

Saying hello to a good friend

A day in the summer the wind dies down. The lake water forms a mirror to reflect the clouds in the blue sky. The shoresand feels warm and dry between my toes. It's summer in the province Skåne in South Sweden.

Almost every year I have often returned to this place behind the ridge Romelåsen fifty kilometres east of the city Malmö. Since my teens I have come back to this place to enjoy the varied landscapes and the rich wildlife. We have named the place “the Garden of Eden”.

When we are hiking in the Snogeholm Strövområde on such a summer day we can watch the red kite in the sky, perhaps in company with the osprey, and later in the day in company with a V-shaped group of cranes flying to lodge for the night in a meadow east of the lake Sövdesjön.

In a large beech grove just outside the village Sövde the black woodpecker lives. Year after year, we have found its entrance hole high up in one of the impressive beech trunks.

I have travelled long to get to this particular place. I have first really returned to this place I call mine when I am standing in the sand on the shore of the lake Sövdesjön.

It is like saying hello again to a good friend.



Sövdesjön, July 2011