

Midsummer Greetings 2022



*Yesterday is gone
and its tale told*

*Today new seeds
are growing*



Rocky the pony, Mio's companion and friend, has a hoof abscess. In healing it, he asks to be among trees. He's about to abandon the whole idea of a singular form. The hoof abscess reminds him of his limitations and thus becomes a steppingstone - not an obstacle. He moves gently between body and soul.

It's not until I take the photograph that the details become visible. How so many species intertwine in an almost invisible web.

We humans focus so much on getting what we want. What we must have in order to satisfy our emotions in the moment, or what we think we are entitled to. The greatest pain in other species that I encounter in my work is about this very thing. To be owned, to be taken for granted; to not have the right to one's own life.

We believe we can own land. The actual ground. Small pieces of the planet. The bodies of others.



Rocky talks about the body as an experienced intensity. There is a very special joy there, in the essence. The pain in his hoof is helped by his breathing.

Breath; to breathe. As long as you are alive, you will interact with the world around you. He breathes himself out into the world. And he breathes the world back in through his lungs. He exists. He is not alone. There is a constant exchange.

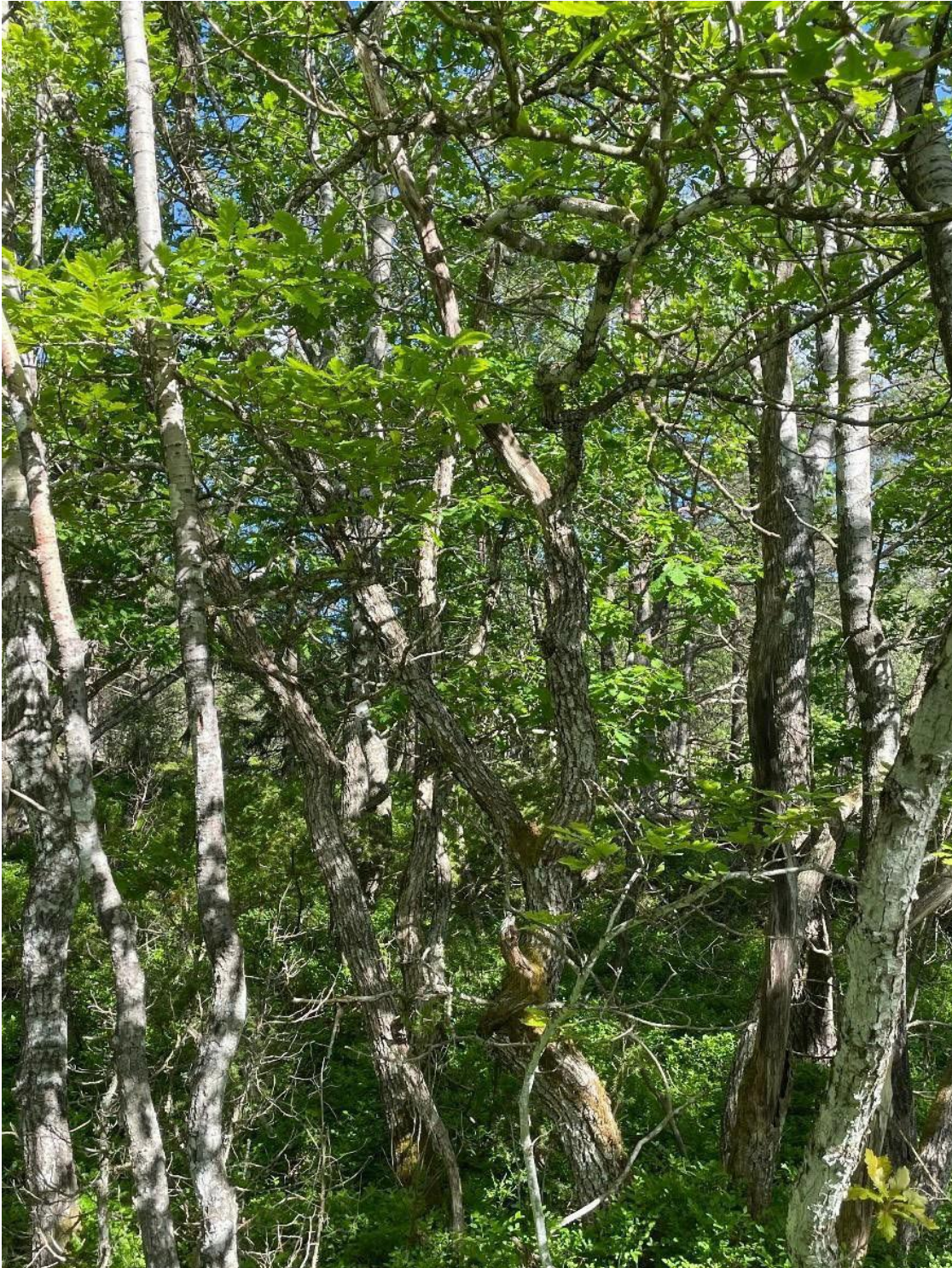
He stands there in the meadow, among all the trees, and breathes. The self facing the world, the contrast between inside and outside. When you become aware of both, a path emerges in between. A bridge. The path between form - and the infinite expansion.



A pulse, a rhythm. The chest moving back and forth. I need the whole world to live. Does the world need me?

Nino, an elderly pony, talks about lifeless, damaged, or depleted land. And how this condition of the soil affects the horse's hooves. He does this with a small group of students at the hoof school, which he initiated and runs himself. We have changed places, and people are listening intensively. There is so much we can learn if we let go of the idea of knowing. And if we can avoid jumping to conclusions.

The picture is fascinating. When the healthy, living soil meets the horse's hoof, both dissolve in relation to each other. It's a bit like looking at an ancient tree. There is neither beginning nor end.





In this meeting point the horse is filled with nutrition. Not only minerals and actual nutrients, but also all the stories that flow in the ground. There is a kind of safety in the handover. Rocky also speaks of devotion, where he hides among the trees. He is impossible to find, especially when dusk falls.



*Tamara, by the brook at
Sigvard's pasture*

The balance between surrender and participation. Sooner or later I have to let it all pass. And that can only happen if I experience it fully.

This requires courage. The tremendous intensity experienced in the density of the physical body can be overwhelming. But for Rocky, it's all about joy. The heartfelt knowledge that one actually *exists* is the greatest motivating force there is. And every second of experienced life is just as intense, no matter how close, or far away from death you are. Life does not fade with time.

He moves towards infinity, longing to let go of his own memory. The separation gradually ends as consciousness expands past the bounded form. Perhaps he loves the world so much that he can't stop himself? All the dams break, and eventually he is in everything.

All this happens while he is still alive. The form remains. A small pony, hidden behind trees. An everyday event, reflecting *the essence*.



The mind cannot harbor unlimitation. But it is possible to meet Rocky's experiences in the void between the images he conveys. We reach out as far as we can, in our attempts to touch each other.





Nino speaks of humankind as a link in between. As an extra consciousness. But this is a task that requires high presence, as an extension of the present. Therefore, it's extremely easy to get distracted. His students get to practice this presence, during one of his lessons in hoof care, and it stirs strong emotions.

When we distance ourselves, we feel/experience less, and maybe there is some kind of temporary gain in that? (Although in this way everything also remains unfinished, incomplete in some sense). When we take the animals, the land and all other species for granted - then a difference arises. A defense, as a protection of one's own integrity. We find it more difficult to hear each other, and suffering increases as inner feelings are not met by the sharing of the opening between them - compassion, as the only way to communicate.

The land withdraws, and there is no longer any fusion, as he described earlier. The stories of the water do not come through, and we can no longer hear each other. There is a great sadness in this.

*There is a candle in your heart,
waiting to be kindled.
There is a void in your soul,
ready to be filled.
You feel it, don't you?
You feel the separation from the Beloved?
There is a cut waiting to be stitched.
Remind those who tell you otherwise
that Love comes of its own free will.
It can't be learned in any school.*

Rumi



Nino's students get to practice being the bridge between, the dissolution that makes hoof meet ground. In a wild state, the hoof would have been formed piece by piece, by each such encounter. The hoof would reflect the surrounding nature, and vice versa. This becomes impossible in the separation of modern civilization. We see each other, but we do not *meet*.

We must choose to see the land as living, and let it pass through us with its full force. Only then can we help shape the hoof as it was meant to be. All defenses crumble. It is a rare experience.

Humans can change from being a destructive force , and a burden for other species- in their unawareness. We can mature and rise from this with self-respect and humility - so that we no longer take more than we give. But Nino says we can also become so much more than that. We can become an asset. But only if we surrender completely. Like Rocky, in a complete love for all creation.

Then perhaps we become more like beings, like servants of the forces of nature. We may not be as visible; we may not want as much. *But we experience all the more.*

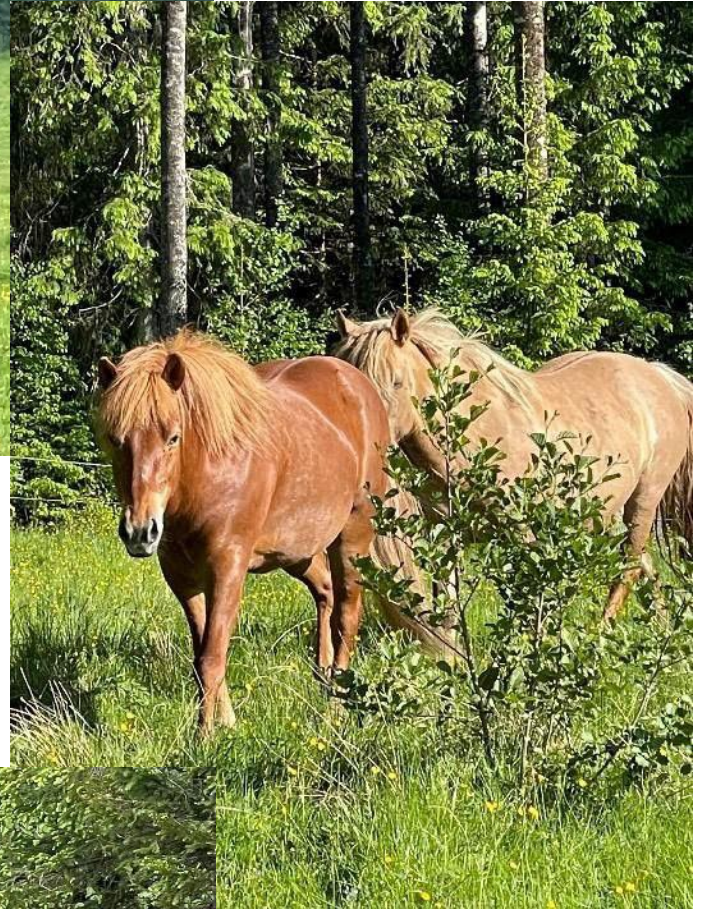


A living relationship with the environment cannot look like a trade agreement. If the soil retreats and the exchange diminishes, then we cannot replace it with artificial fertilization. It will never be enough. *We must give of ourselves.*

A big thank you to Nino, Rocky and all the other teachers, who so patiently wait for us humans. We need all the help we can get. Thanks also to all of you, who contribute with your listening and all other forms of help. This place exists because of one little horse's indomitable vision of a world where everyone is allowed to be themselves to the fullest. It was created from a single dream. But it is sustained by many. We can only do this together. Each in our own way.



THANK YOU..



***AND
HAPPY SUMMER WISHES
FROM ALL HERE
LARGE AND
SMALL, OF EVERY
CONCEIVABLE
SPECIES..***