

In the twilight

Two of the most important persons in my life are my grandmother and grandfather. As a child I went the three kilometres distance from my home town to their home in the neighbouring town to visit them on my bicycle. The distance was a challenge for a small boy, but it was all worth it. When I arrived, I always was given a hearty welcome, and they offered me lemonade and a small cake.

An important prerequisite for the good friendship between me and the two older folks was that they took me seriously, although I was a child. They respected me as an equal. As an adult, this respect I have subsequently tried to continue when I am with children.

Sometimes I had to be there for longer. These afternoons and evenings, I remember with pleasure. Was it a winter day, I was playing on the floor in the living room. The toy was always the same: A small wooden box filled with different kinds of small wooden blocks. The wooden blocks were in my fantasy animals, cars or houses. I did not need sophisticated toys.

At the deepening twilight, the two elderly people were seated in their armchairs. No one said anything, and no light was turned on. They sit in the dark. It seemed extremely safe and cosy for me and it always ended with my grandmother got on her feet and switched on the light. Now she was starting to do the cooking.

This evening I visit the small South Greenlandic settlement Nanortalik. Outside the twilight falls, and I wonder if the people behind the small windows of the houses next door also have kept darkening in a quiet togetherness without the television on.



Nanortalik, December 2015

[Quit](#)

[In the twilight](#)

[Go to the Text](#)