

Philosophy.

Elisabetta's notes (part II).

Each time autumn arrives, I reconnect to mother earth, to the female instincts of hospitality, to letting things be, to the trusting expectation for the ripening fruit. I have a deep feeling of trust in life.

During each harvest, I am moved and return to my childhood, recognizing the smells of the fermenting wine.

Each year is like the first, the experience gathered through many harvests does not lead to a road on which one moves sure-footed, but only a faint line is discernable: a trail that leads to a new and intense experience, different once more.

The protagonists now are my instinct and creativity, along with a good practical sense. I feel reborn.

There is life in every cask, in every amphora; an impetuous force, a regenerating energy that transforms, cleans and calls to order, to listen and to observe: my mind is fully absorbed and enlivened.

I wonder what I would be like if I didn't make wine.

