

Travel + Leisure

One word pulled her toward the next, leading her out of herself — Lia Mills

I left myself as I walked through Museum of Literature Ireland (MoLI) in Dublin. One word pulled me to the next. Around each corner through books and portraits, text and images, present time and history, sunlight and gardens, poems and coffee. I fell out of myself and in love with words again, again, and again. My trip to the MoLI set my writing soul on fire. This story will connect travel with our soul's work, explore what it means to lose ourselves in culture and language, and ask the question, "In what ways does culture and language matter?" At this time when life moves fast, Travel + Leisure readers will be asked to slow down and consider the beauty and meaning of our stories, what we win when we lose ourselves, and the value of culture and language.

I'm a writer, researcher, and lover of people and stories. I have trekked the Abel Tasman, bathed in the healing waters of Tirta Empul, and kissed the Blarney Stone in search of wide-awakeness. I have written about the arts and sciences for leading organizations such as the Blue Man Group, The John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, NASA, Ohio University, the University of Cincinnati, several state Departments of Education, and the United States Department of Education. I received my Ph.D. from the University of Texas at Austin. Read more about my work at <https://substack.com/@katiesteadlycurling>.