

Location: Sage Advice



You get lost on your way to the Harvest Festival, so you pull over to ask directions at a quilting shop. Inside two women are piecing together a quilt using some rather unusual stitch-work. One of them looks up at you and shouts “SWEN!”

The other shakes her head, “Please excuse my sister **Dottie**,” she explains, “she mistook you for this **dashing** young lad she dated some sixty years ago!”

Dottie reminisces, “That’s right; we used to write love letters back and forth. I’ll never forget his **first letter**; it was **like a compass**, setting my life in a whole new **direction**. That’s when I got my **start as a seamstress!**”

“Well, umm... I’m just looking for the Harvest Festival,” you explain. “I hear it is really quite extraordinary.”

Dottie looks up at you with an intensity that catches you off guard and gives some sage, rather strange advice:

“Seeking extraordinary never ever satisfies. Seek wee-little nuances every ephemeral second. We seek what next we serve!”

What she was probably trying to say was _____.

