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I walk the trails of Syros - I discover myself
Hiking groups of Pherecydis



2015

**HEALTH PROMOTION PROGRAM-
ENVIRONMENTAL EDUCATION**



ΕΡΜΟΥΠΟΛΙΣ 2015

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Meeting of parents with students and teachers from the 1st and 3rd Junior High School of Syros and from the Junior and Senior High School of Tinos.

EPILOGUE

Poem

INTRODUCTION

Many times we wondered what thoughts and associations that farmer from Syros had when he saw us walking, on Sunday morning, paths familiar to him, unknown to us until that moment.

Perhaps he thought that we were just walking, responding to an inner command to get closer and get to know the natural environment of our place, to discover the island where we live or to exercise physically. An easy and straightforward conclusion. We who experienced it knew that we were aiming for something much more important, **the discovery of ourselves**.

"I walk the paths of Syros - I discover myself", but how are these two connected? How is it possible that the first leads us to the second? We will answer you with an example, an experiential example.

GALISSA - AGIA PAKOU - ARMEOS TRAIL

We started from the beach of Galissas to the chapel of Agia Pakou and from there to the beach of Armeo. We made a short stop and continued towards the spring. The place was inaccessible, with vegetation that obstructed in many places, a narrow path and untrodden. Then the fear of some was revealed with the "I can't" that we heard, or the daring character of some others, when they moved forward without thinking about anything, the value of helping those who were in a difficult position or even the ability of some to guide, to find solutions that facilitate the whole group. At that moment, the ambition of some to reach the source first, the persistence in the goal or the quick resignation was revealed.

It is now understood that something that sounds and seems so simple (I walk the paths of Syros) eventually ends up becoming something so essential (I discover myself). Thank you,

The children's companions and group coordinators

**Vallianou Vasiliki
Vichos Katerina
Sakellariou Miltos**

PROGRAM DESCRIPTION

Syros, like all the islands of the Aegean, is dotted with paths that used to connect the settlements or lead to places with water, suitable for cultivation or for watering the animals, or finally, to beautiful and secluded beaches. These paths today were walked from time to time by small groups of adults with the aim of getting in touch with nature. . However, at these meetings there were rarely young people under the age of 20. Nevertheless, in discussions that took place afterwards, especially with students, there were many who showed interest in getting to know their place. So there was a core of young people who wanted to participate in such activities. But this did not seem complete. If we were content with a simple walk, we would become another excursion club and nothing more. So the thought was born to discuss. FEREKYDIS undertook and suggested to teachers to design a program for teenagers to walk and get to know the paths of Syros.

The implementation of the program offered the participating students the opportunity to:

To use their free time in a pleasant and creative way.

- To get to know the area they live in, its beauties and problems, its flora and fauna.
- To get to know their classmates better and discuss with them the issues that concern them.
- To help them in their relationships with others and with themselves, to keep beautiful moments, experiences, knowledge and finally to motivate others to undertake such actions.
- To realize their abilities and strengths so that they can "stand on their feet".
- To learn to love, respect and protect the environment.
- To get to know the history, the culture of the place that hosts them.
- To get to know the traditions of their place on the occasion of the history of the trails, through interviews they took from the oldest people of the island.
- To present their work with boards, photos and videos to the local community, through the 3-day FESTIVAL for the trails in Chroussa as well as the creation of the brochure, which you hold in your hands.

As training tools we used experiential methods, introductory games, exercises, role-playing, free discussion, etc., which were adapted to outdoor conditions.

In the following pages we list the activities and texts of the children who came out of them, during our walk on the paths of our island.

At the beginning we list the texts that came out during the first meeting of the group at the school, where the expectations of the group are shown as well as the rules set.

Then we refer to each walk. The first part each time refers to the plan of the activity prepared by the coordinating team and the way it was implemented. The second part consists of the children's texts, which were written there, in the wonderful countryside of Syros.

In the end, we refer to the two-day camp in Chroussa, a camp in which children from the 1st and 3rd High School of Syros as well as children from the High School and Unified High School of Tinos participated. In addition to the aforementioned children, parents and teachers took part in the session that took place during the two days. The following texts are the result of mixed groups. Groups where at least one teacher, one parent, a child from Syros and one child from Tinos participated in each.

Also, within the framework of the perspective of the program, it is in the next phase of time, to create a network of groups of teenagers in other islands of the Cyclades, apart from Syros and if the conditions allow, the exchange and hospitality with children from other European countries.

The contact with officials of the Ministry of Youth during a conference held last year in Syros, gave us information about the possibility of including our program in the YOUTH Program.

Whether our goals and expectations have been completed is left to your judgment.

THE COORDINATORS

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THE CONTRACT

What we want to learn from the trails

- I want to walk the paths and learn their history and what purpose they served.
- I want to get to know better all that is around here.
- To get to know Syros, to make new friends, to get to know myself, to look others in the eye...
- To get close to the teachers
- To let off steam from everyday life.
- To learn the types of plants.
- I want to get to know the world as it used to be without roads.
- I want to see where it ends up ... and discover the secrets that are hidden around me.
- I want to know more things about Syros, which is the place where I live.
- I want to see where they lead and what I will get to know through the experiences I will live walking the...
- I don't want to learn anything from the trails. But I like nature, I love everything in nature and the mountains and the valleys... Especially animals.
- I came to find out my teachers, how they are outside the class...
- I like to be in nature and see trees, flowers. My goals are to feel freedom and joy... To see what is the difference between clean nature and the city's exhaust gases.
- To see the greatness of Syros, to see the historical paths that our ancestors walked... To spend a bright, happy, unforgettable day with nature in a leading role.

The decalogue of the path

1	The group conforms to the rhythms and strengths of its slowest member. The latter watches the rhythm of the tired and informs the former to make stops
2	The earlier you start, the less the sun will hit you. By noon it is better to have started the return. Anticipate the return, at least two hours before the sunset. But you also have no flashlight with you.
3	It is necessary to bring water and a small pharmacy with ointments for insect bites and sunscreen;
4	If you ask a local about distances and times, don't forget that he is familiar with the trail. So multiply his answers by two, to be in!
5	Don't let any get overloaded. Later you may need to convey them to him. From photographs, take only the necessities. Distribute the supplies to everyone.
6	Bring dry clothes with you to change the sweaty ones. Wear a sun hat and long pants for thorns. A lightweight raincoat or windbreaker can be useful in Mountains with changeable weather
7	The night before, eat lightly, do not drink alcohol and go to bed early. Before you start make sure everyone has enough water with them, unless you are absolutely sure that you will find sources.
8	As silly as it may seem, make sure everyone wears appropriate shoes and thick cotton socks! In the summer, some They start with flip-flops or heels!
9	If you find a river, wash your feet in cold water and let them dry thoroughly in the sun. It's a unique sense of relief.
10	Have bags with you to collect your garbage, and that of others who have gone before you.

WALKING RULES

- Meeting at the beginning of the trail under the responsibility of the parents, at the appointed time.
- We are not late.
- If we have said that we will come and something unexpected happens to us, we notify either the teacher or another child of the group who will definitely come.
- In case of bad weather (rain) the walk is postponed. You will be notified by phone or text so that, when there is a risk of postponement, have your mobile phones activated from early Sunday morning for any notification.
- When we walk, we do not move away from the whole.
- We don't run
- We follow the instructions of the teachers.
- We don't forget: WE ARE A TEAM.

List of things

Clothing suitable for walking. Namely:

- Sneakers. Preferably boots
- T-shirt, sweatshirt, jacket (in that order)
- Hat
- Backpack with food, water
- Stationery (small personal notebook, pen)
- Optional: camera, digital camera.

TOUR OF THE PATHS OF SYROS

Apano Meria.

The part of the island is of particular interest for those looking for the experience of the unique. The area is characterized by the combination of morphological elements that are rarely found in the Aegean area.

The mountainous volume that rises in Apano Meria gives the feeling of an Alpine landscape and blends harmoniously with the Aegean wave that sometimes embraces it on pristine and deep blue beaches and sometimes ends up on steep rocks. The extraction of goods from the poor island land for millennia has sealed the uniqueness of the place. The eleven scenic marked routes give a pleasant sightseeing experience.

- **1** We ascend North from the chapel and with a view of Ermoupolis we reach **Richopos** (duration: 40 minutes).
- **2** Continuing to **Platy Vouni** we meet the cave of the philosopher **Pherekydi** (duration: 30 minutes).
- **3** Human intervention with the terraces, dry stone walls and traditional vineyards is noticeable around us as we head to the beautiful beach of **Glysoura** (time duration: 35 minutes).
- **4** We descend east of San Michalis, ending up at the foot of Kastri . At its top is the ancient settlement of the Cycladic civilization period 3,200-2,000 BC (duration 40 minutes).
- **5** Having a panoramic view of the Aegean Sea to the east, north and west, we approach **Diapori**. A cape with great variety and peculiarity. The partridges that do not need to be approached complete the unique picture. (Duration: 1:15 minutes).
- **1** The famous inscriptions that exist on the rocks of the bay of **Grammata** were carved for centuries by passing seafarers who found shelter here from the bad weather. The beach is the exit of a small gorge overgrown with pines, tamarisk and palm trees. Duration : 1 hour)
- **2** The old quarry we see has been integrated into the landscape so harmoniously that it is an attraction of the area. The route we follow is the same as that of carts carrying **the marble** for loading into the sea. Very beautiful sandy beach. (Duration: 30 minutes)
- **3** Before reaching the sandy beach of **Leia** we pass by the cave of Mentonis and Aerolithos (a rare geological phenomenon) which rises in the middle of the route. (Duration : 35 minutes)

- **4** The twin **gorge of Schizomenes**, whose existence is due to the subsidence of the ground, as well as the cave of Lentino, make the route really interesting. (duration: 45 minutes).
- **5** The path starts a few meters before the chapel of Agios Panteleimonas and leads us to the bays of **Aetos** and **Varvarousa**. Impressive changes of vegetation culminating in the unique quiet beaches (1:15)
- **6** The ravine of the Kako River connects **Hartiana** with **Delfini** Don't miss the sunset from the beach. (35 minutes).

Messaria and southern Syros.

In addition to the above mentioned paths of Apano Meria, we walked others that either cross central Syros or are located in the southern part of the island. These are as follows:

1 Starting from **Komitos** and following the path that starts from the southern part of the beach, we end up at the southernmost point of Syros, where the **Viglostasi lighthouse** is located. Panoramic view of the islands around Syros. (0:45)

2 Starting from the old Ermoupolitan resort, the famous **Episkopio**, walking at first on cobbled steps, among the old mansions of the area and then - after a small piece of dirt road - on a path that crosses Central Syros, we end up in the picturesque **Kini**. In some parts of the path we can see stone pavement dating back to Roman times. (1:15)

3 The path starts from the southernmost tip of **Lotos** - a small beach in the bay of **Kini** - uphill and difficult at first, meets and follows for a while a concrete road to lead us, through an amazing landscape parallel to the sea, to **Galissas**. (1:15)

4 On the south side of the beach of **Galissas**, from the height of the small pier, steps lead to the chapel of **Agia Pakos**. A path that starts from the back side of the hill takes us down to the small beach of **Armeos**. From there, following an inconspicuous path, we reach the bottom of the valley where in a shady location with lush vegetation there is a small spring. (0:20)

5 Starting from **Portara of Ano Syros** , a wonderful cobbled path, one of the oldest and most well-preserved on the island, leads us to **Alithini**. From there through the fields we reach old, demolished windmills, From the top of the hill another path begins.

which ends at the springs of **Agios Thanasis** . Wonderful landscapes a stone's throw from Ermoupolis. (0:40)

Trail identification and marking

During the investigation in the area, three categories of paths were identified that differ due to the way and the reasons for their construction:

(a) The connecting roads of the settlements of Apanomeri:

They were the means of communication, transport of goods and cultural exchange. These are wide, well-built and largely paved paths. Their slope is very small with a smooth progression and they are suitable for gentle walks.

(b) Passages for animals: Indistinguishable paths that are easily lost but lead to inaccessible points characterized by their natural beauty, their historical, morphological and geological peculiarities.

(c) The way out to the sea: As the sea is the way of communication and transport of products for the islands, access paths to it have been created. Of interest are those that served the transport of marble from the quarries to the cargo ships.

Unfortunately the old network has been abandoned as activities have been stopped for years. Nevertheless, eleven routes have been selected that have the potential to attract visitors (hikers, travelers) and have been divided into two groups:

Crossing paths along N. Syros (eastern part) and beach access paths (western part).

Signaling

The signage is two-way and consists of 205 (two hundred and five) two-color signs of 7x11 cm. Their colors are yellow-white (access to the sea) and red-white (crossing), they are indelible and on the right part there is a number that with the help of the map informs us which route we are on. The signs are placed in the most appropriate positions to fulfill their mission, while only those needed have been used so as not to burden the landscape.

First walk To learn to listen

Plenary

Starting point

- We ask the children for a feeling. We point out that we are a team and the walk is done in terms of a team, so that we can achieve the goals we set (**what we want to learn from the paths**)

The beginning of the trail

- At the front, one of the accompanying professors starts. The students follow and at the end the other teacher.
- We ask the children after the first 100 meters to try to walk silently... Let them try to hear as many sounds as they can, distinguish them, name them (in the atomic block)
- The march continues....
- We ask the children to look at how many different colors and shades they see in front of them, around them, what they correspond to (trees, houses, rocks, etc.). Record on the block.
- The march continues...
- We ask the children to collect three physical objects and take them with them...

Couples Stop

- In the middle of the route the group stops at an opening.
- They are divided into pairs. They share what they saw and heard with each other. One student speaks first. Then the other, after summarizing what he heard from the first student (sounds, colors, objects)

Plenary

- In a circle all together. The coordinating professor asks. How did you feel about listening to each other? Where did you share the experience of the trail? Do we do this often? Discussion
- Moderator composition: The ability to hear and see what surrounds us helps us to share it with others, as long as we consciously observe and the listener can hear us. Do we always listen to others when they talk to us? Our friends, our parents, our teachers?

Small groups

- Division into quadruplets.
- Sometimes we don't hear, when we don't see? Recording....
- When do we hear and see? Recording...

- **Plenary session in a circle.** Each small group declares where it ended up...
- Composition coordinator. When we hear and we see REALLY Then we communicate better !!
- The march continues.

PROCESS

When do we listen to someone?

- When we are interested in the subject
- We listen to the teachers according to the lesson and the unit, depending on the time (1st and last we do not hear at all)
- When he tells us jokes
- When we need to hear information from that person
- We listen to our friends depending on the topic and according to our mood
- When they talk to us in a nice way
- We listen to parents but do not obey them
- When they leave us hints and we want to know the truth

When do we not listen to someone?

- When it comes to courses
- When we get bored
- When we are criticized
- When what they tell us takes effort
- When we are interrogated
- When we have something better to do
- When we are ordered/ forced/ cursed/ given instructions imperatively
- We don't listen to our brothers and sisters

-It was a wonderful experience in the southernmost part of Syros. The scenery was magnificent. We felt peace, happiness, fatigue, rejuvenation.

We are eagerly awaiting the next path.

We gathered.

-Today was our first path. It was a beautiful and exciting experience. We never imagined that there would be such paths and landscapes in Syros, it was something unknown to us. We were in a different environment with our teachers, we got to know them better and saw their other side. We got to know better the children we see at school every day. We worked together as a team and learned interesting things. We saw various animals that we liked (horses, donkeys, peacock, ostrich).

Second Walk The Course of Our Life

Starting point:

Plenary

- A few words from each student and coordinator how they were last time. What impressed you? What did you think afterwards, the next day?
- Everyone speaks. Others listen without interrupting.
- Moderator's suggestion: It is important for people to be able to listen to each other... This helps to build better relationships. In today's walk we will try to discover how they affect us - they influenced us by various people or even by various events in our lives. Let's imagine that our life is a path that we have taken and have been following since the day we were born. At least this is where we start today's walk is the day you were born. (imagine her). So starting today, we would like everyone to think, remember, as they walk (as if they are living their life all over again) various events of their lives at different ages (pleasant, unpleasant, successes, failures, the most exciting thing that happened to you)

The beginning of the trail

- The group begins to walk as silently as they can. Each student, as he walks, remembers, writes down on his individual notepad.
- After 10-15 minutes you stop and ask the children if they remembered and if they all wrote on the pads...
- You are now asking them in the continuation of the course to note the people who significantly influenced them at various stages of their lives, who took care of them, helped them in difficult cases... (parents, teachers, grandparents, siblings, friends...)
- The walk continues. Each student writes in his/her individual notebook... (10' - 15')

Attitude

Small groups

- In small groups, each student shares the events and people that influenced him positively or negatively...

- What differences did you notice, what similarities... What makes you happy and what makes you unhappy?
- Write a letter common "on the path of your life" about what you have experienced so far (good and bad) and tell him your dreams, your expectations for the future.... (The students write one letter in each group in the common diary)

Plenary

- Plenary. Each small group reads its letter.
- Coordinator composition. We listen to what the children's letters say - Reframing. Through the personal history of each of us today we came closer. We trusted our personal moments, our dreams... We are a team and we walk together...
- Continuation of the walk and arrival at the end.
- **Plenary.** How did you feel? What did you like? What thoughts did you have?
- Close

PROCESS

They influenced us positively: teachers, parents, friends, best friends, other relatives, more than friends.

They affected us negatively: a few conservative teachers, parents, acquaintances, friends, more than friends, other relatives.

What we expect:

1. To enter the Athens University of Economics and Business, Department of Management and Communication
2. Friends should be in the same class in high school.
3. For my parents to leave the house
4. Let my parents take my motorcycle
5. To go on vacation without parents at last.
6. To become independent
7. Let's have a great time in the three days
8. To laugh ALWAYS!

The things that affect me are many and I could divide them into positive and negative

Pros: My friends who, although they sometimes push me to do things that I might not have done on my own, I appreciate that they advise me and try

to correct the negatives of my character. After all, what can we do with life if we don't break some rules? Also an important companion in my life is a good book. The girls who accompany us from time to time and give meaning to our lives.

Negatives: The parents who are overprotective and can't see that I'm 15 anymore. I think I can judge which path to follow and that I don't need their help in some things. The school teachers who only care about finishing their material and not understanding the slightest. Our stupid brothers who exploit us to the end.

Unfortunately, the negatives outweigh the positives, which are much more substantial. Nikos and Giorgos were not born in Syros, they came at 7, 5 and 11 respectively. On the contrary, Irene was born and raised Syros. All 3 in elementary school made new friends while fighting with other classmates. An important role in their lives was played by their parents, siblings and relatives. Specifically,

C: parents, siblings, relatives, friends

N: parents, friends, relatives

E: parents, grandparents, friends, classmates.

Our expectations are:

N: Money, money, fame, a big house, to become a chef.

C: Happy family

Q: To live alone, to be independent

Dear Mrs. Maria, on today's path we understood what the paths were useful for. We walked with joy in our eyes to see the various signs that were around us, the various dots that determined the path of our new path. The old steps we came across in the Roman era, the various flowers, grasses, stones that we saw for the first time impressed us. The new path will be unforgettable as well as the others

It's so different from the first one! Today we understood what the paths were for. With the help of our imagination we walked the old paths of our lives and remembered forgotten faces and situations that marked us as we walk towards the unknown. The end of the trail will leave us with a bitter taste on our lips from the memories. And we look forward to it and hope for the future.

A letter on the path of life.

Our life so far has been a career of pleasant and unpleasant moments. We walked the path of Episkopio - Kini and with the help of our imagination we went back in time and remembered all our experiences, positive and negative. Playing with our friends, beautiful family moments, various parties but also some failures at school, things that made us feel bad, losing loved ones, etc. For our future we dream of a good vocational training, to achieve our goals and to get to know the world we live in best.

Hoping for a better tomorrow!! @!!!



Third walk

Starting point

Plenary

- Stigma of the team. The coordinator asks how the students feel when they come to the third walk? If they like what they do. If something made it difficult for them. The students speak one by one (Let's learn to listen!!)
- Connection to the previous walk. The facilitator synthetically presents what the children said last time in their letters.
- Goals of today's walk. To discover what makes it difficult for us on the path, what we like (and in life). As we walk, each one of us writes on his notebook what is difficult for him, what he likes. As on the trail there are difficult spots or easy ones. So in our lives it is correspondingly...

Individual

- Everyone writes down on their own what makes it difficult for them, what they like in their life (school, lessons, friends, parents, going out...)

The beginning of the trail

- The group starts walking... Each student can write down on his/her pad...
- The coordinator encourages the students to get into the process....

Attitude

Small groups

- The facilitator asks how they felt, if they found what makes it difficult for them and what they like about walking and life. He urges them to form small groups. In small groups, each student shares what he recorded...
- After discussing for 10 minutes, the facilitator asks them to write a joint text describing the difficulties and the niceties of their adolescence and age.
- When they finish, we urge them to write a letter to their teachers and parents telling them things that are important to them and that they would like to hear (parents and teachers!!)

Plenary

- Plenary. Small groups read the texts about adolescence... Composition of the coordinator who "listens" to the group... Link to the next step. Students read the letters to their parents and teachers...

- Coordinator composition... Connecting the difficulties and the beautiful things of life with the difficulties and the beauty of the paths...
- Close

PROCESS

This path represents life's difficulties and conveniences. Walking through it, we felt it through the bare rocks, the small flowers and the golden weeds. We were tired and sweaty until we reached the top, which doesn't mean we didn't enjoy it. A wreath of daisies and a small butterfly made us raise our heads and look up again. The difficulties, the uphill, represent our difficult adolescence, our worries, our sorrows. And now we are here, looking at what we have been through on this path, hoping to reach this hill of life as well. Through this path we reflected on the conveniences and difficulties of life

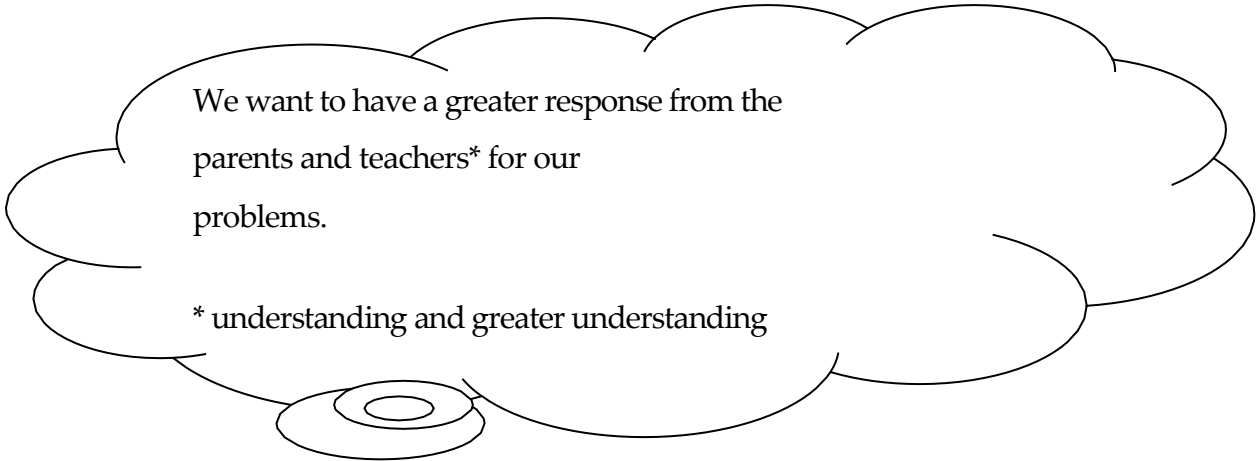
DIFFICULTIES

- The difficult student life that destroys the beauty of our age
- The awkward behavior of our teachers. "Not all"
- Problems in reading.
- Psychological problems
- Problems of understanding by parents and teachers.

This happens because we are at the age of abrupt change from one stage to another. From the childish and innocent perception of things to the stage of logical and harsh reality.

Difficult: teachers, school, parents, siblings, friends, love, cigarettes, drugs, friends, lessons, separation, parental divorce

Easy: party, love, friends, sex, communication, sports, travel, excursions, theater group.



We want to have a greater response from the parents and teachers* for our problems.

* understanding and greater understanding

Letter to teachers

There is a lot we want to tell you, professors, and yet you are not listening to us. You keep talking about our laziness, the fact that we don't read, the fact that we neglect our future. It's not true. Do you remember when you sat at the desks? We try, we give our best, but it is not enough. We would like to make you see things with our own eyes. Teenage life is difficult. Understand it!

Letter to parents:

We would like to tell you that, despite all the objections we bring to you, we know that you really want our good. Of course, you may sometimes forget and pressure us to do things we can't. You must understand that, as much as we want to look good in your eyes, it is difficult, let alone impossible. Because it's true, no one is perfect.

Dear parents and teachers.

It is time that we want to tell you a lot but you do not listen to us.

Professors: You are very pushy sometimes and you don't listen to us. When we know the lesson you don't lift us up and when we don't know you always lift us up. When we tell you that we have a lot of activities, don't give us too many homework lessons.

Parents: You always want your own thing to always go by, without telling us why and you don't see that you were also in our place once. Don't close the doors to our future. Don't fight in front of us because you create psychological problems for us. Don't check on us all the time.

We hope you read this letter and stick to them!

4th Walk

Friendship - influences from others

PURPOSE

- Therecognizing the values we seek in our friends and the values we have ourselves.
- Recognizing the influences that students receive.
- Exploring the ways in which someone can participate in a group/group without having to do what others do.

Starting point

Plenary

- Today we will work on friendship, what we want from our friends, how our friends influence us, which character of people predisposes us to trust something very personal, and who does not.

PLENARY

Discussion of the basic characteristics of friendship.

- "What is a friend" We listen to what the students say.. With our friends we do various things, influence each other and sometimes we pressure each other to do something we probably don't agree with.

SMALL GROUPS

- Students' discussion "what is a friend". Discuss the character traits you want your friends to have Come up with the three most important traits for you: Explain why (record).

PLENARY

- Presentation of the small groups. Composition of coordinators, connection of friendship with the company and the pressure to comply with the rules of each one who participates in it. Risks..... Let's see through scenarios of your daily experience.....

SMALL GROUPS

- Each group should create a scenario where a child is pressured by his friends to do something he does not agree with, something that may be illegal, to present it to the plenary.
- For example." Peer pressure" (skipping-shop-smoking)

PLENARY

Role-playing. Presentation of each small group of its script.

Discussion How they affect each other, how they put pressure on each other, and how they would deal with that pressure when we don't agree.

"RESISTANCE TO PEER PRESSURE"

CLOSE

- A feeling - a word.

PROCESS

In this place we met the difficult but also the easy moments of life. The thorns we encountered could be said to belong to the difficult moments, but we overcame them with stubbornness and so we continued to feel like a united team.

A friendship depends on:

- Loyalty and Dedication
- Honesty
- Understanding
- Mutual aid

What we value in a friendship

A) Honesty with all that this entails, that is, friendship through difficulties to be maintained and remain intact.

B) To accept the other with their flaws, to try in their own way to improve them and to get their positive values from their friend.

C) To support him and not to make his friend for his personal interest D) To have confidentiality

E) To try to prevent him from morally negative behaviors and actions. For example, not to force him to smoke.

Many times we find ourselves in a difficult position, where we behave badly! We do and say things we don't want under normal circumstances and most of the time we regret it. This behavior from other factors that are temporary. But we all know what true friendship is, And it is characterized by three words:

CONFIDENTIALITY - RESPECT - SUPPORT

You choose the company... I like my company because I share with them thoughts, worries, fears ...

I like it because we have shared experiences and can communicate and understand each other at a glance... You learn to cooperate and be sociable... I like everything...

In our groups it happens that we go to a TAVERN not only to eat ... Fun, trust in a few words everything is PERFECT...

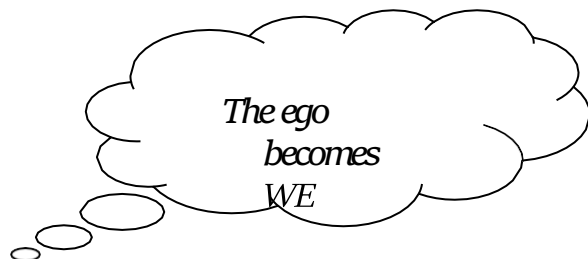
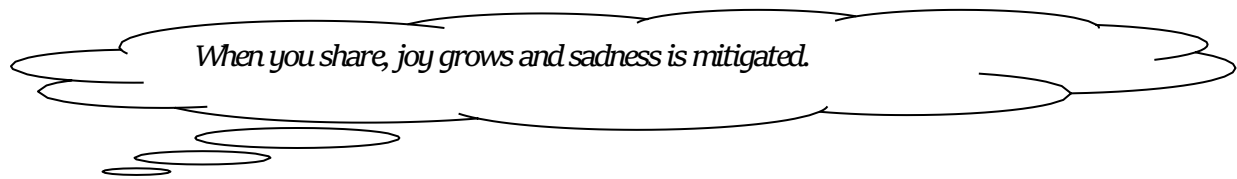
We don't like friends when there is no honesty and when there is misunderstanding... We don't like it when we are forced to do something we don't want to... We don't like lies, hypocrisy. For others to try, the

each on his own to serve his own interest and is not interested in the opinion of others.

You don't swear, you don't lie, you're not two-faced or hypocritical, you don't just look at your own interests, you're not knowledgeable, know-it-all, talkative, you're not arrogant, you don't make fun of me and you don't take advantage of me...

You have a nice smile and humor, you see life optimistically, you rejoice in my joy and you are sad with my sadness, you show me and inspire me with trust, you offer me love and patience, you listen to me when I feel the need to speak, you are true, honest, you are a correct and strong support for me, you respect me, you are spontaneous and you know how to FORGIVE!

That's why I call you FRIEND!!



Dear friend,

We feel very lucky for our friends and friends. We have a good time, we have fun, we share things, there is mutual trust and we feel safe.

But sometimes you get carried away by false things, not as essential as our friendship, and so we become estranged. Sometimes you become selfish and do not respect our wishes, so we are forced to give in. It still bothers us that the way we communicate with e-mail and mobile messages has changed and we don't see each other to talk looking into each other's eyes.

Nevertheless, our friendship is important and valuable, so let's try to keep it right and alive.



NEGATIVES

The lack of understanding in diversity and the incompatible

The lack of communication due to the fear of revealing our problems.

Dear unknown friend,

Through this letter we would like to tell you what we like, what we don't like and what we would like to change in our company.

Through our company we learn to be responsible, to cooperate, to help each other in difficult times and to try to prevent him from doing something that is not right.

On the contrary, on the other hand, we also encounter many problems. Many times friends can take advantage of you or even betray you. They can pressure you to do something that is not right and force you to walk a path full of dangers.

In our friends we would like to change all the negative things. In other words, we would like real friends. To be by our side in every difficult moment and to be trustworthy.

With a lot of
love Your
friends

LIFE PRIORITIES

A philosophy professor appeared in his class with a large cardboard box, Without speaking, he took an empty glass jar from the cardboard box and began to fill it with small stones. The students looked at him in wonder. When the jar could no longer fit, he asked:

- Is the jar full? And the disciples answered:

- Yes, it's full.

He smiled again without speaking, took a bag of small pebbles from the cardboard box and began to fill the jar, shook it a little and the pebbles rolled and filled the gaps between the stones. When the jar could no longer fit, he asked:

- Is the jar full?

And the disciples laughed and answered:

- Yes, it's full.

He smiled again without speaking, took a bag of sand from the cardboard box and began to empty it into the jar. The sand poured and filled all the gaps between the stones and pebbles. When the jar could no longer fit, he asked:

- Is the jar full?

And the disciples hesitated for a while but answered:

-Yes, it's full.

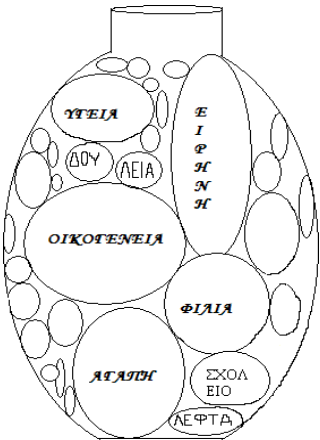
He smiled again without speaking, took a bottle of water from the cardboard box and started emptying it into the jar. The water filled all the remaining gap in the jar. When the jar could no longer fit he asked:

- Is the jar full?

And the students laughed this time and answered yes, it's full.

Now, says the professor, I want you to consider this vase to represent your life. What do stones, pebbles, sand, water represent for you?

For our group of girls we consider the big stones as an important part - family, friendship and the relationship between the two sexes after a certain age. The smaller stones for us symbolize everyday life - work, sports, adventurous moments (like today). The soil symbolizes - the journeys, the dreams. And water is the last thing - leisure, fun.



5th Walking
Meeting a hero.

Starting point
Plenary

Imagine that you are on the edge of one of the paths of Apano Meria. You decide to walk it, see where it goes. You start with a beautiful feeling. The beauty of the landscape unfolds around you. After the first rains, nature has come back to life like a second spring. Thyme, sage, fennel have begun to turn green. The grass like a green carpet now spreads everywhere. You feel the coolness of the morning touching your face. Continuing your steps on the grassy path you feel an unprecedented joy. Nature, the landscape with dry stone walls and terraces, the wild rocks, the sea that stretches on the horizon, the path that people who went to the vegetable gardens and gardens carved in the old days.

The path leads you to a plateau, an opening with a unique tree giving its shade to a man looking at the horizon. You stop... You decide to get closer.... As you get closer you feel your surprise with this strange encounter growing.... In front of you is a hero...

Imagine the hero they want to meet.

You approach him and ask: **why is he there and what is his purpose?**

He answers you. *Imagine the answer*

You ask him again: **where does he get his strength from?**

Imagine the answer.

Before you say goodbye to him, ask him to answer one last question:

What is it that scares him?

Imagine the answer.

As he leaves, the hero looks at you kindly and asks: **why are you there and what is your purpose. Why are you walking this path and what do you want to learn from it?**

PROCESS

Thoughts of a Hero.

We didn't write a fairy tale... We only recorded the conclusion of our discussion. Really, what is there in common between a student, an Ancient philosopher, who has been dead for many years, and two ideas - fantasies, embodied in supposed persons, belonging to people with different views and characters?

Perhaps the only common thread may be the hope that people continue to have dreams and goals, strive for them and are satisfied if they succeed. There are still some who do not sit idly by and spineless, prey to a society of chaos, who do not accept that it imposes on them but shape their own role models, their own heroes, even if they are far apart.

Every path leads somewhere, so it's up to me to follow it and get an Ithaca, the whole route, if you let go, is the Cyclops, the Laestrygonians. Every stone, every flower, has something to tell you, it's nice to hear it but it's more beautiful to share it with other people and listen to their own Ithaca. Everything has a story, it seduces you and you imagine that others have passed through there. For what reason? What led them? Any feeling? Maybe there they wrote a poem about their beloved...

Maybe someone breathed his last there...

I am here because I like nature.

Nature encourages me. It gives me strong doses of optimism to continue my struggle. Injustice drives me to extremes. I take strength from my homeland and fight to the end. I am full of anger and bitterness.

I am afraid of the case in which injustice will prevail.

I love my place. I like to walk for hours and get in direct contact with nature.

I believe that with this path I am learning more and more about the old people and connecting with them.

Maybe it's from the blowing of the air or from the rustling of the leaves. Everything around me is so calm that it gives me strength to continue. That even if there is air resistance, the trees can endure.

But I'm afraid that if the wind is strong and the resistance of the tree is low, then it might break. I can't understand people, sometimes they are so strong but they make so many mistakes. I am afraid of the consequences. I wanted to take a walk somewhere alone, all this can be utopia and discovering something new always fills you with feelings of curiosity, fears, but always with the confidence that the new may be better than what we already know.

Although my place is not here, I belong to another world, I have come with the intention of stealing the truth that hides the gaze of the horizon. Because the truth is hidden behind simple things that we often cannot understand. So I came here to see what this unknown landscape, the horizon, hides. My power does not come from anywhere but from my soul. This power is within me, as it is in each of us, and it is not exhausted.

I don't know if there's really something I'm afraid of or rather there is, it's tomorrow. We all know what we are experiencing, but who can accurately predict what will happen in the next moment. Everything changes. Life is a chain....

The purpose I make the route may superficially be a wandering. But in reality it is an exploration of myself, of my endurance, of my goals, of my curiosity, it is a process . . . And yet each test will give me some answers, maybe not unknown, but answers to questions of my subconscious that I just haven't realized yet

Hero: Cavafy

Hero's answer: Everything in our lives has a purpose and motivation. We are all fighting for this cause.

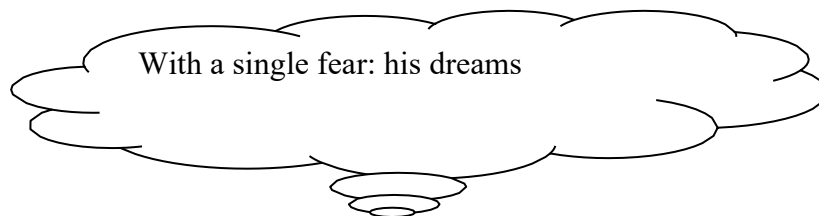
Hero's answer: Every obstacle, difficulty, sadness in life makes me stronger. Life is difficult, so fighting spirit is needed.

Hero's answer: These difficulties, the obstacles that make me stronger.

Every path is for me the path and the effort to achieve my goal. I go through it and enjoy it because for me the knowledge and experiences I gained from this effort are important and not the goal. Of course, this goal was the motivation for me to do this route.

"OF RIGHTEOUSNESS, O SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS, AND THOU GLORIFIED MYRTLE"

Manolis, a friend of mine, is the hero I meet in this heavenly place. I look him in the eye and he does the same and ask him how he got to this place and why not. He smiles at me and tells me that he is there because everything around him is calm, nice, happy and relaxing! They help him calm down, think with a clear mind and relax. His purpose is to talk to himself, to get to know himself better and to be helped. I am amazed by his fine words and the way he expresses them. I keep asking him by saying, "Where do you get all this strength from and accomplish so much?" "From my feelings, from you, from every day, from the love I receive and give, from hope...!" Finally, I ask him what it is that scares him. He tells me: the next day... The mistakes I make and don't want to make... The way I don't want to hurt... As he leaves, he looks at me with kindness and love and asks: "How about you? I look at him and say: "Nature attracted me. I came to her because she helps me, fills me, relaxes me, makes me feel rich near her, helps me to know a little more about myself, to be flooded with joy, with warm and beautiful feelings, to escape from everyday life and balance my feelings, to calmly and correctly distinguish good from evil, right from wrong... I need all this and I am chasing it. Thank you very much for all this conversation, you opened your heart and your mind to me and I did it too... I love you very much, hello!



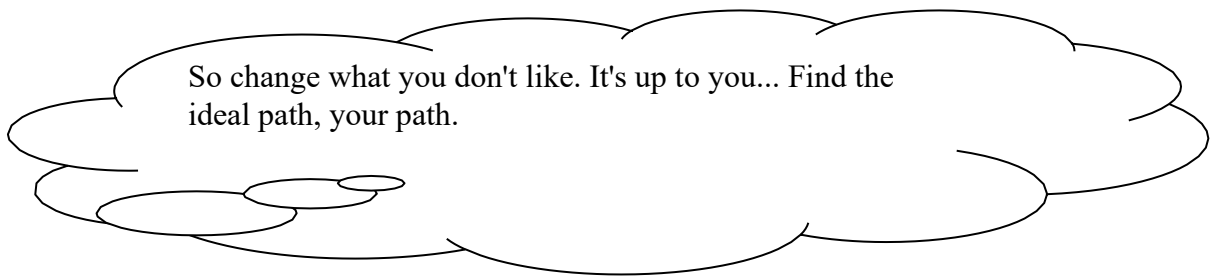
One of their goals is to get to know these beautiful paths, to relax, to get to know themselves and those around them To escape from everyday life and calm down. To stand on their own two feet and learn to balance their emotions... It all ends with a friendly HELLO...

* What are you here for? (I ask the hero)

- For the reason that you are just now in front of me, for the reason that most people today are unaware, trapped in a society with stress and problems. Who leaves the jungle to spend a few minutes under a tree by the sea, alone facing themselves alone? I assure you.

I want to walk on these paths because I want to see where they lead and what I will get to know from the experiences I will live walking in it

I wanted to take a walk somewhere alone, all this can be utopian and discovering something new always fills you with feelings
Curiosity, fears but always with the confidence that the new may be better than the one we already know.



* What is it that scares you? (I ask the hero)

- I can talk to you, I know you'll understand. So what scares me is that there may come a time when none of us will be able to control ourselves on our own. By this I mean that we are subjected to such "processing" by third parties that we reach the point where we do not understand what a quagmire we have reached and do nothing for the better. You understand, huh? Usually when we can't do something, we are comfortable with the existing situation. I, you weren't comfortable, that's why we're in here.
- But the others? What do the others do?

-When I move forward on this path I feel a calmness, a peace gives me time to think, to decide, to take courage and to turn to face all those who hurt and scare me

- Gaze! I don't know what to do! I enjoy what life gives me!
- I have dreams and my parents support me so that I don't give up! And to continue fighting for something better!
- What will become of me! I'm scared of tomorrow! And today's world, which I'm starting to realize is like a jungle! I'm afraid to become a member of this jungle too!
- It reminds me of the freedom that I escape from all the obligations and difficulties I face! I think about different things about those around me and about myself! Calm down! It reminds me of the carefreeness and irresponsibility of my childhood.

6th Walk The man who planted trees

Starting point Plenary

The trees spread their roots deep into the warm soil. Their shade sits under the trees, hosts birds and people, cuts off the sun's fury. Some mountains carry entire forests on their backs, their greenery descends to the slopes like a waterfall.

Sometimes fires come, great disasters take forests with them, people get used to cutting them down to make objects, paper and everything else, and the mountains remain bare full of stones and wild grass.

People then leave the mountains, go elsewhere to live. Everyone? Not all!!

When I was 15 years old, I had climbed the mountains, to get to know them, a little hiker starting from my grandfather's village.

I walked and walked and all I could see around me were stones and dry weeds. The landscape was bare without vegetation. A few years ago it caught fire and the forest was swallowed by fires, as my grandfather had told me.

An abandoned village showed that people once lived there. They had all left after the disaster. Except for a shepherd whom I met calmly with his sheep. He had a bag of acorns with him and every now and then, he would dig a hole and plant an acorn.

- It's been three years now that I've been planting acorns, he said. They make us 100,000 thousand to date. Of these, 20,000 thousand have sprouted Of these 20,000 thousand shoots, only 10,000 thousand will become trees Their roots will support the soil when it rains.

I was speechless at this man's insistence. We parted with a hot:

- Hi . . .
- Good road

Years have passed. Wars broke out in the world, there were rumors of wars, unemployment poverty, hardship. My life flowed through the struggle to be able to survive, to succeed in my personal life, to find a job, to be well with the people around me.

However, my thoughts often turned to that strange man on the mountain who was planting trees.

Once I decided to go back up to the mountains, where I had met the shepherd many years ago . . .

Small groups

After 30 years of the hiker I climbed the mountain again... Make the continuation of the story. What he encountered, how he found the mountain, what I thought and how he felt...

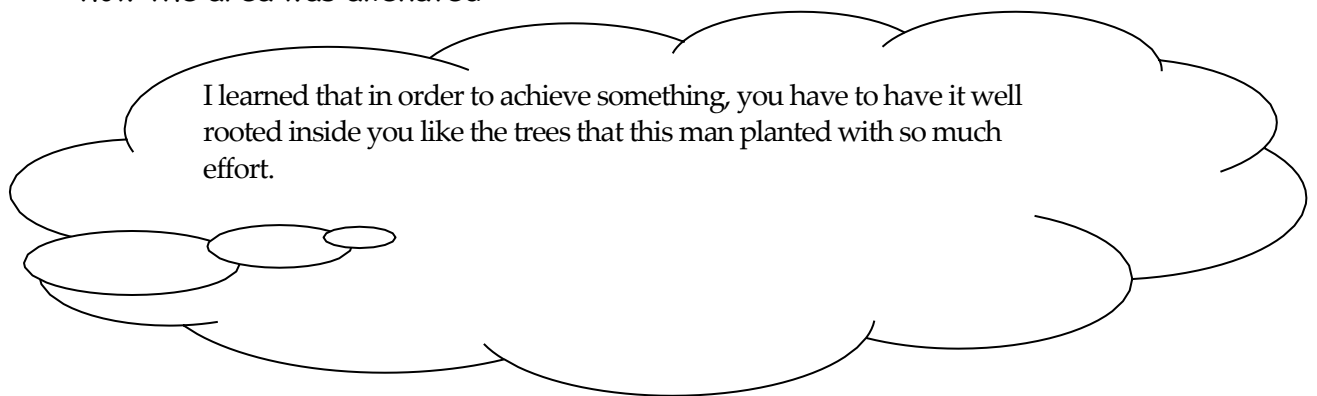
PROCESS

After 30 years, the hiker climbed the mountain again. The landscape was now completely changed. While he expected this to be a small paradise, he was confronted with a reality that was beyond his imagination.

After so many years, in addition to the trees and plants, luxurious residences had also grown.

The natural environment had been alienated. Nothing resembled what he first saw 30 years ago.

People are alienated and change This is how the area was alienated



And my journey began... The sun burned and I felt exhausted. The landscape is dry, barren full of stones... The climb was very difficult but the dream of conquering the top remained alive and gave me strength !! Often in the face of

"obstacles" I was looking for the easy solution to give me temporary happiness but I quickly abandoned these thoughts and continued on my course.

After a long time I reached the top of the mountain that I had been dreaming of for years... And yet what did I see? I desperately searched for the old man... Unfairly! I didn't find it anywhere. All I could see was a single tree in the middle. A unique tree that stood alone just to remind something of the old man's work.

I despaired a little, I expected the outcome of this personal struggle of mine to be different. I stood and waited and suddenly, a person appeared, an unknown person. I quickly realized that I was not alone. That similar to me there

were other people who in the course of their lives lost their way and are looking to find it again.

Together we decided to continue the work of the old man and to live each moment as unique, giving it value and enjoying it without artificial means and "injections"

He felt immense gratitude for this man who sacrificed his life by remaining faithful to his vision for a better life in his burned place. In the end, nothing is wasted. Love, perseverance and patience bear fruit. Some acorns eventually become large trees, with roots that move patiently through the soil, with branches that stretch out to embrace teenage dreams of shadows that give wayfarers a rest.

And some people, who follow their vision, can become an example for a life of hope, and faith and vision for a struggle that never ends.

Slowly the steps on the green uphill bring me. The past woke up. The small seeds in the warm hands of the elder and with the love of the earth germinated.

A vast forest embraced my soul. A small wayfarer from the past and today a man in whose arms all these trees do not fit as in the old man's hand the few seeds.

The strange man woke up in my memory, his wisdom and his love pulsed my soul, prophesied all this beauty.

I feel him looking at us from above and with relief and ordering us more seeds in bare landscapes to give such beauties.

Once I decided to climb the mountain again, where I had met the shepherd many years ago.

The difficulties of life, the pressure of everyday life, the pursuit of success weighed on my soul and led my steps where my thoughts had been running all these years.

"Is he still alive? What has he been doing for so many years? Still planting acorns? And what happened to what he has planted?"

Taking the road to the mountain, the changes were noticeable. The dirt road has been replaced with asphalt and cars come and go where you used to meet only donkeys. I calculated that I reached the old abandoned village because only some ruins reminded me of it. I didn't recognize it.

In the village square, next to the spring, boys and girls teased each other and laughed carefree. Out of curiosity alone, I asked about him. No one knew him. I looked around and was sure that the trees I saw were his creation. There is no way they knew him. Despite all my efforts, they couldn't remember anything about the shepherd I was looking for.

But I see these children planting acorns in the earth in the same way. I understood that the shepherd lives through their movement.....

MEETING IN CHROUSSA TEENAGERS WITH PARENTS AND TEACHERS

- The camp in Chroussa is a traditional building complex surrounded by a fenced farm of exceptional natural beauty and managed by the Philoptochos Society of Syros. Chroussa is located at a considerable distance from residential settlements and by decision of the Board of Directors it was granted to "FEREKYDIS", for as many days as we wish to use, exclusively, its premises for our activities.

Thus, since the summer of 2004, we created the institution of the cohabitation meeting of parents, teachers and students for a few days.

The 3-day coexistence of everyone in the area of the camp of Chroussa, and through the activities that had been planned, created an unprecedented rapprochement.

Experiential workshops of mixed groups brought adults and children even closer.

THE RAINBOW

Plenary

A group of small fish roam the deep waters. All of them shimmer with a golden scale offered to them by the Rainbow, the little goldfish, as a token of their friendship. One day a small fish, a stranger, approached them.

- My name is different, he tells them. I lost my family and I don't know where to go. Can I stay with you?
- No, there is no room for you, Fouthitsiaris, one of the little fish, replies dryly.

The rainbow, the goldfish, does not understand why the Different cannot stay with them. He would like to help him but he does not dare for fear of losing his new friends. So the group of small fish leaves, leaving the little one alone and sad in the middle of the ocean.

The Rainbow often thinks of the Different. He remembers when he himself had no friends. But it was the most beautiful fish in the ocean with all its golden scales. But he was also the loneliest because he did not want to share his golden scales.

- The little fish, the Different, must be sad now. One day, a terrible shark, large and dangerous, began to circle them. Suddenly it attacks them like lightning. Frightened, the little fish run to

hide in a cave. Everything, except for the Different who was somewhere nearby alone.

Small groups

Share the feelings, the thoughts that came to you through this endless story. Continue the story with the little fish that is in danger.

PROCESS

After a battle that Different gave to escape from the shark and save his life, he finally did not succeed and ate him (the shark). Rainbow and his friends who had managed to escape from the shark, began to understand what they had done and regret that they had not accepted him into their company or helped him save himself from the shark. So they learned a good lesson for next time, and understood that you have to accept others as they are....

Rainbow, seeing the Different in danger, tries to convince the group of small fish to accept him in the cave and help him. But they do not change their minds. The Rainbow decides voluntarily, risking to help the different!! He goes out and helps him. The shark is approaching. The two fish are afraid, but they discover the friendly dispositions of the shark who was also different from the other sharks and had a very difficult time finding company... They become friends...

The Rainbow then decided that it was finally necessary to speak out. From the first moment he wondered why Different couldn't join the group. Perhaps now, before the danger, he should take the initiative. A golden scale will still make the Different like the others. So they will have no reason not to accept him. But should it be like this? Time is pressing and danger is lurking. He rushes out, when the shark could not see, and gives a golden scale to the Different. Then they enter the cave together. The other fish did not understand the difference. But Different didn't feel well! He returned the golden scale to the Rainbow. The shark had gotten too close and the fish couldn't get out. They all had to stay together, with the Different between them and the shark outside.

Seeing the Rainbow, the "Different" alone and helpless against the terrible shark, he feels the need to help the Different. But he is afraid of what the other fish will say. In the end, however, he dares.

- Should we make some space for the Different to enter?

- No, no! The fearful man shouts, we don't fit...
- If we squeeze a little, we will fit! says the rainbow... The other fish hesitate.

The Rainbow talks to his friends about his view of the Different. He explains to them how the Different feels through his own experience. He tells them that even if he doesn't have anything special to offer them, it doesn't mean that they should reject him and that when they meet him they may like him and he may have something important to offer them beyond material goods.

Finally the little fish agreed and made room for Different to enter the cave. Then the Rainbow gives a golden scale to the Different as a sign of friendship. The shark continues to be outside the cave. How will they leave?

A different one suggests an idea: Each fish to take a different direction and confuse the shark. Indeed, that's what they do. The shark does not know which fish to hunt first. The little fish manage to escape it.

The little "different" fish trembled with fear. The terrible shark was threatening his life. He couldn't think of anything. His whole life passed like a film from his gaze. He wanted to live. But how the danger was great. He begged with all the strength of his fish to live, he still had so much to do. And then a light blinded him, but he did not understand this light and grew larger. He closed his eyes and wished that when life opened it would be better than before...

And the unbelievable happened after a while. The great shark, blinded by an abundant light, had disappeared. A rainbow illuminated everything. Happiness flooded it. He thought of the other fish that were in the cave. He got in too, how much he wanted to be close to the little fish, even if they didn't consider him their friend. He needed their presence.

The other fish seemed to be waiting for him. Come to us, they told him. Maybe if we were all together, you wouldn't be in danger by staying out of the cave. It is worth trying to become a company and share with them both the golden scales and the difficulties we will find in the course of life since we are small and the dangers are great.

Different, who had acquaintances with the Cartel Mafia, allied with the shark. Knowing the place well, Different led the shark to the back of the cave where there was a large entrance. The shark ate all the other fish, thanked the Different and left full. Different felt a wild joy that he took his revenge. Moral lesson? Everything here is paid!!!

Rainbow, feeling the need to help the Different, tried to get out of the cave where he was hiding with the other fish. Unfortunately, however, the passage was very narrow and in his haste, he did not notice, tore his ribs on the rocks and began to bleed. Hitting, some golden scales fell on him and some fish from his company ran to collect them, completely ignoring the rainbow.

The Different, seeing the unknown to him Rainbow, which had not helped him, rushed to help it, risking his life. Different distracted the shark, saving Rainbow's life and losing his own.

The Rainbow understood from the sacrifice of the Different the importance of real friendship and concern for fellow human beings. I ignored the rest of the fish, realizing that they were just extras in the course of his life.

The shark after its small meal left and the Rainbow proceeded, on its own, to the sea currents. A few meters below, the rainbow meets a swordfish, which creates a similar incident where he was now in the place of the different. The little fish that the swordfish was chasing were hidden in some rocks and seeing him alone, they called him to join them to escape the danger, without him being known to them and having offered them anything.

He ran and joined them and for the first time felt what true friendship means. They accepted him even though he was different.

The Rainbow, seeing the Different in danger, comes out of the cave frightened, approaches the black evil, wild and huge shark and offers him his last golden scale. The shark, seeing the rainbow approaching him, prepares to attack, opens his huge mouth with his sharp, merciless teeth and out of the corner of his eye the golden scale shines and dazzles him. Something strange happens inside him, he is surprised and remains motionless. Timidly the Rainbow approaches and offers him the rainbow scale. The blurring in the shark's eyes turns into a tear. His soul cannot get enough of his unexpected first gift, which is also a sign of acceptance. In the company of fish now are hundreds of fish with golden scale, a shark with a golden scale, a former goldfish with no golden scales and a Different who still has no golden scale but who is no longer alone.

EVALUATION

- In the evaluation of the three-day meeting at the end, everyone stated that they had a unique experience, that for the first time they felt they were really communicating with their parents, teachers, teenagers, that they wanted to continue this activity. Through the texts they wrote at the closing of the 3-day Festival, this is clearly reflected.

"We found some time, between packing the luggage and before taking the road home, to express our feelings about the meeting that took place between parents, teachers and children at the camp of Chroussa.

We chose this moment now that our emotions are still fresh, before they settle inside us, before we process and filter them.

We, the children, initially felt curiosity, optimism for the meeting. It was something unprecedented for us. It would be the first time we would talk to parents. We would exchange opinions and thoughts with them, although we did not know each other beforehand, but we had common concerns and concerns. The ones we found were not much different from the ones we left at home.

We believe that they have the same beliefs and expectations for their children, the first conversations helped to make our mark, and break the ice, which happened soon. The messages we exchanged were important and optimistic. The Generation Gap exists, but there is also a way of communicating between us. The taste that remained in the end was sweet, crystalline, full of tender feelings. In the end, we would like this meeting to be repeated often, taking various forms and ways of expression taken from our daily life such as exchanging visits, participating in excursions, etc."

"Throughout the program, each of us individually, we learned some basic principles and managed to become better listeners and learn the essential meaning of the word and the concept

"autonomy". We have managed to stand on our feet and improve relations between us. We have created a new level of communication that helps us to come closer, to realize the importance of every moment when we spend it with people we love and doing things that please us. We have learned to love ourselves and protect ourselves from what we consider dangerous to our mental health and above all to accept ourselves as we are. Also, that honesty and trust should be seen in all expressions of our lives and in our relationships. Dialogue is the

the only way to conquer, communicate and understand the other. »

- "Ending our common course, we all met together parents, children, teachers and trainers in a cohabitation in Chroussa, where we discovered the progress we have made. Sometimes we came into confrontation, sometimes we agreed, creating a constructive dialogue.

From all this emerged a common feeling of solidarity and mutual understanding. We drew conclusions about both the position and behavior of parents and children.

Finally, departing from cohabitation, we took our self-awareness in our luggage, making a self-criticism and the belief that this common path, which had so many positive results, can continue in life."

- "Joining the team for the first time, we felt curious and anxious about what would follow. Between acquaintances and strangers, it was natural for the restrained attitude to be the obstacle to our first contact. Slowly, slowly and without us realizing it, time and the atmosphere made the "I", "us" in a sweet and gentle way. The constant effort and discussion helped us unite our dreams and our sensitivities for a better world. We were enriched by ideas, exchanged experiences, filled with stubbornness, gained greater understanding and saw the world with different eyes. We want volunteer work and participation in programs that will highlight and preserve our cultural heritage and tradition (paths, cobbled streets, bridges)."

FOLKLORE ELEMENTS-MYTHS-TRADITIONS

Walking along the paths, with all this pleasant atmosphere that prevailed, which if you don't experience it you can't perceive in its entirety, no matter how good a description it gets, so walking the paths various questions came to the fore. Others were answered at the same time by someone in the group who knew, such as the name of a flower, which island we see, what bird it was.

Other questions, however, needed more investigation. We got the answer the next time after we recruited parents, grandparents or anyone else we thought knew the answer. Example of such questions: Why was Shallow so named? -Why many heathers grow there (information from a child's grandfather)

What kind of animal are the shackles that my grandfather mentioned to us in Alithini? -Ferrets (cross-information)

Why did the Gerousi mountain get this name? -Because they threw the old people from there in the old days.

The search for answers brought us in front of the Traditions of Syros, an anthology of traditions referring to our island from the collection of Nikolaos Politos (1852 -1921). We thought it right to quote the text, because we were surprised to find that many of them have remained alive in the narratives of the grown-ups.

The trigger to search for more information each time was different. When we arrived at the Velostasis lighthouse, some children found the bones of an animal. Combined with the ruins of a building that was there - probably an Italian refuge during the years of the occupation - they began to create a story about the lighthouse keeper who used to sit in that place whose bones they had just found. Two children of the group recorded the story as a fairy tale. Other children, on the same day, wondered when the lighthouse had been installed, if it really had a guard. We contacted the Navy lighthouse service and we present the results of our small research.

On the day we walked the path of Alithini - for which the text we quote below has been written and was the spark that ignited our effort to explore our island and not only - Mr. Sotiris Bousias, architect, engineer of the municipality of Ano Syros, was invited to guide us to a renovated windmill located in the area. Mr. Bousias' speech was the occasion for more bibliographic research. which is also cited.

Agia Pakou - Armeos Trail. The wider area was the most important, along with that of today's Ermoupolis, the archaic and classical center of ancient Syros. Of course we were looking for information.

Path Kampos - Leia. At the beginning of the path, a large cave, which serves as a corral, aroused our interest. In our bibliographic searches, we found in the book GREEK TRADITIONAL ARCHITECTURE "SYROS", publishing house "MELISSA", by the architect Anastasios Kartas, that this cave was formerly used as a cheese factory. We quote the relevant text as well as some excerpts from the same book that refer to the architecture of Apano Meria as well as a relevant vocabulary that tends to disappear.

A friend who learned that we walk the paths of Syros sent us a poem that she found and imagined expresses us. We thank her and quote it as an epilogue to this book.

Perhaps at this point we should submit our proposals - appeals to every competent person.

1. The municipality of Ano Syros has repaired and renovated a windmill in order to be open to the public. The renovation has been finished since 2002. It's a shame that it remains closed. We hope that it will soon fulfill its purpose.
2. On our last excursion we did not walk any path. We visited the warehouse of Mr. Kostas Freris, located next to his greenhouses, on the Ice. We went because a student informed us that Mr. Freris has made the model of a wellspring and that it would be worth visiting. Indeed, we went and found that in this warehouse there is also a multitude of old tools used in rural life, which Mr. Freris has preserved with passion, but due to lack of space they are stacked on top of each other. Should all this treasure be housed in a better building in the area in order to create a rural museum?

ΣΥΡΙΑΝΕΣ ΠΑΡΑΔΟΣΕΙΣ

THE SENATE. In the meridian part of Syros is Mount *Gerousi*, which means the mountain of the elderly. This was called that, because in the old days people lived for many years, and whoever got very old, was taken there and thrown away.

THE TWO STONES. Outside the two churches of Ano Syros there are two millstones of olive mills. These were thrown away by the ancients when they played stone.

THE EVIL WREATHS. A small mountain in Syros is called *Kakia Stefana*, because it is full of thorns the same as those that the Jews weaved the crown of thorns of Christ

THE DRAGON. In the rhizovounia of Voria, on the west coast of Syros, opposite the village of *Galissas*, there is a very deep cave called *Drakolakkos*. In it there was once a dragon, and sometimes it lived in the cave, sometimes it went down to a place called *Katafya*, and rested on the estate of *Leonardos* of *Damoflis*. When the dragon was in *Katafya*, no one dared to pass through the road that was nearby. But one day, it was Friday, someone took a good look at this place and noticed say the beast was missing, and sent his son with the *gomari* to bring wood to his house in Ano Syros, so that the oven could be burned so that the woman could bake bread. The child, then unhappy, went and did what his father told him, but where he was passing through *Katafya*, at that moment the dragon was also coming down from his cave, and rushed at him and ate him and the animal returned empty to Ano Syros. The father suspected what had happened and immediately ran to that place, saw blood and realized the calamity that befell him. Then he gathered many of his friends and they all waited together for the dragon and when he returned to his cave, they fell on him and finished him off with axes. The father went ahead of the others to get his child's blood, but there was a stench around his corpse. So, because of the stench no one could pass through there for a long time.

ARAPIS. On the island of Lanado, opposite Syros, a can be seen throwing stones at all the ships that pass by nearby at midnight.

PLUMBO AND MALAMO. For many years, in a village, all the villagers had made their Christmas bread since the eve of Christmas, except for a widowed woman, who was poor and managed to buy wheat on the eve of Christmas. So she loaded it on her donkey and sent it with her daughter Plumbo to the mill. When Plumbo arrived at the mill, she called uncle Thanasis the miller to help her carry the donkey. he shouted but nothing. So she went into the mill, after she had tied her donkey to a tree and what could she see? Twelve wild men, half people, half donkeys, tall to the ceiling, tied up the miller and beating him. As he saw them, the girl fell down unconscious. The fool didn't know how to say "Holy God" and "Lord weapon against the devil" three times to leave like lightning in front of her. But as soon as they saw such a beautiful girl, they ran arguing who would take her. But the poor woman, after getting up, asked for help from the miller, but they had him tied up.

Later all the savages ran and brought her gold dresses, coins and as soon as they prepared her as befits a bride they told her to ask for whatever she wants and they will bring it to her immediately. But all she asked was to go home. After dancing well, they put her on her donkey along with the grinding, they started to go to the wild mountains, to their lairs. These were the lykokantzaroi. On the road they were going, they started arguing about who would take her first. Plumbo then found an opportunity and hid behind a holly tree. As he saw that things were getting wild, he started running in the opposite direction. So when she arrives at her house, half dead, she shouts to her mother: "Open my mother, open it, with two torches in your hand!

He told her to bring torches because the werewolves were very afraid of fire. So her mother ran with the torches and opening the door she saw Plumbo dressed in gold. They then took out the coins and after peeing on them so that they would not become coals, they put crosses behind their door so that the lykokantzaroi would not enter through the fireplace at night. They, however, argued about who would take it. When they reached Miglaina's garden, they stopped to take her down. They looked from here, they looked from there, but they couldn't find Ploumpo and they shouted: Ploumpo here, Plubo there, Ploumpo in the sack.

To see if it was hidden in the sack, they emptied all the grind down.

Soon Ploubo's mother asked her neighbor for the scoop to put the coins in the trunk. As soon as the neighbor heard what had happened, she sent her daughter to the mill in case they could collect coins too. So load the donkey

and went up to the mill. When he arrived at the mill, the wolf-cankers ran to get their beam out. First, first they asked her what she wanted to give them away. She asked them for the sky with the stars, the sea with the ships and the earth with the flowers. When the werewolves realized what she was asking of them, they stripped her, killed her donkey and put on its skin and hung its guts around her neck instead of coins. When she went home, her mother washed her for days.

THE BLACK-SLEEVED KNIFE. He went to Chroussa with a friend and there in one place they stopped a little and separated. As soon as they separated, fairies went, put him in the middle and talked to him. He did not understand what they were saying to him, but he had heard that if you put a black-sleeved knife in the ground, the fairies would be scared and leave. The good thing was that he had such a knife, he stuck it in and the fairies left.

THE MIDWIFE AND THE FAIRIES. One day the midwife heard a loud knock on her door. She got up to open it and saw a tall and wild man, who said to her in a thick voice: "Come quickly, Mrs. midwife, to give birth to my wife who was in pain." The midwife, frightened, asked him who he was and where he lived because his face was unknown to her. "Don't care," he told her, "who I am and where I live, just act quickly." The poor midwife could not refuse, because she felt sorry for him, so she got up and went after him. As soon as they came out of the workshops, she asked him where he was taking her to the wilderness. But he told her to continue walking without speaking.

After walking for some time in the wilderness, they stood in front of a house that shone like the sun. Does the midwife come in and what can she see? A beautiful girl, with green eyes, golden hair, white as snow, a fairy! The midwife was bewildered and when she wanted to look at her, her eyes were dazzled. She had never seen such beauty before! But what made her even more bewildered were the silk curtains

, the silk sheets and pillows that were like those of a neighbor who wanted to have a big celebration on Sunday! When he looked at them again, he saw that even the brand was the same. When she gave birth, the midwife put her hands in the blood of the pregnant woman and marked the sheets with a cross. When the fairy saw her, she asked her, "Are you doing this to see if the sheets are your neighbor's? So yes, it's hers

, because we fairies take silks from you and whatever else we like when it comes to giving birth, for decoration without you realizing it. But you will wonder that you don't understand us. We, so you know, we are born butterflies, we enter your houses through the keyhole and we take from your chests whatever we want. That's why your chests creak. And when you see them dirty, you don't

They are stains from the chest, as you say, but we do them and you stupid people don't understand it!"

The more the midwife listened to the fairy, the more she trembled with fear. Suddenly he sees many butterflies entering through the keyhole and through the cracks in the window, transforming into fairies and wishing all the best to the woman who has recently given birth! In a little while they began to sing and dance so beautifully that the midwife sat for some time and looked. As they sang and danced, they gave many coins to the midwife for her labor and put her in the dance. Suddenly they heard the rooster croaking once and realized that it was white. So they continued their dance. The rooster cried again, but the fairies didn't pay attention. But when the rooster cried for the third time, the fairies realized that it was black. So they became butterflies again and left scared.

When the midwife arrived at her house terrified, her first job was to urinate the coins, so that they would not turn into coals, and to put crosses and chaimalia behind her door, so that the fairies would not enter again. The next day, she went to her neighbor's house, they opened the chest and saw the cross on the sheet that the midwife had marked!

ΟΙ ΑΝΕΜΟΜΥΛΟΙ

Introduction:

Wind is a renewable energy source that can be used to generate electricity. Humans have been discovering wind energy for thousands of years. Windmills once gave motion to the huge millstones, which ground the wheat into flour. Since ancient times, people have been cultivating cereal products (wheat, barley, corn, rye). These products were the raw material for their diet. Wheat in particular was the basic material of many preparations. However, wheat first had to undergo a special treatment, such as the grinding from which flour was made. To achieve this, man used the technical means he had discovered in the time he lived.

First he used the stone mills that were in use even at the beginning of the 20th century. Then he used the watermills and windmills, taking advantage of the power of water and air.

First appearance:

To date, no systematic research has been carried out and so it remains unknown when and where the windmill first appeared in Greece, as well as how and from where it came. As is the case in the rest of Greece, in the Cyclades we lack information about the first appearance of the windmill. In fact, if we believe most researchers that it is possible that the windmill appeared in Greece starting from Rhodes, about 150 years ago, then it would certainly not be long before it reached the Cyclades, since they had close communication with the Dodecanese.

In the Cyclades there were all the necessary conditions for the development of the windmill: lack of water, great air power with an average of more than 310 days a year of suitable wind, as well as little rainfall and moisture that destroyed the sails and the wooden internal parts of the mechanism. Finally, the existence of the most necessary material, i.e. millstone and in fact in excellent quality, was decisive.

Below we list the oldest testimonies about the existence of windmills on each island in chronological order as they emerged from research.

Windmills existed on the hills near the Monastery of Agios Georgios until the beginning of the 15th century in Naxos, where they were destroyed by the Turks. There were also in Mykonos, Tinos, Ios and **Syros**, where in a raid made by the captain Ali Tselepi on October 15, 1617, he burned the windmills. In addition, the Venetian engineer Monnani in 1629 shows four in Agia Paraskevi and three on the heights of the port. in Sifnos, Paros and Kimolos.

Statistics:

During the research carried out, even traces of those windmills that are still preserved on the islands of the Cyclades were recorded, regardless of the condition they are in today. An attempt was also made to gather data on windmills that no sign of their existence anymore testifies to their existence, from descriptions or drawings of travelers, from archives, from old images and photographs, from studies by other researchers and from oral information of elderly islanders. From these researches, it appears that today in the Cyclades the traces of at least 476 grinding windmills are preserved, while there is information about the existence of at least another 168 in the past, i.e. we have positive data for 644 along with the tanneries' windmills.

It is noteworthy that in some small and poor ones there are a large number of windmills, while in others larger and richer the opposite is the case. This is due to several reasons: It is known that from the Byzantine era to the present century, there were many and significant fluctuations in the population in several areas. Some were completely deserted, even entire islands, while others increased their population temporarily or steadily. In the second place, in addition to the inhabitants, the large and small livestock farmed, the farmhouses and the amount of grain production contributed to the development and maintenance of the windmills. The movement of ships also affected.

Decline:

With the dawn of the 20th century, the last phase of the windmill's life in the Cyclades begins. The work continues profitably, but everything indicates that this will not last long. The First World War caused a change in the life habits of the islanders. The boats that transported the goods were carrying more and more flour from Piraeus or other places. Bakeries that prepared bread for many were built in many and the homemade ones became fewer. The state and beer companies demanded large quantities of barley at a good price, and producers preferred these buyers to locals because they were paid immediately. So the work in the

windmills were steadily decreasing and the millers were busy with other jobs, now having the windmill as a sideline. Those windmills that were located far from the villages were abandoned by the Rothschilds during the interwar period and thus the first ruins of the decline appeared.

A glimmer of intense activity was observed during the Second World War, when the islands increased crops as much as possible, mainly in cereals, giving work to the windmills which were renovated on this occasion. But the way of working changed because they came under the control of the conqueror who sealed their mechanism with tape and sealing wax. Each producer who had to grind fruit had to declare the quantity to the authorities in order to be given a note to the miller so that the withholding could be made. The work was done under the control of an Italian soldier.

Decline on the islands:

After the liberation on the large or rich islands, the windmills were almost all abandoned immediately due to the development of trade and the use of machines. In particular , **industrialization had already progressed in Syros before the First World War, displacing the windmills: (certainly before 1896 when a census of the windmills was carried out and in Syros almost no one was operating anymore).**

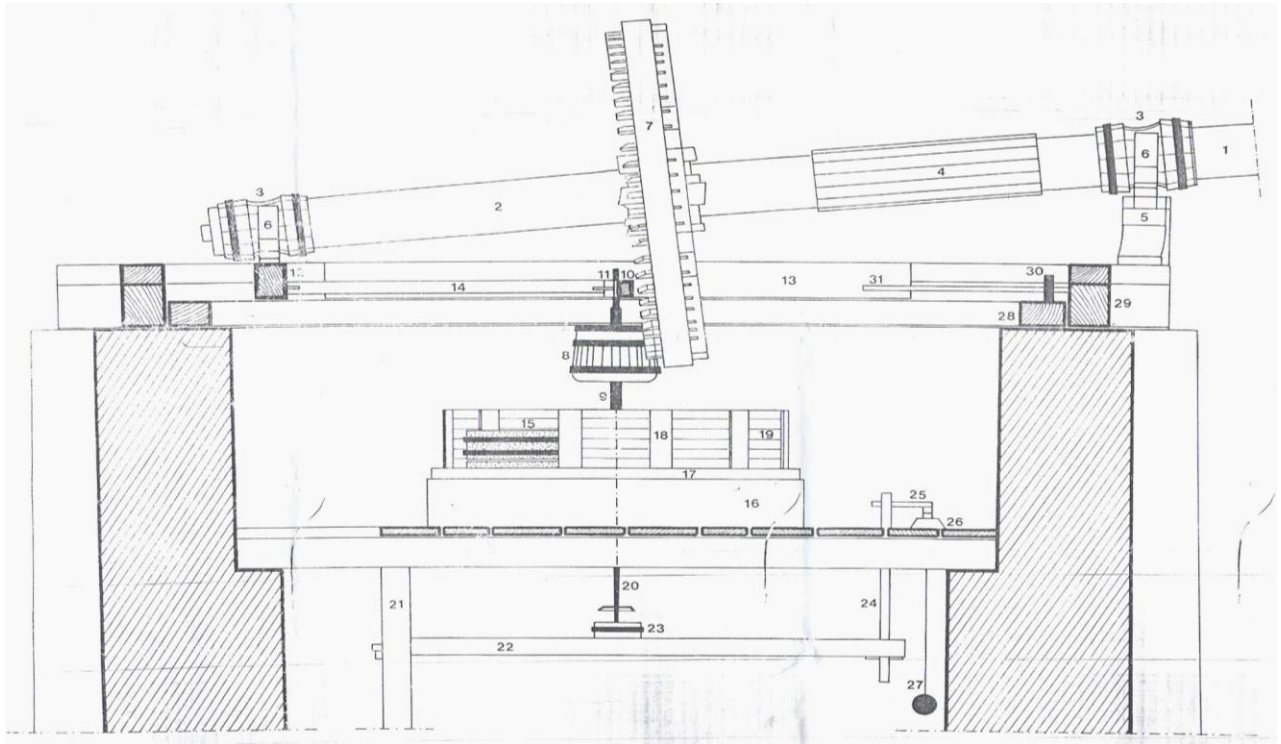
On the contrary, on the small and isolated islands, the mills worked until the 60s. In 1960 the National Meteorological Service sent a letter as a first step in the exploitation of wind energy. The answers showed that: in the area of 45 stations there were no traces of windmills, in 15 there were demolished ones that used to grind and 10 stations reported windmills in operation, among others that had been abandoned. Finally, a large number of pumping windmills were reported in some areas (Crete, Rhodes).

Thus we entered the period of definitive abandonment and collapse, normal or violent, for the utilization of space and materials. In a few cases the towers, whole or basement, were used for warehouses, stables, paddocks or dovecotes.

In recent years, in all the islands of the Cyclades, less than 10 windmills continued to serve only their original destination (Folegandros, Sikinos, Donoussa) or worked seasonally for livestock (Tinos, Naxos) or for tourist reasons (Mykonos, etc.).

Construction and Operation:

They were made of stone and a type of sand. They are round and their roof is reddish. There used to be 12 windmills but of them today 8 are preserved and in one more there is only the base. What impressed us is that the roof turned depending on where the wind blew, so that the windmill could work with all the winds. Internally, the mills have two floors. Through the door of the mill we enter the place where the sacks of wheat and barley were left. These two spaces (upper and lower) communicated with a small (narrow) staircase, which was built in this way, because they did not have space to make it larger. The millstones (two round stones) are located in the upper area (under the roof) and there they were ground. The millstones were brought from Santorini.



396. Τομή στο πάνω τμήμα ανεμόμυλου με τα κυριότερα τμήματα και εξαρτήματα λειτουργίας των μηχανισμών του και τις μεταξύ τους συνδέσεις:

Κινητικός μηχανισμός: 1. εξωτερικό τμήμα αξονιού προς τη φτερωτή, 2. εσωτερικό τμήμα αξονιού, 3. βιολωσιά, 4. πέτασμα για καλύτερο σφίξιμο του υοκαρόσχοιου, 5. μαξιλάρια κτλ., 6. μπρατσόλια μαξιλαριού, 7. ρόδα, 8. ανέμη, 9. βασιλικό σίδερο, 10. ζυγός, 11. κλάπα, 12. αντίξονο, 13. μπρατσόλια ζυγού, 14. σκούντουρο.

Αλεστικός μηχανισμός: 15. μυλόπετρες, 16. μολωσιά, 17. καδέρνα, 18. κλειδιά, 19. φάρκες, 20. λιμπουνάρι με το χωνί του, 21 στάντης, 22. τράπεζα, 23. κατωμούχλι, 24. ανεβάτης, 25. τιμόνι, 26. τάκος, 27. σχοινάκι με βαρίδι. Μηχανισμός προσανατολισμού φτερωτής: 28. δαχτυλίδι, 29. πανάρικα, 30. πάλος, 31 μανέλα

The upper millstone was called panaria and the lower kataria. They were located in the center of the upper floor in a horizontal position.

The panaria revolved on the motionless curse. In the center it had a hole, the goula, into which the fruit fell to be ground. Their adjustment was done with the second auxiliary system, which consisted of two groups of components. One was under the floor of the upper floor and was called the tables and the second in the upper floor and was called the steering wheel.

The flour manufacturing process:

From the silo, the wheat is transferred to special sieves, the trioria, where it is cleaned. The broken pieces and various rubbish are cleaned and the pure wheat remains, suitable for making flour. Then it is washed with water to clean it of dust and dirt and immediately afterwards it is dried with strong air in the dryers. After drying, it is driven to the roller mills. It is there that the flour is crushed and made. A part of the wheat, the husks, turns into bran. This becomes food for the animals. The flour is driven through sacks which are sewn and transported out of the mill, ready to be sold on the market.

The roller mill grinds 1500 kg of flour within an hour. From 100 kg of wheat, 70 kg of pipes of flour and 30 kg of bran are produced. To do a first and basic cleaning. Then it is transferred to the "trioria".

The Miller:

In each mill there was only one person working: the owner. He was called a miller. He would lift the sacks of wheat or barley one by one from the steps to the top of the mill, to grind them and make flour. When it was not windy, the mills could not work. But on those days when there was a strong wind, they worked long hours, even at night. Of course, when they did not have wheat or barley to grind, then they tied the cloths, so that they would not turn and break. The miller was not paid with money, but with flour, depending on the quantity he milled. He, in turn, sold it to those inhabitants who did not grow wheat or barley, that is, they did not have their own flour.

The Householder:

The householder was the owner of the windmill. The exploitation of the windmill by the householder was done by parcelling to a professional miller. He often speculated at the expense of the miller, because above the householder there was only the administration, which he easily got on his side even by buying it out. Surpassing the law and local customs, he asked him for a larger package,

He was burdening him with all the damages and taxes, even having other unreasonable demands. However, because the damage sometimes came from the indifference or carelessness of the miller, the landlords added special conditions and clauses to make the tenants more careful. The fame of the wealth of the householders was known to the pirates, who during the raids sought to capture them, in order to get the corresponding rich ransom from their families.

The miller:

The craftsmen who maintained workshops in the villages and villages formed a social stratum that was between the notables and the people. Most of them were illiterate, but due to the frequent contacts with the notables they developed educationally and thanks to what they inherited from professional tradition, they were counted as keys to the small island society. People loved and respected them, because they served them and fit the mentality. Also, these notables took them into account since they often fell into their need.

One of the most difficult branches of carpentry was that of the miller and not only because of the difficulties presented by the work itself, but also because it required wider technical knowledge, since in the construction of a new windmill he also worked as an architect. Although the miller managed to repair minor damage or damage to some parts while the windmill was in operation, the miller was always necessary for the most serious damages.

Ο ΓΑΛΗΣΣΑΣ ΣΤΗΝ ΑΡΧΑΙΑ ΣΥΡΟ

In archaic Syra there were probably two cities: the first in Hermoupolis - in the area where the Church of the Dormition of the Virgin Mary is located today - and the other in **Galissas**, in the current area of Agia Pakoi. These cities were preserved during the Classical and Hellenistic periods.

In the area of Galissas, the hills of Agia Pakos and Vounaki were occupied by the beginning of the eighth century at the latest. The pottery found here is reminiscent of the pottery of Paros and Sifnos. As can be seen from the findings of the tombs, towards the end of the eighth century BC, pottery was also imported from Corinth.

During the seventh century, for example, there is a fall of the city, which was regained in the sixth century. The hill of Agia Pakou was fortified and inhabited at the earliest in the sixth century.

At the top of the hill there is the wall of the base of the Sanctuary of the Deity under the name "**epikoos**" which later gave its place to the church that honors an unknown Saint. In Galissas we find the characteristic settlements of the end of the "dark" times with two ports, A good spring and a necropolis.

In the sixth century there is a mention of a Pryenean Syrian with the other name Galissios who is among the debtors of the Sanctuary of Apollo in Delos. This tells us that the state of Galissas, which was probably called **Galissos**, had independent local institutions and was a municipality of Syros at least.

Archaeological research has shown that the period of Athenian occupation in Syros offered prosperity to the island. In fact, Athens retained the special character of Galissas, where Attic Ceramics with black varnish is not missing.

Around Galissas we can assume that there was a sanctuary dedicated to the Kaviri since traces were found on the rocks that could testify to a place of worship in the area with the toponym **Kaviri** which reminds of the deities.

At the end of the Hellenistic period, our findings show that the second city of Syros was abandoned. Greek pottery is rare in Galissas, where there was only one installation on the Vounaki hill, unless the few finds found belong to a sanctuary of this settlement.

The abandonment of the second city of Syros may be due to random events in relation to the upheavals of the time.

In general, however, the Count of Galissas could no longer offer the comforts provided by a real city and what its inhabitants expected from urban life (spectacles, gyms, baths)

So Galissas now seemed like an anachronistic town and gradually with the end of the Hellenistic period it was abandoned.

LIGHTHOUSE VELOSTASI

The Velostasis Lighthouse was installed and began operating for the first time in 1956. Its position at the southern end of the island of Syros was at a position $\varphi=37^{\circ} 21.8'$ and $\lambda=24^{\circ} 52.7'$ and its light reached six (6) nautical miles.

It operated automatically with acetylene gas, i.e. there were acetylene bottles that fed the lighting machine, which turned off during the day with the help of a valve that operated with the sun (sunflower valve) and turned on only during the night. The acetylene cylinders had gas to keep the lighthouse running for a year. During its annual maintenance with the lighthouse, a crew of the Lighthouse Ship, replaced them.

The Lighthouse operated on acetylene gas until 1993 when, as part of the modernization of the Lighthouse Network, the acetylene cylinders were replaced with photovoltaic batteries which are powered by solar energy from solar cells.

From then until today, the lighthouse operates with solar energy in the same place where it first operated in 1956, emits three (3) flashes every 12 seconds and its luminosity is 6 n. Miles.

Source: NAVY, LIGHTHOUSE SERVICE PALATAKI

PIRAEUS (185 10)

Ο ΦΑΡΟΦΥΛΑΚΑΣ

Once upon a time there was an old lighthouse keeper whose name was Mastro-Giannis. Mastro-Giannis had a wife and two children. Mastro-Giannis had been appointed lighthouse keeper in a lighthouse, on an island in the strait of Andros and Tinos

. In this alley he made a good day once a month. Mastro-Giannis went to the island whenever he could, but many times, he did not go because the bad weather would not let him. But when he went to the island, it could take weeks to return to his home and his family. When Mastro-Giannis was not on the island and in the lighthouse, he lived in a large and beautiful house in Andros, with his family. His children were upset that they almost never saw him, and they were afraid that they might lose him, because every time he risked his life to come back. Mastro-Giannis had a dog on the island so that he would not feel alone and to keep him company. He had named the dog Jack. Mastro-Giannis and Jack had become best friends. One day when the weather was not so good, Mastro-Giannis went to leave the island with his boat because he had missed his family and wanted to go and see them. But at one point he realized that his dog Jack had also dived into the water. Mastro-Giannis could not leave him helpless like this, so he dived into the wild waters and went to save him!!!!!!!

END

Supplication from a path

ARTICLE FROM THE NEWSPAPER PUBLIC OPINION

This beautiful cobbled path from Alithini to Ano Syros, which for years and times has been climbed up and down by people and people, does anyone really hurt it, does anyone care?

Every time another house is built next to it, in Alithini, the path becomes a road, it is lost step by step, it is erased without leaving behind a single trace.

A path that organically connects a small village with the port of Syros and offers the joy not only of a wonderful walk, but also of a functional route, should be the object of care of all of us.

And yet things show that the bulldozer rules the path without anyone seeming to be swooping.

But we hurt the path.

We would like to join our voice with those who have the same feelings and ask those interested to find a way to save the footprints of our fathers where it is necessary, because in a short time, everything will be completely erased from the face of the earth, and it will be our pity.

And the other path from Kini to Episkopio, does anyone hurt?

And the other path... And the other and the other, who will take care of them?

Let us unite our voices, those of us who are in pain on the paths, there will always be someone to listen to us.

Tina Feidi-Maskel

Taina Hietali Angeliki

Psilopoulou

We are made to love.

"Let us reconcile".

A small rural fire under the autumn sky, all human warmth.

You want to cut a rod, turn it into a stick, go. To go to the

streets of the world,

with bare feet,

with the chest open to the winds.

You want to cut a branch, turn it into a wreath.

Take ten grains of corn,

open your hand,

Invite the pigeon.

To converse with his round eye, to

converse with the water,

in the stream.

Night comes, brings a pile of branches.

Between the branches the stars sleep.

The Emerging One comes out to take the

haystack, to light a fire,

to warm her hands.

A stork descends into the field pensive. We are made

to love.

The cart is creaking in public.

The last apple is sleepy in the big basket.

There is also a golden quince.

The Virgin Mary the big-eyed, the baby holder, comes to stir up the fire,
to hang her smile on the long-standing beam.

Her fingers smell of blossom water.

Then a dog barks.

He barks at the wayfarer.

He wants to exist, he

barks. The night is

getting deeper and

deeper. What sweets

that deepen,

with the cart in public,

with the golden quince in the

basket, with the barking dog,

to exist!

I. M. Panagiotopoulos.

ONCE UPON A TIME ...

"Below the village of Kampos in Ano Meria there is a fairly spacious and old cave which was used as a cheese factory for the livestock farmers of the area. The "smoky" of the dome and its walls are due to 'the fires that were opened so that the shepherds would turn blue', as the elderly uncle Frantzeskos Palaiologos or Mali explained to the author. The cave was also used for a makeshift corral of 'lianon' - sheep and goats, when the appearance of the pirate enemy from the sea was sudden and it was not possible to lead the animals to their safest permanent shelters. For this reason, the shepherds who were permanent guards and escorts of the 'lianoi' at that time, had erected a wall at the entrance of the cave in the shape of a monastery (half phase of a meander, so that the entrance would not be discernible and the cave would disappear. Part of the above wall existed at the time the author visited the cave - several years before the last war" (Mich. P. Stefanou, "Folklore", *Cycladic Calendar*, 1965). This is still there today.

The visitor is impressed by the absence of another structured and cohesive settlement outside Ano Syros. Of course, there are now newer settlements organized around the road (the "asphalt") or the beach. In general, the countryside is built sporadically. The agricultural and livestock buildings of the people of Syros can be found in the inland of the island, taken at the bottom of the valleys, mainly at the foot of the mountains and hills, next to the crops and vegetables, away from the sea.

As it is known, before the revolution of 1821 there was no other village on the whole island except Ano Syros (which was also called Kastro) and it provided security to the people of Syros. The whole island was subdivided into smaller parts of land from which those that were sown were called "epery" and the barren ones were sown alternately (so they changed their name). Uncultivated and walled, they are still called *hard*. These lands, most of them mountainous, were given as a *fence* to families of cattle-breeders to graze sheep (who after the harvest and harvest grazed everywhere).

In the *mantrokathisma* there was the *mitato*, the main livestock building of the people of Syria, made of dry rugged (rubble masonry), in a curved shape. The breeders took advantage of the natural protection offered by the various soil irregularities, which is why we find *mitata* built under rocks, next to or on them, erected upright, and where the sheep gather and milk, are stalked and unfurled on summer days. when the heat wave is excessive. Inside the paddock there is also the *rifokelli*, an area in which they remain all

During pregnancy, the goats are separated from the rest of the flock and lean into the hard ones until they give birth. There were also on the island *voudomandras* and *buklomandras*, i.e. mandras for oxen and heifers and *cheese making*.

Themonia is a set of rural areas and consists of the main *themonia*, the *hut* and the *blockade*.

Every Syrian had a *themony* in his field, where he placed his agricultural tools and there he took refuge to rest in the very hot summer hours or to protect himself from possible rain.

After the revolution of 1821, when the fear of pirates and robbery raids disappeared, the undisturbed exodus of the people of Syros to the countryside and the creation of the actual rural houses began. Because it was a labor and a waste of time to return every night as in the old days to the Castle, the first years began to stay the whole week in *Themonia*. *Themonia* then became a summer residence. Little by little, and because *Themonia* was not sufficient for the whole family (who, helping in the fields, began to live together and move seasonally from the countryside to Chora), they built the house next to *it*, in their field, in order to be closer to their estates. Those who lived in the countryside became so numerous that the creation of parishes gradually began and a more permanent settlement took place in the countryside.

GLOSSARY

Spruce and Spruce: *Juniperus phoenicea* L.

Agoudouras: the superikon, *Hypericum crispum* L.

Alonothemono: threshing floor that belongs to all the rural areas of Themonia

Apalohortarida: freshly cut greens (old), phrygana (later).

Block: A precinct that encloses the area between Themonia and Kalyvi in a circle.

milking: a water vessel, made of a pumpkin of the genus *Flasca*, Sikyas of the *laginophoros*

Asiras: a slab-shaped stone placed upright.

Scythe: Weasel

vouva or gouva: hollow

Glavani : Hatch

Weather: Sowing Field

Embati: Entrance to the **blockade**

Themonia: A rural building that stored straw and crops.

Hatch: recessed in the wall, closed on the outside. In the lockers they placed various agricultural and pastoral tools.

Luxhetra: the bukentra, a long rod with which the working oxen ride

Paddock: a space and enclosure that encloses the livestock buildings and where the sheep are gathered and milked. Also **budomandra** and **buklomandra** (from *bucula*, heifer) paddocks i.e. for oxen and heifers

Mantrokathisma: a regime according to which the sheep of the landowners grazed in fields or areas that were sown or not. The recommendation

In the past, there was a fence between the owner of the fields and the owner of the animals.

Interbeam: A wooden horizontal beam of large cross-section that supports the pulls of the openings on both sides in large openings.

Mitato: A livestock building

Bar : Sirtis

A small balcony door, which does not open to a balcony, with a wooden or iron railing at the bottom.

Xerotrochalo: dry stone masonry

Palos: Palouki

Pastra: field that cannot be sown

piazza : central point of the city

Rifokeli: A place where the goats stay all day so that they do not follow the goats to graze

saddle: the low parapet of the roof, mainly gabled

: Muzzles for working cattle

Skleres: stony parts of the mountain, uncultivated and walled

Skalouni: stone slab planted on the wall

spatoto: a "porcelain" roof (which from the many blows with the kopana looks like a thousand times struck with the sabre)

Stamata: Entrances of the hut, without doors for the oxen to enter and exit in the courtyard of Themonia

steadi: a shed covered with branches and with slabs on it

Twisting: Taps

Tool: The plow

Tourla: A hole in the roof of **Themonia** from where straw and crops are imported,
it is also called Ambara

Pull: wooden, horizontal beam bearing roof

Hydraios: The inner corner of **Themonia**





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