

*Return to life, this is the duty! With this the world will be whole again, because we returned to nature, to good human relations, to livable structures and this is nothing more, than returning to the Creator.*

## **Mountain hay meadows and man**

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The Székely man here, in Gyimes, is still the closest to nature, to life, perhaps to his Creator too. On one hand this is because he receives his subsistence from here, on the other hand his existence in direct closeness to landscape and to nature has become an emotional affection, which could not be replaced by civilized things.

Of course this is just my supposition, because I don't know the people from Gyimes so closely: their spiritual life, their common problems. I just heard them, read them, got a line on their lifestyles. My message wouldn't be trustworthy if I, as an outsider, praise the romance of mowing seen only in photos and films, not knowing its hard, man testing, sweating reality.

In my presentation I try to summarize that reality, which can be lived today here in Székelyföld by the farmer. I mean the farm keeper, not the agrarian-entrepreneur who is totally at the mercy of industry. The environment could provide subsistence, territory to these folk every time. They must live in harmony with this environment and not against it. If we only utilize its stores, raw material resources and we turn back nothing from it, it will pay off sooner or later. Cattle breeding was the supporting pillar of the Székely and the Csángó in the farming process. This was partly its capital equipment, and

the horse too. Good hay and aftermath are essential food for these animals. Good hay could not be made by disc mower or reaper. The former makes dust from the grass, the latter leaves the substance behind. If we really press down the scythe's heel, holding it rightly, there could be such swaths, which could not be made by anything else.

The direct economic benefits of mowing are spiced nowadays with subsidies too. It is a landscape forming factor, as well as familial, community event. The mower should recollect how good he felt, when his wife or mother appeared on the dried-up dew with cheese and polenta brought in her shawl, or what a sight it is, when at noon two or three persons hang their scythes on the tree and look back to the results of their work and are glad for the neighbour's compliment: "You mowed a big parcel". Or the haycocks from the dried swath, later the scene of pressed, clipped, dried haystacks. This can be felt only by the ones who grew up in it and know what it means. Or going through the high street with a big amount of hay... even the women look back in admiration.

Mowing is significant from economic point of view, when gas oil and petrol are too costly. This time will come again soon. Its impact on health is important too. If only through bodily fitness.

My presentation is about these aspects and about setting them in context. It is a witness of a lifestyle, of which, more or less, I am part.