

*We plan to introduce one of the Global Tea Hut members to you each month in these newsletters. We hope that this helps us all get to know each other better. It's also to pay homage to the many manifestations that all this wonderful spirit and tea are becoming, as the tea is drunk and becomes human. The energy of the tea fuels some great work in this world, and we are so honored to show you some glimpses of such beautiful people and their tea. We thought we'd introduce you to the radiance that is Dawn Olivieri!*

Wayfarer: A person who travels on foot; traveler, wanderer, voyager. Yeah, I guess that's me, through my relationship with existence. What have I learned so far? That I'm here. Anything that comes to this space and meets me in this moment, I invite with the love and honesty that Truth embodies.

I wasn't always the kind of person with time for tea. For a long while I was consumed by a fast-paced, jet-set existence of superficial trappings fueled by the ever-popular cliché that the grass is always greener. After hitting a wall layered in mortar, and made of my own philosophies, I sat grounded by my unhappiness and commenced to work through a very simple greed equation: If everything you put merit in is clean, new, and "better than everyone else's", the second any of it loses its "shine" it immediately needs to be replaced. Trapped in this shallow philosophy of comparison, when are you finally satiated? When are you enough? The game goes on infinitely. The answer is never. It's a trap. Pulling myself from the wreckage of a toppled perspective, I began, beaten and broke, down my next path with only willingness as a companion.

I'm a girl that possesses a selective memory (not by choice) so the past and its events have always come in and out of focus—not always sure what is the mirage and what has actually happened. And the future has always felt so unpredictable and malleable, so aside from day dreams, I've kept clear of that tight grip on plans. But the present... that seemed delectably accessible. I call it my playground, my castle, my fort-made-of-bed-sheets, my Truth. I choose to spend most of my time Here/Now. I have also been blessed to share this moment with the vocation of an actress where being present is a commodity—a high priced bounty on the head of awareness.

Even before the Leaf, I found myself hot on the trail of Truth—the elusive yet ever-present conceptual comfort food. Nature emits it, animals survive under its grace and tea invites you down its dewy path. So I followed. For me, tea holds an honest space. It requires only truthful reverence through presence and the more you give to Her, the more she gives back to you. It's the perfectly imperfect exchange. Imperfect because why should boiling hot water mixed with a simple leaf have the pow-

er to bridge a connection for you spiritually through the moment? Perfect in all accounts because of the very same notion.

She speaks to me in my moments that I share with Her. Maybe this whole dialogue is too philosophical or poetic in its explanation, but I find the way that Tea and I converse to be a bit difficult to translate. A tea wayfarer I am, for sure. Alongside the space the tea allows and encourages, we all as a collective, travel towards Truth. Imagine, all this happens in each sitting with a little hot water, tea leaves, and an energetic flow of reverence.

That's the Truth.  
or at least my Truth...  
But I am you...

Just have a cup of tea and you'll see...

