



Macedonia the Land of...



Colours



The mountains of Macedonia are approachable, like its people. You can easily reach them if you yield to their humour. You are unlikely to lose your way there, if you have at least some respect for them. Like old friends, you can strike up a dialogue on sight. And, wherever you might be, there must be water, always within a step or two: a stream, brook, pond, or spring well to mirror the colours of the surrounding hills.

Grace

What is here a work of nature and what a work of man? Has the bridge branched like a plant from the rocks, or have the rocks been put there by man to better brace the bridge where it has stood since immemorial? Who does this bridge serve and is there a road on it at all? Perhaps it is not even a bridge but a gate that helps the river find its way between the rocks? Or is it a triumphal arch that solemnly welcomes the river's arrival in the plain?



Fragrance



The proud tree watches from above, like some stately mythical Tree of Life, and eagerly waits for someone to say a word in its praise for this year's rich yield.

Feelings

In this country bread still has a sacred nature. A different ritual kind of bread or pastry is made for every possible holiday, be they spiral, round, or unornamented. In the furnace the bread grows and grows, like a baby in mother's womb, while its plump cheeks become rosy.



The Sublime



The man incorporated the universal cosmic order into his society. The man decided not to disturb the cosmic order by moving huge rocks from one place to another, rather he decided to put his horologe where the Almighty had already done half of the job. Thus, the Kokino temple was made-build by gods and only found and adopted by man.