

# PODCAST



## PODCAST 5 - WHEN SILENCE SPEAKS: COMMUNICATION BEYOND LANGUAGE

### “COMMUNICATION WITHOUT WORDS”

#### Day 1 - Arrival

When I first saw my host family waiting for me at the airport, I froze.

They were smiling, waving a small sign with my name written in thick blue letters:

“Welcome, Lena!”

I had practiced a few sentences on the plane. I repeated them in my head over and over. But when I opened my mouth - nothing came out.

The father stepped forward, took my suitcase, and spoke in a fast, melodic stream of words I didn't understand. The mother laughed softly and touched my shoulder - as if to say, *Don't worry*. Their little daughter hid behind her mother's leg, but peeked at me with curious eyes. We smiled at each other. And in that moment, the silence stopped being uncomfortable.

**That was my first lesson in communication without words.**

### Day 3 - The Breakfast Puzzle

The first days felt like living in a world made of gestures. Every morning, the smell of coffee and toasted bread filled the kitchen. My host mother pointed at the table, raised her eyebrows, and smiled.

- Eat now?
- Wait?
- Say something?



One morning, I decided to help. I sliced bread and started spreading jam.

Suddenly - "No, no, no!" Hands waving.

I froze. Then the father laughed, pointed at the toaster, and made a pop! sound. Jam comes after the toaster. We laughed until tears came to our eyes.

**That's when I realised - laughter, like kindness, doesn't need translation.**

### Day 5 - The Bus Ride

On the bus to school, I sat next to an elderly woman with a colourful scarf. She carried a small paper bag of apples.

A man got on, speaking loudly, clearly angry. I didn't understand the words, but the tension filled the bus.

The woman sighed, took out an apple, and offered it to him. He stopped. Looked at her. Then at the apple. He smiled - uncertainly - and took it. The bus went quiet.

**Kindness had spoken.**

## Day 8 - The Festival of Lights

At a local festival, music, candles, and movement surrounded me. I didn't understand the rules. People held hands in a circle. The mother gestured for me to join. I hesitated. Then stepped in.

At first, I stumbled. Then the rhythm took over. We moved together - laughing, clapping, turning. Strangers - but connected. When it ended, the woman next to me hugged me.



**No words needed.**

## Day 12 - The Rain and the Umbrella

I forgot my umbrella. The rain poured. A classmate caught up with me, holding her umbrella high enough for both of us. We walked in silence. Rain drumming above us. At the crossroads, she pointed left and smiled. I pointed right.

She paused, then said the only English word she knew: "Friend."

**That one word meant more than a hundred perfect sentences.**

## Day 15 - The Dinner Conversation

By the second week, dinner became a mix of dictionaries, gestures, laughter, and photos. They asked about my home. I showed them my family, my friends, and my dog. They showed me theirs.

**That was our first real conversation - made of images, smiles, and shared curiosity.**



Co-funded by  
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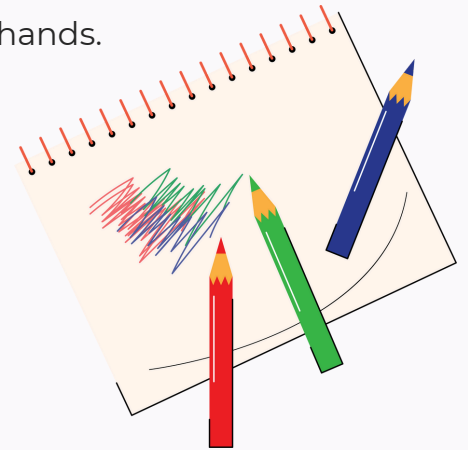


## Day 19 - The Goodbye Gift

The little girl gave me a drawing: two stick figures holding hands. Above them, in crooked letters: "Best friend."

I cried. She didn't understand why - and that was okay.

**Some things don't need explanation.**



## Day 20 - Back Home

Back home, my own language felt loud. I listened more not just to words, but to pauses, tone, and what wasn't being said. I learned that silence isn't emptiness. It's space.

**And sometimes, the most profound understanding lives there.**

### Closing reflection:

We think communication is speaking. But maybe it's also feeling, feeling seen, and feeling safe and feeling connected.

### Manifest of Empathy – When Words Are Not Enough

- When words fail - listen to gestures.
- When language divides - let kindness translate.
- When silence feels awkward - stay long enough to hear its meaning.

Because empathy is not a sentence.

It's a space you create for someone else to exist.

And sometimes, the most profound understanding comes not from saying more - but from being present enough to say nothing at all.

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V I S C H I O R U Q U U Q S  
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