

Midsummer Greetings 2024



*Stop the words now.
Open the window in the centre of your chest,
and let the spirits fly in and out.*

All around us, a silent understanding is taking place. It's so subtle and fleeting that we almost never notice it. Perhaps we only notice how the bloom of the whitethroats in spring gradually gives way to the presence of dandelions and buttercups. Which are then replaced by red clover, daisies and cornflowers.

What makes a bluebell stay at a certain height, and settle there, before flowering subsides and seed formation begins? According to the grazing horse Celeste, it's the inherent impulse - in all living things - to favor the habitat. The same instinct that makes horses choose to leave certain areas, so that all plants are grazed in the most varied way possible. Variety increases the chances of survival, as well as favoring the individual experience of life.



Surtung



The chestnut trees at Surtung, which have long played a central role in the history of the place.

Guiding, storytelling, unifying, reassuring, encouraging, determined.

For the protection of horses, reminder for the people, and anchoring in the field.



The horses at Tjurpannan nature reserve graze with remarkable precision. Each species helps to ensure that one or more individuals - and the species as a whole - could experience life as fully as possible. The bluebells, spruce spires and heather stay at the size that best favors the overall experience of *life*. Gradually we fall into each other's rhythm, and without a single word the vegetation agrees that the season is complete. The horses continue on winding paths through the barren landscape. They serve the whole, in their role as grazing animals, at all hours of the day.



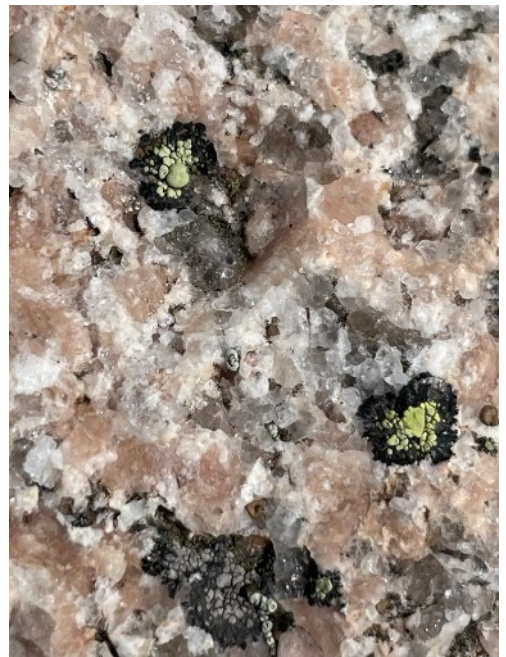
The impulses of the grazing animals come out of the surrendering. We can only experience the fine line where all life interlocks if we step in and *listen* with our entire being. In our isolation, when we are outside, we have no way of perceiving these subtle signals. We see the generosity and abundance of nature, and experience no boundaries at all.

If the self is meant to include the world, our human isolation will create a deep sense of emptiness. No other species seems to experience meaninglessness in the way that humans do. Perhaps our greed is born out of this loneliness?

The sense of meaningfulness is replaced by an isolated, temporary feeling of gain. It's an experience that doesn't relate to anything outside ourselves. So the isolation persists, and the need for short-term gain escalates. Perhaps we will never experience the feeling of having enough, until we can relate to that fulfillment - which can only be experienced collectively.

Perhaps that's why no other species seems to see human absence as the solution to the global challenges we face. Instead, we are being asked to step in.





The rock, where the Fossum rock carvings are visible, recalls a similar story. Many of the carvings show images of hunting. The directed will of man to reach a specific goal. Which, when delimited from the whole, harms the generosity, which surrounds us.



Maybe we need to begin with the water?



A wild bee turns the world upside down. I have always seen the envelope of the self as enclosing - that the opening is thus on the inside. This is not the case for the wild bee. Here the opening goes outwards instead, and so the whole world is contained.

The self is thus endless. It suddenly becomes so obvious. How else could it contain the soul, the immeasurable?



As a human being, I'm a water carrier. For a glimpse of a lifetime, I'll move a small part of the earth's history from one place to another. My memories will affect matter - for a brief moment - before I once again fall into oblivion.



Långevattnet

The next step in the foundation's work at Surtung is to let the water find its way back. The application for a feasibility study and re-wetting agreement is ongoing. The area around the petroglyphs has always been about traveling, movement, water washing over the rocks and leaving behind fragments of stories. Before anything else can be done, the water needs to be given space.

Other individuals looking for space are the steers Nour and Ferdinand. Somehow they managed to get out of their paddock (nothing unusual) and cross several steep ridges. Before coming out into a glen, where there is a field hidden in the forest, surrounded by mountains and framed by the Grimån river. At first they really enjoyed themselves there, spending a lot of time under the big trees at the river's edge. But then they wanted to go back again.

The whole winter has been about looking for stray steers. At first we thought they felt lost after Rose and Hlayyil - the older members of the herd - passed away. But perhaps it was the other way around. When they no longer had to wait for the older ones, who couldn't cope with such difficult terrain, they took the opportunity to go on long-awaited adventures.

They also described the sense of deep injustice that the fences indicated. Why shouldn't they be able to move freely in life, just like us humans? They offered to come back to the original field and show themselves from time to time, which they thought was an excellent agreement. I said that while I can move more freely as a human, I can't move into other people's homes, or camp in their gardens. The steers listened thoughtfully, and stayed on land where there were friendly people.

But now the situation was different. Now the terrain was so difficult that they couldn't get back, even if they wanted to. What's more, they couldn't memorize the route they had taken, as they had been rushing very fast for parts of the journey. In some places, they had slid down cliffs that they wouldn't be able to climb - coming from the other direction. These are big animals, weighing up to a tonne, which is important in this context.



I don't know if the concept of a *baguette race* has been presented in previous writings? These friendly, but also semi-wild steers, love bread. You could never lead them anywhere, or force them to do anything. But they will follow a baguette to the end of the earth.

The word was coined when one day, several years ago, I was moving the steers back to the winter fields - which at that time also included the older Hlayyil and the heifer Rosie. The distance was about a kilometer, and I was well equipped with no less than three large baguettes, wrapped in paper. The rustle is usually enough to make them come running.

Perhaps it was the thought of big mouthfuls of fresh bread that appealed, compared to the relatively meagre autumn pasture. Or maybe they were just unusually playful that day. Whatever the case, the rustling of the paper made them come running at full speed across the meadow - all the while prancing around in happy buck leaps. I started running too, but out of sheer fear.

As I ran across the meadow and onto the gravel road, the paper of course continued to rustle. And in an attempt to get the steers and Rosie to slow down, I threw small pieces of bread over my shoulder. If the pieces of bread were too big, we might run out of baguettes before we reached the nearest gate of the conservatory. And then only the paper would be left.

If anyone had happened to witness this event, they would have seen a short-legged, desperate woman running for her life with a bundle of baguettes under her arm. Wildly throwing small tussocks around her - shouting; *help, help!*

And behind; three gigantic steers of mixed breeds, and an even bigger heifer, jumping and galloping along the gravel road.



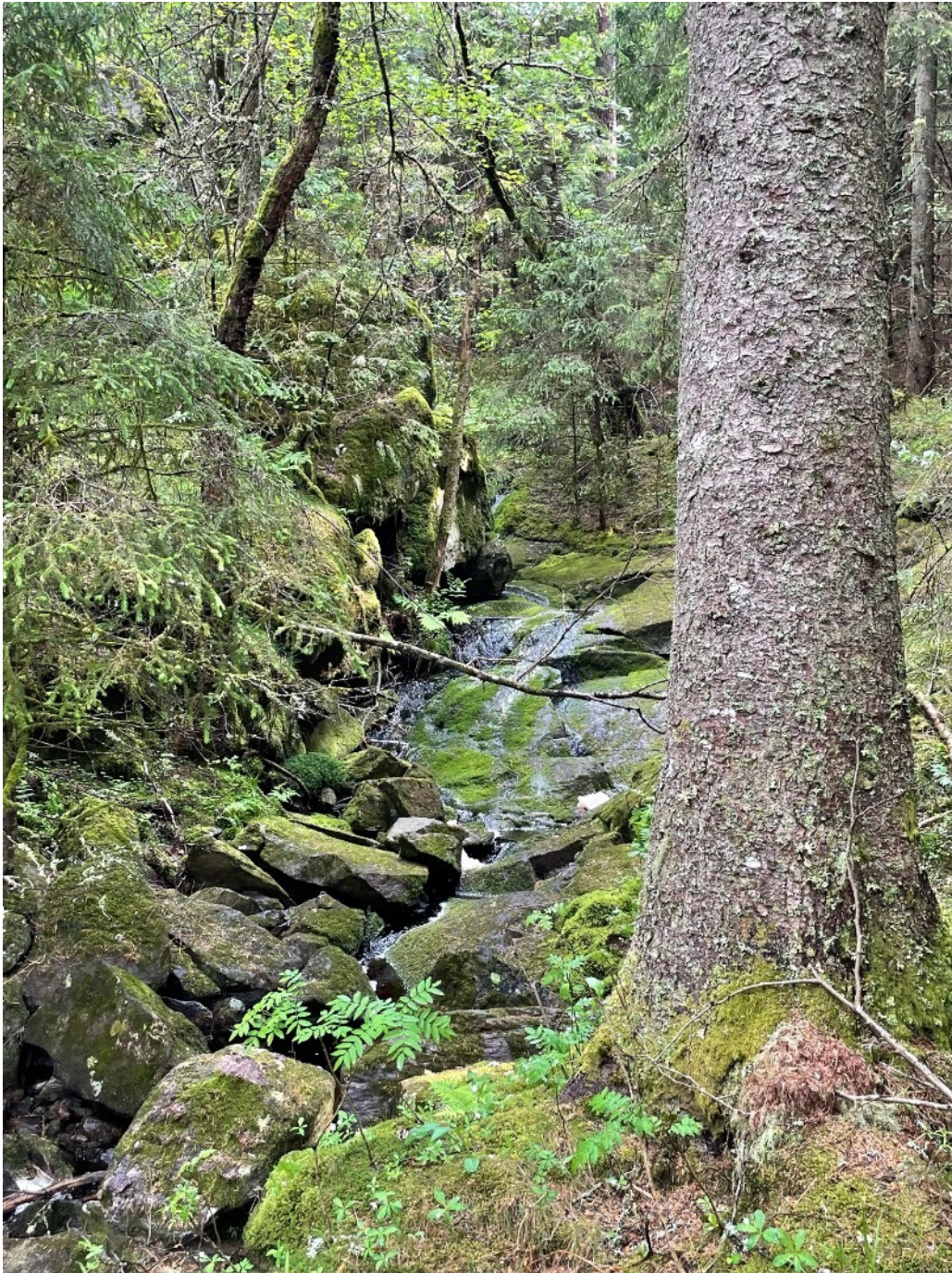
Now it was time for yet another baguette race. But in much more difficult terrain and over a distance of several hours. We made many, many attempts.

All the visitors, friends, volunteers, neighbors etc got involved in this seemingly unsolvable problem. There was no way across, back to the original field, the way they had come. And there was no other possible way through, as they were trapped by the mountain and the river.

In the end, we ended up in such a difficult part of the forest that we lost each other on several occasions. It was impossible to see more than a few metres ahead, and we had to scramble down steep, bare mountainsides. The steers disappeared in an unknown direction, while we searched our way back (over the two remaining ridges) using GPS.

The rain and thunder were with us throughout this adventure. The scenery was breathtakingly beautiful, and we swung between hope and despair. We tried various ways to find our way back into the rugged area from other directions, but that didn't work either.

All we could do now was wait.



What we didn't realize then was that the steers had slowly and strategically continued to follow our tracks. Apparently, with the help of countless baguettes, we had made it all the way into the area where they themselves had previously gotten lost. Now they were trying out a possible route by sticking around the path we had travelled, but in a more cautious manner.

They slept up on the high slopes, drinking water in the grimace. They waited, caught their breath and listened to the mountain. It was dawn and dusk no less than three times. Then they finally came out at the flatter part of the river's edge, right next to the pasture. There they walked calmly through the fence, keeping their end of the bargain. They would come back and show themselves, if only that were possible. And there we found them, to our great joy and surprise, when early one morning we decided to explore yet another way into the wilderness area.



What an adventure!



And what a way to start the summer.

With this summer greeting, we would like to wish all hay-sponsors a happy, marvelous and adventurous midsummer - and a restful, adventurous, beautiful, contemplative continuation of the summer. Without your help, these stories would never have been possible. There would have been no possibility of accepting animals, without any requirements in return.

Without you, there would be no receiver - and without listening, the world stops. We are left with a strange emptiness, which in time appears normal. The world, filled with many small miracles, fades away and becomes fairy tales.

This is not a bygone era - *it's happening now*. Go out and listen, to all those we so easily forget and take for granted. We don't have to travel far, or climb steep mountains in order to experience unforgettable adventures.

***I'm created from the ecstasy of love, and
when I die...
my essence will be released
like the scent of crushed rose petals.***

Much is changing now, as nature adapts to new circumstances. It may not be possible to rewind time. But together we can contribute to innovation. Acceptance of what *is*, the ability to surrender, and the courage to try new ways.



If we accept uncertainty, it becomes an adventure.





Many, many greetings and thanks from everyone here!

