



***"May you never be
too grown up
to search the skies
on Christmas Eve."***

This quote, by an unknown person, opens this year's Christmas greeting. It's also a reminder that the time for miracles is never over. For us at Friskeröd, 2023 has been an improbable, intense, and profound year. We have been thrown between hope and despair. Goodbyes and breakups have opened up new paths, and the adventure with the farm and the self-owned land at Surtung has just begun. Who would have thought that **Pyret**; the furious, freedom-loving riding school pony would start all this. Who would have known that her dreams would reach this far?





Some pastures and lands are at risk of disappearing from next year. Large industrial solar parks and plantations are the main reasons for this. Nothing is definite yet, and we still hope that more long-term sustainable thinking can lead to more holistic environmental initiatives.

But when so few resources are devoted to biodiversity - and when numbers and short-term profits motivate decisions - counterbalancing forces also awaken. Individuals, who dedicate their lives and give all their time to heal and rejoin the fabric, thread by thread.



One of this year's great adventures has been the horses' autumn grazing in the Tjurepannan nature reserve, which was made possible thanks to one such enthusiast. Here there are barren granite cliffs, heather, and beach poppies. Scattered tufts of sedge, bog myrtle, and juniper bushes, cut by the wind into unexpected formations. Perhaps no grazing in that sense, no meadow grass. But a place where a variety of species have lived in peaceful coexistence for a long time. A place of contemplation and wonder.



There was a particular calm during autumn grazing, out there on the rocks. A slower, more careful eating pattern. A different kind of satiety. Those who had the least to graze of all, by our standards, kept their weight the best. We have become accustomed to a more regularized, controlled land. We calculate nutritional values and measure with precise metrics. We are so eager to do our very best. But we risk forgetting the relationship between all living things. The precision of communication between plants and grazing animals. What **Celeste** has begun to teach us humans.

This year's land management course ended out there on a cold afternoon in late November, where we could carefully observe the plants' final preparations for winter. The horses wandered slowly through the half-frozen heather, grazing with remarkable care. There is a thoughtfulness in these ongoing, repeated encounters.

***..we belong to each other;
we cannot cut reality into pieces."***

Thich Nhat Hahn



The Jordanian horses speak of a friendlier time, and friendly forces have certainly made themselves felt in the past year. The horses in the new paddock in Dalsland also experienced a deep care, perhaps especially in relation to the people who manage the land there.



A valuable reminder that we humans can indeed step in and make a difference. We can contribute to maintaining the living space. We can act from a long-term perspective that extends far beyond our own time. And maybe that's when we feel deeply contented?

The empathic experience of healing, and how another individual is given the opportunity to flourish and become who they truly are. The particular sense of precision, as the threads of the fabric are woven together. Contributing to something like that creates a different kind of well-being.

At Surtung, we gradually get to know the farm's inhabitants, of every conceivable species: plants, trees, rocks, birds, chickens, cats, bees - and not least everything invisible; above and below ground.



The dream of a world where there is perfect equality in the encounter between all species is very much alive. It's hopeful, challenging and deeply fascinating. We are taking our first steps towards an existence where no one has the right of interpretation. Where no one owns or is owned by anyone else. And where we see the indivisible eternal, indestructible, in every living being.



The land at Surtung stretches across pastures, small patches of forest, mountains, and wetlands all the way up to Lake Långevattnet. It's home to fish and other aquatic species, whose dreams and visions of the future are also beginning to take shape.

We have no idea what will happen next, or what the next year will bring. Time is fickle and ever-changing. We cannot anticipate what will happen, but we can recognize a path, a possible movement in time.

We are so incredibly grateful for all the support and help - on every conceivable level - that has brought us to where we are now. *Many small good deeds and intentions.* This is the basis for the hay-sponsors and the future foundation. The creation of the foundation is also an ongoing process. The challenge is not only to create something sustainable, where animals and nature (the habitat) are protected for an unforeseeable period of time. Nor is it simply a matter of formulating the vision so thoroughly that the deed can also give the foundation acquisition rights. The most important part is the self-owned land. It's about stepping out of the objectification of existence that man has created - and that we have locked the world into. How can words and paragraphs help us here? How can we free ourselves from the text and make it alive, so that it lasts - and allows the story to carry on into eternity..

Thank you for constantly reminding us that we are not alone. Thank you for listening and receiving all these stories. Thank you for keeping the hope alive...



The upper picture was taken at 'Sigvard's lookout', a place where there is a small remote cabin. A place for prayer and reflection. Here a religiously unaffiliated chapel is created. A space for invisible longing, for inner peace, silence, and self-reflexion.

We lit a small candle there and sang a Maori prayer, a karanga, as loud as we could. I secretly hoped it would reach all the way to New Zealand, to the other side of the world. To **Te Urewera**, the place where all stone traveling began. And one of the very first places in the world to achieve legal self-governing status.

Can you hear us, can you receive our longing? It doesn't take long for the phone to give a signal. A friend of mine, who happens to be in Te Urewera, gets in touch. What are you doing, I can't stop thinking about you, she says. And then she sends me lots of pictures from the forest there. We can hear each other. We can meet if we really want to - and dare to make the contact.

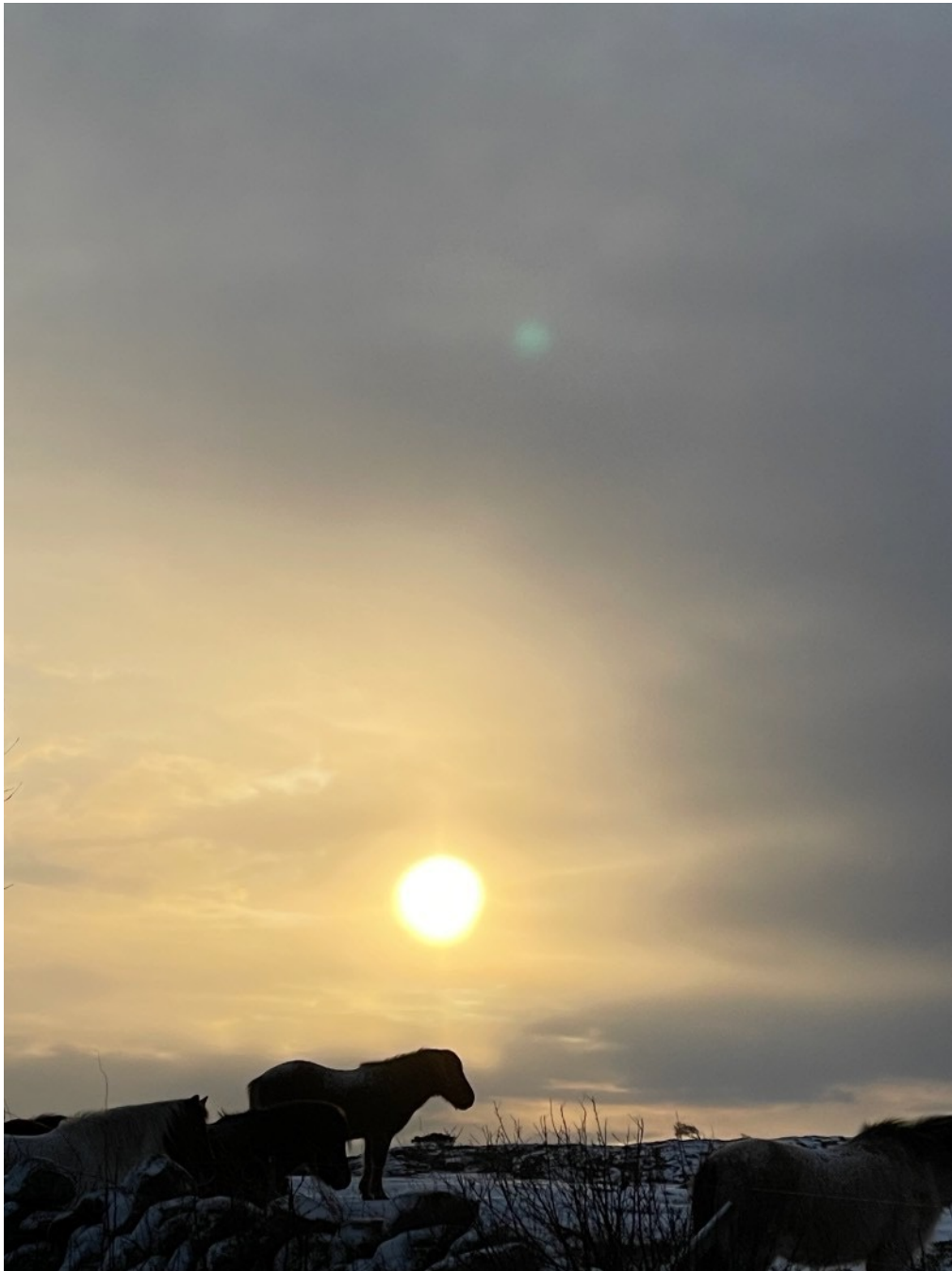




New small
hopeful trees
peeking out

Hoahoa, the Maori word for friendship. *A relationship of mutual affection. A bond that transcends all obstacles, including distance and time. A relationship based on complete mutual concern. A bond that transcends and overcomes all obstacles along the way - including time and space. This is the essence of all the work here, this is what we hope for in the coming year and our common future: a kinder world...*

Merry
Christmas
and
Happy New Year



Best Wishes from everyone at
Friskeröd, regardless of species

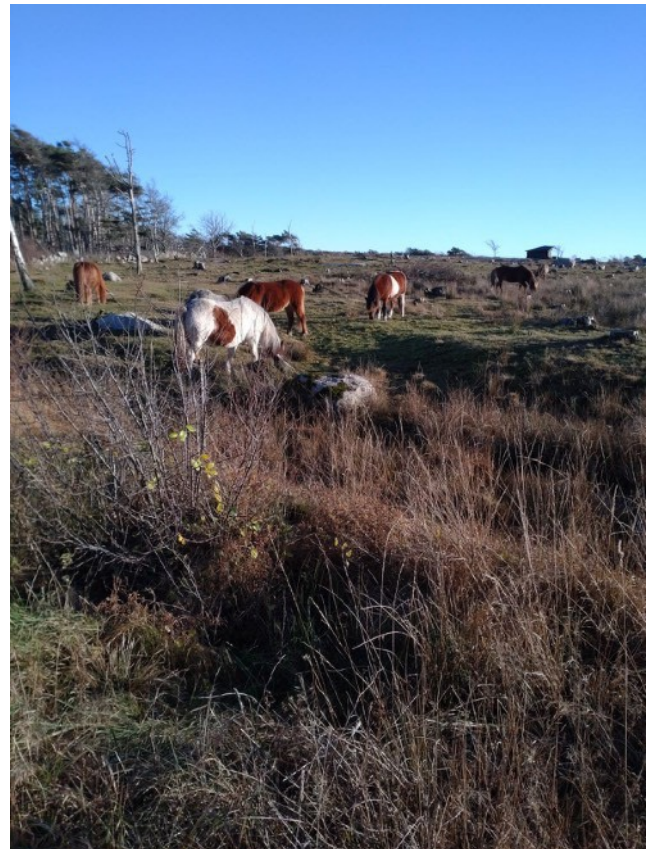


*I've come again
like a new year to
crash the gate of
this old prison.*

Rumi



*Thank you for all the adventures,
glimpses and encounters...*



Merry Everything!