come and go freely in the world. Up and down, across and through, in and out...they, the wanders of freedom. They came on horses and brought news for me. They brought good news for me. They brought me faith, power, peace, enlightenment, joy, desires and freedom. Thank you for freedom.

Bye!

MISSION

Hi! I am Tomi, a six-year-old little boy having autism, now a resident of the Autistic Children's Home in a Hungarian town.

Last night I woke up in a magic country. It was wonderful. It was full of animals. I caught sight of a snake charmer from a distance. And then when I came nearer and nearer to it the snake rose higher and higher under the influence of the flute's sounds. I was quite close to it. There I would have liked to catch its neck. Once, at least once I would have liked to hold the animal in my hands, the animal whose voice I had imitated so many times. Last night I was told a tale about the Little Prince who had met the snake. But before he met the snake he had got to know the world. He had met and got to know the fox as well. I would like to be the Little Prince myself. I would like to have as many objects in my world as the Little Prince has. I would like to have a rose, a planet, a snake and a private, independent empire. Full of animals, full as an egg. And I would imitate the voice of the animals from morning till night. I like being loved. I want to be loved. I want to be believed in! I want everybody to believe that I am clever! And I know that those things I do are senseless for adults. But in my little world everything has its own meaning. Every word, every action has its meaning as the Little Prince had a meaning, a mission in his own world.

This morning they talked about the mission in the chapel. Every person has a mission. Every person has its role in the society. What a person will become – we cannot know. But till they like living too much trouble cannot occur. One day I would like to have a horse on which I can go round the Earth. I would just go round, round and round. I would travel and see the world. I would see many-many birds and so many animals. I would just wander and wander...Many times I would be set free from my prison. Many times I wish the real Tomi did accumulate in me and it did come to the surface. But till, till that time I feel very good in the Home.

One time when my daddy took me back to the Home, on our way back a car crashed into our car. I injured on my head and then I was really frightened.

This morning I could hold a wonderful storybook in my hands. There was an elephant in it. I wonder why there aren't elephants in this town? To tell the truth, I can imitate the voice of the elephant very well. I would like to have a real elephant, since I always carry its mini version in my pocket. He would be my friend. We always need a friend. A friend who leads us through everything. Who holds my hand when I fear and leads me to a place where I do not have fears. If I can trust, there I must trust. There I do not have to be afraid of anything, I only have to believe. To believe in goodness, in peacefulness, in calmness, in the fruits of soul, in the real values. To believe in the fact that I can rely on others, absolutely. That I can relax among others. That I do not have to be afraid of others, and others can trust in me as well. I know both good and bad days are lying ahead of me. But somebody will always hold my hand, and I will get ahead. I'll get ahead, further on my way. And I needn't have fears on that way. Because the way leads – leads from somewhere to somewhere!

ALONE

Alone slowly–slowly does the day end for Ági. Disappointment hurts her. She feels something has died inside. It hurts her that it's her, her again. She is not bad, she just knows. She wants, she fights, she hopes. Alone. She is all alone while being unprotected, defenceless without understanding, non-understood by others. For many people she is handicapped, without money, appreciation and social standing. Why?

Because she loves everybody! She offers great experiences concerning emotions, faith, appreciation and love to everybody. She listens to everybody. She considers everybody as a precious being. She helps everybody. It hurts there! Yes, something there, deep inside. She does not feel that she is deceived; she just acts and acts, follows and follows the divine way. When she plunges herself in the look of people she sees the look of Lord. For her soothing and assurance she knows again and again that she was born to help, to love. Many times and a lot she suffers, but not alone.

CALVARY

Hello! I am Laci, a six-year-old boy having autism, who came from Szolnok. Now I am a resident of the Autistic Children's Home.

Yesterday I beat stronger and stronger my mouth with a spoon. I beat it hoping I could say something in that way. Perhaps then I could phrase a thought that is meaningful, precious for others. I am alone here, deep inside, alone. In the state of loneliness. I desire love; I need the company of adults. I need the hand that helps me, and I also need the lap that cuddles me. The world is absolutely different when I am on my rocking horse. I feel firmly in the saddle, I trust in my power, there I have self-confidence. I believe in myself. Please, believe in the fact that a handicapped child needs as much love as healthy children need. Indeed, they even need more. Even if you do not receive important feedbacks from him, do not forget the fact that he understands everything, he merely does not react on everything. He selects, picks and chooses! But he is a child! He needs encouragement and reassurance! He needs love!

He needs light, light on his way! He needs the way that can be shown him only by adults. The numbers of possibilities are endless. The love in his heart is endless. The need of love in his soul is endless. The thoughts in his mind are endless. Many times he tells eclectic stories. But those thoughts are his. Sometimes they are proud, sometimes fanciful, sometimes gentle, sometimes strong, sometimes heroes, and sometimes they are coward – but he has thoughts. He has emotions, he has faith, and he has hopes. Hopes for a society in that he needn't be ashamed for his differences, and his parents do not have to cast down their eyes. Where they do not have to prove repeatedly the fact that “my child is not able to earn millions of dollars, but he is a very good person.” Where parents can say: I am proud of him, I am proud of him being such a man, because he has clean soul. His emotions are honest. Love is stronger and stronger in him by the flame of love. His soul is a rough diamond, full of values. It is full of desire, craving concerning the future, regarding the dreams that he will have role, he will have tasks, he will have aims, he will have set way, which he can follow with the help of adults. He will believe in the summer, in the flowery field, in the sun, he will believe everybody...he will trust everybody who trusts him. Everybody who will trust in his knowledge, in his ability, in his hidden values, in him, and who will love and follow him. In his heart there is always summer and the sun always shines. His heart is always full of rays of sunlight. And from his heart always the songs of birds sound. Every songbird that can be found in Hungary sings in his heart. Because songbirds only return to those houses where they received love. Love wishes to flow out of his soul. Maybe you do not notice, do not see that his soul cries for love, however he really-really needs love, acceptance, encouragement, and faith, because in this heartless world he can only trust you. He can only rely on you, he can only follow his way with you,

he can only go through the Calvary with you, he can only experience the summer with you, and he can wait for the spring with you. With you can he be reborn every day, day by day. With you he can carry through those things he would be unable to by himself. He needs you. He trusts you, he trusts you. He believes you, he believes you. He has fears. He is frightened because many things are unknown to him, many things raise fears in him. He understands more things than you do. He is closer to God. They are the foundation stones of God's palace. You are known through them. Love and accept everybody being just like God created them. Do not be afraid, you are able to bear only that which is adjudged to you by God. Only that you can bear. Love! Bye!

MARIONETTE

Once upon a time there was a boy. This boy was like a marionette, which is moved by strings. Its physiognomy, its eyebrows, its gestures, its motions are devised. With the help of the strings its character is devised, and its mover move it in such a way as to come by as much money as possible. Even then when it is sick, when it fears, when it weaves dreams, when it cries, when something hurts in its heart. Unfortunately the movers do not see, do not feel that they spoil the beauty of art. Something that has beauty is not beautiful because it is manipulated. And manipulation is anything else than the weapon of cowardice and money. Beauty and cleanness are the mirrors of art. And the mirror is the mass. The mass that adore, love and enthused. The marionette – at the end of its stardom or when it cannot bring enough money – loses its

strings. They cut the strings one by one, thread by thread and from great heights they throw it to the depth of the dump. The marionette will lie there and if it is bloomy, clean and talented enough after a decade it can become a star again. Maybe without any fuss, with little fame and with a lot of energy, but with endless love.

GHETTO

One day somewhere in North-eastern Hungary Gizi Weiss woke up in the deep of her bunk-bed only to realize that she had been driven to a ghetto. All her properties, her money, her husband had been taken away from her – everything had been taken away from her. But they left one thing for her. She had her faith! Which hadn't been taken only because she hadn't let them look deep into her soul. She loved people most, still they drove her to the ghetto. They proved the ruin of her. They locked her behind thick brick walls depriving her of all the chances of breaking out of there. Out of there, from deep inside, from the depths of the ghetto. From the Mátra-housing estate in Gyöngyös. Nothing but the light can get behind the walls reaching the sky. And from behind the light that strong Faith always comes with its long apron by which occasionally it can cover the whole Mátra Mountains. It protects and hides from the Evil, from human hatred, which is not a human feature but devilish. Being human we could only love, since the lakes of our souls is fed by the streams of love. From its water do the bees drink, which are the most wonderful animals of love. They, who collect more and more honey to their hive to provide enough amount of it for the man, who incessantly takes and takes from the hive. However, sometimes they feed the bees

with pleasure, with tears, with humility, with faith, with indomitable power, and with inexhaustible true love. Sometimes they push themselves forward and tread others down. Tread down and win. Build ghettos enclosing them with great walls, which sometimes are undemolishable. Pervading in the wounded hearts. More and more times. Who will demolish the ghettos if not the man? Who can search for goodness if not the man? Who causes often harm to others if not the man? Man will survive for a long time yet, and they will fight a lot. There are many people whose hearts will be fed by the bees, but there are many of them too whose hearts will be bitten by snakes. There will be ghettos built around many people, but only one thing, one feeling will demolish the walls around everybody. The most important fruit of the human soul – love.

SLOW DANCE

“Have you ever seen children on roundabout? Or have you ever listened to the rain falling to the ground? Have you followed the capricious flight of a butterfly? Have you stared at the Sun in the fading night? You’d better slow down! Do not dance so fast! Time is short. The music will not stay. Do you fly over each of your days? Do you ask: “how are you”? Do you listen to the answer? Do you lie in your bed with hundreds of humming thoughts in your head at the end of the day? You’d better slow down! Have you ever said to your child: “we will do it tomorrow ”? In the big hurry did not you see their sorrow? Have you lost a good friend, have you let the friendship die because you had never called them to say hello? When you are running so fast to arrive somewhere you partly lose

the glad of the journey, when you are worrying and rushing through your day. It is like an unopened present thrown away. Slow down! Listen to this song before it is over!”

Postscript:

Please forward this message. This is not a chain of letters. It is the last wish of a dying little girl, through which she tells everybody to live a full and whole life. In a way she never will.

Thoughts addressed to the parents of autistic children

Always be aware of the fact that your autistic child always understands you.

Always be aware of the fact that your autistic child loves you.

Never forget that even when they do not express it obviously they need you, learn it now that they really-really need you!

Learn that they love you!

Learn that they need you!

And when you are in absolute despair, because you think it is over, please do not forget the fact that you have alternatives! There will always be people who will help you. Not by pecuniary means, but with some pleasant, comforting words, with love they will stand by you. A telephone call is enough. Tell your child every day honestly, erupting from your heart and mind: “You are clever. I trust you! I love you!”. These sentences are very important to them, as it is important to every child to

be loved, loved as an autonomous, sovereign being. That is why I ask you not to forget to tell your child how much you love them.

Roland's cross

A long time ago – perhaps two years earlier – I got a cross from one of my dear friends. A special-shaped, wooden cross from the central of which the face of Jesus curves outward. It was given to me with a certain aim: when I do not need it any more, or I could carry it no more I should give this cross to a man who would carry it thereafter. Many times he will cling onto it, many times he will believe in it, many times he will beg of it, many times he will go down on his knees in front of it, many times he will adore it, many times he will be afraid of it ...but he will keep carrying it. At all costs. When he suffers he will reach out for the cross. When he is glad he will reach out for the cross. When he can carry the burden no more he will reach out for the cross. When he desires something he will reach out for the cross. When he loves somebody he will reach out for the cross. When he follows somebody he will reach out for the cross. When he believes in something he will reach out for the cross. When he is hesitant about something, when he laughs he will reach out for the cross. When he cries he will reach out for the cross. When he daydreams he will reach out for the cross. When he begs he will reach out for the cross. When he feels stretched out he will reach out for the cross. When he feels trodden down he will reach out for the cross. When he feels tramped down, when he has to stand up he will reach out for the cross. When he has to believe in himself he will reach out for the cross. When

he has to believe in tomorrow he will reach out for the cross. When his star is rising he will reach out for the cross. When that day comes he will reach out for the cross. When there are no more days he will reach out for the cross. When the last day comes – the cross will be the one that will reach out for the man.

Open

Keep your heart open

Open for love

Keep your heart always open for humility

Keep your heart always open for love

Keep your heart always open for patience

Keep your heart always open when you have to help others

Keep your heart always open when you meet handicapped people

Keep your heart always open when you see suffering

Keep your heart always open when you see pain

Keep your heart always open when you see your Lord!

Take a step...

Step on your road, step on your road, step in the light, step to the Sun

Step towards people

Step towards the poor

Step towards the suffering ones

Step towards the defenceless ones

Step towards the pain
Step towards the humiliated ones
Step towards the stoned ones
Step towards the condemned ones
Step towards the weak ones
Step towards the shy ones
Step towards your Lord
Step towards the fear
Step towards the non-understanding
Step towards alienation
Step towards Jesus Christ!

Keep

Keep the flame burning when you are fraught with fears
Keep the flame burning when you are defenceless
Keep the flame burning when you have nobody to hold on to
Keep the flame burning when you are fraught with pain
Keep the flame burning when you are fraught with defencelessness
Keep the flame burning when you are fraught with suffering
Keep the flame burning when you are fraught with diseases
Keep the flame burning when you are surrounded with enemies
Keep the flame burning when you are surrounded with friends
Keep the flame burning when you are surrounded with islands
Keep the flame burning when you are full of stones
Keep the flame burning when you are full of tension
Keep the flame burning when you are not attended any more

Keep the flame of love burning deep in your heart

DAY OF RECKONING

One day when you will reckon to your Lord, to your Creator He will ask you: "Tell me son, how much orphan hair have you fondled? How many crying children' tears have you wiped away? How many frightened children have you cuddled in your arms? How many people being handicapped in any way have you respected? How many friends of yours have you spared suffering? How many people have you helped? How many people have you led to the direction of light? How many people have you asked if there is life after life?"

Have you stood in the rain?

Have you stood in the rain being humiliated
Have you stood in the rain being defenceless
Have you stood in the rain being scared
Have you stood in the rain without being understood
Have you stood in the rain being fraught with pain
Have you stood in the rain fraught with suffering
Have you stood in the rain hungry for a little love?

On the wings of the Angels

Have you seen the wings of the angels

Have you seen them flying

Have you seen them loving

Have you seen them following

Have you seen that they do not judge

Have you felt that they do not judge

Have you felt that they are here

Have you felt hat they are waiting for you

Have you felt that they are taking off

Have you felt that they are born to love

Have you felt that they are born to open our eyes up

Have you felt the wings of the angels

Have you followed the wings of the angels

They are here, always with you, if you want them to. When you are afraid, when you are fraught with pain, when you are fraught with exhaustion.

IT IS OVER

The song is over, the song is over, the voice is over, the day is over, anger is over, the night is over, the winter is over, the sky is over, man is over. It is the time of Resurrection of God.

CIRCUS

I'm Kristóf, a little boy from Karácsond. On weekdays I commute to a town, to the Autistic Children's Home.

Yesterday I turned the robe over again. It was very bad for my mom, but I can jump on the top of it, and across and over the shelves in such a way that even an acrobat would envy it. Yesterday I got a mirror from Roland. He calls it the mirror of the soul. When I'm very angry I always look in to the mirror and it comes to my mind what Roland says to me. When I'm happy the mirror of my soul is clear and translucent. But when I'm angry the mirror of the soul is closing. In vain does anybody reach out for me, in vain does anybody cuddle me, in vain does anybody kiss me if I don't trust the mirror of the soul. Then I don't trust the mirror of the soul. My Mom said that there are many more good people than bad ones. I believe it. People are all the creatures of God. The world would be much better, if people loved more. More and more. Deeper and deeper. Humbly and with humility. They wouldn't love while possessing. They would love. I would like to be loved!

One day the mirror of the soul will allow me to see deeper. Then I could see the people, see them real as they are, I will see lots of goodness in their soul. I will see lots of wickedness in their soul as well. Good and bad – these are what contrast with each other in every person. Willing and patience, that's what I've learned.

Where I attend there are many children. My mother always takes me there. At this place children are not like me. At this place children are different from me. This is the place what adults call kindergarten. Never do I feel as good anywhere else as I do there. There are so many nice

children hustling around me. I know that the mirror of the soul, about what Roland talked to me, helped me a lot to see into their souls, after all they are natural, they are honest, they don't pose, don't push forward themselves, don't tread down others, don't aim at ranks and power, they are simply natural and they love. They love everything, everybody, and they love, they can love at all times.

Is there a future for love? This is what my mom often thinks about. Will I be loved? This is what my mom often thinks about. Will I be accepted? Will I have friends?

The mirror of the soul cannot know the future, only the present does it know. The compassionate looks, the sorrow, the exclusion, the stigma are what it knows, but I never feel the sympathy with the mirror of the soul. I never feel the love. Why does it have to be like this? Why does it have to be like this?

In my village – in Karácsond – there was a circus in summer. They came with many-many animals. All the animals were in cages. They were separated from us with a lot of iron bars. There were a lion, a tiger, a black panther, a camel and many-many monkeys. It is interesting that animals can't speak – like me. However, they are often better understood than I am. Although I'm human. I only differ from other people that I can't speak. But I feel! I'm here, in this world! I'm thinking, words often hurt me, and so does the action, the indifference, the expulsion. These animals arrived in barred vans. I would have liked to break those bars so much, so that the animals could have jumped off the vans, shared my happiness, and played with me. Perhaps this is the way in which my wall should be broken down to get closer to people. To get closer to myself as well. Is life like that? Is it so fast? Why isn't it slower? Maybe, if it were slower – I could understand it. Maybe, if it were slower I could anticipate it. I could gauge it, I could pick it up like a balloon and I could release its

string. It would fly, fly high, and I would keep my eyes on it. And while it reaches the sky I could figure out what happens.

My grandmother always tells me: life is beautiful, son. What does beautiful mean? What does beautiful mean? The Sun is nice, the tiger is nice, the lion is nice, the monkey is nice, the flowery field is nice – but what does it mean that life is beautiful? What is life? What makes it beautiful? It's a pity that when I hear this I can't ask my grandmother what makes it beautiful? From now on I know what makes it beautiful. From now on I know what makes it beautiful. Bye!

SHINING SUN

Hi! I'm Bálint, a little boy from Gyöngyös having autism. I attend the Autistic Children's Home with the others. Hmm, hmm...I've had such a good sleep. I would love to sleep always, because so many good things happen to me then that I cannot feel when I am awake.

My grandfather took me to a flowery field. There I started to run and then I fell off and pick a flower. I smelled it – hmmm, it has such a scent that I can feel it in my nose even now. It had wonderful colours. I've been looking for it since that time. Which is so easy to understand, it is so simple, so peaceful. So nice and simple. I often dream about this field. I can see it even now. There aren't any people there but my grandfather and me. The pleasant-smelling grass and millions of flowers. The millions of flowers having more and more colours. I would just lie in the

grass, I would sleep and shut out the outside world. I would shut out wickedness, I would shut out lovelessness, I would shut out fears, I would shut out hypocrisy. Only me would be there, only me would matter, only my happiness would matter. The flowers would love only me. All the flowers of the field. They would embrace only me while I would be dreaming about a new, nicer, new world. Where everybody understands everybody, where everybody loves everybody. Where even non-speaking autistic people would be considered to be clever, skilful, useful in life, who had to born to live this life, because they desired life, they prepared for life, they had been prepared for life – there in the womb of their mummy they desired living. They were welcomed, their parents hold them in their arms, and formed them after the model of themselves. I know I will be alone one day. I know I will take to everybody one day. I know a light will come, a yellowish light will come one day. One day I know a better life will come – one day a better life will come. One day a new year, a new, happier year will come. Where all the flowers will bloom for me, where with me will all the friends play. Where all the melodies will sound for me, where I will be the one who deserves all the voice parts. Where I won't trample on anything only lie on my stomach. Where I won't follow but I will be followed. Where they will draw on the real light. Where spring will be greener than flowery fields, where flowers will open their petals. Where a man will guard love, where good example will be set only by love. Where one day a delegate will hand a slip over, on which the following will be written: here it is, the century of love has come. A century where there aren't differences between man and man, where everybody is equal. Everybody knows and believes in the goodness of others. Where everybody follows the most important message of Lord, the only message, love. One day there won't be anybody who can speak. One day people will communicate with

each other not by speaking. One day a look, a touch, a hug, a laugh will be enough. One day everybody will understand everybody. One day everybody will understand everything – without speaking. One day everybody will understand everything – without speaking. One day there will be a common light! A common flame will burn. A flame will burn in everybody, deep inside, in their souls, driven by love, a flame will light. While shining, crackling, sparkling a flame will burn. Sun will shine for everybody, for everybody will the Sun shine. Sun will warm up everybody who would be cold, who would be scared, who would be discriminated, who would be outcast, who would be stigmatised, who would not be loved. Till then, just practice it, till then, just follow it, till then, just fly on the wings of the angels, till then, just cling to the wings of the angels. A common summer will help everybody. A new, common life will help everybody. Fear, fears will be overcome by love. Winter will be overcome by summer, the Moon will be replaced by the Sun, the shining Sun, the shining Sun...

WHAT DO WE FIGHT FOR?

I often ask myself: what kind of world do we live in? What do we consider precious, valuable? What do we fight for? What are we running, chasing after? What do we consider important at all? While we are running so hard we fail to notice our children becoming aggressive. Naturally, they do not become more aggressive than parents are. They do not show more aggression than they receive from their parents. We should think of the fact that if we do not attend to our children properly they will be left no leg to stand on. They will become rootless vegetables, who simply fall

in a heap. They will fall in a heap under the burden weighing on them. Often we open our valves and the steam flows towards them, towards our children, and they become aggressive because of it.

Unfortunately in Székesfehérvár an eighteen-year-old mentally handicapped young boy had to die only because in this debauched, heartless world they opened the valve in a way that the steam flew towards him. They set him on fire. Being handicapped he has to suffer more than we, healthy people have to. On reflection, we have to admit that if somebody is a little bit different than everyday people easily can become a target for attacks, can get caught in the crossfire. Still, if somebody is handicapped all the valves are opened towards him. They will be targets for attacks, for joking and objects of ridicule. They will be the ones who anybody can always unreasonably kick, who anybody can open the valve towards. Everybody can open the valve towards them, because people simply have a desire for oppressing. People have a desire for reigning over others. People have a desire for acting out their aggression, which is rooted in their frustration. Naturally, it does not occur in people's mind that they should resolve their conflicts at the same place where they originate from, there, where their frustration is derived from. People should choose resolving their conflicts in their original situation and not taking them home, acting out on their family or workmates.

Handicapped people are in dangerous position. They are exposed to our tyranny, our arbitrariness, our selfishness and to our desire for reigning. And they are exposed to the fact that we can oppress them anytime, we can open the valve and let the steam flowing towards them saying it does not hurt them. But I do not go along with that. In my opinion it hurts them ten times more than we could imagine. It hurts them ten times more if we avert our eyes when we meet handicapped people. It hurts them

ten times more if we try to pretend not having noticed them. Though they do not crave for great words, they do not expect fits of crying when meeting people. They do not want to bring about these phenomenon, they would be satisfied with us asking them “how are you?”. We should not think of kiss, hugs and luxury; it is a simple question: “how are you?”. Or simply: “hello!”. It can contain more love than a crying reaction, or a laughter, because in the latter cases what do reveal are our fears, we show our fears. However, the question “how are you?” contains the fact that I have accepted you and love you. And the handicapped people feel it. I would like to live in a Hungary where every person irrespective of their birth – being a member of any ethnic, national minority, whether handicapped, whether healthy – is judged by only one factor. People would be judged only by the fact how much they loved. The only thing that would appear in their credit would be the fact how much they loved other people, by the side of whose they can be what they are: feeling people.

PRAYER

Every morning we went to the chapel with the children for the Morning Prayer that is the following:

My dear God! I greet You, and in the morning my spirit aspires to you first. I love only You, I adore only You. Please keep me such today as

You like me. Please have mercy on me and help me to be able to carry the burden. Please love me as You loved Your saint Son, who You sacrificed for us, men; whose crucified sculpture hangs in every room. He was the main creature of your life You still sacrificed Him for us. You sacrificed Him to redeem our sufferings. Please help us to carry the burden, our burden, the burden of being handicapped, together. Please love us and look on as Your little servants who love only You with our whole hearts, with our whole being, with our whole minds. Please, look at our nurses and educators who help us to carry the cross, and often go through the hells with us. But they trust You, they cling to You, they believe in You, You help them to fight, and they know that You are with them. They think of only You whether they have joy whether they have sorrow.

I can promise You only one thing: I will be very good, I will love adults very much and I will obey them. And You, I ask You to look on me as a child who has good intentions and who is close to you very much.

Thank You for being allowed to talk to You, my God! Good morning, enjoy your breakfast!

(The author, in the name of the children.)

Epilogue

To love, love, love – it is a painful ars poetica.

Roland provides it through his life.

I thank God for having got to know Him.

I thank Him for teaching me by having allowed me to observe Roland's course of life and to be honoured with his friendship. He is a strong, brave man and he is gentle with those people who are prostrated, ill, suffer privations or pressed to the periphery of society. He really sees by his heart.

When he does not receive appreciation from people he is not surprised – the work he does is service. Writing is service as well.

Thank you, Roland Zaja for being, for living among and for us.

Ágnes Finta, dr.
friend, lawyer, person

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