

M i h a e l a Ş c h i o p u

@ home

about children, love and colour



Texts and comments in this album belong either to children, or the author herself, or are stories written together, during the art – therapy programme dedicated to children diagnosed with cancer pertaining to the Cancer Institute ALEXANDRU TRESTIOREANU, Bucharest.

PAVEL Association would like to thank the play therapist Geanina Pruteanu and to the art therapist Simona Sandu for their participation. We owe them the comments on pages 42, 47, 55, 71, as well as their attached images, together with the images on pages 42, 69 and 72.

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-About children, love and colour

Ana finally returns from her ward where she had stayed months on end. She is transparent, a shadow of a person in a wheelchair, smiling with unfathomable kindness ... Her mother, nothing but worry left of her, holds discreetly, the canvas on which Ana draws a block of flats and Christmas trees, although it's only September. Bianca, in a robe covering her slippers with lady bug antennas, will not give in until she finishes painting a tulip. For her mommy. Mihai sings to all who would want to hear Romanian doinas, accompanied by his mother, who knew every word, perfection. Nicoleta fills some papers with princesses in triangular skirts and looks at me playfully, whispering: when will we make up a story? Flavius cannot fit all his questions in the colours that seem to chase one another. He says: Mommy, I made an abstract portrait for you. Carmen is in charge of the Cat with a small hat story. Her mommy paints a blouse with concentric hearts. Alex is at the table next to the shelves, drawing mandalas and temples. His small mother is behind him, with a bottle of water, careful to have him drink enough liquids. Vasilica doesn't want to sit on her chair and, standing up, with a touch line that would make a master artist jealous, imagines a gigantic tree, where bunnies sit aligned, wide-eyed and with big buttons in their chests. His father plays chess at the dwarfs table with Sebi's daddy. Madalin can't get enough of drawing kittens. He is the world leader of catdom. Leo, laughing explains to me, kindly and forgiving, that where I live, many birds fly around, unlike here. His grandma paints alongside six-grade Alex's grandma. The two ladies sit and talk about their youth that passed and about flowers on windowsills. Leo's grandma finishes quickly a neoexpressionist painting, without having the foggiest idea about what she's doing. Alina's mom swears she never painted in her life, but the result is unsettling. Andreea wants me to paint her 'on the whole of her head.' Afterwards, she moves about like a queen. Her mother smiles, stringing, with great dexterity, beads on a thread. Elena, graceful, draws tiny flowers on a heart-shaped box. Then she sews a tiny bear. For her brother who forever demands of her: What have you brought me from the hospital? Small Ana, passionately dips her hands into the colour tray. Then she presses them hard on the canvas. Alina makes a square contour with her brush and then fills it with colour, adding: This is for Nenicu, my brother. His mother holds him in her arms, making sure that the small catheter line is ok. Otherwise is not flowing correctly and it takes other several hours. Fabian dances and makes sure we all listen to the music he recorded. Andreea, soon to be an art student, paints boys flying. And a silhouette getting out of a wheelchair. 'This is me, she tells me, when I no longer needs these wheels. And she tells her mother, who is painting next to her: 'You use so much red and black ... you must be feeling so much pain ...' Sebi comes towards us, riding an IV pole, as he would be riding a spaceship. Elvis wants to draw a ve-hi-cle. And then another one. And a train with a nose. But also, an airplane. His mother has an eye on Edi, as well, who is painting everything, including the table cloth. Edi's dad, with his wife, paints a house hopping along a winding road. Florin just finished painting a church. He draws my attention: 'She's old, she doesn't have long hair.' His mother places some pink on a flower. Maria, between two dances around the IV pole, draws yet another house. And so on and so forth ..

This way all children are in treatment. Some have been through some appalling surgical procedures. Each parent and each child have been through hellish moments. And not once. However hard this is for them, every moment is precious.

There isn't a day that goes by that you don't hear something or another about faith, hope, love and home.

Children can heal us. This is what Betty (Elisabeta Niță), psychologist and math teacher.

To be with them is a privilege.

When a child comes face to face with a white paper sheet, the temptation is, most often, to draw a house. This is the main reason why this album is called A – home. And more than this, there is the longing, spoken or silent.

Mihaela Șchiopu, Art-Therapist and Drawing Teacher at the P.A.V.E.L. Hospital School

The P.A.V.E.L. Association (i.e. Primind Ajutor, Viața Este Luminoasă) The Romanian Association of parents of children with cancer, leukaemia and severe anaemia was founded in May 10th 1996 by a group of parents or relatives of children, young adults and adults afflicted by cancer, as well as their supporters, who wanted and still want to see a change for the better in the lives of these children with illness.

Any child is like a mirror that makes one a bit dizzy.

Or like a window.

A child will continue to amaze one at all times,

As if he knew the meaning of all things.

(Antoine de Saint-Exupéry)

Since the founding the P.A.V.E.L. Association, 18 springs, full of sun and rain, joy and hope, have passed, and all this time these children have never stopped being surrounded by the love and warmth of those dear to them – parents and friends alike. They understood that they are never alone, that March celebrations and Children’s Day, the trips to Bucharest or the mountainside or seaside camps, the Christmas tree and Santa Clause, all these holidays and festivities belong to them just as well, because they have experienced them and will never forget them. They understood that they are beautiful and talented, that they can paint and sing, that they can dance and play at will, living intensely all the joys of a childhood.

The paintings, drawings and stories from this album are created by the children in treatment at the Cancer Institute ‘Prof. AL. Trestioreanu’ and from the Fundeni Clinical Institute, being created during the art therapy programme coordinated, passionately and lovingly, by Mihaela Șchiopu, artist, psychotherapist and professor at the University of Architecture.

These children’s creations reveal their talent, their sensitivity and their beauty. Each of them needs our help, of all of us, in their struggles. We can support them even in the smallest of gestures. We dedicate this album to all these little talented little fighters and to their families, wishing them plenty of health and new strength occasioned by this spring that is helping us to renew ourselves!

Olga Cridland,
President of the P.A.V.E.L. Association.
Iuliana Ghidu,
Executive Director of the P.A.V.E.L. Association.

If you want to discover what love is, what suffering is, what faith is, what friendship is and what is truly valuable in life ... you have to meet the children of P.A.V.E.L.

Camelia Demeter,
coordinator of the social centre of P.A.V.E.L. and social worker

I think that for these children art is an outlet that allows them to express their experiences, but also a means to find strength, courage, hope, things that help them move forward on this path, a hard path for them, as well as for their families.

Geanina Pruteanu,
play-therapist

‘Even if I have a lot a hardship in front of me, I am happy and optimistic, because I am a Phoenix. Even beaten down from the sky, it is reborn stronger than before and with so much more initiative...’ I believe Francesca’s words are enough.

Simona Sandu,
Art – Therapist

The wonders of these children, sprung from brushes that come to life through emotion and wishful thinking, in all those days spent in the hospital, tell many tales. A white canvas and just a few colours are enough to express an explosion of sensations and experiences, an unwritten story, but lived to its fullest.

Patricia Costea,
Project Assistant

I always look at the paintings of these little fighters with awe and excitement and crush a tear between my eyelashes because I know their pain and I cannot help but wonder where from do they get all this strength is. It is a life lesson that you can only learn in their midst.

From their creations you can understand that they are much too angelic for us, mere mortals.

Only in their midst can you find hope that tomorrow it will, most certainly, be better than today.

Lucia Maria Ştirbu, faculty member of the P.A.V.E.L.
Hospital School, teacher of Romanian
and French language and Literature

It is said that once upon a time, on an autumn day, God sent his angels to liven the colours, the brushes and the canvases or sheets of white paper and to bring them, when night gives in to daylight, to the children of Fundeni. The angels didn't know who to give the colours first and then they poured them into the IV lines, seasoned with imagination and talent. And they also brought brushes, small and big alike, brushed that kept getting tangled in their feathers and they left them dangling, ruffled, by the doors and windows. They adorned the walls and tables with the canvases and sheets of white or colourful paper. They flapped their wings powerfully, they made the sun and the moon, the wind and the rain, the blooming trees and the decorated trees, the multicoloured houses and the white and red churches move and, first and foremost, they called upon the children.

And this is how works of art were born out the colours from the IVs, moving the brushes from the doors and the windows and filling dozens, hundreds of canvases and sheets of paper with their thoughts and their hearts. They carried their signatures, unwritten, but lived.

Their names will be forever in our hearts ... Ana, Andrei, Carmen, Ana-Maria, Edi and forever on our lips... Ionuţ, Leonard, Alin, Andreea, Bianca, Nicoleta, Alexandru, Florin, Vasilică, Florentina...

Fotinica Gliga, psycho-educator
and teacher at the P.A.V.E.L. Hospital School

The album „a-casa” is a collection of drawings and paintings expressing feelings, wishes and hopes of children who want to live. The hospital has become for many of them home, family or school. Mihaela tried to make more valuable their creativity, spontaneity and their talents through drawings and paintings. Drawings and paintings are creations transmitting various impressions and reflections, wonder, sorrow, fascination and again hope and desire to live.

The art has again proved that it is a communication tool when you're not a big talker or too timid, a tool for socializing and networking with others.

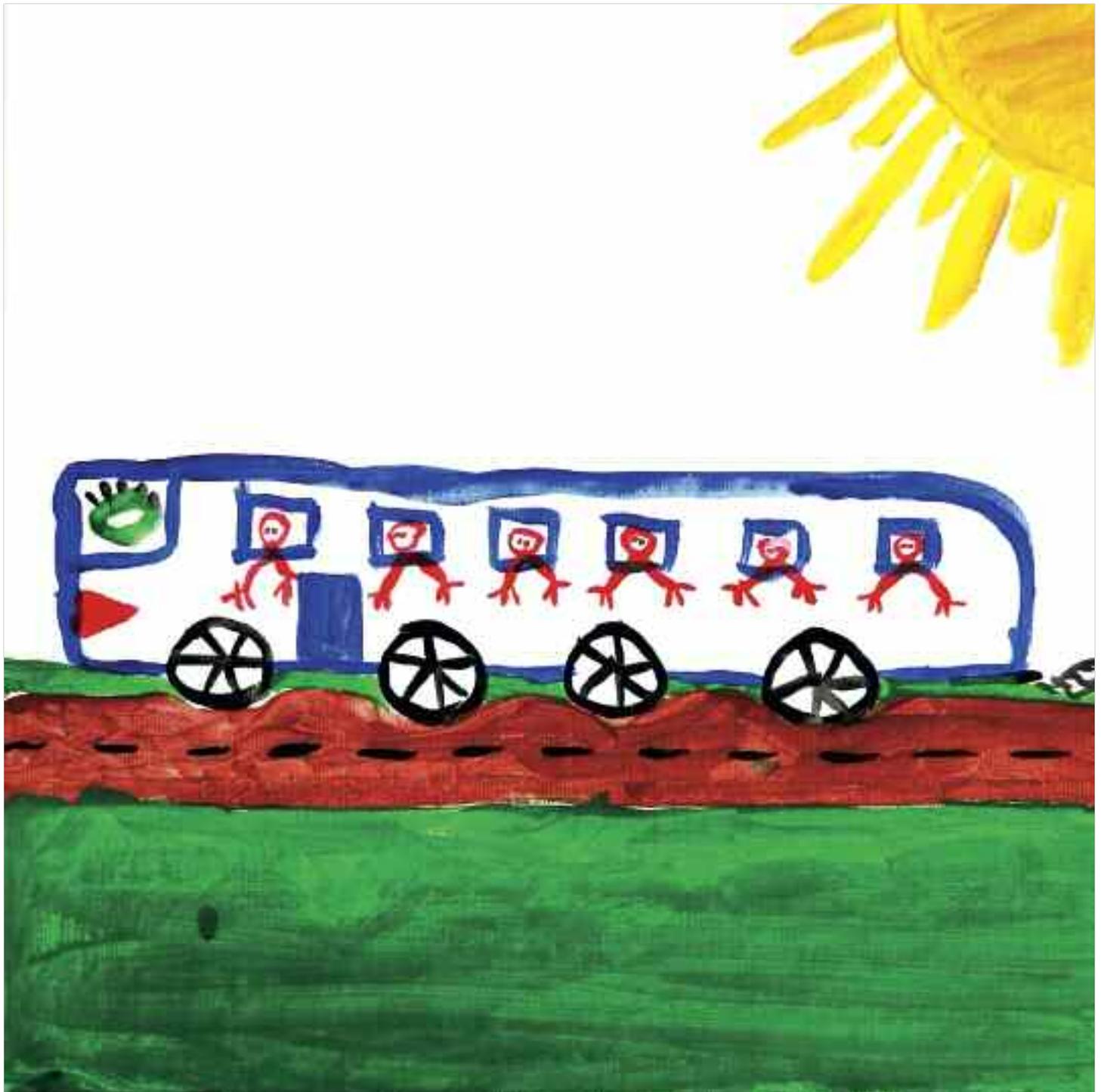
And Allan Bloom says about education that is the moving from darkness to light. We respect the right to light, education and life for children and teenagers in hospitals through this album.

Mihai Benchea, P.A.V.E.L.
Hospital School project coordinator and teacher

And thus, the journey begins

Here we are, between the hills, I mean, here I am, that guy up there, and next to me are mom and my sister. In the car, 'cause we are ready to hit the road, is my dad, but you can't see him, cause the window won't let it. Over us there are many birds that come towards me.







When going by train, you have to take you hands out the window. Otherwise the train blows up smoke and that is left for you to do is to turn the wheels rubbing elbows with all the others. It's not worth it.
(Elvis, 4 years old)



Going by bus is not such a big deal either. Your eyes have to be as big as the windows and it's obvious that this doesn't really fit.
(Elvis, 4 years old)

Whatever you do, you have to get to the hospital.

Alin (3 years old), Sebi (5 years old) and Bogdan
(8 years old) painted a huge canvas.
It's a sort of a map for whomever is in need of one.



Leo (9 years old) cannot come in his little car, because 'it will wait for him in the grass, for when he gets his license.' So, the ambulance is not so bad, after all.



If you can't make it on foot, then through the air,
above the houses. We'll make it somehow.
(Elvis, 4 years old)



What can you see on your ways to the hospital?
Buildings with their heads in the clouds, rockets and heat.
(Alina, 5 years old).



When coming to the hospital, the ambulance shakes you up pretty well. But my mother has a striped skirt and she protects me. (Nicoleta, 7 years old).

Elvis' (4years old)
Ambulance,
disguised as a bus.





Now I put on mom's skirt and the hair I used to have, because this is how I want to be when this is over ... The red is my good blood. (Nicoleta, 7 years old).



*This is me and
that blue string
takes me to
Dr. Dragomir
and she will make
me better.
(Nicoleta,
7 years old).*



*Dr. Dragomir
(Gloria,
9 years old)*

*The eye watching over you, here,
at the hospital. (Flavius, 12 years old)*



The healing catheter
(Florin, 13 years old).



When she puts in the little catheter, she pinches you, like this – iiiiii and then something, like a fridge, comes over you and tickles you with something cold.

And I am inside, in a house, and the catheter holds my hand, but from the outside. That's all.
(Nicoleta, 7 years old).



Can the hospital fly? Yes. How?
It has wings, those it keeps under its pillow,
along with mommy's icon.
(Denisa, 7 years old).



I painted here the palace of the wolf, with towers filled with syrup. I mean God sits in the sky and looks closely so that he gets the syrup straight into what you see as pink. This is what he does at night, when people snore. When the towers are filled up, we wake up. (Nicoleta, 7 years old)



Syrupy princesses
(Nicoleta, 7 years old)



Palace with a defence racket
(Sergiu, 8 years old)



The Romanian Palace
(Sergiu, 8 years old)



*Here I drew the fairy that holds her crown with her eye lashes, her friends with black heads and also a 4 year old boy. He stays outside, with the chickens, the kind I used to have at home.
(Bianca, 6 years old)*



*I put here a mint tea leaf, because
he's thirsty and he should have
something to drink.
The palace has its crown into the sky.
(Bianca, 6 years old)*





I am the princess on the right, in a dress that you are going to make for me. I am sitting on a hilltop, under a tulip. Because I can't watch how the tree cries. Do you see what he's doing? He leaves behind crumbs and he suffers because he leaves his place, to give apples to my sister, Andreea, as well.
(Bianca, 6 years old).

The Witch Mițibau, terribly shy.
(Nicoleta, 7 years old).



A dress is not making itself. It needs stories to allow itself to be seen. And questions. How is it, where is it coming from, how long will it want to stay with the person who received it. You have to caress it, to put, here and there, a little glimmer and some lace. This doesn't work unless two people pray. When you least expect it, it has appeared. This is how Flori (3 years old) and our volunteer, Diana, have done it.





The tree with earrings and the fairy with a hair do, sitting on a cloud.
(Nicoleta, 7 years old)



This is my castle, because this is the name of the place where I live. At home, I have my bicycle and my brother. Grandma is there too, and she makes me soup whenever I want. And at home I will grow up, because here, at the hospital, I stay the same as when I came in. (Alin, 4 years old).



An opera in duet.
This is us, me and Alin, and we are princes in our home, which is a heart in the grass. (Bianca, 6 years old). And, on top of it, I put some clouds with legs, so they can walk up high and not stumble onto people passing by, the angels. (Alin, 4 years old).



This palace has pink margins to show that inside it has sorbet for guests. He, the palace, floats on waves of grass, because the earth is moving and it shakes all of us pretty badly. (Maria, 3 years old)



My princess had planets in her pockets. They flew away when she was combing her hair and now she cannot catch them back, because the sun is fiery and it upsets her little fingers. (Dani, 5 years old)



*My sister and I have a palace, and also we each have a bird
that protects the ginger bread, so the angels don't eat it. So we're not
left without a door. Because the door it's made of ginger bread.
So the angels just take a small bite, to silence the craving.
(Bianca, 6 years old)*



What, have you never seen a red house before? Don't paint black? I paint black, because it's night. Can't you see the light is on? It is Puchi's house. He ran away from the paper, because I told him he was ugly. This is how I have to make him. Really ugly, because this is how he looks. (Nicoleta, 7 years old).

Few things about Puchi, darkness and the 2 leprechauns. (Nicoleta, 7 years old)



The Crown of Queen Adi, the mistress of the leprechauns.



*Someone so ugly, he shines.
Puchi wanted to be a leprechaun himself,
but he was terribly ugly
and that could not be.*



*The leprechauns are either up, or down. When
they are down, they laugh and when they are up,
they have to be swaddled, because they
are homesick.*



The family of the princess who was born out of small clouds. Her mother and father and her grandmother too looked at the blue princess and say: what if she'll leave soon? What if she goes to that raspberry up there? (Dani, 5 years old)



This is Fonç's palace. His mother is outside and he cannot call her, because she cannot hear his calls. She has long hair and this keeps her ears closed. But he likes long hair.
(Dani, 5 years old)



The palace where the princess has a bouquet, is one with many birds. She has her back towards it, because she had a headache and now she smells the flowers. Next to her is her sister who has a thread which she shakes and you can see a heart immediately. Then the bride turns her face. The palace also has a wet river where a river is place whenever you want to cross over, so you won't dirty your shoes. (Elena, 9 years old)



When it comes to long hair, to gates which could also be snakes, to questions and whispered answers, Dani's mother (Dani, 5 years old) can do it all.

The palace of the wolf who won't stop crying.
(Nicoleta, 7 years old)



The queen laughs because she's mean and she doesn't care if the prince cries.



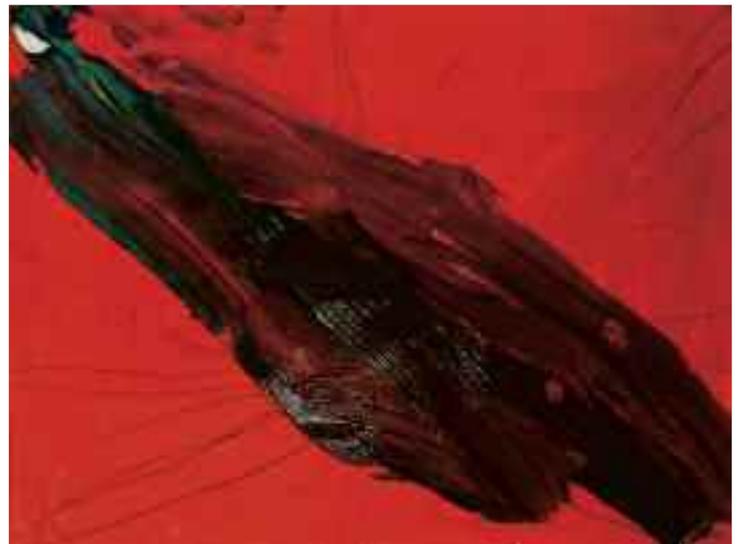
The prince turned into the bad wolf by the queen.



The queen is bored so she keeps her hands behind her back.



This is how the prince's anger looks like.

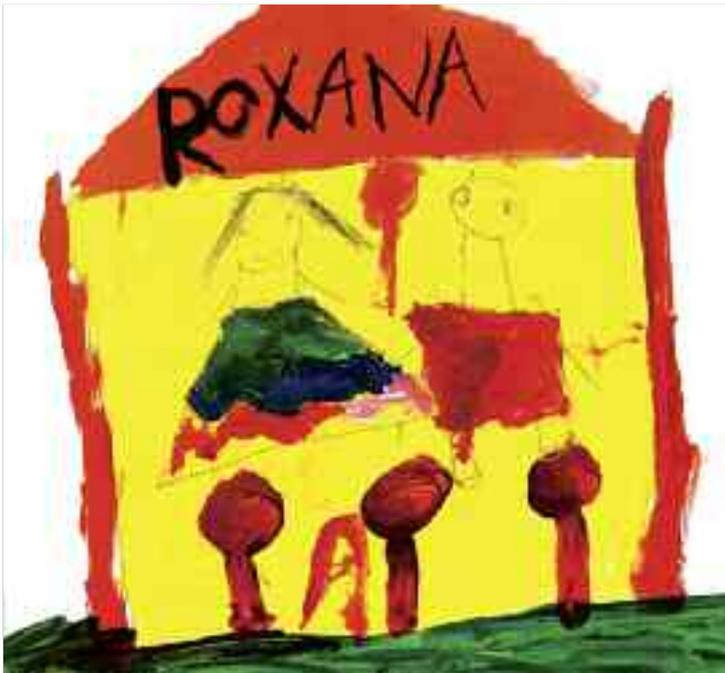


And this is his heart, the heart of a crybaby wolf. Really upset.



How flowers grow (Nicoleta, 7 years old)

This is how the flowers drink water. First, a foot comes out of the snow, to see what's it like outside. Then they drink royal red soda water and grow as much as they want.



The house of Prince Charming and his wife (Nicoleta, 7 years old)



Conversation about Prince Charming's wife

Sergiu thinks that the Wife has neat eyes. What does it mean, I ask him? Well, neat eyes mean that she doesn't drop them on the floor, that they are clean. I ask: and what if she does drop them? She washes them and puts them back in because they are blue, says Nico. I insist: and how else is the wife? Well, she goes out to the flowers and when she tells them something, they become birds and settle on her shoulder. And then they go back and become flowers all over again.

At Contessina's (5 years old) you never get to be alone. There is always someone dangling from the ceiling, dancing, whenever the mood sets. Around 5 o'clock, it's tango time.





Madalin (8 years old), the court painter of the global catdom



The story of Mr. Fluff and Mrs. Fluffy (Bianca, 6 years old)

It was warm outside and you could eat icecream. Mr. Fluff said: I want some. This is how they met: Mr. Fluff looking at her eating icecream all by herself. She was eating apple icecream and he asked for a strawberry one, because he had no money. He spent it on food. He bought him icecream. Then they went to the park. The park was beautiful, with sugar candy and swings. After they played, they went to the restaurant, where Mrs. Fluffy ordered polenta and cream and Mr. Fluff wanted cabbage and sausages. But an ugly witch came in. She smelled of garbage and had a purple hat and her skin was green. Mr. Fluff and Mrs. Fluffy got scared and ran as far as they could, they ran home. Home to Mrs Fluffy, because that is where they felt good. They watched a 3D film and they made popcorn. Afterwards they fell asleep and the story was over. Actually, it was not. In the morning, their parents came by to see them, because they wanted to surprise them, with pizza and cookies and lemonade. After their mothers and fathers left, Mr. Fluff and Mrs. Fluffy gave a pyjama party and not the story is really over.



Pingu and Pinga (Bianca, 6 years old)



Carmen made the earth and then Ana came and put in the sky.

Carmen said that a sun and some clouds are needed. Then Simona added some colour on the body. Vasilică clipped the legs, the head, the tail and the wings. And Carmen, with her mother, clipped and painted some scales, eyes and the crown. Carmen thought that 'The dragon was furious because of them!' Mother explained 'It means that the earth was not that smooth and it stung his feet.'



Lady Coconațela (Bogdan, 11 years old)



The 8 Foxosaurus (Vasilică, 11 years old)

Lady Faustina is terribly intrigued. She didn't expect to become the muse of Mr. Croco (Andreea, 11 years old)

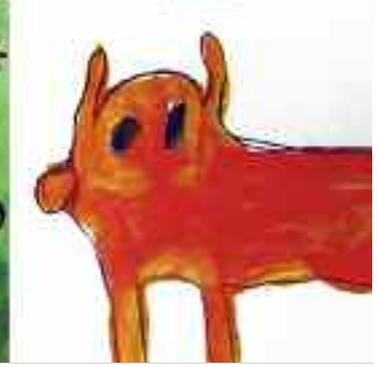
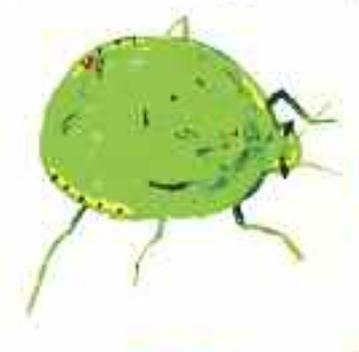


For Ionut (7 years old), Croco is a prankster. He is not ugly and he is not bity. He needed a sort of a patch, like pirates wear. In the end, Ionut put that right on the face. Actually, Croco was a perfectly nice person.



Dino the bold and the discontented volcano (Mihai, 14 years old)





The world is very preoccupied to step outside. From anywhere. From the frame or from the page. Rico, however, repairs everything and may even take the sea by the hand and pull it back when it feels like it may want to run away from the story. This is what Andrei's heroes do. (Andrei, 11 years on this earth)



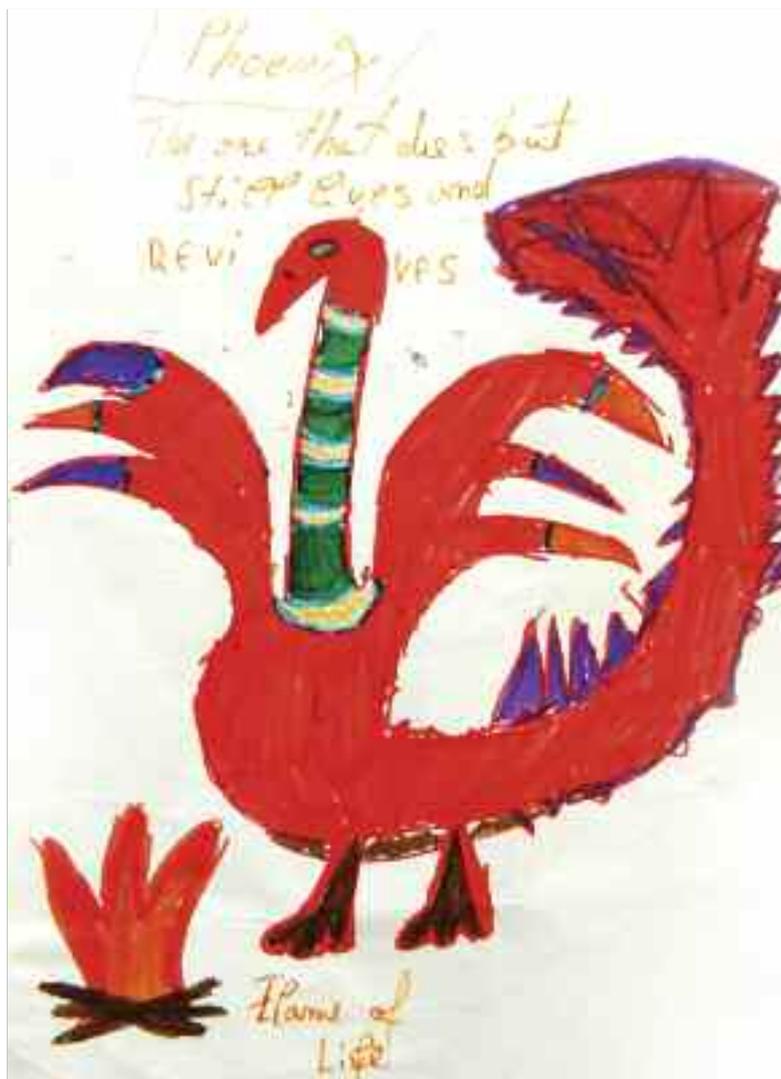


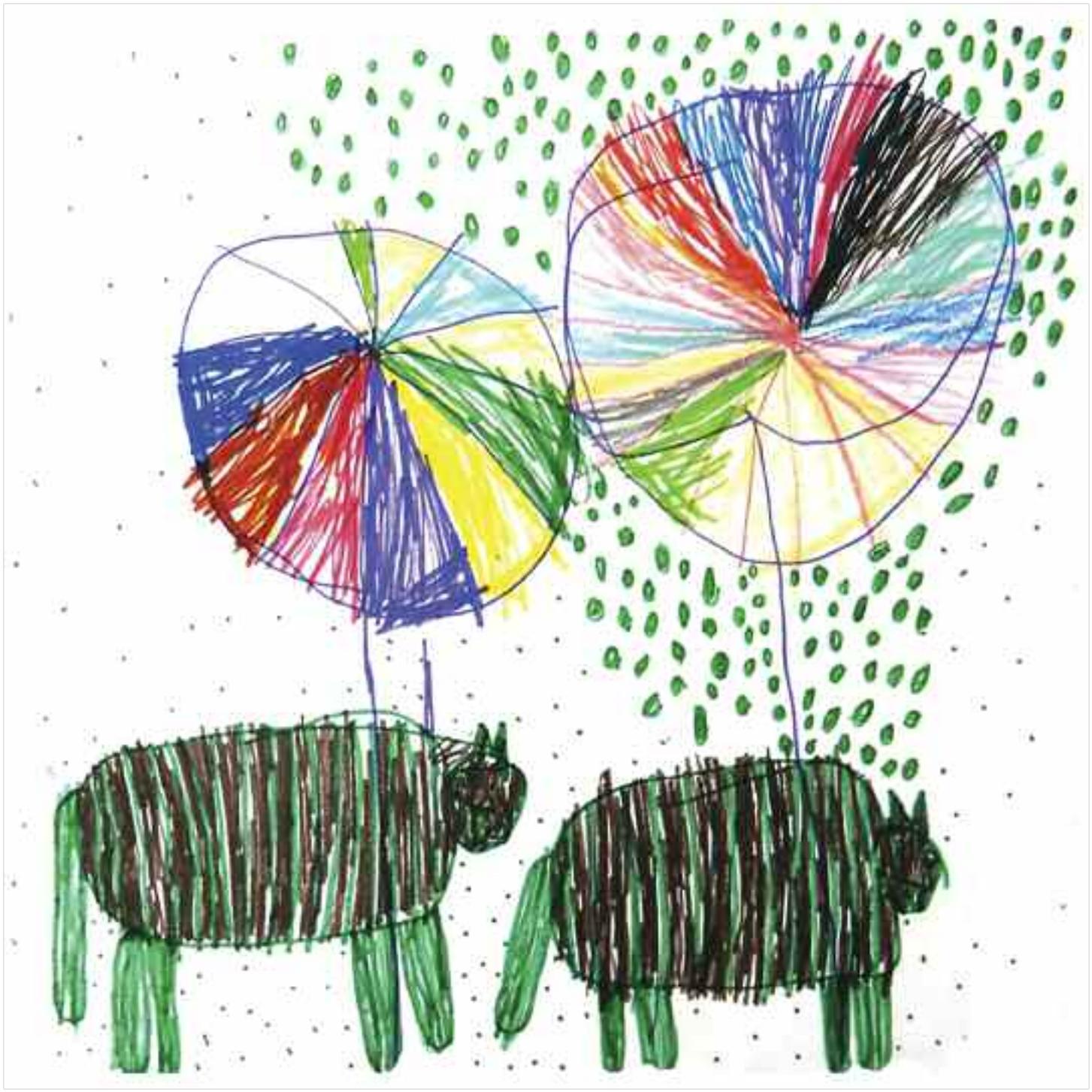
Bibi (3 years old) has an incredible speed. For her sake, all the world hops on one foot, to make room for her. Even the Gug, the little owl.

Phoenix

I remember when I was happy ... I used to move around a lot, stay with my friends in town, eat what I wanted. Today, I am not allowed to do anything of what I used to do before. I have to be careful always with what I eat and with everything else, in general: take my medication, don't forget to come to the hospital, to mind my analyses and my pulse, and in what moving around is concerned, I am not allowed to do much of that, because I get tired easily and it can be dangerous for my body. In other words, I have become responsible for myself, for my own life.

Recently, I realised I like the dark and I hate mourning. Why the dark? Maybe because I think that even in the deepest darkness I will find light. As for mourning ... I think it has something to do with the darkness. I don't like gratuitous sadness. I have been through a lot and there is a lot more I will have to get through. But even through my hardship, I am happy and optimistic, because I am a Phoenix. Even when she is down, she is reborn and is stronger and has so much more initiative. This is me; I will be reborn through my hardship. Today, of course, our bird, going through the last trial, found the light becoming light. (Francesca, 14 years old, I.C. Fundeni)





The story of Fifi, Fafa and the ocean of juice (Bianca, 6 years old).

Fifi and Fafa were two inseparable green cats. Both had the same kind of umbrellas, which would protect them from the waves. They lived on the shore of a raisin juice ocean. In the morning they would dip their whiskers in the ocean. To keep them from becoming curly. They hated their whiskers getting a perm. One day, Fafa fell into the juice, while talking to a rather fat tooth brush. The ocean stole it and then threw it up, straight on a furry fish. Fifi cried a lot. She was too alone. On a Tuesday, Fifi got up and saw a street in the ocean, straight in front of her. The juice created mountains on each side of the asphalt. Fifi didn't even know anymore how Fafa's tail looked like; it felt to her that it has been that long. Far away, in the distance, she heard someone breathing hard. It was the furry fish, who snored like crazy. Fifi watched, upset, as she thought that maybe she'll see a little bit of Fafa. But there was nothing. The street stopped before it reached the fish. So Fifi curled into a ball and went to sleep, saddened. The jelly stars twinkled, perfumed, but Fifi could reach them at all, not even a little bit. In the morning, in the thick fog, guess who's two ears sunken into the fur of the floating fish did she see? It was Fafa, her sister. She would have recognised her in a thousand. By the green tips. But she was still too far, although, meanwhile, the fish started moving. It was dark again. From the sky a golden thread came down and Fifi caught on to it, desperately. Without Fafa, she didn't feel like doing anything, so she had to get to her, by all means. The sky was shining and the ocean just sat still, indifferent. Fifi didn't know how to swim so she was shaking like a leaf. She thought: What am I? I trembling cat, wrapped around a golden thread, floating under the stars. Thinking of Fafa. It was cold, her fur was rumpled and her nose dry. She fell back asleep. At dawn, she heard a meow underneath her. Fifi was swinging in the freezing air, dangling on that golden thread. Over the fish. She remembered she had the umbrella with her. Terrified, she let go of the golden thread, opened the umbrella and screamed: Fafa, I'm coming! She landed on the fur of the huge fish, right next to her sister. They knotted their tails and slept nose to nose till old cat age.



Pempsefon, the uncombed hedgehog (Mihaela, who has a sister named Alina whom she loves very much).



Bambexin, the Bunny and his friend, Oscar, the cat with the sensitive pink nose (Andreea, 11 years old)





The renowned Cat with a Hat. Standing straight, on her fragile legs, protected by something made especially for her small ears. (Carmen, 7 years old)



This is Nobody, the dog, who comes from nowhere and goes nowhere and no one ever loved him.
Not ever. And he cries a river of tears. (Carmen, forever 7 years old)



The cow who drank milk with blue clover. (a work by Raul – 4 years old and his miraculous grandma)



The chicken (Piu) and his mother. (Carmen, 7 years old)



*In the ocean, the sun only rises when he sticks his tongue out, he is blue and he get tangled among the fish who brushed their teeth.
(Florin, 10 years old)*



Flock of intimidated frogs.
(painted by the mother of Ionuț, a 7 year old little boy)

Crabs with hooked nose, wearing socks.
(Ana, 13 years old)

It was very hard and there were many octopuses, sea astronauts (scuba divers), jelly fish with vampire teeth and then I tell you: 'oh, how are we ever going to get through this labyrinth?' But the golden fish, his friend, Iți (you can't see him now, because he's hiding) was brave and said: 'Don't you worry! Somehow, we will get through this labyrinth!'
(Fabian, 7 years old)



Zguf, the shark, with an red from fear. (Ionuț, 7 years old).



Sea Star, freckled, from the injections.
(Alexandra, 10 years old)



There is no one on this beach. Not ever.
(Liliana, 17 years old)



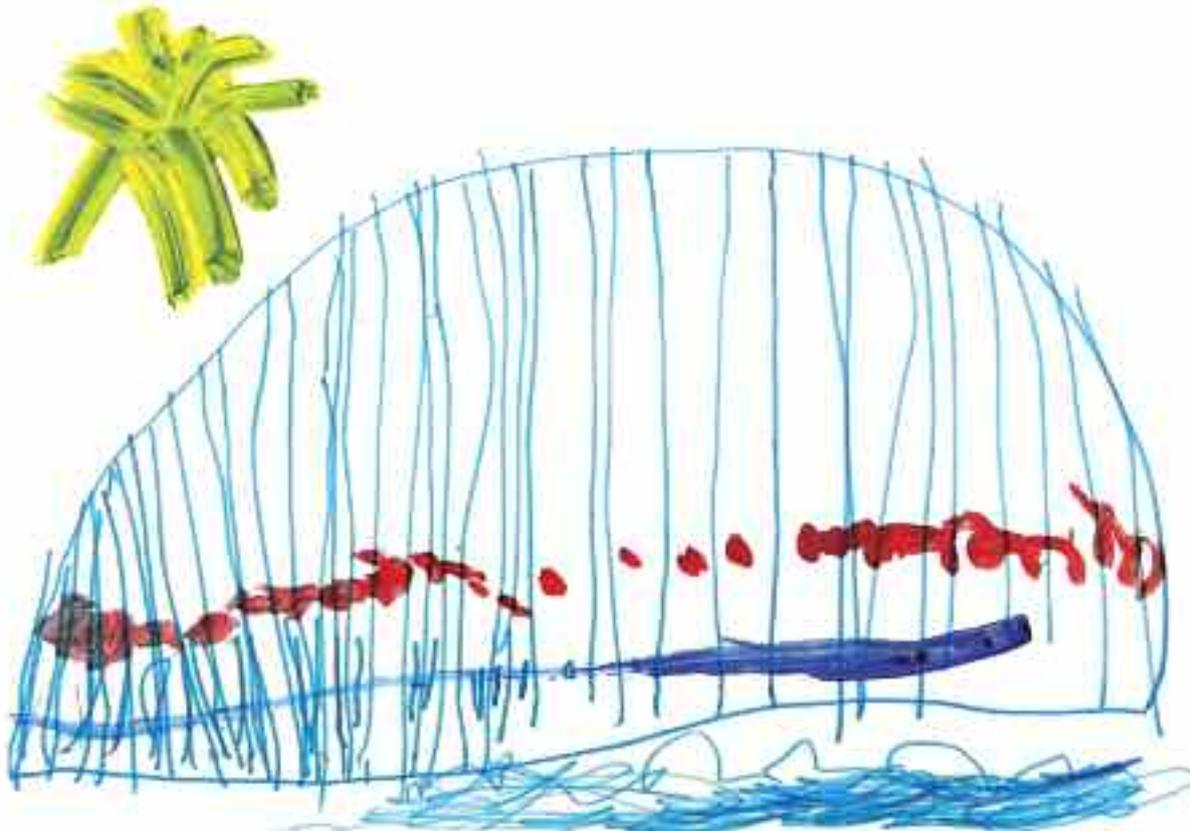
Carmen (7 years old forever) and her mommy,
on the beach with black sand.





Ana's Shark
(Ana, 13 years old)
drinks milk and is
3 centimetres long and
sleeps in what's left of
a shell. He is in fourth
grade and he writes
poems on sand
because the water is
lamenting that she has
nothing to read.

The fish have a
soft house.
Through the
chimney there
comes blackcur-
rant juice and this
is how her babies
recognise her. The
house is their
mother
(Elvis, 4 years old)



The sea is like a water with bars, so the fish don't end up on the shore. (Alin, 4 years old)

A circle on the land. In the middle of it it's my sister and I. We have water and beach inside. It's like during summer time, when I used to go to the pond with my dad. A tree is watching over us. (Elena, 10 years old)



Mihai (13 years old) is far away from the pink mountain.
He says that where he lives, love lives as well.





Even the houses need a little moral support.
So, either two of them appear at once, or everyone sleeps
outside (Maria, 13 years old)

It's a well known fact that you mustn't insist, when you don't feel like it. Denisa (7 years old) and Alexandra (11 years old) have agreed to take turns. One of them would be drawing a house and the other would rest. One would get such an inspiration and draw the people in the houses too. No fuss. With heads bent down, with trees floating and, especially, with plenty of heart. This is how their work because a scarf that roams around town. Word of honour.







In the new house, wherever I want it to be, we haven't got in yet, but we have this thing with which to hang flowers in the windows. I have a baby quail named Todo and he has grey spots and he is in a cup, so doesn't get away. And we feed him and he doesn't scream at me, he only screams at my cousin. And I don't miss home, because, here, at the hospital, I can make a dress at the sewing machine and you will sew Mr. Fluff. (Bianca, 6 years old)

By house waits for me, but she's a little ruffled.
(Bianca, 6 years old)



Happiest day of my life? When i got out of the hospital...
(Florin, 13 years old)



Where Ana lives, there is a lot of light. Now, more than ever... (Ana, 13 years old)

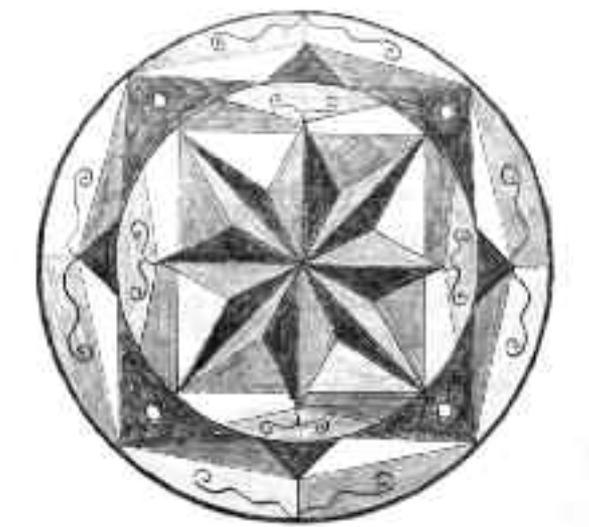


Clouds let loose in the world. (Mihaela, 7 years old)

Where I live? I am for my house an attraction, a pole, because I cannot be without it. At home I have my family, who loves me. I cannot live without my home. And I like it no matter what. It feels like a palace to me, where everything I crave, I get. I grew up in that house and I never moved away from it, in any hotel and I never wanted to stay in another house. At the hospital, at Foişor, I cried, cause I wanted to go back home. If I have a blanket from home, I recognised it by the smell. It has its smell, homely and nice, because I put perfume on it every day. The place I like the most in my house is my bed, soft and good. Better to have a bed, than a sofa. In my bed, I only dream nice dreams. In the hospital, for instance, I dreamt we all moved away from home, and that made me cry. I cried until I couldn't cry anymore. I have a big garden at home, so big, with cherry trees and apple trees and a young mare called Sabina. When grandpa lets her out of the stable, she runs like crazy ... She has a white tummy and back; she is like a pony. I play with her. She has a chain around her neck and when she comes close to me, I am overjoyed.

(Leo, 9 years old)





Mandalas. (Alex, 16 years old)

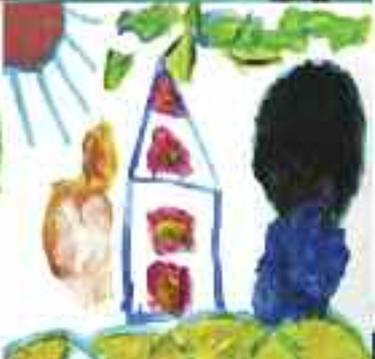
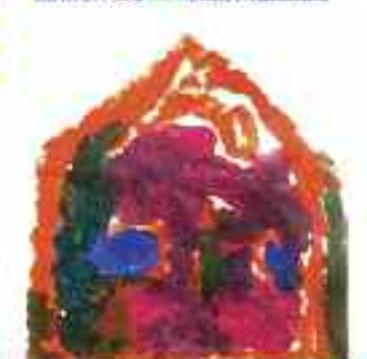
Mandalas. (Florin, 16 years old)

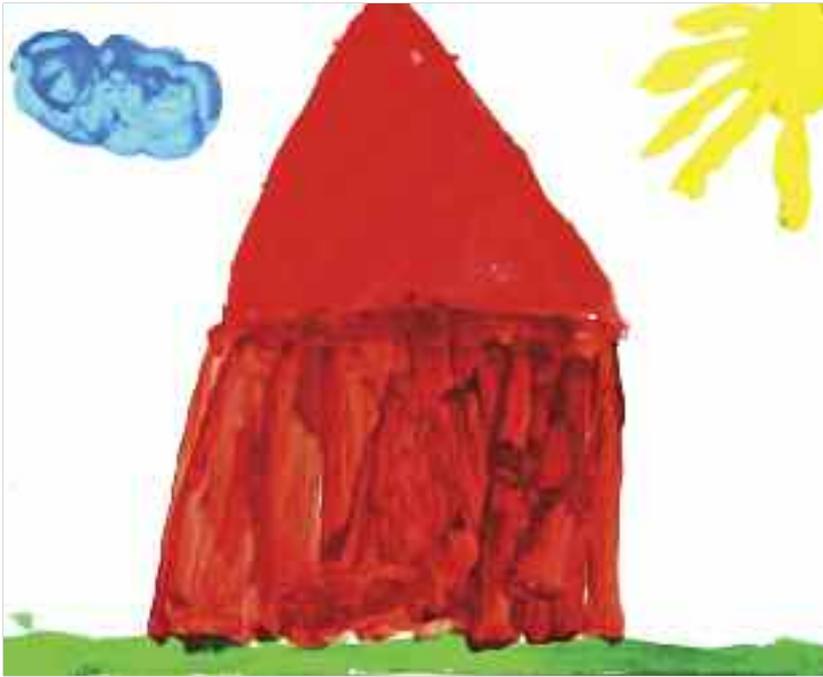
The heart of a puppy

One day, walking slowly down a side street, deep in thought, I met a poppy. I stopped and looking into his dark eyes, I saw the way he looked at me, like begging me to take him home. I thought for a while and then I said to myself, 'Why wouldn't I have an animal friend?' FROM THE DAY I TOOK HIM IN, this little furry animal was so attached to me that, wherever I went, he went with me, with the exception of my school hours. WHEN I CAME HOME, I USED TO FIND HIM waiting for me. He showed me how happy he was I came home by jumping up and down and rolling over and then waiting patiently to give him his favourite biscuit. AND SO, the days passed easier. EVEN IF I HAD A HARD TIME, I was better for being around him. I got used to CONFESSING TO HIM. He listened to me and, almost like he understood me, he helped me to overcome everything. WITHOUT TALKING TO ME, he knew how to offer me unconditional love and, even if I were mad at him and sent him away, he still came back to me, wagging his tail. (ADAM, 17 years old, I.C. Fundeni)









Oh, I have a wonderful time at home. Why is it all red? Because I am awesome.
(Conversation with Denis, 9 years old)

Houses hugging each other (Maria, 3 years old).



The house of a red-headed girl.
(Nicoleta, 7 years old)

Dialogue:

'Who stays here?'

'A girl.'

'On her own?'

'Yes, because she knows how to fry her own fries.'

'Doesn't she have a mother?'

'No.'

'Doesn't she have a father?'

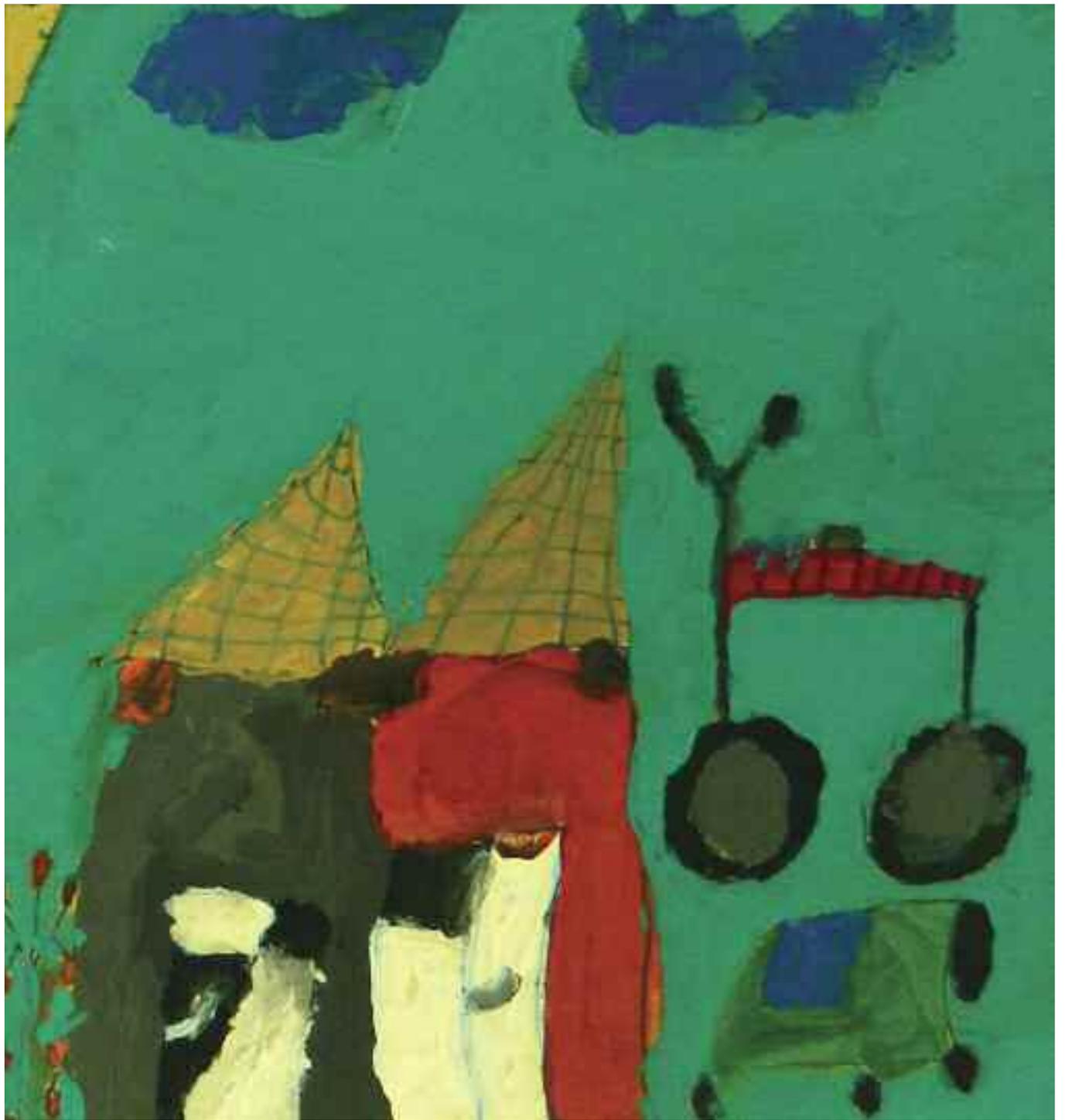
'No. She doesn't have a father either.'

'What does she do all day?'

'Nothing. She waits.'

'For what?'

'I don't know.'





The whales on earth are born because we live in them. This is an empty playground, no one is here.

(Andreca, 11 years old)

During the night, the stars are bigger than the houses. The sky is filled with them and we can hear how they chat and solve the multiplication table, so they won't forget it.

(Cristi, 5 years old)



*A house with its feet in
the clouds, amongst the
apricot fruits and
apricot trees, glazed
over with sorbet.*
(Gabriel, 11 years old).



*The house
where
the rain sleeps.*
(Maria, 3 years old)



The house
painted, in silence,
by Edi's Dad.
(Edi, 4 years old)



A home for a man and a home for an angel. They sit next to each other, crowded and sometimes they rub elbows, like friends. (Maria, 3 years old)

This house is a mirror.
And behind it you always
look for mommy.
(Elvis and his mommy)



From time to time, it rains
with pancakes. Many many
pancakes. Just like that, so we
can have desert in nature.
(Elvis, 4 years old)





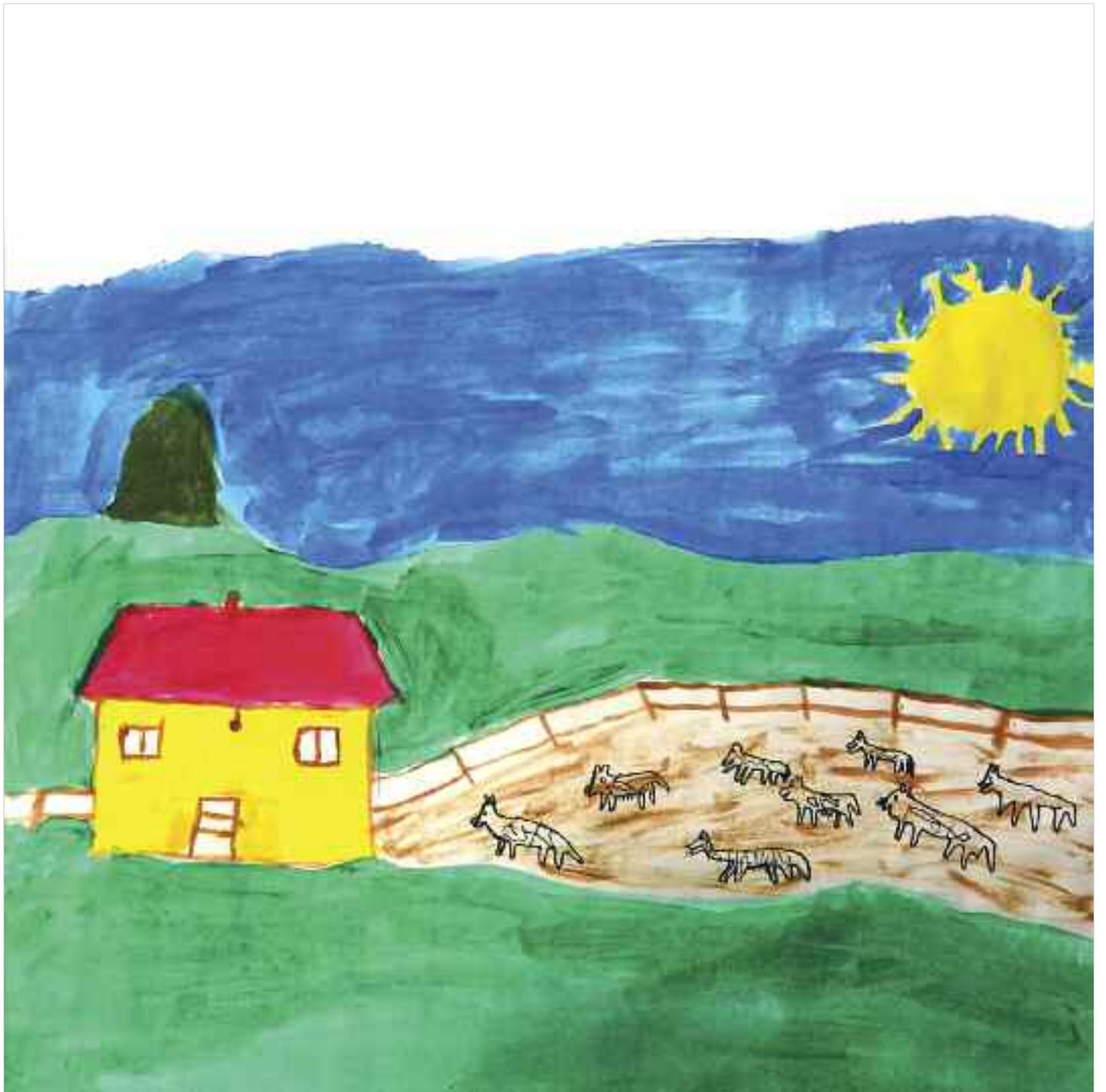
That fire that you can see from a distance is from me, from where everyone is and they're waiting for me.
(Alin, 4 ani)



Home we are all together, one on top of the other; there is always someone coming over. I cannot imagine what it would be like to have no one looking for you, to have someone to at least call. I heard a lady saying that it's better in the hospital, than at home. I just can't believe something like that. In my house, someone is always cooking something and it doesn't matter that now my mother stays with my children. She is exactly like I would be and I exactly like she would be in my place. It's the same with my sister. I cannot think that Contesa is not my child. How can she not be? She is my child just as well, and HOME is where we are together, all of us, the entire family.
(Contesa's aunt. Contesa, a 3 year old girl)

*Home, it's where all the craziness in the world is ... I have everything there: mom, dad, trees, animals.
This is what I have in my heart... (Vasilică, 12 years old)*







There is a home for the emptiness of which we cannot speak and a home for the light which needs to be seen from afar ... (Florin, 11 years old)



Houses have an echo. They find each other, even if they don't see each other in the eye. (Florin, 11 years old)





The sky of the world speared by roof tops. (Willy, 10 years old)



What can I say, the houses are open, but not by choice... (Andreea, forever 17 years old)



Painted gypsum:
 downwards, from left to right:
 Ionuț (7 years old),
 Larisa (3 years old),
 Vasilică (12 years old),
 Ionuț and his mommy,
 Andreea (17 years old),
 Ionuț, 11 years old,
 Ionuț's daddy,
 Andreea (17 years old).
 Ionuț (7 years old),
 Larisa (3 years old),
 Irina (12 years old),
 Florin, 11 years old),
 Ionuț, (7 years old),
 Flori, (13 years old)





One tree inside and another one shared by two houses ... but both in bloom (Andreea, 17 years old)

*At home I like
to play with
my brothers
and my big sister and
with my twin brother.
And with the ball and
with the dogs.
I have a lot of pigeons
and 10 rabbits... plus,
at home I have my dad,
because mom is with
me in the hospital
all day long ...
(Bogdan, 11 years old)*

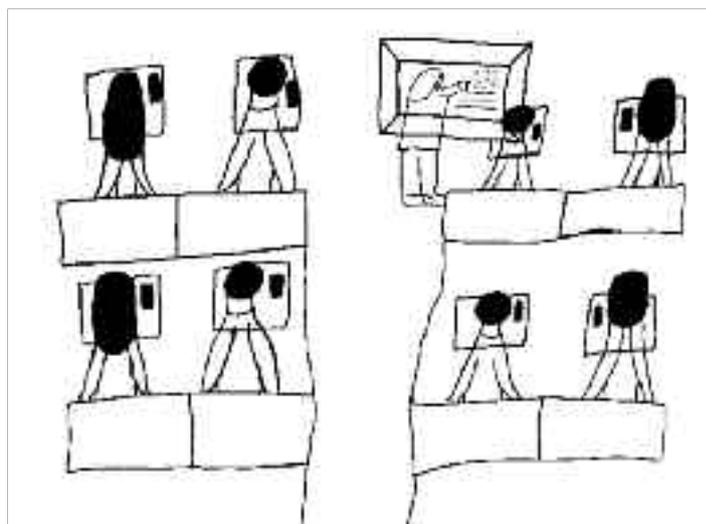
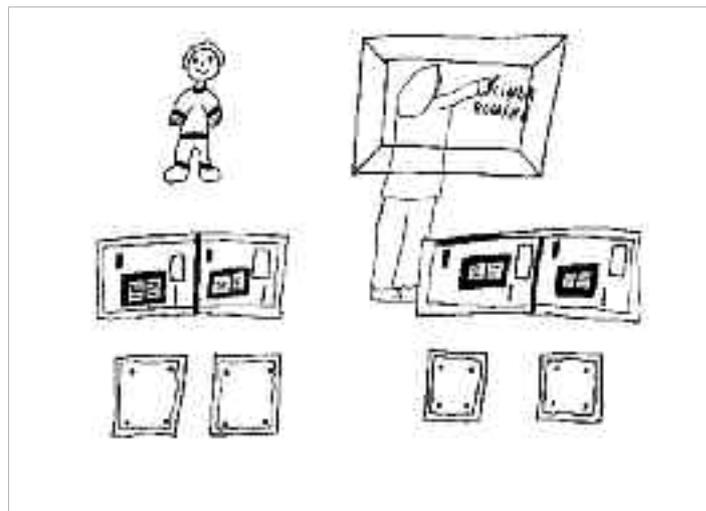


*Ah, home ... well, in the
end home is where he gets
better. I can't even think
about it anymore, because
my heart is breaking for my
other child. What, isn't he
a child as well? Without his
mother with him, to keep
his clean, to feed him. But
then I say, I just want Alin
to be better and nothing
else. And then there will be
a time for going home.
(Alin's mom and
Alin, a 4 year old boy)*





A few things about school
(Bogdan, 8 years old and Marinu , 10 years old)





30 degrees Celsius

This means it's neither warm, not hot. It couldn't be worse. The gentleman with the hat prefers to close his eyes, to avoid seeing the monstrosities around him and to keep his hands in his pockets, because he just won't be a witness to the filth of those around. Who said that the sleep of reason breeds monsters? Too bad he has his eyes closed! She can't see that, but refusing the role of the actor, he received the one of the extra. And she just gave birth to... What is that?

(Sebastian, 18 years old, I.C Fundeni)

The great dinosaur,
the child
on the planet Earth

He was up, he stumbled and fell over. He fell on Planet Earth. A few people who stood in his way, died, because he was heavy. So, the children were left without their mother and their fathers. So they promised to stay out the rocks' way. Him? His luck, he didn't get hurt.
(Andreea, 8 years old, I.C. Fundeni)



Doctor Freakshow

'What if I were to repair something as imperfect as a heart!?' he asked one day. Because this is what they ask in school, to be perfect! What if I put it in line, make it orderly, what if I were to make it small, oh, pardon me, to make it efficient, i.e. to make it less open, without any bumps, since we create hearts from the machines, the way it is asked by the system. ... and SURPRISE, SURPRISE! Dr. FREAKshow, the end-product: hard, a brute, pardon me, crude, big and with a heart as tough as an iron.
(Marian, 16 years old, I.C. Fundeni).



The animals sit and listen to us talking. The birds do the same, that's why they keep swinging about.
(Bianca, 6 years old, about the PAVEL Hospital School).



Teachers: Mrs. Betty, painted by Cosmin, 14 years old, Mr. Mihai,
painted by Vasiliță, 12 years old
and Mrs. Lucia, painted
by the same Cosmin



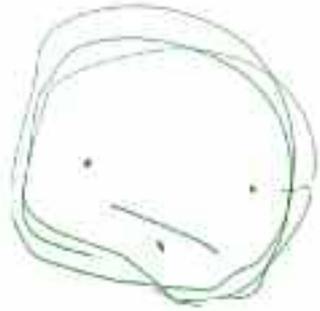
Contessina, about daddy and mommy. She is just 3 years old.



You know what I would want? I just wouldn't want to anyone here anymore. In the hospital. One day. And you and our children to be healthy. And on the other hand ... (Ionuț's mommy)



Mommy and Carmen (who will always be 7).
Cheek to cheek.
Or about how the dark stars
start laughing after a while







Let's create





*Where have you ever seen a tree this big?
At my home, at night, when I walk with my brother and I'm happy.
(Dialogue with Vasilică, 12 years old).*



*Why do these bunnies have buttons?
Because Easter is coming and you need to dress nicely.
(Dialogue with Vasilică, 12 years old)*



I wish I could paint a looong, looong series of trees. Is there something wrong with that? I believe you fall in love with something and it's better to do it carefully, not to drop it and forget it. To give it your whole heart. Like God has his whole heart open towards us. (Andreea, forever 17 years old)



*I am patient. I am ... and I believe. I believe that God has proven his power.
That he always does, with me and with others. I believed and my mother believed it too that God would not leave us.
Not ever. (Andrea, forever 17 years old)*





When I'm at home, daddy comes with the lorry and drives me around. He loves me and was there with me through all my surgeries. There is also my little sister who is really smart at school and she teaches me too. I miss home terribly. (Elena, 11 years old)





I paint some flowers over here, like I have on my table, at home. Today, it's my girl's birthday and I am not there with her. But ... he needs to get well. I still can't believe what is happening to us ... we used to be such a united family. Now ... some are at home, and others at the hospital. (Mother of Ionuț who will soon be 12)





Studies inspired by
Van Gogh, done by
Vasilică (12 years old)
and Willy (11 years old)
in their play room

Oh dear, he is most happy to hold everyone in his arms. And he kisses you and presses you to his head, he just melts your heart. His older brothers care nothing for themselves. Just like that. They leave everything aside to be with him. God gave us Dragoş, who is nothing by heart, in hope that maybe, just maybe, we understand a thing or two.
(Dragoş's mother, Dragoş - 5 years old)





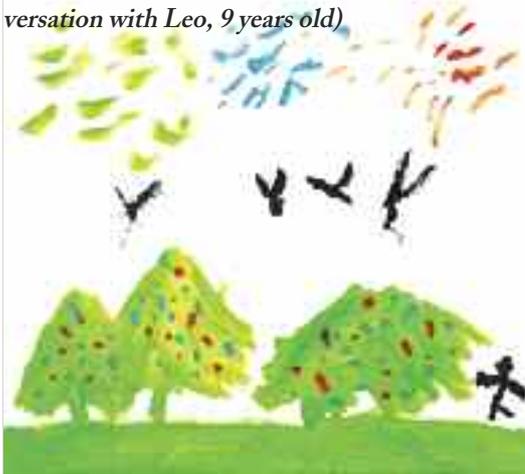
A flower for
Grandma.
She makes my
favourite food and
she has my bicycle in
her backyard
(Alin, 4 years old,
one of the smallest
inhabitants of
the village Castelu)



*Spring has spots. I don't want to put in this only snowdrops.
Here, I drew some lady beetles. And can you see they're laughing? This is how my mom
likes it. She wants to see me smile. (Dialogue with Andreea, 10 years old)*



I just want to go home. Eat nice steak, made by grandma, play football with my friends. How many friends come by? Some come, but not all. Some don't come anymore. They think that what I have is contagious. And what do you think? What can I say ... it is what it is. If they don't want to come ... I told them. Anyway, I still have my cousins. I painted them here (Conversation with Leo, 9 years old)



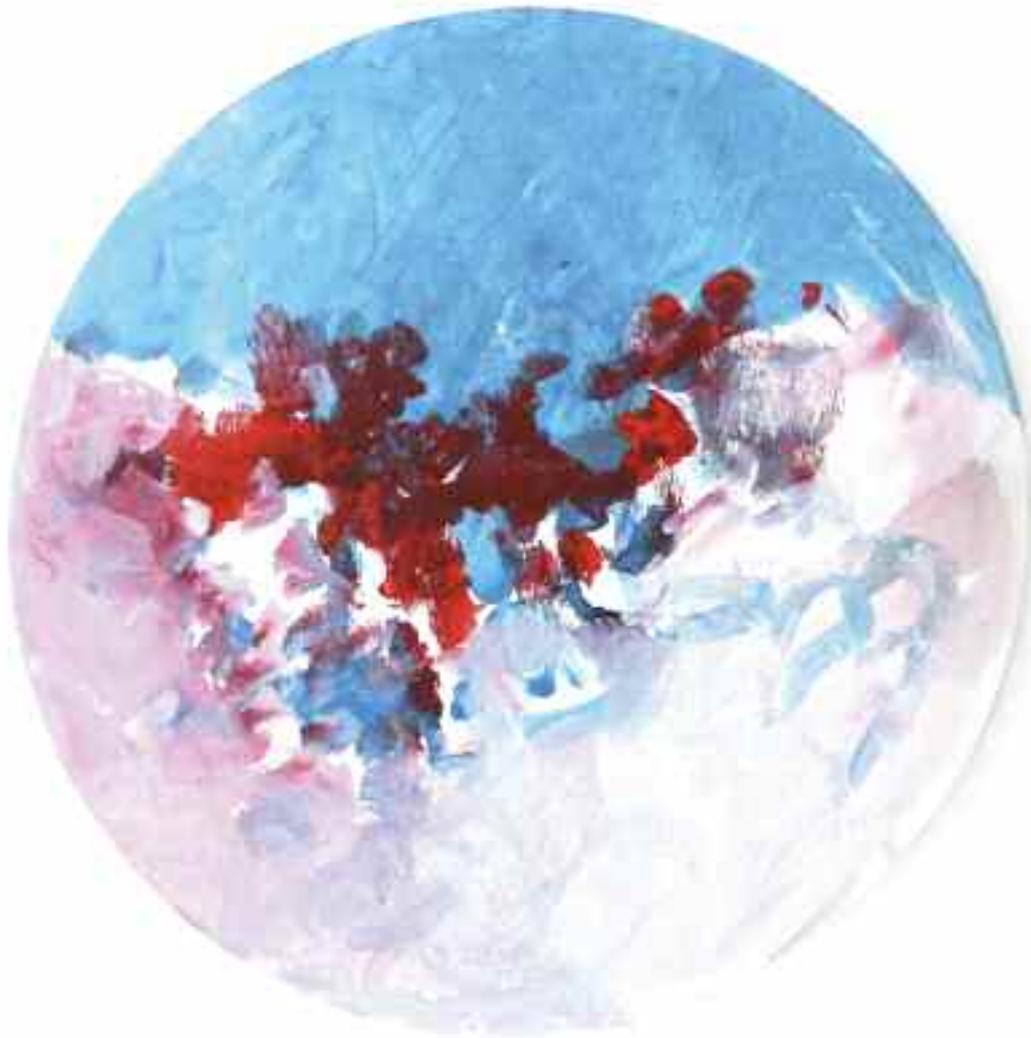
I stay in the countryside and where I live there are many birds. That's why I paint them. 'cause I saw them. And they always fly for me. It's different in the countryside. It's beautiful, you have no idea what's it like, because here you open your eyes and nothing. And you don't

The rainbow is a miracle. To find, at its end, a treasure. And what is this treasure? Well, can't you see? It's a box, with an X on it. And inside? Anything you want.

I want us to have a house where we can all live and one we'll never leave. Not even to go to the hospital.



Barely guessing... (Andrea, forever 17 years old)



Snow falls into the sky (Ionuț, 7 years old)

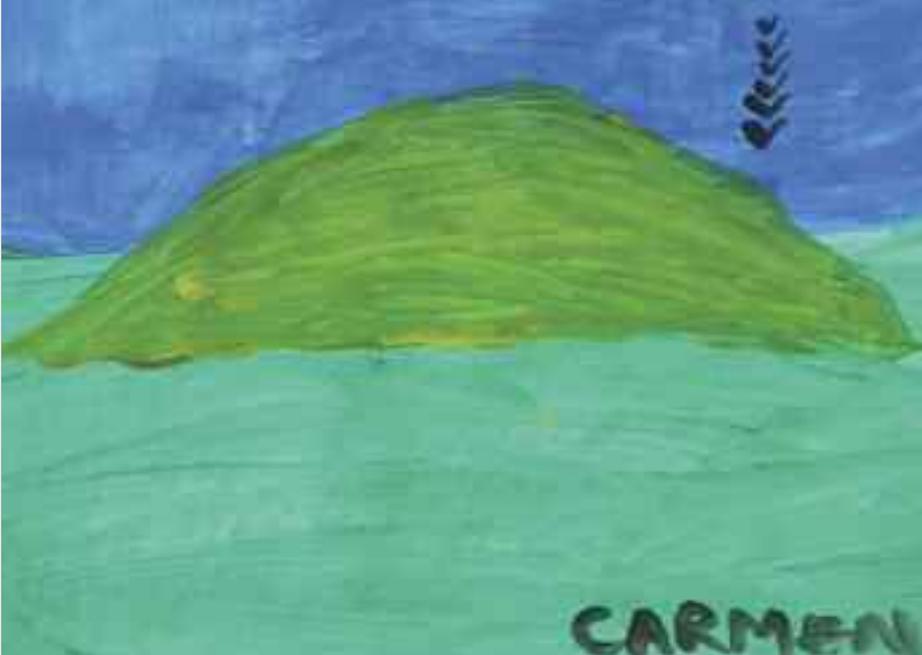


Dragoş's spring. (Dragoş, 6 years old)





Between winter and spring, between here and far away
(Ana, forever 13 and Carmen, forever 7 years old)





The tree that always keeps its apples high, because it needs more time. For the apples to be sweet and for him to give them to whomever he feels like it, not at random.
 (Nicoleta, 7 years old)

If you are a butterfly and you are closed up, you need to comb your clothes. And to fidget with them in your den, because you cannot dare to show yourself in any manner, if, let's say, someone would ever let you out. The sun, who has no eyes, gets bigger and bigger and swallows the paper.
 (Nicoleta, 7 years old)



The finger garden
(painting done by
the little hands of
Alexandru, a 5 year
old)

*The reddest summer of all, because you face is
blistering. And the sun is red and is on the sky a
long time. And we are small, under the trees and
we hide ourselves in handkerchiefs, but it's useless.*
(Alina, 5 years old)







The powerful noise
of summer.
(Alina, 5 years old)

I am brave, I only cry at injections. But only sometimes.
This is how I get home, when autumn comes, like a wind
(Alin, 4 years old)

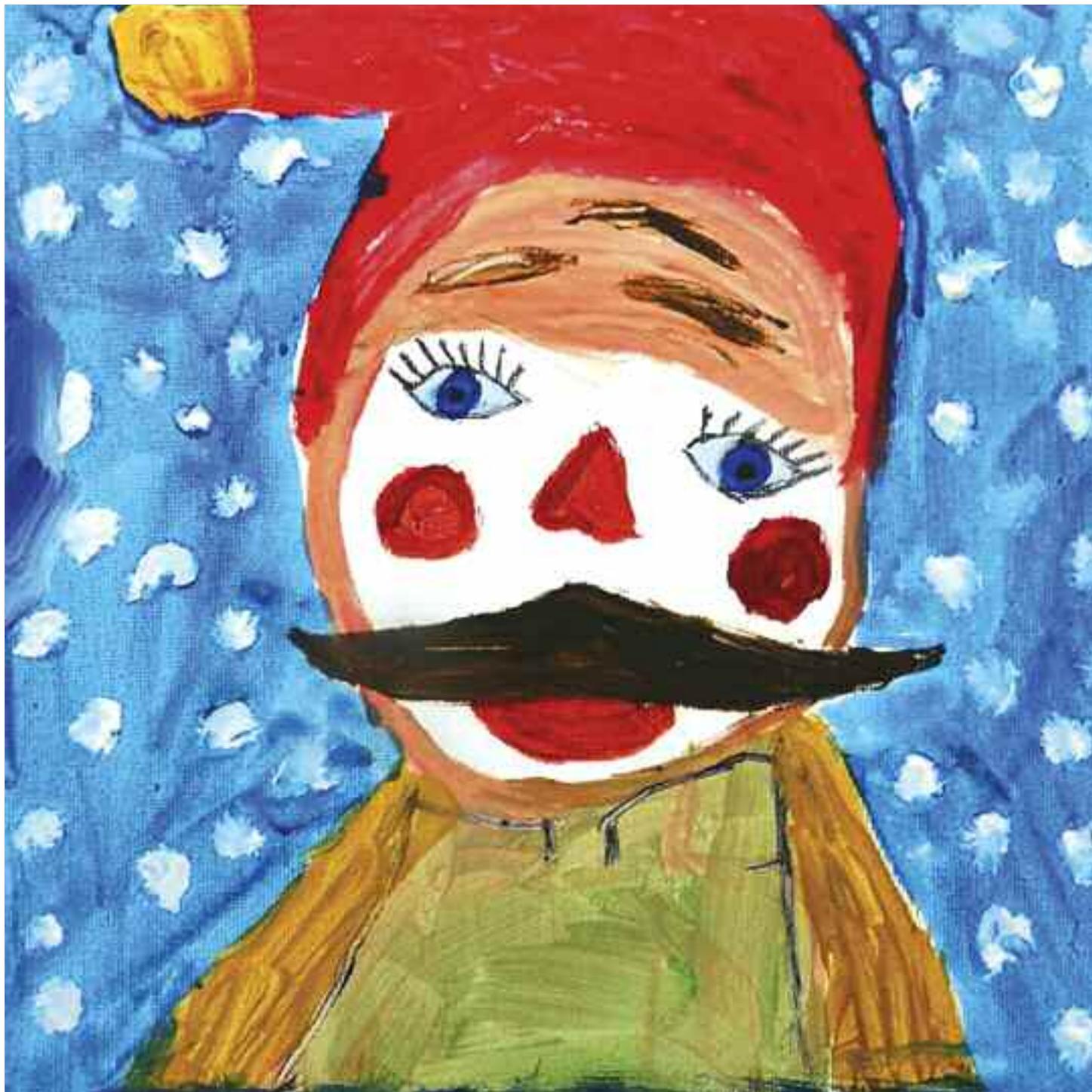




*We stay here ... what else can we do?
We paint. I never painted in my life. The
child? He's sick. He's sleeping. While he
sleeps, I paint, so my heart won't feel so
heavy anymore. I got used to this table,
to this tablecloth and I just sit heere
and think. How much more?
How much longer? (Alina's mother -
Alina, 6 years old, gone with the angels)*



During fall, nothing stays in its place and everything runs away. This is the rain that takes the colour from the trees and that's why we can't see them anymore. And what is left? Nothing. Everything is empty. We just sit there ... alone.
(conversation with Alin, 4 years old)





Ana painted about Christmas since august, 2013 ... What is Saint Nicholas like? Loving, she replied. What is Christmas going to be like? We'll all be together, the entire family, everyone dear and the smell of cake. Made by mom. Mrs Betty asked her as well: Ana, what do you feel about yourself? ... that I am a blessing. She looked at me shyly, casting her glance downwards and smiled. Forever.







How come I put this rabbit on my head? This is the way the Easter princesses are, they don't just have a crown, they also have a rabbit who combs them constantly. They also have eggs on their little dresses and he is munching a red one, because that is the colour we need for Easter.
(Bianca, 6 years old)



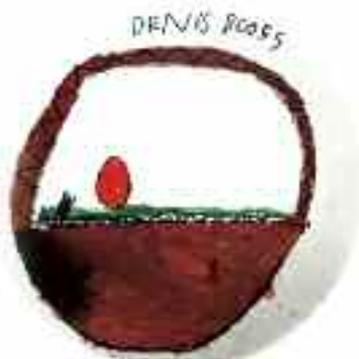
When I grow old, I will have blue eyes, like my grandpa... (Andrei, 4 years old, who liked flowers tremendously)



You are happy on Easter. Now, I have no idea what's it going to be like this year. But all the kids in the class know I'm ready to fight with anyone, to come to their defence. What, you think I'm not going to fight this illness, if this is what I have to do? I am more tomboy than most. And I also like bunnies, that's why I paint them. Right?
(Andreea, 15 years old)



Where does the Easter rabbit come from, which country? From far away. It is the country of Easter days. And how does he get to us? He flies, but it's hard for him, because the bags he brings us weigh heavily. What is inside the bags? A lot of cake and horses and a puppy, Pluto. And the poor rabbit only eats carrots, but he's fine with that. Why is that? Because his legs hurt from the air, but he loves us. (Conversation with Ionuț, 7 years old)



Denis, 11 years old



Anemona, 11 years old



Iepurelo is her name. A boy drew her head. Nicoleta (7 years old) rushed in and made her a dress and hearts, because you just can't walk around naked, especially now, that spring is coming and you have to look your best.



Denis, 11 years old



Mihaela, 6 years old



Mihaela, 6 years old



*Why doesn't this house have windows?
Because they only open during Easter,
when the colours come to the eggs.
(Madalin, 8 years old)*

Before the 2014 Easter, it rained a lot. The wind was blowing hard.
It was deserted. In Andreaa's painting, however, there are many people ...
(Andreaa, forever 17 years old)



I dream I'm going to get out of the wheelchair ... I will dance, it will be like this... I almost can't think about it... (Andreea, 17 forever, before the 6th surgery, for which she waited with faith)

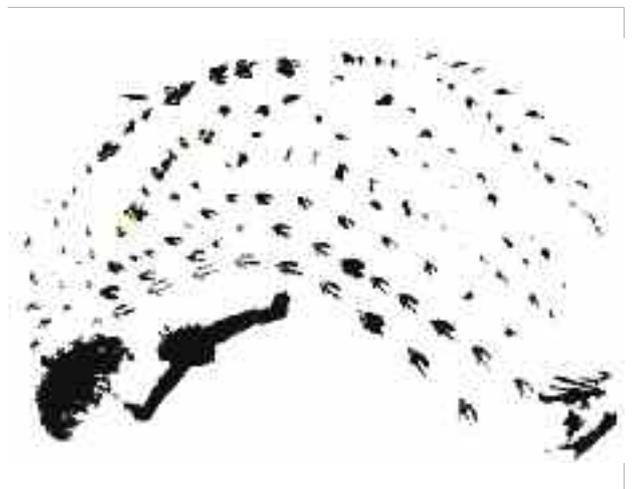




A child and a mother. Andreea's (17 forever) way of saying Thank You...



To dance. For now, just in my mind... (Andreea, 17 years old forever)





Bogdan,
11 years old



Ana, forever 13 years old



Bogdan, 11 years old



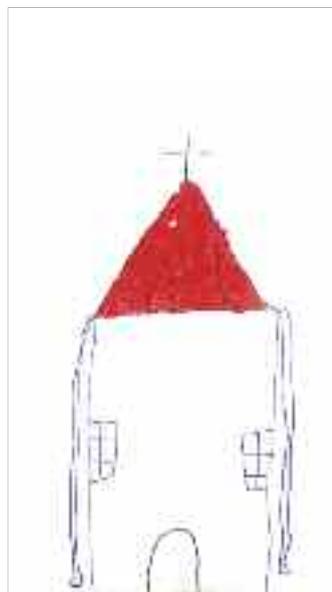
Alin,
4 years old





Ionuț, why do you want to become a deacon? Because I have a good voice and I will sing with dad in the church where he sings. In fact, I really don't know, maybe I'll become a football player. (Ionuț, 11 years old)

*Are the saints Nectarie
and Arsenie painted on the walls?
I don't know. Don't worry,
we'll put them there.
(Dialogue with Elvis's mom -
Elvis, a 4 year old boy)*



*I painted here
an old church, with long hair.
(Florin 11 ani)*

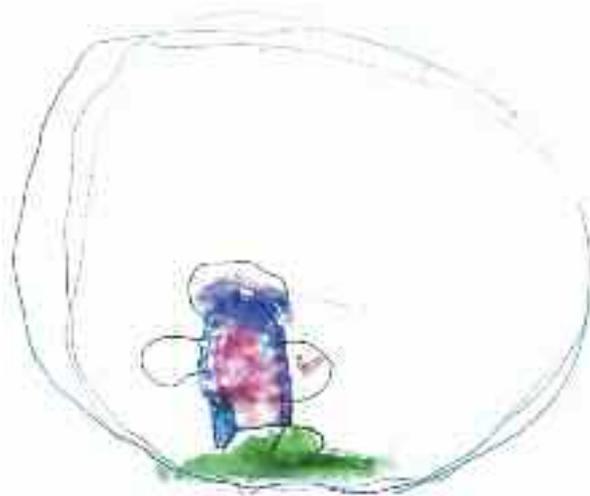
*This isn't a church, because, look,
in stead of a cross on top,
it has a bird and it flies.*
(The opinion of Flavius, 12 years
old, about the church painted
by Florin, 11 years old)





Bianca, 6 years old





*To die means to
become an angel and
to take care of me.
(Alin, 4 years old)*

The angels of
Bianca,
of Andreea,
her sister
and of her
cousin
(Bianca,
6 years old)



*God has a beard and
he's a little bit bald,
because he has
a respectable age,
but he's pink,
because he's
in a good mood.
(Raul, 10 years old)*



Why do you want to confess? Because I like it. What do you like about it? Everything, everything, everything, everything. This is how I want it. And what was it like when you last confessed? It was nice, because he was a good priest. And what did you tell him? Nothing. But he was good... What colour would you want to use for church? Black. And what colour for the sky? Pink. The clouds are pink? Yes. The clouds, and a and b and the entire alphabet. So that god reads with me. (Conversation with Anemona, 11 years old)



Anemona, do you fly in this painting? Yes. To the left, there are two of my friends and to the right, that is me. Where do you want to fly? To the sky. To the sky? Why? Because I want to talk to God. What's he like, old, young? Young. Like an 8 year old boy. I know he is good, as he is, and he says nice things. Would you want to say something to him? Yes. What would that be? I don't know, I'll think about it till then. Do you stay in the sky or do you come back? I come back. And why would you come back? Because I want to see people here one last time. Can't you see them from up there? No. Why do you want to see them one last time? Because I love them. Who loves you? Everyone. And you? I love everyone. (Conversation with Anemona, 11 years old)



This is what Jesus looks like. He is kind and he has blue eyes. (Ana, forever 13 years old)

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