

Fragile life

It is good for everyone sometimes to be reminded of how fragile life is. I am in the habit of reminding myself - and others - that we must be better to enjoy life the short time we take part in it.

I use a good exercise if I have just lost a good friend or family member: It is sad she passed away. But we who are left behind can learn from her death: We must be better to enjoy life to the full while we still have that possibility.

In front of me on the dry fell-field, I see one of the many stunted stumps of juniper bushes. The white barked piece

of wood is dead. The stump seems to have been left behind for decades.

Once, this dead piece of wood has been the trunk of a large, fresh mulberry bush. The bush has borne fruit year after year. But now all life has disappeared, and only the white piece of wood, which looks like a bone from a skeleton, remains.

And yet! Against all odds a small seed has germinated on top of the dead tree stump. Optimistic the seed has taken root in the tree stump and the first virgin leaf of the seed is about to unfold.



Outside Qaqortoq,
South Greenland, June 2016