

**Subject:** Final Test Winter Solstice 2021  
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**Date:** 12/19/21, 17:42  
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*Wishing you and your family a very  
Peaceful Winter Solstice, 2021*



is thought to have been constructed  
around 3000 BC -- over 15 generations  
before Stonehenge and 600 years  
before the Pyramids.

In the fertile Boyne Valley -- North and West of Dublin, Ireland -- ancient inhabitants built this monument marking the sun's morning horizon location on the year's shortest day -- the Winter Solstice.



NEWGRANGE is a massive earth and stone 'passage tomb.'

Entrance Stone:



Plan  
and  
Section  
Views:

INSIDE :



On just 5 Days Each Year {during the Winter Solstice} the morning sun's rays shine down the 63 foot long passage to  
illuminate  
the central Chamber beyond.

An album of 85 images of Newgrange photographed by Warren LeMay is available on FLICKR website here:

<https://www.flickr.com/photos/warrenlemay/albums/72157703805544541/with/46571665451/>

*Reflecting on a Year's End -- always feeling to me like a 'chance to begin over:' Sweet are the uses of Adversity, and Redemption ;)*

I feel so fortunate to have visited this extraordinary construction four times. Those experiences instilled in me a great affinity for honoring earth's source of illumination in it's ever-changing yet amazingly constant patterns.

For me, such an awareness and practice transcends other Western notions surrounding a seasonal 'Celebration of Light.'

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I find comfort and inspiration to know that more than 1000 years or 40 generations before any of the 'Great Spiritual Traditions' {whether Eastern or Western} came into being, Newgrange reveals very literally how early Homo Sapiens lived intimately within and revered their natural world. One has but to experience monuments which they toiled to erects such as Newgrange in order to feel their devotion and cooperation manifest.

The remarkable reality of Newgrange makes me think of a favorite poem I first encountered some 50 odd years ago: Sunday Morning By Wallace Stevens

The poem articulates one man's bitter-sweet world view which, for me, rang true then, and still does today.

The Portion Ending 'Sunday Morning's' Last Stanza captures Wallace Steven's curiosity and perhaps his conclusions about man's place in the Universe :

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We live in an old chaos of the sun,  
Or old dependency of day and night,  
Or island solitude, unsponsored, free,  
Of that wide water, inescapable.  
Deer walk upon our mountains, and the quail  
Whistle about us their spontaneous cries;  
Sweet berries ripen in the wilderness;  
And, in the isolation of the sky,  
At evening, casual flocks of pigeons make  
Ambiguous undulations as they sink,  
Downward to darkness, on extended wings.

[Listen to an Audio Recording of Last Verse – LibriVox](#)

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The poem in full may be found here :  
<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poetrymagazine/poems/13261/sunday-morning>

A guide to the poem is found here :  
<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/articles/70288/wallace-stevens-sunday-morning>

Take care, enjoy these last days of 2021, and may 2022 bring us each great peace and joy.....Kernel

An Irish Blessing:  
*May you live as long as you want  
And not want as long as you live.*