

EU ME ESFORÇO PARA VIVER CADA DIA COMO SE FOSSE UMA VIDA COMPLETA

escrito por cafecomdeus | 17 de maio de 2020

Já teve a sensação de familiaridade quando algo que você faz ou conhece há muito tempo vira moda ou tende a virar hábito de muitos? Acho que a maioria de nós passa por isso de vez em quando.

Eu estou passando por isso de maneira muito intensa em relação a alguns aspectos durante minha quarentena. **Home office, baixo consumo, carpe diem e valorização da família** são hábitos antigos que agora tornam-se mais comuns a mais amigos, colegas e até desconhecidos que postam suas descobertas e reflexões nas redes sociais.

Não quero aqui parecer arrogante sabichona; minha intenção verdadeira é apenas dividir um pouco do que tenho vivido nos últimos anos e algumas lições que aprendo e que talvez possam ser úteis para outras pessoas que amo ou para aquelas que nem conheço!

Vamos por partes!

Home Office

Morei um pouco mais de dois anos em São Paulo, entre 2012 e 2014. Sou consultora de empresas e quando voltei para Brasília, passei a trabalhar em casa quando não estava em clientes em Brasília ou em São Paulo, onde ainda tenho forte vínculo profissional. Logo, trabalho em home office há cinco anos e considero essa uma estradinha boa! Primeira informação importante para entender o meu ponto de vista: adoro trabalhar na minha casa! Aqui economizo o tempo do deslocamento, economizo muito dinheiro porque não tenho o custo fixo de

escritório e tudo o que decorre da ação de “alugar um espaço”, me alimento bem e nos horários certos porque minha cozinha saudável está logo ali e, o mais importante: me concentro facilmente porque não tenho interferência do ambiente corporativo cheio de gente que me dispersa porque eu adoro uma interação!

Para que minha experiência seja tão boa, há uma série de pré-condições que considero essenciais para que assim seja:

- Tenho a alegria de morar em uma casinha em um local maravilhoso. Escolho entre a biblioteca dentro de casa ou a varanda no jardim com vista ampla e incrível. Meu ambiente é muito agradável.
- Meus filhos são adultos – moramos eu e meu marido, que sai todos os dias porque adora o escritório. Casa silenciosa e não tenho que dar atenção pra ninguém.
- Minha atividade de produção em consultoria é independente em grande parte do tempo. Consigo produzir muita coisa sem depender dos meus colegas.
- Tenho equipamentos muito bons – notebook excelente, duas linhas de telefone em meu aparelho celular com internet que nunca acaba, wi-fi 5G de fibra ótica em casa.

E poderia acrescentar algumas outras coisas à minha lista. Mas o ponto que quero fazer é que meu home office funciona porque consigo, em função do meu momento de vida e da natureza da minha atividade profissional, ter condições adequadas para que a produtividade em casa seja altíssima. Mas sabemos que isso não é real para todos. E não porque eu seja alguma espécie de gente especial ou privilegiada. Nada disso! É só o meu momento e minha escolha de vida mesmo! Fico imaginando as casas com crianças e sem ajudantes, por exemplo. Eu jamais conseguiria fazer home office como faço hoje há doze, ou quinze anos. Minha casa grande e trabalhosa era um agito delicioso! Eu não teria o sossego ou mesmo a disciplina para sentar quieta e alheia do furdunço maravilhoso causado pelos meus filhos e meus pais com eles, ou a ajudante demandando coisas e

produzindo todos os barulhos e cheiros bons da vida!

Então, antes de pregar indistintamente que home office é maravilhoso, quero contar pra vocês o outro lado da história:

- Home office é solitário – raramente converso com alguém, os intervalos para o café são silenciosos e olhando para a vista, não tem um colega para dividir um pensamento rapidinho, o almoço é sozinha e no final do dia não tem um grupinho para, se der vontade, passar meia hora em um animado happy hour. Por isso, sempre que posso, guardo um tempo para trabalhar no escritório em São Paulo.
- Home office exige uma disciplina absurda de alta – nunca trabalhei de pijama ou descabelada, mesmo sozinha aqui. Nunca durmo até tarde. Nunca! Acordo e levanto cedo, passo uma maquiagem mínima, visto roupa que possa trabalhar sempre com a câmera aberta, respeito os horários, não faço coisas pela casa de segunda a sexta, não assisto séries, não ligo minha música predileta, não bebo só porque tem a adega do meu marido à disposição dos meus prazeres!
- Home office deixa a gente meio “por fora” de algumas coisas – a distância física é boa para algumas coisas e péssima para outras. O esforço para “manter todo mundo na mesma página” é muito maior. É possível, claro, mas o esforço para engajamento e sintonia cultural corporativa pertence a outra dimensão.

Há outras dificuldades e algumas angústias adicionais, mas para encurtar, lembro que home office é uma escolha com prós e contras, como tudo na vida. Não entendo que seja adequado aderirmos a um movimento social (que vejo surgindo) que romantiza a situação enfatizando apenas os benefícios existentes de trabalhar em casa. Lembrando ainda que ter os funcionários trabalhando em suas casas representa uma economia gigantesca para as empresas que podem, nesse caso, diminuir custos com infraestrutura, sempre cara nas grandes cidades. Logo, romantizar ganha feições de oportunismo pra mim.

Seguimos humanos, gostando e necessitando das trocas que acontecem como fruto da interação presencial, curtindo almoçar em boa companhia e bater um papo rápido dando risadas (no meu caso) durante a curta pausa para o cafezinho. Gostamos de estar com gente porque somos gente! Simples assim. Nossas casas jamais poderão substituir o ambiente de trabalho que gera a energia capaz de fazer das organizações espaços com personalidade própria. Minha casa jamais vai reproduzir a minha empresa. Creio que a sua também não.

E assim, defendo e clamo pelo equilíbrio entre a manutenção dos espaços de trabalho coletivos e a liberdade de poder trabalhar em casa durante um período possível e saudável, de acordo com as condições pessoais de cada profissional.

Baixo Consumo

Um dia eu estava saindo da sede de um cliente e uma pessoa me abordou delicadamente e perguntou: “Olá, você é a Simone Maia, consultora que nos atende”? Respondi que sim, e ela completou: “uma colega me mandou uma apresentação do seu trabalho, tinha uma foto tua e te reconheci; você estava com a mesma roupa”! Soltei uma gargalhada gostosa, confirmei minha identidade e contei que é verdade que repito muito as roupas.

Sempre tive poucas coisas – poucas roupas, poucos sapatos, poucos acessórios, um único vidro de perfume por vez, poucas panelas, poucos utensílios de cozinha, pouco quase tudo. Não tenho poucos livros. Por crença nunca gostei de acumular, de ter os armários abarrotados. Quando compro algo novo, obrigatoriamente algo tem que sair para dar espaço – físico e emocional – para o novo que chega. Também não curto ficar passeando toda hora em shopping. Gosto das coisas que tem algum valor pra alma, e não das coisas pelas coisas.

Me lembro de uma vez que um amigo muito querido foi na nossa casa e nos criticou porque não tínhamos um *home theatre* ou aparelhos eletrônicos de audiovisual “decentes”, apesar de

termos condições financeiras para tanto. Ele foi muito incisivo e despertou em mim uma resposta atravessada (perdão, amigo!!! Rsrrsrs): “não tenho aparelho eletrônico que preste, mas dê uma olhada nos carimbos dos meus passaportes”. Que coisa feia, Simone... E que coisa verdadeira, Simone!

A alma não tem a ver com as coisas e eu prefiro as coisas que me remetem à alma. Sou fora de moda e não me importo. Viajo com malas pequenas, a bordo! Minhas roupas duram mais que uma década. Logo, estou feliz com a conclusão de muitas pessoas sobre o consumo consciente durante a pandemia; sobre ter o que é necessário, sobre o repartir. Repartir no muito e no pouco foi a maior lição que aprendi quando eu e meu marido falimos em 2003. Reter porque se tem pouco ou porque se tem medo de ficar sem, alimenta a lei da escassez e trava a abundância na medida em que interrompe o fluxo do compartilhar entre nós. A prosperidade é fruto do compartilhar. Compartilhar de tudo: de coisas, de ideias, de momentos regados de alegria em torno da mesa!

Que nessa quarentena seja reforçado o fluxo do compartilhar entre todos nós! Compartilhar comida, compartilhar dinheiro, compartilhar amor, compartilhar compaixão. E que isso dure para além de pandemias quaisquer.

Carpe Diem

Há muitos anos minha terapeuta me definiu de uma forma que amei: “Além de trabalhar muito, você tem um ‘Lado B’ bem desenvolvido”, disse ela.

O Lado A é o do trabalho e das obrigações. Lado B é o que se diverte, que curte a vida, curte a família, que vai à exposição de arte para se abastecer de criatividade, que toma espumante para celebrar a existência, que enche a casa de amigos para fazer festa sem motivo especial, que guarda dinheiro para viajar ao invés de trocar de carro para evitar perda de patrimônio.

Sempre tive um traço acentuado de ansiedade. Péssimo! Claramente delineado por circunstâncias advindas das minhas escolhas, das experiências doloridas e de um imaginário muito fértil! Luto contra isso diuturnamente, e para tanto, curto o agora porque não sei como será o depois. Sim, é incoerente. Mas é assim que acontece pra mim.

E quando me vi trancada em casa sozinha com meu marido, nenhuma “Eureka” rolou por aqui. Nem tampouco nenhuma crise conjugal. A melhor companhia todo o tempo, mais receitas, mais garrafas de vinho, mais espumantes a dois ao pôr do sol, mais sexo. Nos últimos sessenta dias, quatro discussões, sendo duas por causa de bobeira durante a faxina. Chamei a diarista de volta. Pronto. Nada de brigas por causa do chão limpo! *Carpe diem!*

De verdade, só temos o hoje. Ontem já era e amanhã nem sei se vou morrer de Covid-19 ou de qualquer besteira que possa acometer minha carne frágil. Pra que tanta ansiedade, Simone? Para que ter tanta coisa, gente? Pra que? O que fica marcado é o que marcamos na alma. E que minha alma seja marcada pelo amor dos meus pais e dos meus filhos, pelos amigos com quem compartilho a caminhada, pelo barulho maravilhoso da rolha se desprendendo da garrafa, pelas ligações que faço e recebo, pelas viagens que fazemos, pelas orações que ecoam a favor daqueles que amamos.

Valorização da família

Saí da casa dos meus pais no Estado do Rio de Janeiro aos dezessete anos para fazer intercâmbio cultural e depois do retorno, aos dezoito, passei no vestibular em Brasília e me mudei de vez do interior para a Capital. Cedo para a realidade brasileira. Principalmente em se tratando do ano de 1988. Em Brasília, após ser acolhida durante cinco meses por uma família amada de amigos queridos, mudei para morar só, com uma amiga de universidade. Naquele tempo, no meio religioso no qual fui criada e convivia, recebia olhares tortos e sabia de

comentários que considero maldosos de “menina solta”, “sem família”, “à procura de homem” e por aí vai. Problema dos fofoqueiros! Nunca fui solta, meu pai foi quem fez minha inscrição no vestibular da UnB pelos correios (rsrsrs), minha mãe nunca deixou de me aconselhar à distância e meu atual marido teve que cortar um dobrado de charme e estratégia para me conquistar e começarmos a namorar.

Me casei dois anos após a chegada na cidade. Ainda universitários, os dois. Que dia feliz! Que escolha acertada! Vinte anos eu tinha. E ele, vinte e três. Fomos pais pela primeira vez aos vinte e um e vinte e quatro, respectivamente. Fazem ideia da salva de críticas? Kkkkkkk Sempre fiz ouvido de mercador. Afinal, meus pais se casaram exatamente com a mesma idade, foram pais jovens – também com a mesma idade, e eu, enquanto filha, tive uma vida simples e absolutamente maravilhosa em família com eles e nossos parentes. Que medo eu tinha? Nenhum! Que exemplo eu tinha? O melhor que eu poderia ter!

Creio na família como a base da sociedade, como o berço dos nossos valores, como arco que serve para lançar flechas ao alvo distante! Amo minha família! Amo meus pais, meu irmão e a família que ele acrescentou à nossa! E foi assim que naturalmente e sem mistério criei outra família que hoje tenho como a mais preciosa herança que o Pai Criador e doador da vida poderia ter me presenteado.

Então, ao me ver presa em família para a quarentena, me senti plena, protegida, em paz, feliz até. É como se a família fosse uma cápsula mágica que me protege dos gráficos que revelam o avanço feroz do Mal de Wuhan sobre o planeta. O que mais eu poderia querer?

Isso não significa que não respeite os que não queiram constituir família. Tenho dezenas de amigas e amigos solteiros. Contudo, quando os que se casam querem se divorciar, eu sempre entro em sofrimento e quero logo tentar

interferir para que fiquem juntos. Eu sei. Isso é inocente. Mas estou sendo sincera: eu tenho a ilusão de que as pessoas podem ressignificar e salvar seus casamentos, como um dia eu e Luciano tivemos que salvar o nosso, à beira de um racha.

Família é tudo de bom! É porto seguro, lugar de educação e aconchego. Família é aconchego e amor sublime manifesto em forma de gente que se relaciona de um jeito esquisito!

Não tem muita novidade pra mim na quarentena. Tenho tido vergonha de sentir e dizer isso, o que torna a frase quase que uma confissão culpada, mas ao mesmo tempo cheia de gratidão por ter uma vida boa! Uma vida que não tem nada de especial em relação à vida das outras pessoas, mas que é vivida de forma consciente de seu valor, marcada pela crença de que todo o tempo é tempo de aprender e se transformar para que a paz e a felicidade sejam presentes, apesar das circunstâncias.

Simone Maia

Brasília, 17 de maio de 2020.

61º dia da quarentena por Coronavírus.

Summertime Report – My Dear Captain

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about twenty-four hours behind-hand, thirty-five days after leaving London.

The Carnatic was announced to leave Hong Kong at five the next morning. Mr. Fogg had sixteen hours in which to attend to his business there, which was to deposit Aouda safely with her wealthy relative.

On landing, he conducted her to a palanquin, in which they repaired to the Club Hotel. A room was engaged for the young woman, and Mr. Fogg, after seeing that she wanted for nothing, set out in search of her cousin Jeejeeh. He instructed Passepartout to remain at the hotel until his return, that Aouda might not be left entirely alone.

Mr. Fogg repaired to the Exchange, where, he did not doubt, every one would know so wealthy and considerable a personage as the Parsee merchant. Meeting a broker, he made the inquiry, to learn that Jeejeeh had left China two years before, and, retiring from business with an immense fortune, had taken up his residence in Europe—in Holland the broker thought, with the merchants of which country he had principally traded. Phileas Fogg returned to the hotel, begged a moment's conversation with Aouda, and without more ado, apprised her that Jeejeeh was no longer at Hong Kong, but probably in Holland.

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Hands On – My New Harley Davidson

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South America By Car – A Bumpy & Crazy Ride

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Celebrate Good Times – Back For Good

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Weekend In Barcelona – A

Pleasant Surprise

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The Rebirth Of Vinyl – Oh, I Feel So Good

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New Year's Reading – Been Waiting For This

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Exploring The Pacific – The Full Story

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Getting Things Ready – Worldwide Adventure

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