

Midsummer Greeting 2025



*Your wings
are stretched out.
Now fly.*

Rumi

The Hashemite Horses believe that life is not a series of events, as we linear people often choose to see it. Instead, they believe that life is made up of countless meeting points. In that way, our lives consist of a countless number of relationships.



Summer is in full bloom. The horses move between different grazing fields - in relation to microbes, the different stages of flowering and seeding of the grass, the paths of the mycelium and the water. In a world gradually cut into pieces by the conquests of civilization, their hooves continue to trample incessantly to strengthen and challenge the roots of the plants. With each step, the relationship between hoof and soil is recreated. Like an awakening.



And we practice together with them.





The empathic encounter is about listening, as a total sensory experience. Beyond it is a streak of silence. In this space we may find the essence of the individual. The unique, invaluable. Like falling in love, without any expectations. Right here, and only precisely in this opening, we may share each other's imprint on the world.

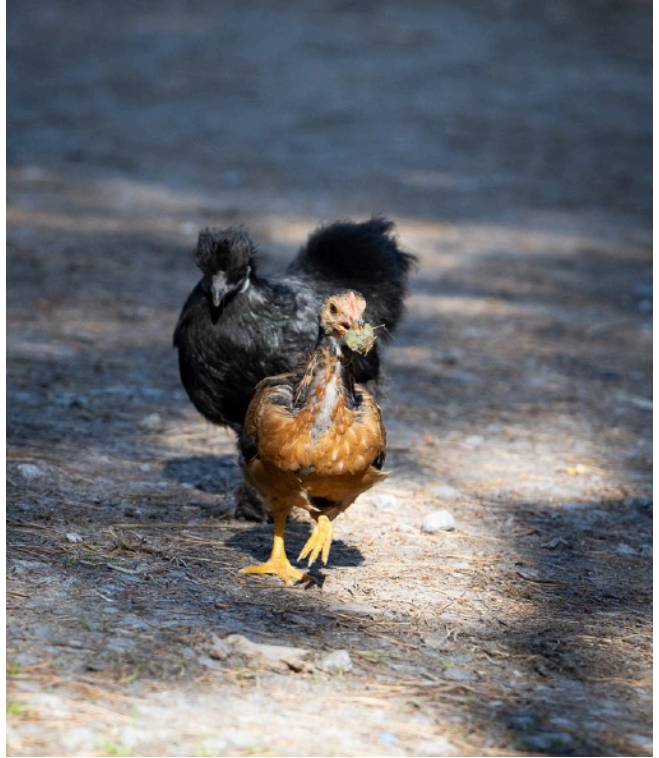


The emergence of the self. Like when little Frank begins to look around the world - and in temporary reflections, like glimpses, he puts together the image of himself.



It was when one evening he could no longer fit under his mother's belly, and had curled up right next to her, that it became clear that he needed a name of his own. In the morning, when all the hens and roosters rush out over the barn threshold, he had already decided. Frank it was, plain and simple.





Here with a stolen grape..





Every day
is a
new
adventure!



The soft feel of feet on grass. Small grains of sand shifting and forming tracks. The creation of memories, recognition, repetition.



The in-between path, which makes us temporarily leave our hierarchical view of the world - the linear time and the idea of the cessation of everything - consists of wonder. Once we are filled with wonder, time changes shape. In a brief moment of participation, we become co-creators. The law of gravity no longer applies, and we are not looking for any more answers.





*Let the beauty
of what
you love*

*be what
you do*

Rumi

On Surtung, the rhubarb is rapidly growing, entangled in grass and flowers. The diversity is increasing significantly, after only a few years of uncut grass areas. Slowly, a multitude of relationships are being created, tentatively finding new threads of conversation. We long to meet in this life, that is obvious. Somewhere inside we remember a friendship, without demands and expectations. A curiosity and longing to share our life experiences.



We are made of stories, like runnels. We are always unfinished to some extent. Creation is too generous for there to be any end. The essence of each individual consists not only of *being*, as a static image, but equally of the *path*.



By evening, Frank has flown up and sat on a stick in the barn for the very first time. He is so proud to enter this new, flying chapter of his life.





*It's with immense gratitude that this midsummer greeting is sent out to you hay donors.
Perhaps these pictures can give a small glimpse of what you make possible.*



As a tribute to a friendship that transcends all species boundaries..



We at Friskeröd and Surtung wish you a really nice summer!