

SENSE OF LOVING COUNTRY**Utkirjon Hamrakulov Mahkmudovich**

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ANNOTATION

In this article, the Motherland, its sacred feeling, the views of Western and Eastern scholars on the Motherland, the main idea of national development of the people of Uzbekistan, peace in the country, the ultimate goal of reforms in our country, the people of Uzbekistan and the ideology of national independence.

Key words: *Motherland, Uzbekistan, people, national development, national idea, ideology of national independence, reforms.*

The homeland is so sacred that it shines as brightly as the sun in the human spiritual world. It gives strength to our body, pleasure to the soul, meaning to life. This is the word Uzbekistan, dear Motherland. She is a close sibling species with the word Blessed Mother.

There will be one mother and one motherland in the world. This notion is like a guiding star to mankind lost in darkness.

For thousands of years, Eastern and Western scholars have lovingly written about the homeland. Familiar to us from our childhood, close to the eyes and heart, our home, school, city gardens, squares and alleys, our village is a homeland of mountains and hills and the peaks of the sky...

The main idea of the national development of the people of Uzbekistan is to build a free and prosperous life in a free and prosperous country. This idea is the eternal noble aspiration of our people, defines the meaning and content of creative activity. It embodies the highest cultural values that are sacred to everyone.

The predominance of the concept of freedom in the main idea of the ideology of national independence shows that the independence of the Motherland is the basis of all our aspirations, practical activities and a bright future.

The homeland is the soil where a person's umbilical cord blood is shed, it is a sacred place that makes him perfect and gives meaning to his life. It is a great legacy passed down from ancestors to generations, the most cherished memory. The homeland is the sacred land where our ancestors lived, where each of us will give up in due course. The pride of a person who has a homeland is high, the goals are clear. A person who feels that he has a mountain-like homeland will overcome all the trials of life.

The prosperity of the homeland depends, first of all, on the perfection of its children. "He urges every citizen to feel a high responsibility for his spiritual maturity, to live in harmony with the interests of this country and this people.

The national idea will never take root and develop outside the homeland. An idea that does not serve the prosperity of the homeland can never be a national idea.

It becomes a power only if it reflects the principles that determine the development of the Motherland.

Entrepreneurship and free economic activity are developing in our society today, the growing economic power of our state will be the basis for the development of the Motherland, where the spirituality of our people is enriched and the scientific potential is growing.

The priority of these changes is the creative activity of our people. In this case, it is necessary to fully reveal the essence of this creativity, it is crucial to modernize the economy on the basis of advanced technologies, to bring up our youth in a healthy and harmonious way.

Peace in the country is a priceless blessing, a great happiness. At all stages of human development, first of all, peace has been sought. Peace in the country is a guarantee of sustainable development.

The Uzbek people highly value peace and see it as a guarantee of the realization of their dreams and aspirations. However, only when peace and tranquility are established will mankind achieve its highest goals and rise to material and spiritual heights.

During the reign and conquest of Mirzo Ulugbek in Mavarounnahr, the grandson of Sahibkiran Amir Temur, science and culture flourished due to the predominance of peace and stability in the country. Creative work is developed, our ancient land is prosperous.

The peace of the country is closely linked with the freedom and independence of the Motherland. A nation that is dependent on someone can never live in prosperity. That is why we must always be ready to preserve independence and peace, to protect our country from aggressive forces. High spirituality, political culture, ideological and ideological maturity of the nation are important factors in maintaining peace in the country.

The society of ideas, which has always been sacred to our people, serves to unite all forces and movements with different views and views, and thus strengthen national unity.

The supreme goal of the ongoing reforms in our country is to create living conditions for our people. That is, reform is not for reform,

for man, it must serve for his prosperous life. This is the essence of any renewal, any change in our society. It is necessary to inculcate this movement in the minds of the people, to understand the essence of the reforms of the general population and to become an active participant in it. To do this, it is important to radically change their worldview, their attitude to life, work and land. Because the basis of a prosperous life is freedom, entrepreneurship and initiative.

Therefore, the tasks of our national ideology include the education of the contribution of our people to property, the adoption of modern methods of management, the development of confidence in their own power. Natural resources, land resources, the economic potential of our country to meet the needs of every citizen is the basis for the expression of identity and the realization of creative ability.

Like the people of Uzbekistan, the hard-working, hard-working, hard-working people are able to improve their lives with their own hands.

Given the essence of the ideology of national independence, if every citizen and family in our citizens is rich, it must serve to foster the understanding that both society and the state will be strong and powerful.

In conclusion, "patriotism" is a high sense of love of each person for his country, his family, his homeland and his countrymen.

The famous scholar, writer and statesman Abdurauf Fitrat says with concern for the country:

"O great Turan, the land of lions! What happened with you? How are you? How many days are left? "

Where are your tiger-hearted children who have shaken the world with their urho? Where are your mountainous sons, who turn the earth to the sky? Why don't the sounds come out?

Where are your Turks, who are a few wrestlers on earth? How did they retreat? How did they go? Why did they burn the battlefields to others? Why?...Why?...Why?

Tell me, O great Turan, the land of lions? What happened to you

Have you not seen the great kingdoms of the earth? Did you send the great hackneys of India, Iran, Europe?
O hacons furnace?

O birth of heroes! Where is the lightning bolt? Where are your horseback riders first? Where is the lightning bolt? Where did you shoot the cavalry first? Can't you hear the "terrible voice"?

How have the kingdoms that subjugated the peoples of the world been broken?

How powerful is the power of your kingdom, which has taken the human world under its wings? Is your strength gone? Are you alone?

No..., no... for Allah's wish, no! You are not weak! You have 80 million children all over the world. The blood in their veins is Manguberdi, the blood of Timur!

The power of these is your power!

O great Turan, land of lions! Don't worry! Your old state, your old kingdom! your old guys, your old lions are all there, none of them are lost.

Alone... Oh, alone... scattered.

In fact, it was in July 1917 that these lines were written. Now, five independent states have been established in Turkestan, the central region of ancient Turan.

The wish of all sincere people living in this ancient land is that our independent states be stable, inshallah! Let's listen to what Fitrat wrote in the language of an Uzbek young man who made the country sad: "When I lie down in my dreams, when I wake up next to me, when I close my eyes in my brain, when I open my eyes I have a sad dream!

It's a woman's fantasy... A woman, wearing a silk but torn and old dress other than a dress. His head and legs were bare, his elbows were covered in black mud, there was no sound of screaming, no power to escape! ...

I see that there is a wound of cruel whips on the body, which is made of the burden of loneliness. I see that blood is flowing from the wounds of ignorant baits!

O sad wife, who are you? O sad mother, how can you not leave this? What are you looking for in me, in my autumn, in my brain, in my heart, and you are not coming?

How can the tears of his eyes, which have been overshadowed by the smoke of sorrow, fade away?

What do you wish for your slaves, who are bound by chains of oppression, will be stretched out on every side? Oh... I knew..." I knew... I understood...! You are my Motherland; you are the national dream of my Motherland. O dream of my holy life, do not go away, do not leave.

Stay by my side, in my eyes, in my heart, in my conscience, don't go! My country is mine, losing you is my death. For you, ulmok is my life.

My refuge, my sanctuary, my hope! Your yachts have brought you to this day! My wish, my wish, my happiness! Your children burned you right now! My joy, my hunt, my flight! Did the wrongdoers build you up?

No, you are not alone.

Here I am, with all my being, to help you now. Here I am, sincerely agreeing to sit in your path.

If the devils attack me, not the people, if the snakes of hell are placed on my feet, not chains, I will run to you again. All the children of the world, the iron thorns will fall on me, and I will save you again.

I rose for you, I live for you, I die for you. O holy plane of Turkism! Death to those who want your death, hatred to those who come to bury you". As the angels said amen to this intention of the great Fitrat in August 1917, those who came to bury us were repulsed.

But they are still struggling to make ends meet. This encourages us to always be vigilant and strengthen our independence.

If we recall the words of Abdurauf Fitrat in front of Timur's tomb, it is not surprising that the souls of both Sahibkiran and the martyred author were happy:

“My heart is burning, my face is black, my heart is broken, my neck is crooked. I went to visit you, Sultan! For my crushed head, my troubled conscience, my burnt blood, my burnt soul, I have come to seek healing from this saga, my Lord!

I have come to you at the feet of the Turkish miners, who have been suffering and grieving for a hundred years.

I have come to get rid of the soil for the Uzbek autumns, which are left without light in the darkness. When he sees strangers under his feet, the Turkish mine is boiling, the importance of Islam is stoning, and the fires of hell are scattering.

But realizing the weakness of the face, I came to complain about the condition of the Turk who had returned and wept, My Lord!

My great governor! Turkish honor was plundered. For the Turks, the burning state is over, the Turkish horse is gone. The honor, attention, faith, conscience of the Turks were left at the feet of the oppressors. The Turk's homeland, his goat, his plane, Turan fell into the ashes.

The character, consciousness, marriage, and intelligence of the Turks have gone to the prey of ignorance. With your whip, the Turk, who owns the world, could not find a quiet bed. Eat, strike, and kill those who betray your trust!

Sultan! I did not know that at that moment your high and great spirit was laughing angrily at the plight of such a low-spirited and ruthless child as I was.

I know that at this time your fox-like heart will hate this sight of a heartless son like me.

For I have caused all the things I have said above, I have chosen everything myself, I have crushed your Turk, I have betrayed your trusts.

For me, if I didn't want to spend my daily life lying quietly, I wouldn't find any of these. If I hadn't thrown away the sword you gave me and taken the instrument, my Turan would not have been plundered!

I have not come to confess my faults to you alone, but to confess my sins, my lord! Kiss me! I am not alone in confessing my sins, I have come to pay for the necessities I have given to Turan, Hokim! Don't hate me.

O lion of lions! Take away my wrath, hold my smile, gird my loins, give me your holy blessing!

I swear by your zeal that does not fit in the world, that I will not sit at the foot of Turan's nose without restoring his old honor and glory”.

Just as a person grows up in the arms of his parents, in the bosom of the Motherland he grows up and matures. Man's stature, appearance, body, color, vision, behavior, voice, beauty, so the inner and outer worlds are like the place where he was born, grew up, and matured. The people of the seven climates are seven different. The inhabitants of the far northern countries are different from those who live in the equatorial regions of the Earth, which is the belt of the planet. So, man is a part of his homeland.

In our view, our land is the homeland of the more than six billion peoples living on Earth, while the destiny and historically granted and limited territory for each nation is the motherland.

The concept of homeland is used both broadly and narrowly. It is a broad concept if we mean the area where people live in groups, where their ancestors have lived for a long time, it is a concept in the narrow sense. When Uzbeks say that a so-and-so has become a patriot, it means that he has found a home, a shelter.

Hazrat Alisher Navoi used the concept of homeland in the sense of motherland, place of birth, place of residence. The word Vatan is also used in fiction as a place of entertainment.

Can everyone feel that the Motherland is sacred? But for the Motherland it is a home, a child. For others, tulin is a comfortable place to live.

Where it is easy for them to live, that is the homeland. Of course, there are those who know the whole world as their homeland. They are usually called cosmopolitans.

The feeling of homeland begins with the ownership of the homeland, the knowledge of the people, their appreciation, recognition of what they are capable of, recognition of their greatness.

Homeland and people are twins, a common concept. To feel one, you need to know the other. When we say Uzbekistan, when we say the Uzbek people, we mean Uzbekistan. It is absolutely impossible to feel the other without one. It is impossible to imagine Uzbekistan without Uzbekistan, Uzbekistan without Uzbekistan. God forbid, if there were other peoples in our Motherland, today's Uzbekistan would not exist, it would be a completely different country.

There are many different countries in the world, except for our country, but Uzbekistan is unique for Uzbeks, just as a human mother is one.

Uzbekistan is as happy for us as a mother's heart is for a baby.

To feel this feeling, one must feel and love the Motherland from the heart. To do this, you need to be healthy, smart and cheerful. Patriotism is a feeling peculiar to the wise and righteous children of all peoples of the world. Listen to what they have to say:

Ciceron (Rum and Visantian philosopher): "We value our parents and close relatives, but all our imaginations in the chapter on love are embodied in the word "Motherland"

Georg Hegel (German philosopher): "The true courage of enlightened peoples is reflected in their readiness to sacrifice for the sake of the Motherland".

Jacques Delille (French poet): "The most desirable quality is the service to the Fatherland and humanity". George Byron (English poet) "He who does not love his country does not love anything". François Voltaire (French writer): "My love for my homeland does not make me turn a blind eye to the achievements of foreigners. On the contrary, I want to enrich the Motherland with the world's treasures".

Jean-Jacques Rousseau (French thinker): "The greatest courage comes from love for the Fatherland". The Uzbek people have always had their homeland, Uzbekistan, and have never been homeless.

The only homeland of the Uzbek people is Uzbekistan. There was an opportunity to talk about the homeland, about the people, about the ancestors, about the past, about the present and the future.

The sense of loving country is - to always remember the selfless and creative work of our ordinary people, who made our dear Motherland prosperous and administrative, but whose names remain in the pages of history.

The sense of loving country is - to commemorate dozens of encyclopedic thinkers such as Musa Al-Khwarizmi, Ahmal Al-Farghani, Abu Abdullah Al-Khwarizmi, Abu Rayhan Beruni, Abu Ali ibn Sino, Abul Fazl al-Nasafi, Abul Lays As-Samarkandi, Mahmud Az-Zamakhshari, Mirzo Ulugbek who made a great contribution to world civilization with his intelligence,

The sense of loving country is - to remember the owners of such regular pens such writers Ahmad Yugnaki, Nasir Khusraw, Yusuf Khas Hajib, Mahmud Kashgari, Ahmad Yassavi, Suleiman Bokirgani, Nosriddin Rabguzi, Abdurahmon Jami, Alisher Navoi who created immortal works with high artistic potential,

The sense of loving country is – Imam al-Bukhari, Abu Isa Muhammad al-Tirmidhi, Imam Ahmad al-Nasa'i, Imam al-Darimi, four of the six great muhaddithin recognized by the entire Muslim world, it is also mention the name of Sheikh ul Islam Abu Muhammad Abdullah ibn Abdurahman ad Dorimi as-Samarkand. They compiled the most sacred collections of Hadith in Islam after the Kor'an. They will bring lasting glory to our country and our people until the Day of Judgment, and will make the two worlds prosperous with their unparalleled service.

The sense of loving country is – to remember dozens of great beings like Kaffoli Shoshi, Burhaniddin al-Margilani, Shohobiddin as-Suhrawardi, the name of his child Sheikh Zayniddin Bobo, Bahovuddin Nakshband, Sheikh Khovand Tahur, Huja Ahror Wali as well as an invaluable contribution to the development of Islamic supply.

The sense of loving country is – It is to remember hundreds of poets like Tumaris, Shirok, Spitamen, Najmiddin Kubro, Temur Malik, Jaloliddin Manguberdi, Mahmud Tarobi, Mukanna, who defended and sacrificed their homeland, Abdumalik Tura, Kurbonjon Dodkho, Shermuhammadbek, Madaminbek, Ibrahimbak, Nazom Batir, who fought against the enemy until the last mine was left in their veins, resigned from the post of Minister of Defense to support the brothers in difficult times, it is a tribute to the memory of King Anwar, who came to his native Turkestan and died in fierce battles, and to the defenders of the shrine of Shymkent, Tashkent, Jizzakh and Samarkand.

The sense of loving country is - called on the people to be enlightened to avoid oppression, called for a national awakening, Salvation is to keep in mind the names of the Munavvar Kori, Mahmudjuja Begbudi, Ubaydullahuja, Avloni, Fitrat, to divide the selfless intellectuals who are known to be active in science and unity into their guides.

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