



Stories of Kindness and Courage

Inspired by the Teachings
of Pope Francis

Hands That Speak



Karim was ten years old and loved soccer more than anything. Every afternoon, after finishing homework, he ran outside with his ball, practicing kicks against the old brick wall by his apartment building.



One breezy afternoon, as Karim dribbled his ball, he saw his classmate Aisha walking home. Her backpack was heavy, and she carried three library books in her arms. She stumbled, almost dropping them.



Without thinking, Karim jogged over. “Need a hand?”

Aisha looked relieved. “Yes, please! These books feel like they’re made of bricks.”

Karim slipped the books into his own backpack. “Where to?”

“Just to the corner. Thanks, Karim.”



When they arrived, Aisha smiled. “You know, you didn’t have to help. But you did. My hands are lighter now.”

Karim grinned. “No problem. That’s what hands are for.”



The Ripple Effect

The next day at school, something unusual happened. Karim noticed another boy, Mateo, picking up papers that had fallen from the teacher's desk. Later, Aisha offered part of her sandwich to a classmate who forgot his lunch.



At recess, Karim's friend Lila said, "It's weird.
Everyone's helping each other today."

Karim laughed. "Maybe kindness is catching, like a
good kind of flu."



That night, he told his mom about it. She nodded thoughtfully. “You know, the Pope once said that our hands show what’s in our hearts. And only generous hearts can change the world.”



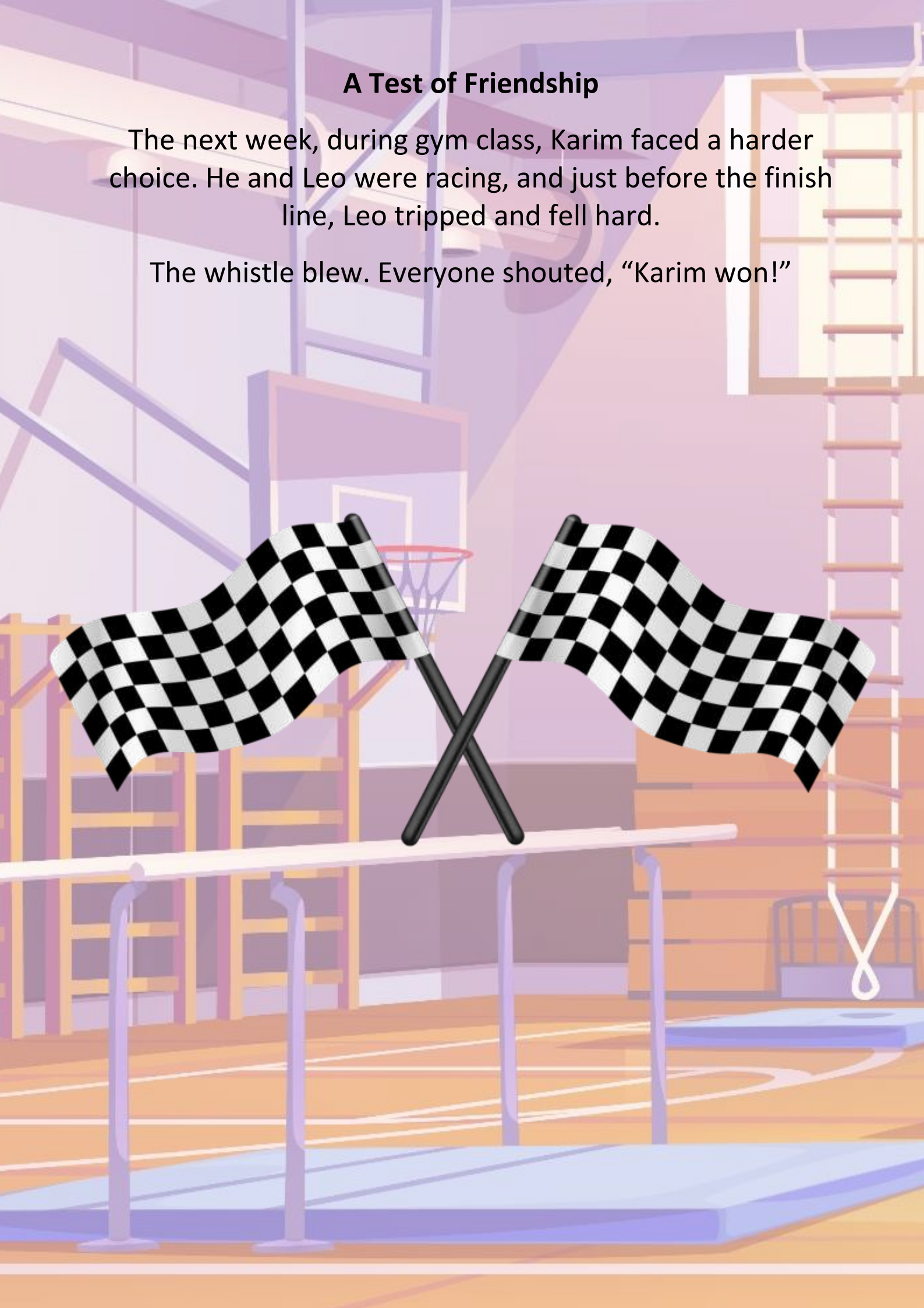
Karim thought about that as he stared at his own hands.
They could kick soccer balls, draw pictures, write
stories... but they could also carry books, share food, or
comfort a friend.



A Test of Friendship

The next week, during gym class, Karim faced a harder choice. He and Leo were racing, and just before the finish line, Leo tripped and fell hard.

The whistle blew. Everyone shouted, “Karim won!”



But Karim didn't feel like a winner. He looked back at Leo sitting on the ground, holding his knee.

Karim could keep celebrating... or he could go back and help.



He hesitated for a moment. The gold ribbon for first place gleamed in the teacher's hand. Then he ran to Leo, offering his arm.

"Come on, I'll help you up."

Leo smiled weakly. "You would've won fair and square."

"Doesn't matter," Karim said. "Hands that help win bigger prizes."



A Classroom of Helping Hands

Later that week, the teacher brought a large sheet of paper to class shaped like two open hands. “These are ‘helping hands,’” she explained. “Every time someone sees a classmate doing something kind, write it down here.”



By the end of the week, the paper was full of little notes:

- “Mateo shared his pencils.”
- “Aisha helped me with my math.”
- “Karim gave up his turn on the swing.”



The hands looked alive, covered in colourful words of kindness.

The teacher smiled. “Look what happens when our hands speak louder than our words. You’re building peace right here in our classroom.”



Karim's Realization

That night, Karim prayed quietly:

“God, thank You for my hands. Please help me use them to make the world better, not just for soccer, but for kindness too.”



When he went to bed, he felt his hands tingling. Maybe they were small, but he knew they could carry something big: love.

Reflection Question: How can your hands “speak” kindness today?

Seed of Action: Try one helpful thing with your hands - carry, share, or comfort and see how others respond.





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