

ON THE NOTES OF BATTISTI

How can a rock stem the sea; although I do not want it, I am already going back to fly...

By chance one night, after seeing a special titled "Emozioni" on TV, I get emotional.

The notes of the song of Battisti resonate within me, and for a while I lose my track of time.

I see myself girl, locked in my room with the record player on the floor, putting the same disc again and again and again... I see the scene so clear in my mind: the wallpaper with pink roses on a gray ground, the blue and white bedcover with geometric designs...

My dreams of a teenager in a city that is not my city... my mood swinging between joy and melancholy, which then melts as snow in the sun grace to a smile, a word, a compliment... abruptly I come back to reality, almost forty years have gone in a flash, and the time seems to have made me a joke, a bad joke.

Sometimes I see my body differently, and even I admit it: is it possible that lately I watched it so shortly to miss this transformation, or all was so sudden and not gradual?

I still feel myself the teenager who listens to Lucio Battisti, who gets excited for his music, which intimately vibrates in and dreams, and that time seems to me so close.

Who do am I? It is not easy to accept every day to put myself aside a little bit more, accept to remain silent, to "make room" to younger people, when I feel still young! In my family background of that time, young people were not the center of the stage, adults were authoritative, elders wise and young people had only to learn from them.

Now things have changed, younger people "know" everything and you just have to listen to, how anyway I have always done, but sometimes stories are false, based on nothing, on hearsay, fragile and trivial stories.

Incredulous I find myself having no longer live ahead,

but much of it behind me and I echo the words of my mother "I am no longer the protagonist". Help!... I'm getting old.

It is hard to deal with the limitations of back pains, increased slowness, lack of concentration, a greater need for rest, in short, I am fifty-3 years and no more fifteen even though I am still capable of being fifteen when I get excited, and always more often I am no longer at the center of the scene but in a corner.

However, this side has an interesting perspective, I do not have the dark before me but I can see lights and shadows and the shadows do not make me more afraid, I find them appealing and full of mystery.

And then, "I return to fly", moving away slowly, with my heart... excited.

Margherita Fiore

GIRO PER LA TERRA

Every individual takes part into the big circle of Existence more or less consciously and gives his/her own contribution to the development of the human history. Everyone contributes to the stream of Life with his/her own personal life, influencing balances and processes that inevitably reflect themselves on the environmental and socio-cultural ecosystem.

The Mother Earth, a unique vital organism, according to the Native Americans and to lots of spiritual traditions, needs the respect and wise actions of each one of its inhabitants... Nowadays we need this global civil consciousness more than ever, especially considering the whirling winds of change of our times and the deep interdependence among all the inhabitants of the unique Global Village.

The Centres of Psycho-synthesis are aware of this and for more than twenty years the centre in Ancona has been working to spread the culture of the undertaking of individual responsibility; but how can a small group of people become visible and leading for the majority, in a reality where everything makes you think a little and always in a rush? Surely the public conferences and the several working seminars are a valid means, but the wish for reaching a larger audience, with a warm, lively and joyful message has pushed the partners to get out from their seats and leave their traditional routine activities to "occupy" the central square in Ancona.

On Saturday October 8th 2011 something unusual, intense and involving happened, an event that created a very, very special place of inner listening, in the chaotic