

# Connected Learning in a Time of Confinement

## Week 7: Loneliness and Solitude

May 18, 2020

This anthology has been prepared in draft form for use in a special seminar curriculum and are provided for private, non-commercial use in extraordinary times. Additional information about the seminar and this volume is available from The Aspen Institute, 2300 N Street NW, Suite 700, Washington, DC 20037.

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## Other resources,

including daily meditations, periodic podcasts, on-line seminars and discussions, and occasional on-line conversations about this week's curriculum, are available at:

[aspeninstitute.org/programs/executive-leadership-development/resources-for-living-and-leading/](https://aspeninstitute.org/programs/executive-leadership-development/resources-for-living-and-leading/)

# How to Use this Curriculum

**Connected Learning in Times of Confinement is designed to support people and their families, neighborhoods, organizations, and networks by building upon the Aspen Institute's unique expertise in facilitating meaningful conversations in a seminar setting.**

We envisage a weekly curriculum that can be used in pieces, or all at once, or in various combinations. Our hope is that these readings and guidance will allow you and others to reflect on fundamental human questions in ways that nourish our hearts, minds, and fellowship in a time of confinement. A curriculum (from the Latin *currere*, to run) is a path, an exploration, not something to be mastered but an invitation to discovery and wonder. These materials are curated to intrigue and delight you, and we invite you to reflect upon them on your own, and to share them—with family, friends, neighbors, teams, networks. In this, the journey itself is the destination, a call to thought, dialogue, and action.

**In a journey it is often helpful to have a guide, and in this curriculum you will find three guides:**

**First, the authors themselves—**

we do not need to follow the authors, but we do well to understand what they are saying;

**Second, guiding questions—**

for each reading, there is a set of guiding questions designed for individual and collective reflection; they are not the only (or even most important) questions, but a way of getting started; these may be found at the back of the packet and are best read after you have read the texts;

**Third, general guidance—**

for each discussion, participants and discussion leaders may want to remind themselves of some best practices; these may be found at the back of this packet.

We invite you to share these readings widely and encourage others to engage in conversation. As you do so, know that fellow seminar graduates and their families, friends, and colleagues are doing the same. We all contribute to a global chorus of conversation about ideas worth sharing and acting upon.

**—Todd Breyfogle, PhD  
Managing Director, Aspen  
Executive Leadership Seminars**

## About Aspen Institute Seminars

The Aspen Institute Executive Leadership Seminars Department drives change through reflection, dialogue, and action in service of a more free, just, and equitable society. We do this by: curating brave spaces of shared meaning which help people become more self-aware, more self-correcting, and more self-fulfilling; deepening participants' humane sensibilities and capacities for moral judgment through an examination of the humanistic traditions; establishing meaningful connections among diverse people and organizations in service of a better society.

For more information, including information about customized programs for companies and other organizations, please contact Kalissa Hendrickson, PhD, Director, at [Kalissa.Hendrickson@aspennst.org](mailto:Kalissa.Hendrickson@aspennst.org) or 202-736-3586. [Learn more.](#)

# Philosophical Basis

The Aspen Institute starts from an act of faith in the humanistic tradition: one must be reflective in order to insure that all human activity – political, scientific, economic, intellectual or artistic – will serve the needs of human beings and enrich and deepen their lives.

The Institute believes in the value both of the “Great Ideas” of the past as well as the importance of the sometimes inelegant and highly controversial ideas of the present.

The Institute is dedicated to the fundamental educational value of dialogue for mature men and women from different nations and cultures -- intercommunications between people of comparable competence from various backgrounds and specialized fields of experience.

The Aspen idea recognizes that the processes by which persons learn and develop or change their ideas are not mechanical or even purely rational. As there is a mystery at the edge of human thought, so there is a magic about human relationships, and the magic we attempt to invoke in Aspen is that of the sheer beauty of this area of the Rocky Mountains.

With Erasmus, we hold that “nothing human is alien” to the inquiring purposes of the Aspen Institute. The Institute intends to be, in sum, a place of excellence and excitement where men and women of the finest qualities of mind and spirit from all walks of life in the United States and abroad can meet to learn from one another through serious discussion of and work on significant problems facing society and the greatest ideas which have been expressed throughout history and today concerning these problems.

—J. E. Slater, President, The Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies, 1972

**Connected Learning in  
a Time of Confinement**

# Readings | Week 7

- 5 Pablo Neruda, "Towards the Splendid City"
- 9 Hannah Arendt, "Some Questions of Moral Philosophy"
- 11 Henry David Thoreau, "Solitude"
- 13 Mary Oliver, "Wild Geese"

# Towards the Splendid City

by Pablo Neruda  
(1904–1973)

1 My speech is going to be a long journey, a trip that I have taken through  
regions that are distant and antipodean, but not for that reason any less similar  
to the landscape and the solitude in Scandinavia. I refer to the way in which my  
country stretches down to the extreme South. So remote are we Chileans that  
5 our boundaries almost touch the South Pole, recalling the geography of Sweden,  
whose head reaches the snowy northern region of this planet.

Down there on those vast expanses in my native country, where I was taken  
by events which have already fallen into oblivion, one has to cross, and I was  
compelled to cross, the Andes to find the frontier of my country with Argentina.  
10 Great forests make these inaccessible areas like a tunnel through which our journey  
was secret and forbidden, with only the faintest signs to show us the way. There  
were no tracks and no paths, and I and my four companions, riding on horse-  
back, pressed forward on our tortuous way, avoiding the obstacles set by huge  
trees, impassable rivers, immense cliffs and desolate expanses of snow, blindly  
15 seeking the quarter in which my own liberty lay. Those who were with me knew  
how to make their way forward between the dense leaves of the forest, but to feel  
safer they marked their route by slashing with their machetes here and there in  
the bark of the great trees, leaving tracks which they would follow back when they  
had left me alone with my destiny.

20 Each of us made his way forward filled with this limitless solitude, with the  
green and white silence of trees and huge trailing plants and layers of soil laid  
down over centuries, among half-fallen tree trunks which suddenly appeared as  
fresh obstacles to bar our progress. We were in a dazzling and secret world of nature  
which at the same time was a growing menace of cold, snow and persecution.  
25 Everything became one: the solitude, the danger, the silence, and the urgency of  
my mission.

Sometimes we followed a very faint trail, perhaps left by smugglers or ordinary  
criminals in flight, and we did not know whether many of them had perished,  
surprised by the icy hands of winter, by the fearful snowstorms which suddenly  
30 rage in the Andes and engulf the traveller, burying him under a whiteness seven  
storeys high.

On either side of the trail I could observe in the wild desolation something  
which betrayed human activity. There were piled up branches which had lasted

1 out many winters, offerings made by hundreds who had journeyed there, crude  
burial mounds in memory of the fallen, so that the passer should think of those who  
had not been able to struggle on but had remained there under the snow forever.  
My comrades, too, hacked off with their machetes branches which brushed our  
5 heads and bent down over us from the colossal trees, from oaks whose last leaves  
were scattering before the winter storms. And I too left a tribute at every mound,  
a visiting card of wood, a branch from the forest to deck one or other of the graves  
of these unknown travellers....

We continued till we came to a natural tunnel which perhaps had been  
10 bored through the imposing rocks by some mighty vanished river or created by  
some tremor of the earth when these heights had been formed, a channel that  
we entered where it had been carved out in the rock in granite. After only a few  
steps our horses began to slip when they sought for a foothold in the uneven  
surfaces of the stone and their legs were bent, sparks flying from beneath their iron  
15 shoes—several times I expected to find myself thrown off and lying there on the  
rock. My horse was bleeding from its muzzle and from its legs, but we persevered  
and continued on the long and difficult but magnificent path.

There was something awaiting us in the midst of this wild primeval forest.  
Suddenly, as if in a strange vision, we came to a beautiful little meadow huddled  
20 among the rocks: clear water, green grass, wild flowers, the purling of brooks and  
the blue heaven above, a generous stream of light unimpeded by leaves.

There we stopped as if within a magic circle, as if guests within some hallowed  
place, and the ceremony I now took part in had still more the air of something  
sacred. The cowherds dismounted from their horses. In the midst of the space, set  
25 up as if in a rite, was the skull of an ox. In silence the men approached it one after  
the other and put coins and food in the eyesockets of the skull. I joined them in this  
sacrifice intended for stray travellers, all kinds of refugees who would find bread  
and succour in the dead ox's eyesockets.

But the unforgettable ceremony did not end there. My country friends took off  
their hats and began a strange dance, hopping on one foot around the abandoned  
30 skull, moving in the ring of footprints left behind by the many others who had  
passed there before them. Dimly I understood, there by the side of my inscrutable  
companions, that there was a kind of link between unknown people, a care, an  
appeal and an answer even in the most distant and isolated solitude of this world....

During this long journey I found the necessary components for the making of  
35 the poem. There I received contributions from the earth and from the soul. And  
I believe that poetry is an action, ephemeral or solemn, in which there enter as  
equal partners solitude and solidarity, emotion and action, the nearness to oneself,  
the nearness to mankind and to the secret manifestations of nature. And no less  
strongly I think that all this is sustained—man and his shadow, man and his  
conduct, man and his poetry— by an ever-wider sense of community, by an effort

1 which will forever bring together the reality and the dreams in us because it is precisely in this way that poetry unites and mingles them....

From all this, my friends, there arises an insight which the poet must learn through other people. There is no insurmountable solitude. All paths lead to the  
5 same goal: to convey to others what we are. And we must pass through solitude and difficulty, isolation and silence in order to reach forth to the enchanted place where we can dance our clumsy dance and sing our sorrowful song – but in this dance or in this song there are fulfilled the most ancient rites of our conscience in the awareness of being human and of believing in a common destiny.

# Notes

Connected Learning in  
a Time of Confinement

# Some Questions of Moral Philosophy

by Hannah Arendt  
(1906–1975)

1       Morality concerns the individual in his singularity. The criterion of right and  
wrong, the answer to the question, what ought I to do? depends in the last analysis  
neither on habits and customs, which I share with those around me, nor on a  
command of either divine or human origin, but on what I decide with regard to  
5 myself. In other words, I cannot do certain things, because having done them I  
shall no longer be able to live with myself. This living-with-myself is more than  
consciousness, more than the self-awareness that accompanies me in whatever I do  
and in whichever state I am. To be with myself and to judge by myself is articulated  
and actualized in the processes of thought, and every thought process is an activity  
10 in which I speak with myself about whatever happens to concern me. The mode  
of existence present in this silent dialogue of myself with myself, I now shall call  
solitude. Hence, solitude is more than, and different from, other modes of being  
alone, particularly and most importantly loneliness and isolation.

      Solitude means that though alone, I am together with somebody (myself, that  
15 is). It means that I am two-in-one, whereas loneliness as well as isolation do not  
know this kind of schism, this inner dichotomy in which I can ask questions of  
myself and receive answers. Solitude and its corresponding activity, which is  
thinking, can be interrupted either by somebody else addressing me or, like every  
other activity, by doing something else, or by sheer exhaustion. In any of these  
20 cases, the two that I was in thought become one again. If somebody addresses me,  
I must now talk to him, and not to myself, and in talking to him, I change. I become  
one, possessing of course self-awareness, that is, consciousness, but no longer fully  
and articulately in possession of myself. If I am addressed by one person only and  
if, as sometimes happens, we begin to talk in the form of dialogue about the very  
25 same things either one of us has been concerned about while still in solitude, then  
it is as if I now address another self. And this other self, *allos authos*, was rightly  
defined by Aristotle as the friend. If, on the other hand, my thought process in  
solitude stops for some reason, I also become one again. Because this one who I  
now am is without company, I may reach out for the company of others—people,  
30 books, music—and if they fail me or if I am unable to establish contact with

1 them, I am overcome by boredom and loneliness. For this I do not have to be alone:  
I can be very bored and very lonely in the midst of a crowd, but not in actual  
solitude, that is, in my own company, or together with a friend, in the sense of  
another self. This is why it is much harder to bear being alone in a crowd than in  
5 solitude—as Meister Eckhart once remarked.

The last mode of being alone, which I call isolation, occurs when I am neither  
together with myself nor in the company of others but concerned with the things  
of the world. Isolation can be the natural condition for all kinds of work where  
I am so concentrated on what I am doing that the presence of others, including  
10 myself, can only disturb me. Such work may be productive, the actual fabrication  
of some new object, but need not be so: learning, even the mere reading of a book  
requires some degree of isolation, of being protected against the presence of  
others. Isolation can also occur as a negative phenomenon: others with whom I  
share a certain concern for the world may desert me. This happens frequently in  
15 political life—it is the enforced leisure of the politician, or rather of the man who  
is himself a citizen but has lost contact with his fellow citizens. Isolation in this  
second negative sense can be borne only if it is transformed into solitude, and  
every one who is acquainted with Latin literature will know how the Romans, in  
contrast to the Greeks, discovered solitude and with it philosophy as a way of life  
20 in the enforced leisure which accompanies removal from public affairs. When you  
discover solitude from the standpoint of an active life spent in the company of  
your peers, you will come to the point at which Cato said, “Never am I more active  
than when I do nothing, never am I less alone than when I am by myself.” You can  
still hear in these words, I think, the surprise of an active man, originally not alone  
25 and far from doing nothing, in the delights of solitude and the two-in-one activity  
of thought....

I mention these various forms of being alone, or the various ways in which  
human singularity articulates and actualizes itself, because it is so very easy to  
confuse them, not only because we tend to be sloppy and unconcerned with  
30 distinctions, but also because they invariably and almost unnoticeably change into  
one another. The concern with the self as the ultimate standard of moral conduct  
exists of course only in solitude. Its demonstrable validity is found in the general  
formula “It is better to suffer wrong than to do wrong,” which, as we saw, rests  
on the insight that it is better to be at odds with the whole world than, being one,  
35 to be at odds with myself. This validity can therefore be maintained only for man  
insofar as he is a thinking being, needing himself for company for the sake of the  
thought process. Nothing of what we said is valid for loneliness and isolation.

Thinking and remembering, we said, is the human way of striking roots, of  
taking one’s place in the world into which we all arrive as strangers. What we  
40 usually call a person or a personality, as distinguished from a mere human being  
or a nobody, actually grows out of this root-striking process of thinking. In this  
sense, I said it is almost a redundancy to speak of a moral personality; a person, to  
be sure, can still be good-natured or ill-natured, his inclinations can be generous

1 or stingy, he may be aggressive or compliant, open or secretive; he may be given  
to all sorts of vices just as he may be born intelligent or stupid, beautiful or ugly,  
friendly or rather unkind. All this has little to do with the matters which concern  
us here. If he is a thinking being, rooted in his thoughts and remembrances, and  
5 hence knowing that he has to live with himself, there will be limits to what he  
can permit himself to do, and these limits will not be imposed on him from the  
outside, but will be self-set. These limits can change considerably and uncomfort-  
ably from person to person, from country to country, from century to century; but  
limitless, extreme evil is possible only where these self-grown roots, which auto-  
10 matically limit the possibilities, are entirely absent. They are absent where men skid  
only over the surface of events, where they permit themselves to be carried away  
without ever penetrating into whatever depth they may be capable of. This depth,  
of course, changes again from person to person, from century to century, in its  
specific quality as well as its dimensions. Socrates believed that by teaching people  
15 how to think, how to talk with themselves, as distinguished from the orator's art  
of how to persuade and from the wise man's ambition of teaching what to think  
and how to learn, he would improve his fellow citizens; but if we accept this  
assumption and then ask him what the sanctions would be for that famous  
crime hidden from the eyes of gods and men, he could have answered only by  
20 saying: the loss of this capacity, the loss of solitude, and, as I tried to illustrate,  
with it the loss of creativity—in other words, the loss of the self that constitutes the  
person.

# Notes

Connected Learning in  
a Time of Confinement

# Solitude

by Henry David Thoreau  
(1817–1862)

1       ...For the most part we allow only outlying and transient circumstances to  
make our occasions. They are, in fact, the cause of our distraction. Nearest to all  
things is that power which fashions their being. Next to us the grandest laws are  
continually being executed. *Next* to us is not the workman whom we have hired,  
5       with whom we love so well to talk, but the workman whose work we are....

We are the subjects of an experiment which is not a little interesting to me.  
Can we not do without the society of our gossips a little while under these  
circumstances,—have our own thoughts to cheer us? Confucius says truly, "*Virtue  
does not remain as an abandoned orphan; it must of necessity have neighbors.*"

10       With thinking we may be beside ourselves in a sane sense. By a conscious effort  
of the mind we can stand aloof from actions and their consequences; and all things,  
good and bad, go by us like a torrent. We are not wholly involved in Nature. I  
may be either the drift-wood in the stream, or Indra in the sky looking down on  
it. I may be affected by a theatrical exhibition; on the other hand, I may not be  
15       affected by an actual event which appears to concern me much more. I only know  
myself as a human entity; the scene, so to speak, of thoughts and affections; and  
am sensible of a certain doubleness by which I can stand as remote from myself  
as from another. However intense my experience, I am conscious of the presence  
20       and criticism of a part of me, which, as it were, is not a part of me, but spectator,  
sharing no experience, but taking note of it; and that is no more I than it is you.  
When the play, it may be the tragedy, of life is over, the spectator goes his way. It  
was a kind of fiction, a work of the imagination only, so far as he was concerned.  
This doubleness may easily make us poor neighbors and friends sometimes.

25       I find it wholesome to be alone the greater part of the time. To be in company,  
even with the best, is soon wearisome and dissipating. I love to be alone. I never  
found the companion that was so companionable as solitude. We are for the  
most part more lonely when we go abroad among men than when we stay in our  
chambers. A man thinking or working is always alone, let him be where he will.  
30       Solitude is not measured by the miles of space that intervene between a man and  
his fellows. The really diligent student in one of the crowded hives of Cambridge  
College is as solitary as a dervish in the desert. The farmer can work alone in the  
field or the woods all day, hoeing or chopping, and not feel lonesome, because

1 he is employed; but when he comes home at night he cannot sit down in a room  
alone, at the mercy of his thoughts, but must be where he can “see the folks,” and  
recreate, and as he thinks remunerate himself for his day’s solitude; and hence he  
wonders how the student can sit alone in the house all night and most of the day  
5 without ennui and “the blues;” but he does not realize that the student, though in  
the house, is still at work in *his* field, and chopping in his woods, as the farmer in  
his, and in turn seeks the same recreation and society that the latter does, though it  
may be a more condensed form of it.

Society is commonly too cheap. We meet at very short intervals, not having  
10 had time to acquire any new value for each other. We meet at meals three times a  
day, and give each other a new taste of that old musty cheese that we are. We have  
had to agree on a certain set of rules, called etiquette and politeness, to make this  
frequent meeting tolerable, and that we need not come to open war. We meet at  
the post-office, and at the sociable, and about the fireside every night; we live thick  
15 and are in each other’s way, and stumble over one another, and I think that we  
thus lose some respect for one another. Certainly less frequency would suffice for  
all important and hearty communications. Consider the girls in a factory,—never  
alone, hardly in their dreams. It would be better if there were but one inhabitant to  
a square mile, as where I live. The value of a man is not in his skin, that we should  
20 touch him.

I have heard of a man lost in the woods and dying of famine and exhaustion  
at the foot of a tree, whose loneliness was relieved by the grotesque visions with  
which, owing to bodily weakness, his diseased imagination surrounded him,  
and which he believed to be real. So also, owing to bodily and mental health and  
25 strength, we may be continually cheered by a like but more normal and natural  
society, and come to know that we are never alone....

What is the pill which will keep us well, serene, contented? Not my or thy great-  
grandfather’s, but our great-grandmother Nature’s universal, vegetable, botanic  
medicines, by which she has kept herself young always, outlived so many old Parrs  
30 in her day, and fed her health with their decaying fatness. For my panacea, instead  
of one of those quack vials of a mixture dipped from Acheron and the Dead Sea,  
which come out of those long shallow black-schooner looking wagons which we  
sometimes see made to carry bottles, let me have a draught of undiluted morning  
air. Morning air! If men will not drink of this at the fountain-head of the day, why,  
35 then, we must even bottle up some and sell it in the shops, for the benefit of those  
who have lost their subscription ticket to morning time in this world....

# Wild Geese

by Mary Oliver  
(1935–2019)

1 You do not have to be good.  
You do not have to walk on your knees  
for a hundred miles through the desert repenting.  
You only have to let the soft animal of your body  
5 love what it loves.  
Tell me about despair, yours, and I will tell you mine.  
Meanwhile the world goes on.  
Meanwhile the sun and the clear pebbles of the rain  
are moving across the landscapes,  
10 over the prairies and the deep trees,  
the mountains and the rivers.  
Meanwhile the wild geese, high in the clean blue air,  
are heading home again.  
Whoever you are, no matter how lonely,  
15 the world offers itself to your imagination,  
calls to you like the wild geese, harsh and exciting—  
over and over announcing your place  
in the family of things.

# Notes

Connected Learning in  
a Time of Confinement

# Image of the Week



**Afifa Aleiby, *Solitude* (1989)**

# Notes

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# Guiding Questions

The best questions arise from careful listening (to the author, oneself, and others), and from the spontaneity of wonder

## Pablo Neruda, "Towards the Splendid City"

- Neruda gives an extended poetic description of a journey, in which he and his companions are filled with a "limitless solitude". What does this description evoke in you?
- What do Neruda and his friends discover in the meadow? What do they do?
- What prompts his remark that "there was a kind of link between unknown people"?
- How does Neruda understand the relationship between solitude and community?

## Hannah Arendt, "Some Questions of Moral Philosophy"

- How does Arendt describe "living-with-myself"?
- What does she mean by solitude? How is this different from isolation in her view?
- Why does this distinction matter for morality?
- What are the conditions under which you talk to yourself?
- What are the best conversations you have with yourself? What would make them better?

## Henry David Thoreau, "Solitude"

- What does Thoreau mean by our "doubleness" as human beings?
- How does Thoreau describe solitude?
- Do you agree with his critique of society or sociability?
- In what ways is nature, for Thoreau, an antidote to solitude? Have you

found this to be true for you in your own experience of confinement?

## Mary Oliver, "Wild Geese"

- Read the poem aloud: What words, images, and/or feelings does the poem evoke in you?
- What does the poem suggest about despair?
- Are there echoes of the themes that arose in your reading of Neruda, Arendt, and Thoreau?
- What does it mean to see yourself "in the family of things"?

## Affa Aleiby, *Solitude* (1989)

- Set a timer and look at the image for 3 minutes: What do you see? What feelings does the image evoke?
- What conversation might the woman in the painting be having with herself?
- The original Arabic title may be translated into English as either "solitude" or "loneliness". Which term best describes your interpretation of the image?
- Is the woman in the painting participating in "the family of things"?

## General questions for the week

- Do you find yourself having more or fewer good conversations with yourself these days? Why?
- Has your disposition towards social life changed in these past weeks?
- Are you more lonely in these days? Less lonely? Do you find yourself seeking more solitude? Less? Why?
- Are there simple rituals in which you find yourself connecting to other times and places?

# Short Guide to Leading a Discussion

## General Principles for Participants

- Read the text(s) to be discussed in their entirety (ideally twice)
- Make notes about what you understand, don't understand, agree or disagree with
- Focus comments and conversation on the ideas expressed in the shared text(s), not on outside
- knowledge
- Seek to understand your fellow participants, not to persuade them
- Be freely authentic and morally present
- Listen to the text, to others, and to yourself

## General principles for discussion leaders:

- Hold the space for honesty and vulnerability: be honest and vulnerable yourself
- Ask questions, don't teach: the aim is shared understanding and meaning, not agreement
- Be attached to the conversation: avoid rigidly following your planned order of questions
- Make sure every voice is heard: don't move too quickly to fill the silence
- Start and end on time: end not with conclusions but with questions you're taking away

## Format:

- Match the texts to the time allotted (*Each text can productively stimulate 20-40 minutes of discussion, and can be read discussed individually or together in one sitting, depending on the time available; it is better to end with more to be said, rather than straining to fill the time*)
- Begin with introductions:
  - name (if not everyone is well known to one another)

- what is on your heart and mind?
- the person speaking chooses the next person
- Set the frame:
  - remind participants to enjoy the gift of time and conversation by avoiding other
  - distractions
  - revisit the key general principles above
- It always helps to read a passage aloud
- Layer your questions: be patient, each layer builds upon the next
  - What does the text say? (sometimes we read the same thing different ways)
  - What does the text mean? (sometimes we interpret the text differently)
  - What does the text mean to me? (sometimes we apply the texts to ourselves differently)
  - What does the text mean for us? (we may have different understandings of what the text means for living in community)
  - What does the text mean for society? (we may have different approaches to what the text implies for action in society)

## Some helpful tips to keep the conversation going (for discussion leaders and participants):

- "say more about that"
- "where do you see that in the text?"
- "how is that related to what N said earlier?"
- "do you think that's true?"
- "do others see it the same way?"
- "what did you see in the text that we haven't addressed?"

# Notes

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