

Angels

Some time ago, I have met in the North of Transylvania, very close to the Ukranian border, a strange family, who used to live, along with their three dogs, in a tiny room, of about 12 square meters. Mrs. Ica used to paint angels everywhere, on anything, and Mr. Emil used to cut lumbers in a factory. I was fascinated by these people and their angels who all resembled Mrs. Ica.

I have visited them for about three years (between 2003-2006). We talked, we drank coffee, we played with the dogs or we went together to the church. Last time, for Christmas, Mrs. Ica received as a gift some drawing paper, colours and brushes. In exchange, I received, as a souvenir, some beautiful drawings.

What a charming encounter... Now each of us believe about the other that it's a true angel.