

I was probably 12 years old when my father gave me the book. He told me to take great care of it, since it bears an incredible beauty within it. It was probably the first serious novel I have read and it made me love reading for sure. It was a novel by Saroyan, the first real writer I have encountered and ever since one of my favourites. The beauty that my father was talking about was the Armenian influence. I didn't know what or where Armenia was, it was just a magic word.

But look at me now!

I am sitting in the very meaning of the word (to be more precise in Eghegnadzor) I cannot speak the language, I cannot read the notices and my Russian is poor. And I am aware of being a foreigner: I am not exactly keeping up with the Armenian style (everyone is dressed up smartly whereas I wear my mum's old jeans) or I don't own the ebony dark beautiful hair. I seem different and that is noticed but I haven't really felt lost yet. I couldn't be lost, since there is always someone observing me, making sure I am doing well. I am getting to be familiar and found my strength in the hospitality and kindness (expressed in a simple but wonderful smile) of the Armenian people.

I have been in Armenia for a few days now and I would like to present my fresh outsider perspectives. I was very lucky to find myself in a minibus in which I spent at about 7 hours driving from Yerevan to Goris. Yes, I was very lucky to just sit for 7 hours because the view I was honored by was spectacular. The countryside is mindblowing, I haven't seen nature so well preserved and so peaceful. The trip from Goris to Eghegnadzor through Tatev was the same. Absolutely stunning! I would like to have my hiking shoes, tent, some basic food and water, turn off my mobile phone and get lost in these mountains. I would be fed by this everpresent beauty. But maybe I would take some Armenian tomatoes, they are the best! I like Eghegnadzor. It reminds me a lot of my hometown Kralovsky Chlmec, that is a small town in Slovakia close to the Ukrainian and Hungarian borders. Chlmec is a small town, with about 10 000 people. I am not quite sure what the other similarities are, but I don't feel homesick. The welcoming that our group received was ceremonial. I felt very honored. You have been amazing hosts, better we could have ever imagined. I don't know what your expectations are, but I really hope we have been able to meet them and that you have enjoyed our stay in Eghegnadzor.

This day is memorable. I have enjoyed the visit to the historical museum. I am yet to choose my university hence I was inspired by the scholarly excellence that had been already present in Armenia hundreds of years ago. And the restoration work was refreshing, and the physical work wasn't tiring at all thanks to the wonderful atmosphere you created/or should I say we have managed to create together? We managed to destroy the majority of the language barriers, right? It is strange to think that we have known each other for only a day. I am grateful to the girls 😊

It is difficult to write now, I don't know what else to write. I would like to thank for your hospitality and friendliness, for teaching me how to dance Armenian dances, for the Armenian music, for the little necessary shoppings, for not leaving rooms for complaints. I am eager to present Armenia to more people. I will remember you. I hope you will remember us and that we are similar in many aspects. I hope you will not be afraid to play Hua, after all there is nothing to be afraid of.

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