

Tree of hands





# The tree of hands

By Cătălina Dănilă



I love trees. I love them and I will love them forever. Maybe it's because their lives are similar to ours. We grow from seed, we rise to the sky, we bear, in turn we shed our seed and we die. I think that each and every one of us has been a tree in another life, there is a resemblance. Our fingerprints are like those of the trees, personal and circular, changing shape and size from one year to another. Through time people and trees have been linked not only in psychology, but also in philosophy, religion and other sciences.

All of us together, we grow and develop inner powers, feeding on the nature that surrounds us, on plants, herbs, flowers and trees. Life is balanced. The Taoist philosophy tells us that trees are the most spiritually developed plants: they are constantly meditating, the subtle energy being their natural language. When our capacity of understanding this language grows, we can start our relationship with them. It's a relationship of mutual benefits which deserves to be cultivated. Researchers in the field of philosophy have reached the conclusion that trees are not only an actual lung of the earth, but also a source of influence on the human psychological balance. On one side this is because of the beautiful spectacle that they present and on the other side this is due to the positive energy that they generate.

In India, over five to six decades ago, a miraculous phenomenon was taking place. At each strike of the bell from the Faridpur temple, a glorious tree was bowing its branches to the ground in a prayer like ritual. Now only its forehead silhouetted against the sky reminds us of those mythical times. The Romanian poet Nichita Stănescu said that ... *"he hasn't got many friends, instead he has without number, one of them being the tree GICĂ"* (Stănescu 1985). It was such a great love...



**IDENTITĂȚI ÎN LUT: COPACUL MĂINILOR**

Workshop coordonat de Cătălina Dănilă  
cu participarea Școlii de Arte și Meserii Măgura

**IDENTITY IN CLAY: THE TREE OF HANDS**

Workshop coordinated by Cătălina Dănilă  
with the participation of Școala de Arte și Meserii Măgura



In the same context, from the workshop *The transformation of clay: shaping, decorating and firing of pots*, with the participation of the Măgura School of Arts and Crafts, was born the workshop *Identity in clay: the tree of hands*, where together children, artists and archaeologists worked to transform an abstract concept into tangible objects.











The fruits of the tree of hands are our palms. We created them and we deposited them together on its branches, investing the tree with our personalities, with the stories that we have lived, we live and we will live, with our past, our present and our future. With love we have pressed our hands into the soft clay discs and with great curiosity we looked upon the impression of our fingerprints, searching for lines, signs and symbols. We were making comparisons and we were exchanging opinions like some great sages of life. With trembling hearts we waited to take away from the flames the moment of our existence; it will endure for eternity.











Like in the autumn when the trees cover us with their leaves, in the same way we have covered this tree with the fruits of our labour. Throughout history the open hand was associated with the truth, good faith, friendship and courage. Our tree is rich. In it everything overlaps. From its branches hang the destinies of big people and little people that have met and known each other, created and evolved together, through the core of a few hot summer days.

And then they come to my mind, like a long lost echo, the verses of the poet Nichita *"I approach the stones and keep silent,/ I take the words and I draw them into the sea./ I whistle to the moon and I raise it and I transfigure it/ into a big love"* (Stănescu, N. 1964) ...like the prayer of a tree.



## Bibliography

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