

TAME TEA LOVER

Article by Siim Loog

Lately I read Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's *Le Petit Prince*. For many months, my dear girlfriend recommended it, but I didn't read it. Something kept me from it. Maybe I just wasn't ready. Maybe I was too grown up for it. The months passed and passed until finally, I grabbed it from the shelf, opened to the first page and started. I felt happy; the book had lots of pictures, big letters and it was thin. I read it really quickly—forty minutes and done. After that I felt even better. It was the perfect time to read it, as I am on a path of self-discovery through tea. I guess that if I had read it a few years or even a year ago, it might not have had any effect on me. There was a lot of truth in it which resonated with me, especially about our “important” grown-up life and how we are always busy—how we have to *do* all the time. We don't have any time to just *be*...

Of the several interwoven stories within the book, the one that struck me the most was the tale about the Little Prince and the fox. They met one day and Little Prince told the fox: “Come and play with me. I am very unhappy.” The fox replied: “I cannot play with you. I am not tame.” After which Little Prince asked: “What does the word ‘tame’ mean?” “It is a long forgotten thing” replied the fox. “It means making connections.” At last, the fox said: “Please tame me, Little prince. Then we can play and be together. We will love each other and it will give my life meaning.” At first I didn't pay much attention to the story, but later I started thinking about how it was such a beautiful way to explain the word ‘tame’.

I'd previously thought that tame means to compel something or somebody, and always thought of it as

a bit of a bad thing. Like a trainer who tames an animal; this always seemed to me a bit harsh or violent. Maybe the animal doesn't want to be tamed and wants to be wild, so why tame her/him? Do we always have to interfere? But now I think I have seen it wrong all along. Of course there can be abuse between master and pet, but sometimes there is something else behind their relationship. It is connections that they are making. They are doing something extremely beautiful: trusting each other! The trainer gives the animal a bit of her soul and takes some back in exchange. They are then soulmates forever. Tame can be something beautiful, though we may not notice it...

The point of this story may be that I feel that tea has tamed me. If I start to look at my present life and how I am living it, I see that tea is everywhere—mostly in my heart. I am living more peacefully than ever. I am healthier; my thinking has improved and some of my fears are vanishing. Tea gives me the strength and wisdom to carry on. We are soulmates, I need her to continue my path. Something beautiful has happened: I opened my soul and tea came and tamed me. Now she is part of me and I hope I am hers. And I believe most of you have experienced the same. So to all of you tamed friends, lots of hugs and be well...



