

My Child Speaks Through Me

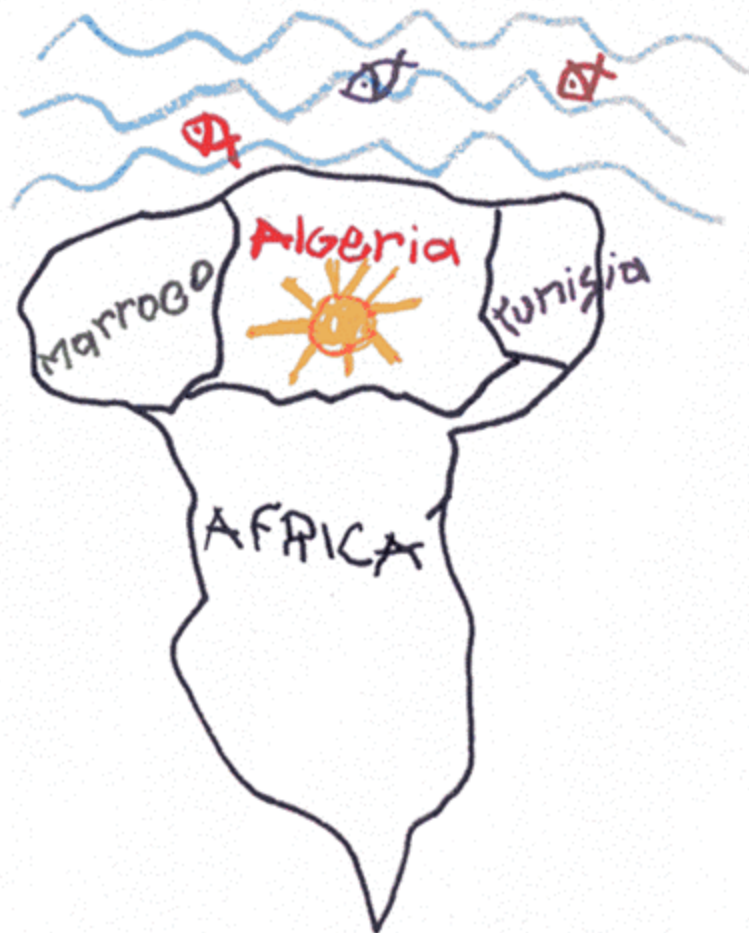
By Jean Pierre Marques



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Hi, my name is Jean Pierre.

I was born in a beautiful country in
North Africa called Algeria.



where I was born
happy



The sky and the sea were the same color. I remember not knowing where one started or finished. The sun was always very hot and yellow.

My mommy and daddy worked hard, and we were poor and sometimes very hungry. But, we were always happy.

When they come home late at night they are so tired. Sometimes I surprise them and find mommy crying and daddy sad, but when they see me they pretend they are happy. I know I am just a little boy but I know they are worried.

Me and my little sister were alone by ourselves a lot because mommy and daddy worked a lot of hours.





My friends and me

I loved to play with my street friends who were poor like me.

We used to play a lot with toys we made ourselves out of rocks or wood and we would play for hours.

A lot of my friend were not French like me. Some where Arabs and they believed in Allah. Allah is like my God, but with a different name than my God. Allah's friend, they called him Mohammed, and just like my Jesus, they talked about how good God is. Some of my other friends believed in the same God but they didn't have Mohammed or Jesus to talk about. They talked about another friend of Gods' if I remember, called Moses.

Mohammed, Jesus and Moses were good friends and very nice men who helped men and women to love and be nice with each other.



I know my friends believe in different religions than mine and have different faces and colors than me. Some of us are Christians, some are Muslim and some are Jewish, but we love each other so, so much. I wish the grown ups would not tell me sometimes the differences between them and us. I will never know it to tell you the truth, but don't say that to them. We really don't care, we play and laugh, cry, hurt and when we cut ourselves we even have the same color of blood. Even if the grownups say we are different, me and my friends know we are the same.



Mustapha, Mohammed, Abdallah

I go to school with a lot of my close friends. Abdallah, David, Mustapha,

Joshua, Gerard, Marcel, Zachary and Mohammed, we have been friends for a long time. My teacher is a French woman and her name is Mrs. Bernard.

We have a small party for my birthday because the teacher knows my mommy and daddy cannot do it for me.

My friends sing me Happy Birthday in their traditional languages. Abdullah, Mustapha and Mohammed sing in Arabic, David, Joshua and Zachary sing in Hebrew and Gerard And Marcel sing in French.

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