

A Place To Remember

Butterflies can't see their wings, they can't see how beautiful they are, but everyone else can, people are like that.

She carries her chair and crosses the road, to visit her neighbours, they greet her with a smile, happy to see her, and continue their conversation, which already started before she came, I wonder about what they are talking, are they discussing the problems in our modern world? Politics? Economics? Or try to find a solution for war between nations? Find a solution for poverty? But not, so I come close and greet them, they reply in one voice, like a band, "Buonasera", a word full of joy and happiness.

You really feel very welcome, you can see it in their eyes and voices, then I imagine happiness, the sweet glow of inner contentment, the way it tastes and smells and feels. I ask with shyness, what are you talking about? They don't speak or understand well English, on the other hand my Italian is not good enough, but we understood each other, the answer was, "we talk about our day, what happened, cleaning the home, shopping, making food, who is sick, who will get married soon, "their stories, their old memories ...

So every afternoon when the sun is not anymore strong, they open their doors, and sit in front of the house, family members, neighbours and friends, it's a social activity which keeps relations between them tied and alive, isn't that sweet!

Churches are everywhere, you visit one, and feel

yourself travelling in a time machine, religion, art and emotions, combined together, each church has a story to tell, as well as each city or community has a patron saint and saint day.

Taking photos of a church in the city, From exterior and interior, when suddenly I Feel a hand on my shoulder, a warm voice saying: "there are another big churches in the other street maybe you are interested in going there and take more photos," I replied: "thanks". He is an ordinary person, he had a van in front of the church, selling grapes, I believe this Farmer has a great Love For his country and what it represents.

They say that the way to keep an Italian quiet is to tie his hands together! People in Lecce are known for their animated discussion and use of hand movements. People often wonder, how they can talk so much, In Lecce they are friendly by nature, they like to make friends and meet people, they enjoy laughing and joking about life.

They are people who enjoy life in all aspects, they like to work, to help, to give, they go to work with a smile on their faces, no rush, no stress, everyone does his duties, in a way of order, I think a smile is an important issue between people, smile is an "ice-breaker", your smile is a key to your personality, character, warmth, comfort and your happiness, it's a connection between people.

Going for a walk in the evening, with a friend, we always take the same road, and start talking about different subjects, along the way we meet many people, we greet

them and they greet us back, and I Feel that walking in the streets is a tradition here, we pass one special home, old women, grandmother's. It has become a habit for two of us to go for a walk, and each time we pass the same house same ladies, and one evening we saw a new comer in the group, she Looked very ill, she is on a special chair, she looks that she can't move her body very well, For our surprise, she greeted us, was happy to hear her voice, stopped and entered the entrance of the house. I ~~shook~~ shook her hand, gave her one candy, I had in my pocket. Another lady spoke and told us, that she can't eat the candy, she has no teeth, so the old lady spoke, "I took the candy from him because I didn't want to disappoint him and I will give it to my grandchildren", I Felt happy, can't describe what went through my head, I think there is a tremendous happiness in making other's happy, despite your own situation, they say: "shared grief is half the sorrow but happiness when shared is doubled".

Houses, big, nice, comfortable, always with a garden, each family built its own home, dream home, they Feel safe within their walls, like Kings and queens, each home has its own design, you can't Find two homes alike, each one has its own personality, its figure, shape and color.

A group of Italian tourists, travel to France, one of them lose his wallet, all his cards, documents, and money, so he ask people in the street for directions to get to police station, Finally he arrives there, explain to the officer what happened, where and how he lost his wallet, made a report

and went back to Hotel, so he managed to make himself clear and understood, without knowing a single French word, so this tourist didn't consider the language as an obstacle or barrier and he succeeded in sending his message to other person, and mission is done.

Caffe' is an important issue around here, went to a coffee shop in the purpose of watching people in the morning, its full, customers go and come, its like bee hive, the coffee machine doesn't stop, always in action, the operator is an expert, the customers wait their coffee like a child waiting a present from his father. Serving coffee, drinking and tasting it, is an art. They enjoy their coffee, they drink it with joy, and start the day.

Despite differences in language, color, goals, race, shape and religion, but our God is one, the God of humanity is one, with love, we gathered, we will open our hearts, our homes and that is not little, all of us have wishes and dreams, the morning sun looks after us, and in the evenings there were stories. The dreams play as history watches, it writes the stories on the night stars, Dreaming of peace and of friendship for life.

Wissam