

The Garden of Different Hearts

Paula was four years old and had curious eyes that always wanted to discover new things. She liked to play in the park, listen to stories before bed, and give long hugs. But sometimes, Paula didn’t understand why not everyone was the same.

One sunny morning, while walking with her family, she saw a small, colorful door hidden behind a tree. On the door was a sign that read:

“Welcome to the Garden of Different Hearts.”

Without a second thought, Paula opened the door… and entered a magical world.

Inside the garden were flowers of all sizes and colors. Some were tall and strong, others short and delicate. Some needed a lot of water, and others grew well with very little.

“Why aren’t they all the same?” Paula asked.

A blue flower answered her in a soft voice:

“Because if we were all the same, the garden would be boring. Our differences make us special.”

Further on, Paula heard laughter. She saw a group of boys and girls playing, but they weren't all playing the same way. Some were running very fast, others were walking slowly. One boy didn't talk much, but he expressed himself with smiles. One girl wore very large glasses, and another listened with hearing aids.

Paula wanted to play with them, but she felt a little scared.

"I don't know if I'll be able to play like them..." she thought.

Suddenly, a girl took her hand and said:

"Do you want to play with us?"

They started playing a game of passing a red fabric heart. It wasn't necessary to run or talk much, just to pass the heart carefully and look each other in the eyes.

But suddenly, the heart fell to the ground and tore a little.

All the children remained silent.

"Oh no..." said Paula. "What will we do now?"

A boy smiled and said,

"When a heart breaks, the best remedy is love."

Each child did something: one sewed the heart, another cleaned it, a girl gave it a hug, and Paula kissed it. The heart was whole again... and stronger than before.

At that moment, the garden began to glow. The flowers danced in the breeze, and a sweet voice said,

“You have learned the lesson of the garden:

we are all different, but we all need to love and be loved.”

Paula smiled happily. When she returned home, she knew she would never forget that garden.

And from that day on, whenever she saw someone different, she remembered the garden of different hearts… and opened her heart with love.

The story is told, the story is finished.