

## **Who doesn't believe in miracles is not a realist.**

*(translation from Albanian of the article: "Kush nuk beson ne mrekulli nuk eshte realist")*

This saying comes from the Greek-Roman antiquity. Firstly, the ancient Greeks crowned with a Olive wreath the winners of the Olympic games and the writers or actors in the dionisiaces events. The Olive and the Bee impressed so much the big Virgil of "Eneida" that he wrote about them lots of poems and dithyramps. In the early middle age, when the whole world was infected by the gold hunger, the alchemists, while looking for the philosophic stone that would turn every metal into gold, have searched in the depth of the mother nature and discovered by chance some new chemical and physical elements. These signed the beginning of some scientific studies that made the human life more and more interesting.

Isn't it a mystery even our existence, the human being, even today we wonder where did we came from and are we the only one in the whole universe?

Between hundred of students that I have taught during my profession as a teacher and professor, Muhamet Trepci was distinguished as an enigmatic student, that looked you in the eye without saying anything, and that always used to listen and not to speak till the point that made you prove your patience when confronting him.

Today he is an electric engineer, but also a woodworker, a profession imposed by the communist regime because of a "bad biography"<sup>1</sup>. This profession was converted into a hobby and a passion that attracts him a lot even today. He is attracted from the wood, especially from the olive wood. He dedicated a lot of time, passion and effort to the Olive wood, searched in its thousand of years depth and the Olive wood "rewarded" him, opening his ancient soul. The Olive wood revealed his enigma to the enigmatic Muhamet Trepci. Rephrasing the name of my student, he proved the famous proverb that says: "...if Muhamet does not go to the mountain, the mountain comes to Muhamet". "The mountain" the strangeness, of the strange mother nature

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<sup>1</sup> "Bad biography" – during communism, in Albania, people who had someone in their family or within relatives that once said or did something against the government were considered to have a "bad biography". Therefore, they were treated badly from the regime, not having the opportunity to follow university studies or have jobs based on their actual meritocracy.

revealed to Muhamet, the miracle of the Olive wood, its photographic power, the story of the centuries that it lives.

We have heard about the ability of celluloid in the walnut tree that take pictures in his body of the creatures near it. This divine gift that is given to the Olive wood is discovered for the first time by Muhamet. Immediately you feel proud when the discoverer is from Shkodra.

Cutting the Olive wood he revealed fantastic pictures of birds, human being, snakes, and enigmatic silhouettes. We can count over 30 of them. When you see them in his museum-house you get amazed. That's because they can "talk" clearly and can make you believe, you "the realist". Scars, lumps...thunderclap and the weather's anger. Don't we try these feeling ourselves during the trip called life? Don't they cause us pain and regrets? Pains and regrets that chase you for all your life. The same happens to the Olive tree. Painfully it takes the pictures and maintains them for thousand of years inside itself.

Let's turn back on the title of this paper. The realist must believe in miracles. Muhamet, when giving you a piece of the Olive wood as a gift, where is photographed a ancient bird, a woman silhouette or a snake, it looks like he has given to you a talisman that you should put it in your neck in order not to forget the scars, lumps and thunderclaps that you will try during the life, and you will take a picture of them just like your camera's flash does.

Muhamet has published a book: "With the emotions of mother nature". He is published in three languages: Albanian, English and Italian. The museums of Rome and Budva have opened their doors for his exhibitions and it is written with superlative about them. "Surprisingly" it has not been opened any exhibition in Albania or Shkodra! I wonder why should we always prove the moldy proverb that says: "You can never be the king in your own village"

**Fadil Kraja**