

‘Living on an island as precious as Inis Meáin there is no need in itself for travelling as I rounded the edges of the world in eight years without taking a physical step myself...’

Who will I meet today, from where will they come and what kind of stories will there be shared between us? Those are the questions arising, when I open the door in the morning like today... A couple enters the threshold. One of them is holding a case. Soon it is unzipped and I make acquaintance with gentle sounds of a mandolin eagerly coinciding with the atmosphere. Sometime later I am pulled back decades in time when there was no boat service to Inis Meáin, electricity, running water nor cars for private use. In a colourful way the visitor tells me how he, after a labours’ days work was guided around the island by pony and trap!

Snatches of narratives like these told by Islanders and visitors in the first year in the teagarden and in later years in my tiny restaurant and craft (work) shop. On one hand people born and/or living on Inis Meáin and on the other hand visitors from all over the world just for some hours. These variegated tales compose a colourful weaving against the background of a rocky spot in the Atlantic.

As it just might happen after having visited Inis Meáin you consider it was not real but a dream from which you awoke at least invigorated and feeling revitalized.

After all you have taken in, the hours you were here the adventure can be felt being drenched, unaware though, into a world you never would have thought of her existence at all. It is lovely you came, being led without really knowing where you decided to go to.

Maybe you look upon the island as being a dream because nature is there in all its’ facets. There are the cows being curious and they even give you the impression of taking part, sometimes from a higher terrace, in the conversation you are having with another person. From none animal on the island there is really a threat to be awaited. Inis Meáin is not a dream, Inis Meáin is.



Where longing finds ground Stories from Inis Meáin

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