

## A child's gaze



By His Grace Bishop Prodromos of Toliara  
and Southern Madagascar

It was morning, the earth still held the moisture of the night, and the sky spread clear over the humble houses of the village. We had just arrived – a small bag in our hands, filled with a few sweets, and yet, as if I were carrying treasure.

I approached the children. Some barefoot, others held by their mother's hand, with eyes full of anticipation and hearts that did not know what "right" or "complaint" meant. One of them, a little girl, was holding her brother tightly on her back. Her gaze – how difficult it is to describe it... It was a gaze that had known deprivation, but had not extinguished the light of hope.

I reached out and gave her a lolly. Small, so small compared to their needs, and yet... Her face lit up as if I were giving her the whole world. And maybe, in that

moment, for her, that's what I was: someone who remembered that she exists.

Behind me stood our doctor, with a calm gaze, ready to offer in turn treatment, dignity, hope. Around us, mothers with tired bodies but eyes full of faith.

I don't have all the answers. Every time I return to these places, my soul is humbled. But I know one thing: when you hold a child's hand and offer them, even a little, then Christ is born again in the desert.

Because the greatest blessing is not to give much, but to give it with love.

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