

Hermitage

her·mit·age
[ˈhɜrmədij]

NOUN

hermitages (plural noun)

1. the dwelling of a hermit, especially when small and remote.
2. life or condition of a hermit
3. (the Hermitage)
a major art museum in St. Petersburg, Russia, containing among its collections those begun by Catherine the Great.
4. (the Hermitage)
an estate, the home of Andrew Jackson, in central Tennessee, northeast of Nashville.

I like words and definitions, not to mention etymologies and linguistics. I was looking for a way to begin the discussion of the thoughts swirling around in my head about my recent move into my own room. I have been living in communal, shared situations for the better part of two years. It was inevitable that something would change and proper, but it still makes me a little nervous. The part of the definition that applies to me is the “life or condition of a hermit”. I was becoming exasperated with the childish antics and banal delights of the denizens of the sober house. Now, I have just myself.

So, I was looking for the definition of a place where a hermit might live and I find hermitage. But, even better, I find this fascinating story about a town in Austria which has a resident hermit. Now I finally know what I want to be when I grow up,
<https://www.smithsonianmag.com/smart-news/austrian-town-seeks-professional-hermit-180961819/>.

There is one catch though - apparently tourists find their way up there to seek some sort of communion with the resident hermit. That would be unacceptable, but I am getting closer to finding some place in this Universe where I can find some modicum of serenity.

Restart



I started this post my first night in the new place, but I am still scattered in my thoughts. Hopefully things will settle down for me and I can resume something that resembles a normal life soon. Of course, I have no idea what it is that normal people do and I don't really care - it just gets lonely sometimes when I have nothing in common with the millions of people I see. It is the contradiction that is my life all over again - I don't want to be alone, but I also don't want to fit in. It doesn't seem that I can have both.

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From childhood's hour I have not been
As others were—I have not seen
As others saw—I could not bring
My passions from a common spring—
From the same source I have not taken
My sorrow—I could not awaken
My heart to joy at the same tone—
And all I lov'd—I lov'd alone—
Then—in my childhood—in the dawn
Of a most stormy life—was drawn
From ev'ry depth of good and ill
The mystery which binds me still—
From the torrent, or the fountain—
From the red cliff of the mountain—
From the sun that 'round me roll'd
In its autumn tint of gold—
From the lightning in the sky
As it pass'd me flying by—
From the thunder, and the storm—
And the cloud that took the form
(When the rest of Heaven was blue)
Of a demon in my view—

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I'll try to write a better post this weekend. It will just take a little time to adjust to new surroundings, new sights and sounds, and all that. The rhythms of school, recovery, running will hopefully allow me to settle in attack the next phase of my life with the same determination and rigorous attention to details that makes me successful in school. Until then...



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