

When we arrived in the village we were welcomed and guided to Gustavo (our host who helped us in everything) by Thomas, Gustavo's younger brother. Gustavo expressed his joy to see us with a smile that could not be beat. After settling in our house, many curious little eyes were watching us from the cracks in the walls of wooden slats. The house of the volunteers, while very simple, still stood out among the others. After being empty for 5 months it was opened with our coming. Gustavo advised us about some things related to home and then began our orientation. He really could not hide his eagerness and smile.

The first week of work was the most intense. We did the construction of the compost bin, we taught adults to write their names and that of their children and grandchildren, we helped the teachers during lessons and in later in the week we taught some yoga movements to the children.

At first Gustavo needed to introduce us to others, for all the villagers were very shy. Gradually, while things were happening, we were autonomous and that gave us the freedom of no longer needing Gustavo for most things.

The afternoon was more relaxing. I was always with the children. No matter where and what I was doing ... they were always there. We had a lot of fun. I have more photo of children than anything else on my phone. In a little hill that was behind the school, which we named the "little hill of beautiful sight," I taught some yoga moves. Just because it always ended in happiness. There I also connected to the Internet and could read or sense the amount of mosquitoes that had bitten me. It was relaxing.

During the night we almost never had dinner. Me and Joao (my nephew), while we grew up together, we have never had much time only with each other. We learned about our differences, and we did not care much about our defects. We valued more our qualities. Joao told me some cool and funny things about his life and the likes that we share.

We went to bed early. At around 8 pm I was already in my fifth dream. Before bed, I always analyzed the mosquitoes trying to get to their evening meal of my blood. The mosquito net certainly saved me from an allergic reaction. When I awoke, religiously and involuntarily at 6:30 am, several of those mosquitoes were dead at the top of the net. I do not know why, but it just happened in my bed. Every morning I always had many dead mosquitoes. The breakfast was uniform all mornings: an orange cookie, two milk biscuits, and packets of powdered milk with chocolate.

Already our second week was mainly marked by the maintenance we made to the village raft and a follow-up of children who are sponsored by some friends and colleagues of the project. This week, I also tried to understand more about the methods

of construction of houses and the longhouse. One of our neighbors was building a house for their mother. In one of the evenings another neighbor was making cassava flour in a huge cauldron. She taught me and showed me their family secrets for the production of a food that is consumed by the entire village.

Almost every afternoon I was in the river, with children and friends I made to swim, have fun, to be refreshed and to admire the sunset. I feel that those were the best moments of the entire pilgrimage. After those moments when we sat on the raft, watching the sunset, I could feel numbed by all that sunlight that dissipated drops of Amazon water from my skin and blinded me. I took focus as I contemplated the flamboyance of La Libertad.

We left La Libertad on Saturday. But I do not feel that I have gone. You cannot just go to a place that you now feel part of. I do not know how to describe this feeling I'm having right now. I think this is the first time I have ever felt like this. It would be more like a state of grace, charm, of complete fullness. I have the feeling that my visit has made a big difference in the lives of the villagers, but they have no idea what it all meant to me. Many concepts within me were restored, rebuilt, rethought and cured. I still want to say in another publication about this new light that my eyes can now see. Thank you to the whole universe that gave me everything.

Nana Manes, Brazil