

Manuscript
To show the world
TVP3, Wroclaw, Poland

Intro: Young Michal is the eyes of his parents. With both mum and dad blind, he has to devote his life to be a big part of theirs too

Names of participants:

Michał Bejm
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Sound: Piotr Curyło
Editing: Dariusz Zdziennicki

Duration: 4'00

Translation
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20 00 01
You have to be careful here

20 00 06
My house is a safe room
Sleeping Staś watching over me
Every morning a touch of my mother
Warm breakfast on the kitchen table
And a music on the radio
A kiss in the hallway when I leave
And when I'm back home with a burden that's heavy
I can count on them whenever I ask for it
As they show me where to go
And I know it's safe
We breathe the same air
And I feel the love that is strong
As the wind that blows in the sail

20 00 52
You can sit here.

20 00 51
Of course life is very different when your parents are blind. I have to help them and I have less free time.

20 01 08
Let's go. Look, the sun is coming up.

20 01 16
I know. I still can see him. When he stands close to me I can see him. I hug him and I know how he looks like.

20 01 30
But I don't. I can imagine it, though. He's probably very much like my older son whom I was able to see back then. He has big dark eyes, he is slim, and probably with dark blond hair. And I would assume that they are getting darker and darker.

20 01 58
And I would say that his eyes are like olives and his lips are like cherries.

20 02 07

Faster. There you go.

20 02 20

So, what's this?

It's 100 zlotys.

Are you sure? Wrong.

So what is it?

One dollar.

Ah, I didn't know you had dollars.

So what's this?

It's a five.

Five of what?

Five zlotys.

You have to think hard.

Well, it could maybe be half a Euro. No, it's five zlotys.

Sure?

Yes, you don't have any more foreign money, do you?

I do.

20 02 51

I would like to show my parents Paris, other interesting cities that none of us have ever visited. I would like to tell them all about it. Show the whole world to them. I would like them to see my face, how I look.

20 03 25

So this is my little God's world

Surrounded by the forest

The church where we were baptized

Butterflies on the meadow

I saw the sky over the hills

And I understood three words

The Bible, the Pope, God

In this hot Sunday in May

When the air was thick of mint

I took my first communion in this church

This is my little God's world.