

TIME

As the year draws to an end, before the commotion, the toasting and the fireworks that distract us from reality and from ourselves, we have a chance to capture the true value of something that is most precious to us but which we cannot hold on to. Time.

We do so by pondering the year that is about to finish and the one that is about to begin, both are tendered to us by calendars and diaries.

In the diaries of the year gone we find the things that we wanted to accept and the things that we had to accept. Each diary is like a travel log that belongs to those who have steered their ship through seas that were at times calm, at times choppy, at times rough, and on occasion so rough that they instilled fear of an imminent disaster. Jotted in the diaries are joys and sorrows, hopes that have been fulfilled and others that have vanished, thrills and worries, surprises and disappointments. In them we find the names of our travel companions but also the names of those who have had to suddenly cease their journey forever.

It is what we have jotted down in our diaries in the year gone and in the years before that stays with us and leads us to believe that the remainder of the journey will be safer.

We know that day will be followed by night and night again by day. We know that from winter we will move into spring and then to summer that will be followed by autumn and then winter will come again. We know that winds will blow from the sea at times from the north, other times from the south, sometimes from the east and other times from the west. We know that we must decide which direction to follow, and it is by doing so that we live, it is by choosing, by experimenting, that we learn to understand who we are and become our true selves.

We know that time cannot be stored, nor can it be stopped, it can't be gifted to others, it can't be bought nor can it be sold, thus we are invited to make good use of what we have without taking greedily

from the world, leaving it poorer, but using sensibly what it has to offer, contributing to making it better, more righteous, more noble, more harmonious. In doing so we shall cherish that silence which will enable us to better understand these words and who we are, where we come from, where we are going and that the life we are living is unique, unreproducible.

RAFFAELE VACCA

(translated by Teresa Gentile)