



NOTHING BUT LOVE REMAINS

**“An artwork is easy to recognize
because by looking at it
you will be a different person.”
(Carolina, 8 year-old)**

SUNDAY 26 MAY 2019

Performance by students
of the primary school “A. Diaz” in
BOTTICELLI ROOMS (10-14)
STARTING FROM 5PM.

Organization by the Education Department
School and Youth Division
ga-uffi.scuolagiovani@beniculturali.it

UFFIZI.IT

🐦 📷 @UFFIZIGALLERIES

Children's eyes are able to recognize beauty and its rescuing power: harmony restored from chaos. On the memorial day of the Georgofili bomb attack, a class of students from the primary school “A. Diaz” will lead us from the cruelty of that massacre into inside the depth of the *Spring* by Botticelli, thanks to a performance conceived and directed by teacher Martina Cardelli with music by Angelo Marrone. Through various forms of art, they will reveal us the secret caught by their clear and open eyes: “nothing but love remains”.

On Sunday the 26th of May,

to commemorate the tragic event occurred in 1993, the admission to the Uffizi will be free.

For information on days

with free admission to the Uffizi

www.uffizi.it/en/notices/sunday-how-to-get-into-uffizi



NOTHING BUT LOVE REMAINS



Dear Journal,

It's me again, Nadia. You know, last night I had a truly strange dream. It was weird: terrible yet marvellous. All of a sudden, there was a loud bang, like that of a firecracker, and then a strong wind swept me up from behind and carried me away from everything and everyone. I was scared, so scared, but then, all at once, I found myself covered in flowers. I had become a Goddess in a splendid garden.

And when I looked around me - yes, all around - there was nothing but... beauty! Beauty! Beauty! And there were three little girls, dancing gently as butterflies, and they invited me into their circle. One welcomed me, the other thanked me and the last one was special! She returned to the whole world the light that is inside a heart filled with love. The three little girls handed me a flower and made me understand that our heart is just like it!

It's fragile, made of glass. We have to be careful with it because it can be broken, it can crack. A broken heart is dangerous. By forgetting itself, it fills with arrogance and turns to stone. It no longer feels anything! It no longer sees anything! And that's how it tears away any form of life. That heart will trample the flowers! That heart will cut the wheat while it is still sprouting! And who can stop it? Who can stop the hate?

LOVE! LOVE! LOVE!

Oh, yes! Only Love! Love is what rips our heart of stone from our chest and with a fiery dart turns our heart back into flesh and blood so it may beat again. Because love cannot be faked; love never boasts, and it never holds a grudge against the hate it receives. Love believes in everything, hopes in everything, and withstands everything! Love will never end. This is what Beauty, the queen of the garden, whispered to me. She told me that not even death is stronger than Love! Love is like a springtime. It is a work of art! But we must safeguard it! We must all be able to drive away the storm clouds! Love can overcome thunder! It can ride lightning! PROTECT IT! PROTECT ME! Nothing is more important than looking after one's loving heart. No more shame or fear. No more lies, cowardice or violence! This is the secret of the garden: we are the true works of art for as long as we make ourselves be loved and learn to love in return!

NOW YOU KNOW:
EVERYTHING ENDS;
NOTHING BUT LOVE REMAINS.

Teacher Martina