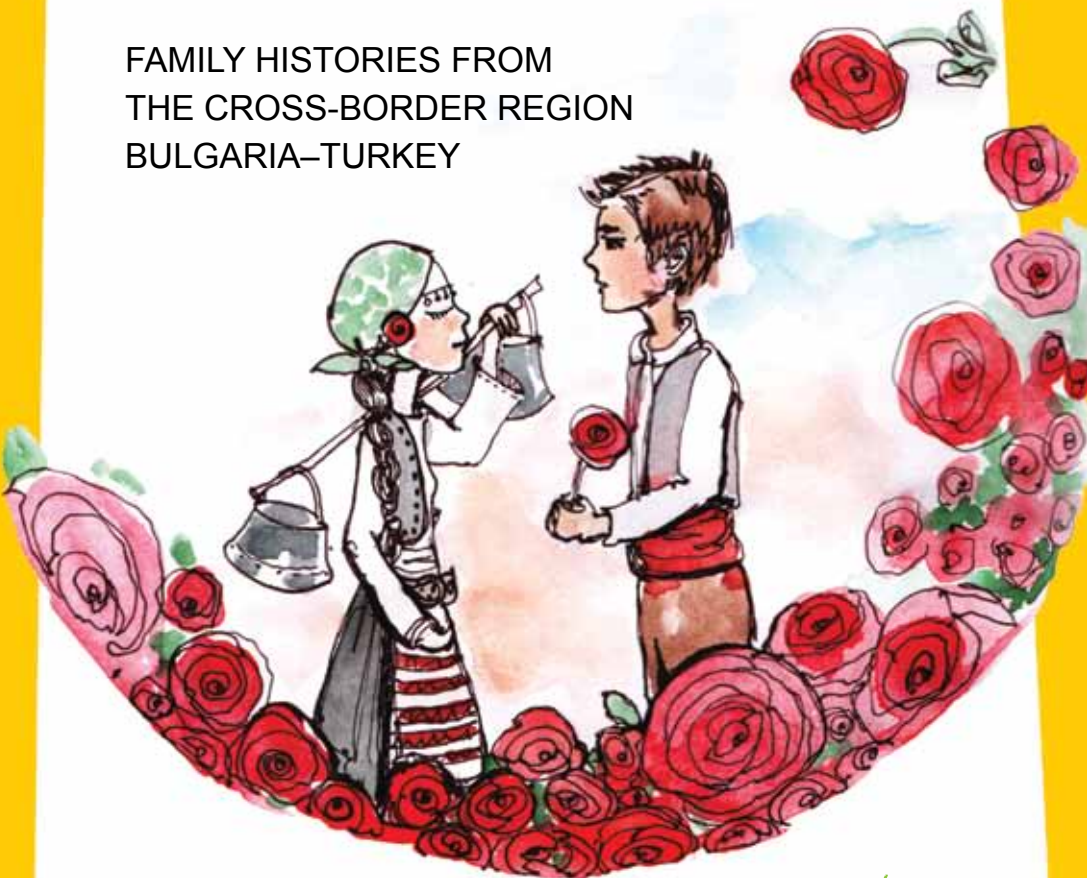


PARTNERSHIP

Bulgaria–Turkey IPACross-Border Programme
CCI N: 2007CB16IPO008-2013-3-040

KNOWLEDGE FOR GENERATIONS

FAMILY HISTORIES FROM
THE CROSS-BORDER REGION
BULGARIA–TURKEY



Programme co-funded by the
EUROPEAN UNION

PROJECTS WITHOUT BORDERS

www.ipacbc-bgtr.eu



ПРОЕКТ
Фестивал на поколенията
PROJECT
Festival of generations

The collection of stories "Knowledge for Generations" is developed within the project "Festival of Generations" funded by the Bulgaria-Turkey IPA Cross-border Programme 2007–2013. It is a result of the partnership of three organizations in the cross-border region: Association "Platform AGORA – branch Burgas", Secondary School "Episkop Konstantin Preslavski" – Burgas and Lüleburgaz High School, Lüleburgaz, Turkey.

The publication includes authentic family stories recorded by students from 9 to 12 grade from Secondary School "Bishop Konstantin Preslavski", Burgas and Lüleburgaz High School, Lüleburgaz, Turkey who participated in the project. This publication is an element of developed and applied model within the project for bridging the generation's gaps and building communication channels between them, based on shared experience and values.

Contribution to this edition have the students from both schools who researched their genealogical trees, the teachers' teams who supported methodically the students, as well as the team of "Platform AGORA – branch Burgas" who developed the methodology, edited the texts and issued this edition.



© Platform AGORA – branch Burgas, 2015

Translated from Turkish language by Tatiana Blagova

The project is co-funded by EU through the Bulgaria–Turkey IPA Cross-Border Programme (CCI number 2007CB16IPO008). The contents of this publication are the sole responsibility of Platform AGORA – branch Burgas and can in no way be taken to reflect the views of the European Union or the Managing Authority of the Programme.

KNOWLEDGE FOR GENERATIONS

The collection of stories titled "Knowledge for Generations" is a product of the altered communication environment between generations within the project "Festival of Generations". It contains family histories recorded by students in school age who searched for their roots with the emotion and curiosity of the youth. The family histories presented here show the experience and wisdom of the previous generations viewed through the youth sensitivity.

The publication contains small part of the family stories recorded by students from Secondary School "Bishop Konstantin Preslavski", Burgas and Lüleburgaz High School, Lüleburgaz, Turkey. In meetings with their relatives they researched the lifestyle, customs, traditions, the speech, tastes and clothes (fashion) of their families. They researched the history of their family name, flipped through the pages of old photo albums, searched and recorded the stored memories of their families. Through communication, they have enhanced their culture, have learnt new words, new recipes, as well as became aware of traditional practices and models of behavior. The youths' knowledge development has led to consciousness for belonging to something bigger and significant – their family and community.

This interaction turned out to be extremely useful and important for both parties. The issues the elderly were concerned with, opened up a space for the youth, filled with values and life lessons. The knowledge and experience gained through the years proved to be invaluable source for support.

FAMILY HISTORIES FROM BURGAS AND STRANDJA, BULGARIA





Karamfila

My grandfather's father had died in the World War II and his mother had been killed by the Germans. He survived as an orphan child. A woman named Fita found him and raised him as her own child. Later, she sent him to study in Vratca. There he met my grandmother Damyana. She was from a wealthy family, while he did not have anything. They had fallen in love, she eloped with him as her family had refused to give her to my grandfather and did not bless their relation. They decided to run away from the Vratca region and settled in a small village – Tcerova koria – near Valiko Tarnovo, where the roots of my grandfather originated. As he was not educated, he was working whatever he was able to find as to ensure their living. They had a daughter. She was very little – only three days old when they took her with them in the field. They had to work! Suddenly, my grandfather saw a snake near the baby. They did their best but were not able to save her – she died in his hands.

After a few hard years, my grandfather mastered the building and construction job. They had another daughter, named Karamfila – that was my mother.

Recorded by: Stefani Tishkova

Survivor

My great-grandfather Mehmed Adem came from a poor family of peasant origin. His father Adem had been collecting the eggs of their hens for a month, and then went around the nearby villages to sell them in order to earn money for his education. The earned amounts, he gave to his son and sent him off with the train to Shumen, where he attended school.

One day, as he was coming back from school, Mehmed Adem got off the train in Daskotna village as usual and started to walk to his father's house. It was winter, it was snowing and blowing heavily. The distance to his village was about twenty five kilometers. Along the road to his home in Podgorec village, there was a grove. When he approached it, he heard a wolf howl. He anxiously looked around! He was alone! He climbed on a tree to protect himself and



waited. The wolves came and circled around the tree. My great-grandfather had to wait up in the tree until dawn. At dawn, the wolves went away. He jumped from the tree and came back home safe and sound.

Recorded by: Ahmed Denis Hadjiibrahim

The Luck

My grandmother, Pauna was seven years old. One day, as usual with her elder brother they headed for school. As they lived far from the town, it took them half an hour to walk to the school. That day was a cold one. It was snowing and the snow had covered everything around. They almost had reached the school when they saw a few children who were playing in the snow. Her brother ran to them and left her to walk alone. In a while, he came to her smiling saying they had cancelled the classes because of the heavy snow. At first, she was glad but as it was snowing heavily, she asked him to go back home. On their way back they passed along a peach garden. My grandmother loved it so much. In the summer, she played there and ate of the juicy sweet peaches. She stopped there and was carried away in her memories. When she turned around her brother was not there, his steps had disappeared under the heavy snow. She started to cry and hid to one of the peach trees along the pathway. Next, she remembered waking up at home under the thick quilts. An old man who was walking his dog had found her beside the peach tree by accident. The dog found her buried under the snow. Only one of her shoulders was visible.

Recorded by: Mitko Kolev

The Misfortune

My father's father – Osman Salim Ibryam was born in Karaveliovo village, Ruen municipality. He was the youngest – third child in the family. His father had a shieling on the hill and about 100 goats. Every day my grandfather and his brothers went with their father to take care of the sheep. They got up quite early in the morning, even did not have a breakfast and took the food with them to eat on their way.

As usual, one day they got up early and headed for the shieling. When they arrived there, they saw two wholes in the shieling. They entered anxiously and what they saw was a disaster – all goats were lying lifeless! Later, it became clear that two wolves got there and killed all goats. My grandfather could hardly hold back his tears! He was very worried how his father will overcome that. Following that tragic event, my grandfather's family did not continue raising livestock. They started growing crops and also worked as master builders. Since then, the family had lived life full of hardship.

Recorded by: Myrem Osman





The Test

My grandfather was about eleven – twelve years old when he went with his brother and uncle (both of them young bachelors) to take care for the flocks of sheep. One day, at sunset his uncle told him: "Mitko we are going to the village with your brother Stoyan. You stay with the sheep and around midnight gather the flocks in the shieling". Dark clouds were coming from Burgas and a light drizzle started to fall, followed by a downpour and lightnings. One could hear up from the mountains the howling wolves. The dogs scattered and the sheep run around in the field. My grandfather somehow managed to catch one of the dogs, tied it and they hid together in shock sheaves for few hours. When the rain stopped, he started to search for the sheep. He heard bells ringing and headed for the ravine. The dog started to pull him and growled. He went after the dog thinking that he would lead him to the other dogs that had killed the wolf. When he reached the ravine, the moon had lighted it all. My grandfather was shocked at the sight of the wolves' deed – a dead sheep. He was gathering the flock and heard his relatives singing as they were approaching. He told them about his terrible experience and threatened them he would go back to the village and complain to his father. They got scared as that could result in a hassle and begged him not to share what had happened.

At dawn they gathered the flock and saw the sheaves had been scattered all over the field. In an attempt to avoid the scandal, they moved the flock 4–5 kilometers away. In the morning when the owners saw the field, they could not understand who caused all that mess. So they saved their necks.

Recorded by: Miroslava Nikolova



The Damage

My grandfather's parents had five more children – three daughters and two sons. The family was poor but managed to meet the ends. Todor, my grandfather was the youngest. His mother used to excuse him by saying "Leave Tosho, he is a little boy!"

It was October and everybody had to go to the field. All, except my grandfather! At the time, he was ten years old and they left him alone at home with a number of chores to do – to cook, to clean and most of all to feed the animals. In the morning, the family left for the field and he started his duties. Doing his chores, he had not seen how the pig managed to escape and went into the basement. Here were the family stocks for the winter season. The pig had run around, shoved and broke the jars. At one point, he saw that the pig was not where he was supposed to be and went out to search for him. When he found it, he wished he would not! He chased him for some time but he did not want to go out! My grandfather took the shovel and started hitting him on the back to force him out of the basement. Though, the pig turned around and he hit him in the head. The pig laid on the ground ... Laying there, without moving! My grandfather thought: "That's it! I killed him! My parents will get back and what they are going to see – half of the jars were broken, the pig is dead! Who knows how bad they are going to punish me!" Childishly, he thought he should escape – took some loaves of bread and went into the vineyards. One week he lived on bread and grapes. The good news was that at last his mother went to search for him. She had shouted out through the fields "Toshe, Toshe, they are not going to beat you!" However, she lied ...

Recorded by: Natalia Todorova

Shame

When my grandmother Zeynep was 9-10 years old she often had been sent alone to take care for the sheep. Every morning, she was getting up very early and walked to the pasture nearby the dam of Ruen village to take out the livestock – about 50 sheep and little lambs. One day, as usual, she headed with the flock to the village, passed the grove, crossed the river and made it to the pasturage. She was very tired. The heat was unbearable, she stopped under the shadow of a big tree to relax for a while and fall asleep. Many hours passed and the sun went down. When she woke up, there were no sheep. Anxiously, she quickly went back home. It was already dark when she entered the village; her mother was waiting for her in front of the door. She was mad and shouted at her so the entire village could hear. Went after her with a stick and caught her at the mosque where grandma had hidden. She took her out by the ear and slapped her in front of all. My grandmother had been feeling that shame all her life. She had never been left alone any more. Always a relative was accompanying her.

Recorded by: Zeynep Rafi Arif





Mummers

I am going to tell you a story I know from my mother's father Angel. This is a story for the traditions of our village on Mummers' Day in 1973 – those are the days prior to the 40 days lent before Easter.

"It was a very noisy day, my child. On that day the Mummers were dancing to chase away the evil spirits from our homes, also to attract prosperity and health. They were a group of men dressed like bride, fiancé, girls, grandmothers, man with a bear, doctor and mullah. Ahead of them were the drummer and piper. The bride was first, followed by her fiancé. The Mummers hold dogwood branches and tapped everyone's back for prosperity and health. They were quite scary and one could hear them together with the sounds of the drummer and the piper at the other end of the village. They were visiting the houses in the village one by one to chase the evil spirits away and they got as reward from the homeowners wine, sausage and other gifts.

On that day, me and your grandma were awaiting the Mummers with great anticipation. We were dressed in our best clothes as we were heading to the square afterwards where the Mummers' ritual would continue. Your mother and aunt were there as well. The Mummers entered the yard and started to dance and tapped us with the branches. One of them chased your aunt. When they performed their ritual, we rewarded them and they left. We were at the front door when your mother noticed that your aunt is missing. We started to search for her and shouted, but there was no reply. Finally, your grandma found her hidden under the bed. Pleading with her, at last we managed to get her out and went to the square. All the people were already dancing and we joined them".

Recorded by: Teodora Georgieva Gergieva



The Lie

When my father Valentin Todorov was a young man, during his military service he came back home on an annual leave. Back at his home in Podvis he met some friends. They met at the center of the village, chatted and decided to celebrate his name day as 'Vasiliov' day was approaching. No one asked if he had money or not!

A crazy idea came to his mind. He went back home and from the front door announced to his parents "I am going to get married!" My grandmother got emotional and started to fire questions "How come? I haven't seen the bride, yet!" My father calmed down his mother and as he spoke in a serious tone, they believed him. They immediately started the preparations – grandpa put on his suit, grandma cooked in the kitchen and arranged the table.

The merry company arrived, all of them had been instructed what to say! The celebration continued the entire evening. At one point, grandpa discreetly touched his watch and asked when they are going to get the bride. However, my father's bold answer was "When the time comes for me to get married, I will tell you!" In the morning, my father woke up in somebody else's house. Discretely he gathered his clothes and slipped out of the window. On the way back home, he met his father still wearing the suit. With a serious and assertive voice he mentioned "You got so drunk that you forgot to marry!"

As it was the second time my father made a statement that he was going to marry – this time for my mother, he had really hard to prove he was serious.



Recorded by: Natalia Todorova

Youth Emotions

My grandfather Stoycho and grandmother Maria, the parents of my mother had met and fallen in love at the ring-dance. My grandfather was raised in a relatively wealthy family, while my grandmother's family was poor though they lived happily and supported greatly each other. My grandmother was the eldest in the family and like every other girl at that time was doing her house chores and took care for her three younger brothers and sisters.

Back then, the girls and boys at the ring-dance did not hold each other's hands but a handkerchief. The young bachelors looked around, liked a girl at the ring-dance, followed by a visit by the matchmakers to the girl's home where they met the family. My grandfather told me that every morning he went to meet my grandmother at the well 'by accident' as she was getting water for home. Every day he was begging her to allow him to drink from her water. That was how the boys showed to the girls that they like them.

My grandfather asked for my grandmother's hand and they got engaged. Back then, before the wedding they were not allowed to stay in private. The bachelors could serenade their loved ones at the village gatherings or under the windows of their houses.

At that time, the most significant was honor!

Recorded by: Maria-Mihaela Bahova

Love

This is the love story of my father's parents – grandma Rositca and grandpa Simeon from the village of Skalak, Ruen municipality. It had started in school and they did not know how it would develop in time.

Grandma's memories of him from school were not very nice. They were in forth grade. Back then at school, they used to be dressed in uniforms and the girls with long hair had to wear it in two braids. Though, grandma had three braids. She liked it that way! She had been seriously warned several times. One day, the teacher got mad at her, took out a scissors and asked the class "Who wants to cut her third braid?" Simeon jumped from his seat "Me, me!" and eagerly cut it off. That was the moment she "hated" him.

The time passed, they had grown up. Grandma was helping her family in the field work. One day, while they were working in the field, Simeon came with his father to purchase part of their production. They had not seen each other for a long time and now there was a sparkle. Due to the joint activities they started to meet often and gradually fell in love. They were dating secretly. At every date, grandpa was giving her a hyacinth and sang to her the folklore song "Rosni mi, rosni, Rositse". Grandma had been keeping the fragrant flowers and when they had dried, she gathered them in a pouch.

However, the parents of my grandmother had other plans. They had already made their mind to marry her to another man whom she had seen only once. While she was secretly meeting with grandpa, they continued to talk about Lubcho from Nedelino. She saw the inevitable coming and said so to grandpa. He got furious! Right away, he wanted to go and ask for her hand, she managed to convince him to calm down and wait.

One evening, when she was coming back from "the field" because she had "forgotten" her manteau (that was her excuse when she was meeting grandpa) she saw the guests from Nedelino. She sat quietly there listening to their talks not knowing that grandpa walked along the street and saw them, too. The next day, he arrived late, not singing and without a flower. He had decided that she agreed to marry the other man. In a week, the guests came again and talked with my grandma parents about their intentions. My great-grandfather called grandma to inform her about his decision and then she told him about Simeon. Her mother got very angry, but her father did not say a word. In a few days, the guests from Nedelino were there "We have come to ask for your daughter's hand". "Come in! My door is open for everyone" answered her father and continued: "We already know each other. You are good people. However, before you another boy asked for her hand. We promised. They fall in love and do not want to marry anyone else. Your boy is a good one, though the heart has already chosen and we decided to marry them. Wish you all the best and good luck". Those were his final words to the guests. Grandma sensed his shame but deeply within he knew he had made the right decision. "I wanted my children to have a father like the one I used to have. I saw that man in your grandpa!" - ended her story my grandmother.

Recorded by: Eleonora Draganova



The Roots

This is the story of my father's father Ahmed. He was born in the village of Zaychar. In 1978, one of his sisters moved to Turkey. Eleven years later, during the third migration wave his family together with his elder brother's family headed to Turkey. At the border, there was a queue and they had to settle in a field near the town of Michurin. They waited there five days in poor conditions – nowhere to sleep; the rain did not stop for three days. On the fifth day, they passed the border. They stayed with his sister whom they did not see for eleven years. However, the most important was ahead – to find a job in order to survive. My grandfather started work in a foundry and my grandmother in a cannery. My father was working as a waiter in a restaurant, my aunt in a carpet factory. Nine months, the three families lived in the house of my grandfather's sister. Despite their efforts, they were not able to get used to living there. When they understood some of their countrymen were heading back to Bulgaria they decided to follow their example. Back in Bulgaria, they knew nothing had been the same. Again, they had to work hard to recover. They found a new job, built a new house, started their life anew raising livestock, growing crops and farming.

Recorded by: Fatme Yumer Ahmed

The Purpose

Our family originated from the town of Konya, Turkey. Our ancestors came to Bulgaria between 1640 and 1650. The grandfather of my grandpa abducted his wife when she was 14 years old. He did not return to Turkey as he had to pay with his blood for the abduction. He cut off all family ties there and settled in Bulgaria.

I am going to share with you the story of my grandpa Ramadan, nicknamed Solak – the Left-handed. They were three brothers and one sister. My grandpa was the youngest. They took part in the World War II by helping the wounded soldiers. They carried them to the tents where they bandaged their wounds. Back then grandpa was 25 years old. The three of them lived in one yard. The eldest took care for the cows, the middle – for the goats and grandpa for the sheep. The houses were constructed of branches and twigs woven together. The walls were plastered with mud and straw and finally whitewashed with white clay. It had been cosy and warm. There were no beds and they slept on the floor on pressed sheep wool. Always, they had breakfast and dinner at their eldest brother as he was responsible for the family finances. Grandpa had three children. They used to call his brothers “dads” and their wives they considered as own mothers.

In 1944, when the cooperatives had been formed, all their land was nationalized as well as most of the livestock. Because of their small daughter, they were left with one cow, five sheep and five goats.

My grandpa had lived for 85 years. He had not ridden in a car and never had visited a dentist or a doctor. All those years, his health was in perfect condition. His hearing and eyesight were fine, all his teeth in place.

My grandfather's life had been quite hard at times nevertheless he was happy to hold his grandchildren in his hands. He saw some of them growing up, others in the early stages of their lives. Now, he is keeping an eye on us from above. He strengthened the roots of our family tree just as his ancestors did.

Recorded by: Aylin Sebaydin Selieva



FAMILY HISTORIES FROM KIRKLARELI REGION, TURKEY



The Settlers

The resettlement of my grandfather's family in our village was a major event in the history of our family. The father of my grandfather – Sherif Udje was fifteen years old when he moved from Ahmetler village, Kirklareli province, Kofchas district to a swampy area near the village of Yenibedir. Back then, the current settlement of Yenibedir village used to be a homestead. The settlers from the mountain villages joined forces and bought the homestead. Later on, a man who lived in Kirklareli had drawn the plan of the village. The people settled down according to the plan and the homestead became a village.

Recorded by: Ergin Udje

The Separation

At the time, when the family of my grandfather settled here from Bulgaria, the life in Turkey was very hard. Here they lived in poverty. My grandfather was about seven-eight years old and his cousin – my uncle's son – was about five years old. When the conditions became so poor and the family was not able to take care of the children, they decided to give him to a family living in the upper village for adoption. As he was old enough to understand the situation, he did not want to go, resisting their decision. As the decision had already been made, his father considered it appropriate to send him together with my grandfather so that he could get used more easily with the situation. In a week, my grandfather left and his cousin was pleading him in tears to take him back home. My grandfather saddened and suffered a lot but left his cousin with his new family. Every time, we asked him to tell us a story from his past, he remembered their poverty and his cousin.

Recorded by: Aybuke Celic



The Vicissitudes of Life

One summer when the harvest season came, my grandfather's family managed to store enough straw. The fact that they were ready for the winter left them at ease. Meanwhile, their neighbor was repairing his house. In the garden, he had a cauldron with boiling water to use for cleaning the house. Their little child was playing around there, took a burning torch and headed to the straw storehouse. As the torch burned his hand, he threw it over the straw. Immediately, the straw flamed. My grandfather's family did try to extinguish the fire, though the flames had grown and spread to the barn. Half of the barn had burned down, the animals were injured and the straw turned into ashes. The winter season was a serious challenge for my grandfather's family who thought that they had been settled nicely. Whenever, my grandfather recalled his memories of hardship he experienced it again and again as if it was yesterday.

Recorded by: Eda Kyoprulu

The Ambition

As my mother finished school, my grandfather told her that she is not going to university because they did not have enough money. Instead, she enrolled in "Typewriting" course in order to find work afterwards. When the course ended she registered at the "Unemployment" Office. As soon as she turned eighteen, she got a call from the Office and they invited her for a job interview. Naturally, there were other candidates as well. There were three free positions for interns and fifteen people applied. On the first round, the employer requested the candidates to be able to type, which my mother passed successfully. The interview was the second stage. After that five candidates among them my mom had been selected. The staff informed the candidates that they would call them. Three months had passed and there was no call. Mom had to work on the field which resulted in permanent quarrels with my grandfather. At last, a letter came – my mother got the job.

My grandfather assumed they would not hire her that is why he resisted initially. However, my mother managed to convince him after

countless conversations. A few years after that event, he apologized for his stubbornness in the beginning. My mother's life had changed entirely.

Recorded by: Asude Cupcak

The Clash

In the 80-ies of XX century, the uncle of my grandmother on my mother's side, who used to be the Mayor of the village, had repeatedly warned the local youth not to get involved in political events. Though, a few residents who considered him as an enemy and were annoyed as he was respected and his voice heard, turned the youth against him. One night, the youth caused havoc in various locations within the village. The uncle of my grandmother got very angry because of that and slapped in the face the seventeen years old son of a relative who was sitting at the café as he was one of trouble-makers. The slapped youth could not bear the fact and stabbed my grandmother's uncle with a knife. They did not manage to bring him to the hospital on time and he passed away. This event was crucial for my family and especially for my grandmother on my mother's side.

Recorded by: Geren Guller

Care

I am not aware of a case that influenced the eldest members of our family; however I consider the appearance of children, especially my birth as an event that had an impact on the family. My mother was at sixteen when she eloped with my father and at seventeen she gave birth to her first child – me. As she was still a child herself, she did not know how to bring up one. It was a challenge as my father was working, thus my grandmother on my father's side had to give her a hand in the process.

Recorded by: Damla Shirin

The Matchmakers

The story of my father's parents' marriage was most interesting to me. While at prison my grandfather got acquainted with a relative of my grandmother who mentioned to him about her and suggested to introduce them to each other if they are interested. My grandfather expressed an interest; she also agreed to meet him. So they met once and got married afterwards. They signed the papers in front of the prison doors. They saw each other only twice before becoming a family.

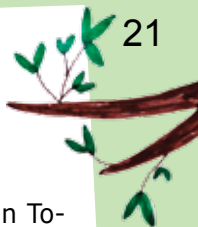
Recorded by: Geren Cetin

Fellow Countrymen

At the time, my father went to ask for the hand of my mother, his family lived in Kaynardja village, hers – in Umurdja village. When the in-laws met for the first time they spoke politely for a long time as they did not know each other. At one point my grandfather on my mother's side, asked the in-laws where they came from. As they answered from Kaynardja village, he remembered he knew them. In the past, he went from Umurdja to Kaynardja to reap the fields and there he had seen my other grandfather, at first they were not able to recognize each other. After that they spoke about the past, were carried away by the memories and both families became very close.

Recorded by: Khaan Pasa





The Turning Point

During the Balkan War, the unemployment and the hard life in Toschala (Gorna Prahovo) and Kardjali forced the family of my great-grandfather (on my father's side) to move to Kamchia village, Karnobat district. My grandparents had met there and got married. In line with the governance practice back then, they grew tobacco on the fields provided by the government and had been breeding livestock. My father and my two aunts were born there. In 1969 the nostalgia to their country made them follow the example of my grandfather's uncle family and they settled in Turkey. This move was the turning point in their life.

Recorded by: Yigit Yozkan

The Misfortune

Once, my grandmother told me that before giving birth to my mother she had a daughter who was four – five years old. She was old enough to walk around the garden on her own. At that time, the villagers made their living as farmers. One day my grandparents went to the field and left her with my uncle, who was the eldest child in the family. My uncle had fallen asleep and she went out of the house. There was a well in the yard that had not been covered and the girl fall into it. When my grandparents came back they started to search for her. The neighbors joined the search. They thought that a little girl could play around and enter the henhouse or hide somewhere, thus they searched their houses and gardens. Finally, the neighbors asked if the well had been checked. First, my grandmother did not want to have a look as she was afraid of the worst. However, my grandfather did and took out the body of the girl. My grandmother fainted and the neighbors tried to help.

A few years after the girl passed away my mother was born. My grandmother used to say that every time she looked at my mother she was seeing that girl.

Recorded by: Cagatay Cansever



The End

In 2001, my great-grandmother was laying sick at home. Back then I was two years old. We lived together in one house and as my parents were working my grandparents took care of me. During the night the condition of my great-grandmother deteriorated and grandpa drove her to the hospital. Before that she had not been sick and worsened at once. At the hospital she was misdiagnosed and passed away. Her death had a great impact on our family as she was the uniting figure and the tradition keeper. While she was alive, our life was following the well known path of celebrating the religious holidays as the tradition says; we had a lot of guests visiting. After she had gone, the family scattered. She used to unite us and interpreted everything that had happened as a good sign. She was always positive, respected and continued the traditions. Therefore, her death had a great impact on my family's life.

Recorded by: Ayshe Nur Yagut

The Hope

I want to share with you a significant story for our family. Unfortunately, it is a sad one. In 2009, my aunt had an accident and lost her fingers. She spent three months in the hospital. When she had to leave, she had lost her willingness to live. Unexpectedly, as she was leaving the hospital, she saw a man in another room who had lost his hand. They got friends and then fall in love – that was love from first sight. Last year they got married. Who could have thought that such an unfortunate incident would result in happy end?

Recorded by: Irem Nur Senal

Tolerance

My great-grandfather (who is father of my mother's mother) loved the sea and spent time in his daughters' summer house. Once, he was there he decided to bath into the sea. While he was swimming, a Greek girl who thought he is a priest because of his long beard hugged him. He was quite surprised and asked her what was going on. The girl asked him if he was a priest and he answered that he was a Muslim. All tourists around followed suite and one by one hugged him. Every time, he shared the story we laughed heartily.

Recorded by: Irem Basharan





Forever

One of the events that had a significant impact on me and my family is my grandfather's death. He had cancer but he got the strength to gather his composure and remained strong. He used to be a teacher, he taught me to read and to ride a bicycle. I felt him as my second father. He raised me. I could say that when he passed away I felt the greatest pain in my life. I love him so much and I feel he is watching me.

Recorded by: Zeinep Ayda

Life Lessons

I am going to share something my mother had told me while we were talking about the past. During the first year of their joint life my parents lived humbly. Even in frosty days they did not heat the room – there was no coal. Occasionally, the landlords pitied them and handed over some coal to warm up. At times, my mother collected ashes of other peoples' homes. She brought food from the village to have something on the table. Now, we live well, we can afford whatever we want, we live in heated homes. Mom said that we had to learn from her stories so that we value and appreciate what we have.

Recorded by: Can Bertan Gull





LÜLEBURGAZ LİSESİ
İnönü District Station Street
31/1, 39750 Luleburgaz
+902884171118
964134@meb.k12.tr
www.luleburgazlisesi.meb.k12.tr



AGORA Platform – Branch Burgas
15 B Khan Krum Street
8000 Burgas, Bulgaria
+359 896 669 229
office@agora-bg.org
www.agora-bg.org



Sec. School Ep. Konstantin
Preslavski, 8010 Burgas, BG
compl. Slaveykov
+359 56 86 09 05
sskpreslavski@abv.bg
www.preslavski.eu