

The Letter

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The letter to an unknown friend who lives far, far away.

“Over there behind the mountains, precisely on the slopes of the highest mountain in Europe, there lies a small fairytale alpine country. The impressive lakes adorn the country. In the summer, the mountain air scents the fragrance of wildflowers. In the winter, in this land of chocolate producers, scents the aroma of chocolate, which reminds us of the loveliest part of our lives – our childhood.

In this country the peaceful people are disciplined as has been shown during the pandemic.

This is a country where the people ride bicycles to get to the offices to work there. It is so environmentally friendly. A country where pensioners are equipped with hiking poles and full mountaineering equipment on weekends and that's perfectly normal and healthy.

A country where it is quite cold in winter, but the people are warm in the soul. They are great-

hearted and always ready to help the needy with generous donations or hospitality. Those people know an old wisdom:

What we have acquired we can easily lose
what we have built can decay;

Everything we have learnt we can forget.

However, if we help someone in need, this persists forever.

The noblest form of giving is generosity, which is the habit of giving freely without expecting anything in return.

To help needy is the aim of Red Cross co-founded by the humanitarian Henry Dunant born in this country. Today the International Red Cross has a mission to uphold human dignity, alleviate human suffering and protect life and health especially during armed emergencies.

On the 1st of August in this wonderful country, the peaceful people gather all together to celebrate the country's foundation anniversary.”

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