

The Little Story of Sant Pere d’Osor

Many years ago, nestled among green mountains and singing rivers, there was a beautiful place where today we find the village of Osor.

Back then, there were no houses or streets. Only forests full of tall trees, dirt paths, and the cheerful sound of water.

Two brothers arrived in this place. They were hardworking and dreamers. They wanted to build a village where everyone could live happily.

They began to build the first little houses with stones and wood. They planted gardens and also built a small bridge to cross the river. And when they almost had everything ready… a problem arose.

“What shall we call the village?” asked the younger brother.

“It must have an important name!” said the older brother.

But they couldn’t agree.

The older brother wanted to name it after Saint Peter, because he was brave and protective.

The younger brother, on the other hand, wanted to name it after a bear, because a very large and peaceful bear lived in the forest, always wandering about without harming anyone.

They argued a little. Not much, but enough to make them both wrinkle their noses.

Finally, the older brother had an idea.

“Let’s do something,” he said. “Each of us will make a figure. I’ll make an image of Saint Peter, and you make a bear. And the most beautiful one will give the village its name.”

The younger brother thought it was a fair idea.

For days they worked very carefully. The older brother patiently sculpted the figure of Saint Peter. The younger brother, with great concentration, shaped a round and friendly bear.

When they finished, they placed them side by side.

Both were beautiful.

Saint Peter looked protective and serene. The bear looked strong but kind.

The two brothers looked at each other in silence.

What if they were both equally beautiful?

What if there was no need to choose?

The younger brother began to laugh.

“What if we use both names?”

The older brother’s eyes widened… and then he smiled too.

That way there would be no more arguing. The village would have a special name, one that would recall the faith and the nature of the forest.

And so the name Sant Pere d’Osor was born.

From that day on, the village grew among the mountains, with hardworking and kind people. And they say that sometimes, when the sun sets behind the trees, it seems as if you can see the silhouette of a bear walking peacefully through the forest… while the church watches over the village from its hilltop.

And so, thanks to two brothers who learned to agree, a name was born that still recalls that beautiful story today.