

dear residents

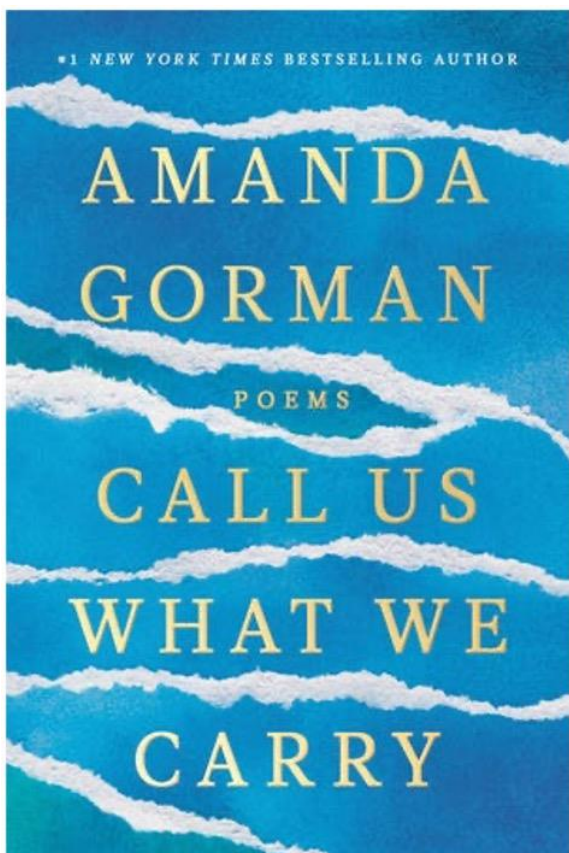
Losing Control, Gaining Trust

January 9, 2022

Dear Residents,

Amanda Gorman's [new book](#) of poetry was just released. The opening poem was penned just before Omicron hit us. Here are the first few lines:

*Allegedly the worst is behind us.
Still, we crouch before the lip of tomorrow,
Halting like a headless hant in our own house,
Waiting to remember exactly
What it is we're supposed to be doing.*



The speed of Omicron's spread leaves us with no locus of control. It reminds that most of what we encounter is in the hands of the unknown and properly results from a fusion of luck and fate. As intelligent beings we cannot help but point our telescopes toward the future, but we can only see so far. [In Nine Lies About Work](#), Buckingham and Goodall state that "the thing we call planning doesn't tell you where to go; it just helps you understand where you are." We worry, we constantly imagine the next phase, we can't switch this off even as we face widespread unpredictability.

Modernity has given us many tools to control our future (even as we are reminded that it cannot be fully controlled). We believe in science, in technology, in progress, in growth, in civics and in our ability to solve complex problems through individual brilliance and collective wisdom. But here we are, facing a virtual viral tsunami, standing at the shore watching it come in. What does one do at times like this?

This is a time to trust ourselves and trust in each other. Trust that we can be kind to ourselves and to those around us. Trust that the program will look after you and make the best possible decisions. We have not been singled out – we are facing this disruption together – we have managed it before – we will do so again. We will emerge with more wisdom and greater resolve. Let's first just acknowledge that we are vulnerable and then let's do the very best we can. Individualism is a hallmark of modernity, yet in times like these we fare best when focusing on the collective good.

This is also a time to enjoy the small pleasures in life – that morning cup of coffee feeling warm in your hand, the steam rising to your face. A good night's sleep, awakening refreshed. Looking through old photos, rekindling memories. A rich conversation with a caring friend - when time seems to dilate.

I have immense gratitude for the generosity you have displayed – you have borne the chaos with grace.

Warm regards,

Dino Kazi