

2973 Yennayer, Happy New Year!

"These colors are my home" sang the little girl.
If only history would speak,
and many others would be silent.
if the blue of the sky
would not guide my flight.
if the green of my mountains
would not mark the path.
if the yellow of the desert
would not guard my people.
if history would speak,
and many others would be silent.
Let the wind bring with it the voices of the past,
let the color of my flag speak to me of all that has passed,
let my people tell the story of a man who has traveled,
Let the pride of my land remind the forgotten people.
"These colors are my home" sang the old woman.

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The year of the free man. The nomadic man.

For a little more than half a century the Amazigh New Year has been commemorated. There are no exact data on the origin of this people, but it is suggested that it is one of the oldest peoples living in North Africa for more than ten thousand years. Its origin? Still a great unknown, today we know that they were in close relation with the Egyptians and Phoenicians.

In the 20th century, activists of Algerian origin, exiled in France, began to investigate the first evidence dating back to the reign of Pharaoh Sheshonq in 950 BC.

The driving force behind this movement was Mohand Arab Bessaoud, also founder of the Acadèie Berèber.

Thanks to social media this movement began to have more and more presence, and this new calendar received the name of "Yennayer" (January, in Latin: Ianuarius).

A people who are still alive, like the colors of their flag, reminding us every day of the love and respect they feel for nature. Three colors (or four) tell their story through this flag:

The blue of the sky, the green of the mountains and the yellow of the desert. The fourth color goes unnoticed despite being placed in the center of the flag, it is the Z of the Amazigh alphabet, which in Tamazight is represented by this symbol: ⵝ. Its red color speaks to us of spilled blood.

The old nomadic people still keep their ancestral connection with nature and transmit it from generation to generation. These people live off the land, they know the language of nature, they preserve it and respect it.

"The pride of my land runs under my skin, my skin cracked and with wounds from life, my skin is the color of the earth" recounted one of the young men in transit who passed through the city of Melilla. "I know nothing about the history of my people, at school they never talked to me about it, but I am Amazigh, I am also a real nomad now, like my grandparents' grandfather was." he looks at the sea and laughs "My home is the world".