**LOVE KNOWS NO BOUND**

“​EVERY CHILD IS A DIFFERENT KIND OF FLOWER, AND ALL TOGETHER THEY MAKE THIS WORLD A BEAUTIFUL GARDEN​.”

It is my first school as a teacher. A missionary school for boys. It is situated at the foot of a small hill. On the small hill, is the seminary and the chapel. It is a very beautiful and serene place From there , one can view the  entire small village and the vast Arabian sea a few miles away.

It was Mario’s first day at school. At the boarding school. Mario was just an eleven year old child; chirpy, naughty, bubbling with life; but the spark in his eyes was missing. Instead I saw a big question mark in those large eyes.

Why was Mario kept in a boarding school? Were his parents not able to look after him? Was he not comfortable with his other siblings?

Many questions troubled my mind as I walked with him down the corridors.

“Hello Mario, how are you young man? “

Fr. Diago gave him a warm welcome

“I am fine Father.” Thank you. Mario tried his best to put up a cheerful face.  But I sensed his insecure feeling.

Slowly, Mario began mixing with other boys of his age group and with me too. I learnt from him itself the reason to leave his home and family.

The reason was very strange but shocking. Mario had slowly turned hostile towards his parents and siblings. Just because….just because he  looked totally different from them.

Right from his childhood he heard people saying he was an adopted child; it was just out of sheer fun to worry him; but little did anyone know he would have to carry this tag forever. It always made him feel unwanted at home and at school and even in the neighbourhood.

His parents tried to convince him that it was not true but he just couldn’t believe it.

Mario was very dark with thick lips and very curly hair. No one could believe that he was the brother of Peter and Pearl.

“Do you know Mario, your father had picked you from the coal mines?”

This cruel joke still resounded in his ears.

Never, never again will I ever go home not even in holidays. Mario had firmly made up his mind.

 It was an activity period. I had taken my students to the school ground for the class activity.

Beautiful sunflowers swayed gently along the fence.

“Mam, look at this flower, so crooked it looks with all it’s distorted petals, “Mario said to me as he thoughtfully gazed at the flowers.

“Why is this flower so different from the others? “I just looked at him and smiled.

“My dear, the creator who has made the beautiful things has also made the not so beautiful things in this world. Do you know why?” “Why “asked Mario with utter surprise.

“Because he loves all his creations equally.”

“He who has made the flowers has also made the thorns ; he who has put  pearls in the ocean has also made the pebbles; he who has painted the  colourful rainbow has also created the dark rainy clouds.”

“But he loves all his creations, he has carved each one of us on the palm of his hand and he cares for us immensely. His love knows no bounds.”

“So God loves me too?”

“Of course. And also, your parents love you dearly.”

For the first time Mario realized how precious his creator was and how special he was to his creator.

He could now distinctly hear his mother’s desperate words.” Peter, my son I love you, I love you so much.”

Mother, I love you too, whispered Peter in the silence of his heart.

For the first time, I saw the spark in his eyes as he looked up at me and smiled. It talked volumes.

I held his hands and led him in. Fr. Gomes had written a beautiful thought on the notice board. Both of us read it aloud.

“If we think positively, sound becomes music…movement becomes dance…smile becomes laughter …and life becomes a celebration….”

**Curie Pereira**