

**6<sup>th</sup>, December, 2007**

We were awake after a short night of sleep, between the call and the prayers.



We spent all the day getting to know the project – 3 schools with a total of 200 children, the medical center, the beauty treatment school, and so on.

A big organization! We passed all day from place to place in a rickshaw... and finally we've gone to a downtown bank to change the money in a 45 minute rickshaw trip and we haven't seen anybody else from the Ocident (Vitor, who was in the rickshaw behind mine, said that everybody stopped to look at me...). We ex-changed the money generously donated by the Portuguese people to this project and Maria insisted that we should keep the money so that,

along our stay, we can use it to renew the houses of the parents whose children are in the Dhaka Project schools; therefore, one of our missions is visiting their houses, making an inventory of what is needed and buying what be necessary.

People are amazing, the kids are very smart (*we had a touching reception, with all school holding plates welcoming us*). We took the chance to show in the world maps placed in each classroom, there was curiosity and little notion about the existence of our country and even of the European continent. The simplicity and open mind of these people to others is touching, among these people with little or nothing, there is nobody begging in the streets and people receive us with open arms. Looking at us simply as people, without



looking at social status, the colour of skin or the importance of being here... our presence and our smiles are enough.

During the trips we had been given a complete power cut, we could see nothing in the streets... but also we have been given songs where everybody in the bus song French, Portuguese and Benghal songs... i.e., spite of the holes in the streets, of being sometimes hung out of the bus, of being pushed by the cars behind us, of fearing to be hit by trucks against us, and the fear of hitting some pedestrians or dogs... the joy of

being alive and being able to sing and smile to the others, overrides these small life details.

As it is said in Arabian, ***In Shala*** (as God wishes).

**Sofia and Vitor**