

NARRATIVE 2: MOLINO DE GUADALMESÍ PROPERTY ENGLISH

Belonging to a land. Whose land should be if not the land itself? We have the property. What does this mean? Why do humans need to have or possess a paper that says that this piece of land is ours ...? It is as if we could not fully develop fully nor have economic security or belonging if we did not have the ownership of property of some kind. And for us, indeed, that was the need that led us to buy a mill 17 years ago. A property called El Molino (the Mill) that is located on the banks of the Guadalmesí River. It was the only or the best way that we knew at the time. This is not intended to be a criticism of the people who have done it, but an invitation to reflect on how to change this automated and institutionalized pattern of thought and action.

One of what living in a natural environment has to do with the changes that occur in us, on many levels. One of them is the level of the relationship we establish with the property. You develop a presence, a listening, and a connection with the place, which allows you to have a different, more subtle communication, and that leads you to a deeper listening to the needs of the beings that inhabit the place and that goes beyond your own and only need. You begin to think of the environment as a being in itself, a living being in which you live; and to whom you must honor and give thanks on a daily basis.

The day we visited El Molino for the first time it was raining heavily ... the way to get there was much worse than it is now, there was no way to enter the place unless you went with a brush cutter. The river was about to overflow, and even so, when in a breath of rain a ray of sun came out, something told us that this was our place. We humans, poor ignorant people, at that moment we thought that it was our mind which was talking to us. But today we know that the one who spoke to us was El Molino. It told us the story of when in the so-called war between Moors and Christians, the border between the two kingdoms was the river. The only ones who came down there were the women. They went to wash not only shirts and sheets but also, and above all, they cleaned relationships and possible misunderstandings or conflicts that men had started or were about to develop.

It was El Molino who told us that we would live there. Who chose us as guardians of the place. But at the beginning, we understood that it was the opposite. We became the caretakers of these places, without realizing that we had not chosen it, but that life had put us there; and that with time, we would realize. So it was.

We think that we consciously choose the piece of land that we want to own and we don't realize until years later that the decision was not ours ... and that it makes no sense that we own anything, but rather that we protect and honor the place that welcomes us.