

## Women's Group 12/10/20

### Teannalach

A small art gallery near Lake Galway in Ireland holds an exhibition with local art. A poet of no small renown drops by to view it. As he finishes his perusing, a local farmer arrives. Once a year, the farmer visits the gallery. He lives on the shores of Loch Corrib.

The gallery owner introduces the men. The poet gladly revisits the exhibition with the farmer, pointing out intricacies and hidden symbolism. The farmer listens carefully. When finished, the farmer says, "Thank you. That was interesting, and you showed me things I would have never noticed. You have a wonderful eye. It is a great gift. I envy your gift, I don't have that gift myself. But I do have Teannalach."

"What is Teannalach?" The poet asks.

"I live beside the lake," the farmer tells him. "And you always hear the ripple of the waters and the sound of wind on the water; everyone hears. However, on certain summer days when the lake is absolutely still and everything is silent, I can hear how the elements and the surface of the lake make magic music together."

A week or so later, the farmer's neighbor comes in the gallery. The owner asks about the word Teannalach. "Oh yes, they have that word up there. I've never seen it written down, so it's hard to say what it means. I suppose it means awareness, but in truth it is about seven layers deeper."

I don't know if you saw the moon last night... or earlier this week... but if you did, and savored it, be grateful... that was Teannalach...

We will all have rough days, my friends. Be gentle with yourself. Give yourself the permission to savor.

Quote for your day...

If we want to be happy at all, I think, we have to acknowledge that the circumstances, which encourage us in our love of this existence, are essential. We are part of what is sacred. That is our main defense against craziness, our solace, the source of our best politics, and our only chance at paradise. William Kittredge"

— Terry Hershey, Sabbath Moment, 12/4/20