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<th><strong>Title</strong></th>
<th>Two-minute minute</th>
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<td><strong>Call Number</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Creator</strong></td>
<td>Lewis, Michael (Michael M.)</td>
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<td><strong>Collection Title</strong></td>
<td>Cultivating thought, author series.</td>
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I spend too much time trying to spend less time. Before trips to the
grocery store, I'll waste minutes debating whether it is more
efficient to make a list, or simply race up and down the aisles
grabbing things. I spend what feels like decades in airport security
lines trying to figure out how to get through most quickly: should
I put the plastic bin containing my belt and shoes through the
bomb detector before my carry-on bag, or after? And why sit
patiently waiting for the light to turn green when I might email on
my phone? I've become more worried about using time
efficiently than using it well. But in saner moments I'm able to
approach the fourth dimension not as a thing to be ruthlessly
managed, but whose basic nature might be altered to enrich my
experience of life. I even have tricks for slowing time—or at
least my perception of it. At night I sometimes write down
things that happened that day. For example:

This morning Walker (my five year old son) asks me if
I had a pet when I was a kid. "Yes," I say, "I had a Siamese cat
that I loved named Ding How, but he got run over by a car." Walker:
"It's lucky that it got killed by a car." Me: "Why?" Walker: "Because then you could get a new cat that isn't
named Ding How."

Recording the quotidian details of my day seems to
add hours a day to my life: I'm not sure why. Another trick
is to focus on some ordinary thing—the faintly geological
strata of the insides of a burrito, for instance—and try to
describe what I see. Another: pick a task I'd normally do
quickly and thoughtlessly—writing words for the side of a
cup, say—and do it as slowly as possible. Forcing my life
into slow-motion, I notice a lot that I miss at game speed.
The one thing I don't notice is the passage of time.