

We humans labor, we work to breathe another day. We hold our responsibilities, hold our families and communities. We do what we must to keep the chaos at bay. Better yet, out to sea. And, all around us are societies that retreat to home behind closed doors, in search of solace and a much needed disconnection from the outside world.

In the daily life of many ancient cultures, one is always among family and neighbors, at the morning bar for *caffè*, the weekly market, dozens of greetings throughout the day, home to family *per la cena* followed by the traditional evening walk. The town in which you live was designed a millennia ago to frame such a life. Being surrounded by souls who have for thousands of years created a culture of enjoying one's life as an essential priority - this feeds us at the roots. While living a fast-paced life, chasing affluence, this landscape passes you by. Perhaps this is why some spend weekends on the sofa recharging, so we can venture out our front doors, flailing yet renewed. On a new day, we can again try to drink nourishment from a shallow source. Like a rock skipping along the surface.

If your priorities are devotion, depth and a layered daily life, then we must seek energy in slowness. Those ancient priorities require you to downshift since we cannot truly accept people as wealth while moving at Mach 10.

Stare at the starlight and draw breath. Once the stillness is yours, you can't help but explore the depths inherent in each of our lives. Humanity, art and artistry in any form are there in the quiet, waiting for us.