

Hello, Selini.

You can send me anything and express whatever you like. I'll always do my best. I am replying to your letter in Greek, as you asked. I hope you can get my letter translated.

Yes, I remember you mentioning that we speak different languages. This is impossible to forget. How does it feel and what does it mean for you to speak your native tongue, and for me, to speak your native tongue - which I don't speak all that well.

If we agree that language is a tool for communication and expression, it follows that the tool you are using is better than mine. Conversely, the same would be true if we spoke in Greek. However, let's not forget that language is not the only tool we have. There are various ways to communicate and express ourselves.

Yes, I remember the scene in our home-video where you are asking me for water in the kitchen. I think you were about three years old then.

It is as you describe it. I feel the same.

Granted, it's different here and I had to adjust. I could not speak the language. I felt like I was nobody. Back home in Athens, I had my friends' respect and my opinion mattered. We had our band, we played music at different venues, we went to demonstrations, to the cinema, and to the theater. We knew where we stood.

I don't think I could have taken any of that along with me. I realized I had to change some parts of me and I have no regrets. I was nostalgic at first. But I found some qualities here that I never had. A system that respects its citizens and with more help available. A family was created in which people truly care for one other. A family that I had been missing.

It's been hard and it is hard but nowadays not that much. I never really got used to the Danish language and I probably never will. To me, Danish feels like a first aid kit containing words. I open it and use whatever is available. It wasn't easy at all to learn. I often need to substitute what I *want* to say with what I *can* say. Some people understand.

The more you master the language, the better you feel, the better you integrate as you start to realize that your new fellow citizens are not particularly different after all. Nevertheless, you are still a foreigner. You can't change your accent or the way you look. When you are recognized as a foreigner, you are kept as being one. For some of us, this is a permanent problem.

It would be tragic, though, if I had no clue at all. Unable to understand where you are, what's going on, who is who, or what the issues are in the place you live. I am grateful for the things I understand as it helps me become a cell in my community and this is very important to me.

We will continue and I keep on trying.

4-10-2019

Your father