

In olden times...

There was a curious institution...

the wandering philosopher...

She wandered in...

A breath of fresh air. An unpredictable parcel of questions,
a committed thinker, a choreographer of potential and poet of reflection.
A goad if need be.

To do?

To inspire.

To incite.

To instill.

To instigate.

To occasion inquiry of a deeply penetrating and curiously affirming nature.

To hallow space for self-creation and innovation...

To redeem failure.

To honour

and occasion the dance of learning .

It was her job.

To wander in...

Responsive. Respectful.

To evoke inspiration.

To insist on investigation.

To embody belief in practical wisdom:

education as action,

in stillness birthed, and in community realized

On tap...

To remind:

To look beneath surfaces,
always.

To speak of things neglected in the marketplace;

To incite others to question;

to affirm wisdom's self-unfolding in curious byways;

to revere community

deeply.

And to be

available for common cause:

to re-mind.

As in olden times,

we humans do business---we enrich---in astonishing ways.
At the youngest university in a vibrant land
stretching toward the planet's Southern crown,

a **Philosopher-in-Residence**

has been commissioned,

not at all improbably---by the **Faculty of Business**,
to wander,
to remind...

As in olden times,

we humans make human

by what we do

and what do not do;

by how we think

and what we fail to

cherish.

We at AUT pulse with the dance of learning, never-ending.

We prize our practical wisdom:

doing with verve,

acting with conscience,

and making "better" our business.

Welcome to our dance:

as in olden times,

NOW!