My language – a bridge between me and you

The mother tongue is the language with which we grow up, the stories told by grandfathers, the songs sung by grandmothers. It is the heart of our identity that begins when we cling to the womb of our mother, listening to her sweet voice and the voice of our father. Love for the mother language develops in the family, is shared in the society and spreads in the world.

If life is a priceless gift, it is equally important for the rich and the poor. That is why all children should be able to learn in their mother tongue. That way we will be able to create a culture of peace and harmony, to see the similarities between us, to respect and accept different linguistic and cultural traditions.

When I was four years old, for the first time I heard that there were children who spoke a different language than Macedonian. Anna Kang spoke Korean, Mia and Mevim spoke English, Orhan – Turkish. But that didn’t stop us from making friends and playing. May our languages be a bridge connecting everyone. They’re bridges between the past and the future. My grandfather’s neighbor in the past will remain my neighbor in the future. Our enlighters fought for our identity today. Their hearts, as it is believed, will beat as long as there is someone to listen to them.

The language is a spiritual and material inheritance from our ancestors. When the sweet voice of our mother is no longer there, each of us should continue to nurture and preserve our mother tongue as the most precious treasure for our future generations. Only traditions and customs can continue to live in the soul and hearts of all those who understand and speak it.

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