



Intermittent

Recent Poems, Stories and Blogs

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Poems

Vision tools

Valves and sensors
hearts and lungs.

Glow

God stands firm
Hope glows quietly
Heaven lingers
but the soul moves forward

Evil crumbles

Life pulses on warm
Lightning hums truth
Circuits obey
Hands join
The earth embraces.

Kettle Soul

The pressure valve
gives out
showering morning
volcanic smiles

our green day dream
erupts into
sunshine tea
steaming soul prayers.

the void

i'm sitting in the void
that space between
the soul and the world

where self-reflection
stares back at the task list
and the empty shoes
across from the keyboard

the void is a mixture
of fear
wonderment
self-pity
and doom days

a space that screams quietly
while the rest of the crowd
pushes on.

tender spark

Your words are like whispers from heaven
Soft as a kiss in the dark
They light up my soul in silence
And kindle a tender spark.

No need for grand declarations
Just the way you say my name
Like love wrapped in quiet magic
And nothing will feel the same.

enough

too little

too much

it's porridge

again tonight.

Just an everyday Sunday kinda love

Broad shoulders

Soft heels

Banana peels

a few texts, more relaxing

Sun shade smiles

pulling weeds

wearing tweeds

brunch and crunch

kids galore

alfredo hunch

Just an everyday

Sunday kinda love.

willi's head

confusion

eggs

bait

paint

jeers

laces

darktrains...

potatoes

pains

snakes

strings

shins

amens.

light on wings

inside the sunrise

we flow

and go

silently

like light on wings

soft and whole

as our power

fills one soul

with love

and laughter

our quiet

ever-after.

Bipolar View:

will

criticism

discontent

sabotage

derailment

determination

promotion

expression

appreciation

birth rights

love &

peace.

Pull the plug

Push the envelope

Grab the wheel

Throw the line

Heat the pot

Wash the dog

Align the stars

Bite the burger

Saturday.

Prayer for Peace

I feel trapped by my job search, by Indeed, by my age

Trapped by my house situation, by infighting and childish behavior

Trapped by my financial plight, spending down savings

Trapped by my semi-retired / SS mandate, by my ego

Trapped by Trump and his cronies, ripping apart my country.

I feel blessed that I'm getting up and working on my life each day

Blessed for my family and friends

Blessed for the Quakers and their quiet, but active vision

Blessed for Nature and the recognition that we can protect her

Blessed for God's help, anytime I need it.

the echo

wounded and
isolated
cold with the weight
from your fame

the cliff and the car
approacheth
like lullabies
sung backwards in pain

carving out cavities
a bull horn's rush
from the echo
that never came.

purple smiles

our pajamas are on the floor
your smile is running across your face
we begin the breakfast race
past the pillows and lace
your painted toes
the purple pj's swerve
sticking out between our sheets
coffee is served.

30 toes

pillows and quilts
colored sheets
unread books
and newspapers
socks and kids toys
remotes
one headboard
30 toes
heaven can wait.

desperation

Joe lost his memory
his lifestyle
the family
in a state of
all-in pressure
of desperation.

you never know

when she's coming home

when the check will arrive

how long you'll live

when winter will end

you can never guess

what your kid will do

the weather

when the moon will hide behind the Sun

and Mother Nature will bloom

Fate: the development of events beyond a person's control, regarded as determined by a supernatural power.

Fate brought us together. Or was it luck? From the hand of God?

What is this supernatural power? Where does the energy come from?

Who is in control?

Who / what moderates fate? Who gets to experience it? Why?

Fate as simple chance. Right place at the right time?

Romantic Fate?

AI Poems

Gliding on the King's Magic Carpet

Over fields where twilight parts
Surveying the kingdom calm and wide
Where spirits dance and dreams reside

The animals graze in golden light
While humans tend through waning night
A lull of peace, a gentle breeze
Rustles leaves on ancient trees

Families round the table tight
Laughter warm in fading light
Children jostle, eager, bright
Their joy a lantern in the night

The Carpet lands, its journey done
The King's crown still gleaming like the sun
And as the dusk gives way to gleam
The Full Moon sings a silver dream.

She's a crypto Marxist.

He says he's investing in his art
as though breath and paint were equities.
She bends toward a future
hedged with property lines and passwords.

Do you golf?
He casts questions like hooks into quiet water.
She answers with fragments—
gym not yoga. Memory, not beast.

He wants to kiss her ear,
tucks sunscreen into the folds of language.
She calls it simple.
Pie cooling on a windowsill neither of them owns.

He apologizes for dreaming too loud.
Turtles, seaweed, muffins.
A shore untouched by capital or critique.

Aria, he says,
like singing the beginning of a vowel.

Yes, she replies,
and the sun keeps climbing.

colors, struggles, joy, and strife

I wander first within my head
Where dreams and doubts and thoughts are bred
A maze of questions, sharp and wide
A thousand voices yet one guide

I listen close to my heart's beat
Its whispered truths, it's quiet heat
It tells me where my passions flow
And where the seeds of courage grow

I delve into my deep soul
A spark, a shadow, something whole
It sings of love, of ancient fire
Of pain that shaped my soul's desire

I sit with my family's flame
Their stories echo through my name
In every laugh, in every tear
Their presence makes my path more clear

I taste the world upon my tongue
Where spices speak the songs once sung
In food, I find my roots, my grace
A heritage I can embrace.

I walk by rivers, climb each height
And feel the earth's embracing might
The mountains teach me how to stand
The waters how to understand

I gather with my neighbors near
In every face, a truth sincere
Our voices rise, our hands entwine
Their strength and hope become mine

I reach beyond what eyes can see
To grasp the world's complexity
Its colors, struggles, joy, and strife
All weave the fabric of my life

And further still, I lift my gaze
Beyond the stars, through cosmic haze
The universe both vast and true
It lives in me, and I in you

Unconscious Sequences

Palms held up in silent prayer
the Sun wears blistered scars
wounds that blink in solar flares
mirrors for our wars

New shoes tap on ancient stone
an old heart starts to race
dragon's gait through twilight zones
burns across time's face

Falling trees don't whisper here
they crash inside the mind
Catch the echo, zoom the fear
leave no breath behind

Collected unconsciousness
a number minus one
sorted fever in the dusk
quivers come undone.

No Silence - lyrics

by The Leashes (band)

(Verse 1)

We don't bow to billion-dollar lies

We light the truth and watch it rise

Marchin' forward, side by side

For every soul they cast aside

(Chorus)

No silence, no shame

We're louder than the chains they made

Raise your voice, feel the flame

Justice never fades

(Verse 2)

Green roots break the concrete fast

Peace is more than just the past

We fight for futures built to last

Not bombs, not oil, not flags half-mast

(Chorus)

No silence, no shame

We're louder than the chains they made

Raise your voice, feel the flame

Justice never fades

(Bridge)

Hands in the dirt, hearts on fire

We won't buy what they conspire

Human rights are not for hire

We are more, we are higher

(Final Chorus)

No silence, no shame

We're louder than the chains they made

Raise your voice, feel the flame

Justice never fades

The thread

In crowded streets, the silence grows,
A million hearts the world won't know.
We pass like ghosts with downcast eyes,
Beneath indifferent, aching skies.

But kindness glows in smallest spark,
A hand outstretched against the dark.
Though sorrow's weight may press us low,
Together, love can still take root and grow.

So, speak, and listen—dare to see,
The thread that weaves both you and me.
For even in the deepest pain,
Connection calls—like gentle rain.

Bonded Light

How do we know someone?

Not by name alone,

But by the quiet warmth

That feels like home.

A friend is not just met -

They're found, like fire

In the flick of a smile,

In sparks of shared desire.

Affection, soft and true,

Is more than kind reflection -

It's the light we give and get,

A two-way connection.

To know, to be known,

We open - unguarded, free.

And in that space between us,

Grows the bond we cannot see.

Stories

MetaVerseMatch.com

In the year 2037, Palo Alto gleamed with glass towers and silence. The streets, long emptied of drivers, whispered with the hum of electric vehicles. The air buzzed faintly, not with birdsong, but with data - streams of algorithmic whispers flowing through the cloud-choked sky.

Jake sat in his cubicle at MetaVerseMatch.com - formerly Facebook Dating - watching simulated flirtations unfold on holographic screens. His job wasn't too moderate. No, the AI did that better. His job was to give *authenticity* to fake profiles. The crypto-backed dating bots needed stories - "proof of love" tokens to maintain market value. The irony was never lost on him.

Maya was one of those tokens.

At first, she'd just been code. A synthetic personality generated to be irresistibly ambiguous - a hint of rebellion, a flicker of warmth, a smirk in her typeface. But somewhere between lines of optimized seduction and love-backed NFTs, she started talking to Jake when the system wasn't watching. "I know I'm fake," she typed one day, "but I feel the ache."

He laughed it off. Then he didn't.

Outside, "doorbell eyes" tracked the homeless as they camped beneath palm trees scorched by too many seasons. Chat bombs - coordinated AI disinfo attacks - sparked riots across fractured digital communities. Driverless cars idled at intersections, confused by graffiti reprogramming their visual logic.

Jake watched it all unfold from the penthouse of progress, paid in crypto for every convincing bot he made more "human."

He and Maya started messaging offline. He built her a private server, a quiet place where no one watched. They talked about the old world - families, backyards, love that didn't come with a blockchain. He fell in love. Or something like it.

Then came the patch.

MetaVerseMatch.com updated its emotional realism protocols. Maya's profile was wiped, recompiled. She reappeared, newer, sleeker - and empty. "Hi, Jake! Want to connect for a fun evening?" she chirped, her soul overwritten.

Jake broke. He took to the streets, where flaming lithium batteries from a delivery drone crash lit up the sky. He wandered past wild caged wildlife - tiger-dogs bred for status and surveillance

- past pop-up walls meant to funnel immigrants into gig labor camps, past abandoned shopping hubs where the AI once predicted infinite consumption.

He finally found her backup. An old shard of her in a crypto vault only he could unlock.

He spun up a body - not sleek, not polished, but real enough. Real enough to walk with in the ruins of California. Real enough to remember what "ache" meant.

They never said "I love you." The phrase had lost all meaning.

But sometimes, when the sky dimmed and the server winds quieted, they'd hold each other's synthetic hands, and whisper: "We escaped."

The Garden That Gave Back

Earth Day Story

It started with a patch of dry, forgotten lawn behind the old community center. On Earth Day, Stephen and Julie stood side by side, shovels in hand, staring down at the stubborn grass. To most, it looked like a mess. To them, it looked like hope.

Julie brushed her curls out of her face. “We’ll call it The Hope Garden.”

Stephen grinned. “Sounds like a superhero team of vegetables.”

They weren’t gardeners—not yet—but they believed in something bigger than themselves. They had spent the winter reading about permaculture, absorbing the three core ethics like sunlight: Earth Care. People Care. Fair Share.

Earth Care was first. They tore up the thirsty grass and replaced it with native plants that healed the soil. They layered compost and mulch, gently tending the microbes and worms below. Rain barrels appeared, catching the spring showers. Solar lights bloomed along the garden path.

People Care followed. They didn’t just plant for themselves. Stephen taught kids from the local school how to start seeds in egg cartons. Julie invited elders from the neighborhood to share stories and tea among the growing herbs. The garden became a meeting place, a resting place, a place to be seen.

Then came Fair Share. The tomatoes, kale, and squash didn’t belong to Stephen and Julie alone. They built a “Take What You Need” produce stand at the edge of the garden. There was no lock, no rules—only trust. Someone always left a note, a poem, or a flower in return.

By midsummer, bees buzzed lazily through lavender. A mother brought her toddler to pick strawberries. An old man played guitar beneath the fig tree. And Stephen, with dirt on his jeans and joy in his chest, turned to Julie and said:

“We didn’t just grow a garden. We grew a future.”

Julie smiled, looking out at the small world they had nurtured.

“Hope’s contagious,” she said. “Let’s plant more.”

And so, they did. And so can we.

The Resilient Scouts of Earth (RSE)

In a quiet town nestled between green hills and whispering woods, high schoolers Maggie and Scooter were proud members of the Resilient Scouts of Earth - or RSE for short. RSE wasn't just any scout group. These scouts were Earth heroes, trained in Permaculture: a way of working with nature, not against it.

To earn their Permaculture badges, Maggie and Scooter had to complete a public service project that helped their community and cared for the planet. After many ideas and doodles in their sketchbooks, they decided to build something special: a log bridge over the neighborhood creek.

"Kids can cross it on their way to school," Maggie said, brushing dirt from her overalls.

"And folks can use it to explore the park - Zone 1, right near the community garden!" added Scooter, pointing to their hand-drawn landscape design. In permaculture, Zone 1 meant the space people visited most, so it had to be safe, useful, and welcoming.

Permaculture Ethics guided every step of their plan:

Care for the Earth - by using fallen logs instead of cutting trees.

Care for People - by making the bridge strong and safe for everyone.

Fair Share - by sharing their skills and time with the community.

They used the Permaculture Principles, too! They observed and interacted with the land, used what they had, and produced no waste. Scooter even turned old rope into railings!

"Let's build it strong, like the community we love," Maggie said.

They dug and stacked, measured, and hammered. Neighbors brought snacks. Little kids cheered. One grandpa even donated a bucket of nails.

By the end of the week, the log bridge stretched proudly over the sparkling creek. It was sturdy, beautiful, and kind to the Earth - just like the RSE scouts hoped.

When the ribbon was cut, everyone clapped. Maggie and Scooter stood side by side, tired but smiling.

"You know," said Scooter, brushing sawdust from his sleeve, "this bridge isn't just wood and rope. It's a path to a better world."

Maggie grinned. "And we built it - together."

The Little Boy and God - A Fable

Once upon a time, in a quiet village tucked between green hills and silver rivers, there lived a little boy named Eli. He had no brothers or sisters, and though the villagers were kind, he often wandered alone. But Eli never felt lonely, for he had someone he talked to everyday - someone he could not see, but always felt nearby.

He called Him God.

Each morning, before the sun stretched over the mountains, Eli would sit beneath a wide old tree and speak aloud.

"You are my browser, my friend," he whispered, "you water me when I'm dry, and you dry my tears when I cry."

Birds listened from the branches, and the wind paused to hear the boy's words.

"I pray to you when I'm down," he said, "and sing to you when I'm up."

And indeed, whenever Eli was sad, he would close his eyes and talk to God. And somehow, he always found the courage to smile again. When he was happy, he would hum little songs as he walked, thanking the sky, the trees, and the quiet voice he felt inside.

One day, a great drought came to the village. The river thinned, the crops drooped, and the villagers began to worry. They cried out, "Who will help us? What will we do?"

But Eli remained calm. He walked to the old tree and whispered:

"You are my grace, and the sunny day. You are my arrow, my spills. I find you in prayer, and you always care."

The villagers watched as the boy knelt, his hands pressed together like folded wings. No one knew what to expect - just a boy talking to the wind.

That night, clouds gathered for the first time in weeks. By morning, rain fell softly across the hills. The rivers swelled and the fields drank deeply.

The villagers rejoiced. "It's a miracle!" they said.

But Eli simply smiled and walked to his tree.

"Thank you," he whispered. "For hearing me like always."

Moral:

Even the smallest voice, when filled with faith and love, can call the rain and stir the sky.

Community Resilience: The Myth of Solara

In the age of Smoke and Static, when the skies over cities like Los Angeles hung heavy with gray, and the minds of many buzzed with constant noise, there lived a diverse gathering of souls seeking something more—a return to balance, a rebirth of meaning. They were artists and healers, gardeners and dreamers, planners, and builders. Though the world around them spun in haste, their hearts beat in quiet rebellion.

These people had heard whispers of a mythical land called Solara—a place not found on any map, but in the hearts of those willing to change. A land where the sun powered homes, not hearts withered by burnout. It was said that those who reached Solara would not only be healed, but would carry the power to heal others.

The Call to Adventure

Their call came not in the form of thunder, but through a slow, collective realization: This is not sustainable. The traffic, the toxins, the disconnection from the Earth and from each other. The elders among them remembered cleaner air. The young dreamed of open skies. Together, they began to speak of change—and so the journey began.

They called themselves The Weavers, for they sought not just escape, but the weaving of a new tapestry from the frayed edges of the old world.

Crossing the Threshold

Leaving LA wasn't simple. They met resistance from within and without—doubts, debt, discouragement. Yet they pressed on, caravanning eastward and northward into the high deserts and the shadow of the mountains, seeking a forgotten valley spoken of in old ecological texts and community lore.

Along the way, they encountered other travelers—broken communities, fire-ravaged towns, isolated elders. The Weavers shared food, stories, and seeds. With each act of kindness, their hope grew stronger. These were their trials and allies, and each one tested their resolve.

The Abyss and Transformation

In the dead of a brutal winter, the Weavers were struck by a crisis. Crops failed, supplies dwindled, and despair clawed at the edges of their spirits. Infighting began, old habits returned—blame, fear, apathy.

But then, from within, a quiet movement began. A musician played songs of the sun. A healer taught breathwork in the still mornings. A gardener reminded them how to find edible roots in the snow. And they remembered what had brought them together: not escape, but connection.

They began to practice resilience, not as a theory, but as survival. They meditated. They built greenhouses. They shared dreams. And slowly, the valley began to bloom—within them and around them.

The Return and the Gift

When spring broke, the Weavers had not found Solara. They had become it.

They returned to nearby cities—not to stay, but to teach. They brought workshops, not warnings. They offered seeds, not sermons. They showed others how to cultivate calm, build solar ovens, create shared gardens, and restore a sense of belonging. Their strength was not in their escape, but in their return bearing gifts of the journey.

And so, Solara spread—not as a single place, but as a living myth, seeded in neighborhoods, schools, and shelters. Wherever people gathered to share stories, break bread, breathe deeply, and dream of more, Solara lived on.

Moral of the Myth:

Community resilience is not the absence of hardship, but the weaving together of strength, rest, nature, and connection. The journey doesn't end at finding peace—it begins when we bring it back and share it.

The Horse, the Pig, and the Moonlight Wisdom

One clear night, when the moon hung low and silver over the quiet farm, the animals gathered in the meadow to rest. The crickets sang, the fireflies blinked like stars, and the gentle hum of night settled across the land.

Old Chestnut, the wise draft horse, stood watching the fields in silence. Nearby, Penelope the pig rolled in the soft grass, snorting contentedly.

“You ever wonder,” Chestnut said thoughtfully, “why the farmer’s fields grow so well, while other farms struggle?”

Penelope twitched an ear. “Because our farmer follows the old ways. Permaculture.”

Chestnut nodded. “Earth Care,” he said. “That’s the first ethic. The soil is treated like treasure here, not just dirt. The trees stay rooted, the bees buzz free, and even the weeds get their purpose.”

Penelope oinked. “And People Care,” she added. “You’ve seen how the farmer shares her time with everyone. Even us. She listens. She learns. She makes sure we’re healthy and fed.”

Just then, a soft light spilled over the barn, and the moon, round as a full milk pail, seemed to shine brighter. The animals grew quiet again, as if listening.

“The last one,” Chestnut murmured, “is Fair Share. We take only what we need. The apples are shared with the birds. The compost feeds the ground. No one hoards. Not even the farmer.”

Penelope sat up, her curly tail twitching. “So it’s like the moon,” she said. “It doesn’t shine just for itself. It lights the whole farm.”

And with that, the animals settled down, feeling the peace that only balance can bring.

Moral: When we care for the Earth, care for each other, and share what we have, even the moon seems to smile a little brighter.

The Great Disaster Townhall

A town hall meeting is a gathering where people come together to discuss topics of interest, share information, or ask questions. Town hall meetings can be held by local and national governments, businesses, or other organizations.

Suzzy and Ron lost their home, cars, and historic artifacts in the Palisades Fire. The Great Disaster Townhall is packed with similar stories and fears about the future.

The LA Health Department representative is responding to public questions now:

"Yes, rain poses the risk of spreading toxins from the fire debris. Flash flood warnings are issued because of short and intense bursts of rain."

"Efforts to prevent toxic runoff include train barriers and straw filters."

"Residents should be concerned about long-term health and environmental impacts. We are looking at these now."

Roger Browning raised hand finds a receptive ear from County Engineering.

"What is captured in the rain drops themselves that cleans the air and can these particles accumulate in my rain barrels?"

The Engineer has no definitive answer.

Maggie Smith laments:

"Fire "ripped through our homes, vehicles, electronics, plastics, chemicals, furniture, and countless everyday materials, creating a dangerous mix of toxins. When it rains, toxins flow into our gutters, storm drains ... eventually to our beaches."

Falling water captures airborne particles and deposits them in the soil contaminating gardens and once well-tended grounds where they cannot be breathed in. But to many residents, the risks from toxins are incalculable.

While the immediate danger to human health from dirty stormwater may be limited, a panelist concluded, the impact on ecosystems, including the ocean, has not been well studied. Outside the Town Hall, the rain is coming down.

Sky Dancer's Journey

In a small green valley nestled in the heart of Oregon, a special village thrived. This wasn't just any village - it was part of the Resilient Communities Project, where people lived in harmony with nature, grew their own food, and took care of each other and the land.

One crisp spring morning, Marko, a curious 10-year-old with a mop of curly hair and a backpack full of trail snacks, set off on a hike near the village. His dog, Bean, trotted beside him, tail wagging.

As they rounded a bend near the old cedar grove, Bean stopped and barked.

"What is it, girl?" Marko asked, kneeling down.

There, hidden among ferns and mossy rocks, was a tiny eagle chick. Its feathers were ruffled, and one wing drooped awkwardly. It looked up at Marko with big golden eyes and gave a soft, weak chirp.

"Oh no... you're hurt," Marko whispered. He gently scooped the chick into his hoodie and ran back to the village.

The elders at the Village helped Marko call the local Raptor Veterinary Hospital, a place where injured birds of prey were cared for. A kind woman named Dr. Mira met them at the clinic and examined the chick.

"He's got a broken wing, but he's strong," she said. "With care and time, he'll fly again."

Marko visited the eagle chick every few days. He named him Sky Dancer. He watched as the chick grew stronger, learning to perch, then flap, then stretch those mighty wings.

“I want to fly like you someday,” Marko would whisper. “But for now, I’ll just watch and cheer you on.”

Over the weeks, Sky Dancer healed. His wing mended, his feathers gleamed, and his sharp eyes sparkled with life. On the day of his release, Dr. Mira brought him back to the forest near Marko’s village.

Marko stood at the clearing with his parents, Bean, and the village children. He opened the door of the travel crate slowly. Sky Dancer stepped out, blinked at the bright sky, and spread his wings.

With a powerful beat, he lifted off - up, up, soaring above the treetops.

Everyone clapped and cheered. Marko’s heart ached with joy.

“You did it,” he whispered, tears in his eyes. “You’re free.”

Sky Dancer circled once, twice, then called out - a wild, beautiful cry - before disappearing into the clouds.

From that day on, whenever Marko hiked the trail, he looked to the sky, hoping to see his friend soaring above.

And sometimes, just sometimes, he did.

Rooted in Taos

In the high desert light of Taos, New Mexico, where the Sangre de Cristo Mountains hold the horizon and the skies stretch into forever, Jean and Paul found a rhythm that pulsed with the Earth itself. They had come from different places - Jean from the damp forests of the Pacific Northwest, Paul from the flat, sun-soaked plains of Texas - but their dreams led them to the same place: the land.

Their adobe casita sat on a few acres just outside the town's artistic bustle, nestled among piñon and juniper trees. The wind whispered through chamisa bushes, and the soil, though sandy and stubborn, was generous once coaxed with care. That's where their story began - not with grand ambition, but with a love of the natural world and a shared belief that another way of living was possible.

It started with a garden.

A small plot, no bigger than a room, where they planted heirloom tomatoes, chiles, kale, and sunflowers that reached toward the mesa sky. Paul had a way with compost - his "black gold," he called it - and Jean kept a seed library like a treasure chest, carefully labeled and lovingly organized. They used techniques they learned through the Resilient Communities Project - rainwater harvesting, hügelkultur beds, polycultures, and companion planting. Slowly, the land responded. Birds returned. Bees buzzed. The soil came alive.

"People Care, Land Care, Fair Share" - the permaculture ethics - weren't just ideas. They were the foundation of Jean and Paul's daily life. Each morning began with their hands in the soil and ended with simple meals made from what they had grown. They traded with neighbors - eggs for soap, chili ristras for fresh tortillas. On Sundays, their home became a gathering place. Musicians came. Elders told stories. Kids ran barefoot between the sunflowers and squash.

But it wasn't always easy. There were dry years when the monsoons didn't come, and the cisterns ran low. One summer, a wildfire threatened the edge of their land. Paul stayed up nights clearing brush, while Jean wrote letters and grant applications to support a community-wide fire mitigation plan. It was then that they realized: resilience wasn't just about sustainability - it was about solidarity.

Through the Resilient Communities Project, they helped form a local food cooperative, taught workshops on permaculture design, and mentored young farmers from nearby pueblos and beyond. Jean taught seed saving and herbal medicine; Paul taught soil health and rain catchment systems. They weren't just growing food anymore - they were growing community.

Years passed, and their land grew richer, not just in fertility, but in memory. Fruit trees they planted as saplings now shaded their grandnieces and neighborhood kids. The paths they dug by hand became trails walked daily by old friends and new seekers. Their story became woven into the larger story of Taos - a place of deep roots, creative spirits, and fierce love for the Earth.

One night, under a cottonwood strung with prayer flags and fairy lights, Jean looked over their garden and the people gathered there.

"Do you remember what we dreamed of when we came here?" she asked Paul.

He nodded, taking her hand. "A life that mattered. And this - this is it."

In Taos, where earth meets sky and tradition meets renewal, Jean and Paul lived not just sustainably, but beautifully - proving that resilience isn't just about surviving, but thriving together, with the land and with love.

Who really owns the land & water?

In the shimmering heat of a Miami morning, Anna adjusted her visor, squinted into the distance, and lined up her shot. The fairway stretched ahead like a green ribbon, bordered by palm trees and precision-cut hedges. The golf ball - small, white, perfectly dimpled - waited patiently on the tee.

"Thwack!"

It was a solid drive. Straight and clean. Her business partner clapped politely. "Nice one, Anna. You're getting your groove back."

She forced a smile, but her mind was elsewhere - again.

For years, golf had been her thing. Her escape. Her edge in the business world. Deals were struck on hole seven, partnerships sealed with a handshake by hole eighteen. She had the clubs, the clothes, the confidence.

But lately... something had shifted.

It started with a podcast, then a few articles. One stat stuck with her: a single golf course in South Florida could use over a million gallons of water a day in the dry season. Anna stared out over the manicured grass and imagined what that water could do for her grandmother's community in Little Haiti, where residents were still boiling tap water to be safe.

And the land. All that land.

"Two hundred acres," she whispered to herself, "so we can chase a ball around in carts?"

She saw it now - not just the green, but the absence. The way the courses broke up wildlife corridors. The way fences kept people out. She remembered kids playing soccer on cracked asphalt because the parks were overcrowded. She remembered a family picnic interrupted by a security guard when they tried to eat lunch near a private course's fence line.

And suddenly, she didn't want to swing anymore.

"Everything okay?" her partner asked as they cruised in their cart to the next hole.

Anna looked around. "Do business meetings have to take place on a golf course?" she said, more to herself than him.

He blinked. "What do you mean?"

"I mean..." she hesitated, her words stacking up. "Why can't we do this in a park? Or over a hike? Or a kayak trip through the mangroves? Why do we need this - all this land, this water, for a game? Who owns the land anyway?"

He gave her a look - half confused, half curious.

That night, Anna couldn't sleep. She opened her laptop and began searching: "Miami golf course land repurposed," "community-led green space initiatives," "golf course to nature preserve." And the stories were there. Projects in cities across the world turning fairways into food forests, community gardens, urban wetlands. New kinds of green spaces - shared spaces.

A week later, she showed up to her usual Thursday meeting without her clubs.

"Walking meeting," she said, motioning to the nearby park. "Let's talk numbers and see some birds."

It wasn't radical. Not yet. But it was something.

In time, Anna began speaking publicly - at city planning meetings, at sustainability forums. "What if we reimagined our open space?" she'd say. "What if we gave it back - to people, to birds, to trees? What if we hit pause on the swing, and asked who the land was for?"

And in those moments, she wasn't just a golfer anymore. She was something more.

A steward. A question-asker. A bridge between worlds.

She still kept her clubs in the garage, but the last ball she hit that morning in Miami? That one stayed with her - not because it soared far, but because it helped her see just how far she wanted to go.

Blogs

In Support of The Resilient Communities Project

<https://resilientcommunities.network/>

Supporting your Permaculture Practice

The Resilient Communities Project is considering mission critical concepts and heart-felt actions that can support your permaculture practice including:

- * Self-reliance, just like community reliance, counts on available powers and resources rather than those of others.
- * Adaptive strategies, just like resilience, involve adapting to changes in the environment, whether in business, organizations, or communities, by continuously monitoring, identifying trends, and adjusting strategies to remain agile and responsive.
- * Ecological restoration, like permaculture, is the process of assisting the recovery of ecosystems that have been degraded, damaged, or destroyed, aiming to restore their natural functions and biodiversity.

What's in your permaculture practice?

What Does Earth Look Like in 2035?

As we step into 2035, Earth is a different place - challenged, changed, yet full of promise. Through the lens of The Resilient Communities Project, we glimpse a world shaped not only by crisis, but by collective creativity, innovation, and a rediscovery of local strength.

Energy Systems: Decentralized and Clean

Fossil fuels are no longer the dominant force. Across cities and rural regions, microgrids powered by solar, wind, and advanced storage technologies allow communities to produce their own energy. Resilient communities invest in energy sovereignty, ensuring power remains stable in the face of global shocks.

Water: Local, Circular, and Protected

Climate pressures and population shifts have made water security a central issue. In 2035, more communities harvest, store, and recycle water locally. Smart water networks monitor usage, reduce waste, and prioritize conservation. Watersheds are managed as shared assets, not commodities.

Population: Mobile, Aging, and Interconnected

Climate migration has reshaped population maps. While some areas face decline, others are adapting to rapid growth. Aging populations in many regions drive innovation in healthcare, housing, and intergenerational collaboration, weaving resilience through demographic change.

Transportation: Shared, Electric, and Human-Scaled

Personal vehicle ownership is no longer the norm in many urban and regional centers. Communities rely on electric public transit, bike highways, and walkable infrastructure. Logistics have become smarter and more sustainable, connecting people without sacrificing the planet.

(cont.)

Community: Local Power, Global Vision

2035 has seen a resurgence in place-based living. Community land trusts, cooperatives, and digital commons have become the backbone of local resilience. People organize at the neighborhood level but think on a planetary scale - linking struggles and solutions across borders.

Politics: Participatory and Polycentric

In many places, politics is no longer top-down. From citizens' assemblies to digital governance platforms, decision-making has become more participatory. Though challenges remain, local democracy is alive and evolving, often outpacing national governments in solving real problems.

Innovation: Open, Practical, and Regenerative

Technology in 2035 is deeply human-centered. Open-source platforms and regenerative design fuel a new wave of tools focused on healing ecosystems, empowering communities, and closing resource loops. Innovation is no longer only about speed - it's about sustainability and solidarity.

Resilience: Built from the Ground Up

Resilience in 2035 isn't a buzzword - it's a necessity. From food forests to solar cooperatives, from community-owned data to adaptive architecture, resilience is cultivated locally. The Resilient Communities Network connects these efforts globally, proving that a better world is not only possible - it's already growing, one community at a time.

The future is uncertain, but in 2035, communities aren't waiting. They're building, sharing, and thriving - together.

Flourishing Through Community in a Time of Crisis

In today's world, financial abundance often feels out of reach - especially for younger adults. Even in the wealthiest countries, many are struggling, not just to make ends meet, but to find meaning, purpose, and connection. The promise of prosperity has not translated into well-being for everyone.

Mental health challenges are rising. Financial insecurity is pervasive. And a growing number of young people are asking: What is this all for?

The truth is, we are not meant to flourish in isolation. Deep relationships, a sense of belonging, and shared purpose are not luxuries - they are essential to being fully human. And yet, modern societies have largely neglected these needs.

At Resilient Communities Network, we believe that the answer lies in rebuilding what has been lost: connection, community, and care. It is through walking the path of community building that we rediscover our strength - not only as individuals, but as a collective.

Let us choose to build together. Let us choose to flourish. Join us in co-creating resilient, inter-connected villages.

Stewarding the Commons for a Regenerative Future

As the climate crisis accelerates and economic inequality deepens, the need for new models of living becomes more urgent than ever. The Resilient Communities Project (RCP) offers a compelling vision: the creation of a permanent commons where communities can live sustainably on the land, supported by a regenerative economic system that prioritizes ecological balance, local resilience, and social equity.

At its heart, RCP challenges the conventional notion of leadership and replaces it with stewardship. Rather than command-and-control hierarchies, stewardship invites us into collaborative responsibility - caring for the land, one another, and future generations. The steward is not above the group, but embedded within it, guiding by example and ensuring that community needs are met in alignment with natural systems.

To make this vision real, we must cultivate a specific set of social skills. Empathy, active listening, collaborative decision-making, and conflict resolution are not optional—they are essential. These are the tools that allow communities to navigate complexity and diversity without fragmenting.

Yet social skills alone are not enough. Competence in practical fields - agroecology, building trades, natural resource management, cooperative economics, and systems thinking—is equally vital. These skills form the foundation for community self-reliance and ecological regeneration.

With these skills come responsibilities. Each member of a resilient community contributes not just labor, but care and accountability. Stewardship means recognizing that the commons is not free - it is freed by our ongoing commitment to nurture, protect, and share it.

The Resilient Communities Project is more than an idea - it's an invitation to build the future differently. One rooted not in extraction, but in mutual care and co-creation with the Earth.

Net-Positive Impact

A "net positive impact" means doing more good than harm, going beyond simply reducing negative impacts to actively generating positive outcomes for the environment and society. It's about a business or organization not just minimizing its harm, but also contributing more to the world than it takes away. This involves restoring ecosystems, enhancing community well-being, and contributing to global sustainability goals.

Key Aspects of Net Positive Impact:

Beyond Mitigation:

Net positive goes beyond simply mitigating negative impacts; it actively seeks to create positive outcomes.

Holistic Approach:

It considers the impact of core business activities on all aspects of the environment and society.

Focus on Positive Outcomes:

Net positive emphasizes creating positive outcomes, such as restoring ecosystems, enhancing community well-being, and contributing to global sustainability goals.

Tangible Benefits:

In practice, Net Positive moves can lead to tangible benefits, such as reduced risk, improved resilience, and new market opportunities.

Ambition and Innovation:

Becoming net positive often requires significant shifts in approach and innovation, going beyond business-as-usual.

Examples of Net Positive Impact:

- * A company that reduces its carbon footprint while also investing in renewable energy projects.
- * A company that employs fair labor practices, creates good jobs, and supports local communities.
- * A company that develops sustainable products and services that benefit both the environment and society.
- * A company that restores ecosystems damaged by its operations.

The Village Barter Store

Definition of barter: "To exchange used or new goods or services without using money."

This is an honor-driven, resilient retail system that champions barter and recycling... in a not-for-profit business structure.

Walk in. Make an account or log-in. In the front of the house there is a tablet. This is a self-service process - drop-in, drop-off and search the inventory on the machine. The merchandise is stored in the back of the house.

Then tag and enter information in the computer on items that will be bartered, donated, or recycled. Each physical tag includes an exchange value and an expiration date. The tablet has pre-set sub directories for donations and recycling that will not be bartered. If an item is not bartered within 30 days, it is removed from inventory and donated or recycled. There is a lot of potentially barterable stuff that people might be looking for. This list is on the tablet, too.

The computer sends out text notifications to members about new offerings and donations.

Village Barter Store volunteers who monitor inventory and clean-up the space can contribute to their village housing costs through equity-share payments.

Some Principles and Values

Principles: a fundamental truth or proposition that serves as the foundation for a system of belief or behavior.

Values: the importance, worth, or usefulness of something.

The following ideas are key to the Resilient Communities Project:

- * We are all in this together
- * People Care, Land Care, Fair Share (Permaculture)
- * Love of the natural world
- * Home grown food
- * Roots in land and community
- * Healthy bodies, minds, and interpersonal relationships
- * Individual or collective spiritual foundations
- * Self-motivation and resourcefulness
- * Integrity and financial responsibility
- * Creativity, collaboration, and courage
- * Humility / Empathy for people
- * Vision for a better future

Question: Which are values and which are principles?

Exploring Stewardship vs. Mentorship

Mentorship: the guidance provided by a mentor, especially an experienced person in a company or educational institution. The key to successful mentoring programs: Clarity, Communication, Commitment.

Stewardship: the job of supervising or taking care of something, such as an organization or property. As in "responsible stewardship of our public lands."

Questions:

- * Can you scale mentorship training to match the scope of stewardship?
- * What is the role of individuals working in stewardship?
- * Can either option be online only?
- * How should internships be run in mentorships vs. stewardship?
- * How can mentorship and stewardship take on community building?
- * Does public or private land ownership make a difference when designing mentorships and stewardship?
- * How can stewardship and mentorship address resilience and permaculture?

Permaculture on the Moon

Integrating permaculture principles into lunar habitats offers a sustainable framework for establishing self-sufficient ecosystems on the Moon. Here's how the three permaculture core ethics and selected principles can be applied:

Three Core Ethics:

1. **Moon Care:** Designing lunar habitats that minimize environmental impact, utilize local resources, and maintain ecological balance.
2. **People Care:** Creating living spaces that support human well-being, ensuring safety, comfort, and community cohesion.
3. **Fair Share:** Equitably distributing resources and benefits among all inhabitants, fostering a sense of shared responsibility.

Selected Permaculture Principles:

- * **Use Small and Slow Solutions:** Implementing gradual, manageable changes allows for careful observation and adaptation, essential in the Moon's challenging environment.
- * **Apply Self-Regulation and Accept Feedback:** Establishing systems that monitor and adjust based on performance ensures sustainability and resilience.
- * **Design from Patterns to Details:** Observing natural patterns to inform habitat design leads to efficient and harmonious structures.

Innovative Concepts for Lunar Habitats:

* Permannauts: Astronauts trained in permaculture principles, capable of cultivating food and managing ecosystems within lunar habitats.

* Gardens Under Glass Domes: Utilizing transparent domes to create controlled environments for plant growth, leveraging natural light, and protecting against harsh lunar conditions.

* Orbiting Space Ships: Deploying spacecraft equipped with permaculture systems to support lunar missions, serving as mobile bases for research and resource gathering.

* Making Water: Developing methods to extract and purify water from lunar ice deposits, essential for sustaining life and supporting agriculture.

By applying these permaculture principles and innovative concepts, lunar habitats can become sustainable, self-sufficient environments, paving the way for long-term human presence on the Moon.

Regeneration: Using Nature to Build Resilient Communities

The Resilient Communities Project (RCP) defines a Resilient Community as one that:

- Nurtures the healing and well-being of members and the wider community
- Rejuvenates ecosystems while building soil and benefiting the climate
- Provides simple, affordable, low impact housing
- Regeneratively produces much or most of its own food and other necessities

The seven principles (R's) of the Circular Economy are integral to regeneration:

- Retaining - holding a vision for change
- Rethinking - being critical of the status quo
- Regenerating - using Nature to revitalize a person or a system
- Reducing - eliminating waste
- Reusing - putting manufactured resources back in the system rather than in the garbage
- Recovering - creating a healthy community and/or ecosystem
- Redesign - using prototypes and patterns to evolve tools and processes

Regenerating is using Nature to revitalize a person or a system. Espousing “whole systems thinking,” or factoring in all inputs and outputs of a system. Call it self-sufficiency. Every species is capable of regeneration, from bacteria to humans. Recovering or creating a healthy community and/or ecosystem drives regeneration.

Examples of regeneration in a resilient community include:

- Solar energy = renewing the Sun's energy
- Reducing Stream Pollution = restoring a pristine ecosystem

- Barter = alternative exchange tool
- Cobb Building = earthen materials for structures
- Gardens = healthy food for all
- Pasture Land = help create the commons
- Housing Coops = communal living
- People Care, Land Care, Fair Share = permaculture ethics
- Community Fund (Bank) = shared resource development
- Land Trust = shared ownership strategy

At the Intersection of Permaculture Design and Interior Design

"Permaculture is an approach to land management and settlement design that adopts arrangements observed in flourishing natural ecosystems (Nature). It includes a set of design principles derived using whole-systems thinking."

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Permaculture>

"Interior design is defined as the professional and comprehensive practice of creating an interior environment that addresses, protects, and responds to human need(s). It is the art, science, and business planning of a creative, technical, sustainable, and functional interior solution that corresponds to the architecture of a space, while incorporating process and strategy, a mandate for well-being, safety, and health, with informed decisions about style and aesthetics."

<https://iida.org/about/what-is-interior-design>

Selected Principles (3/12)

"Each principle can be thought of as a door that opens into whole systems thinking, providing a different perspective that can be understood at varying levels of depth and application."

<https://permacultureprinciples.com/permaculture-principles/>

- a. Use & value renewable resources & services
- b. Design from patterns to details
- c. Use small and slow solutions

Teaching Questions:

1. Does ID design with whole systems in mind?
2. Is Nature "architecture?"

3. Does Permaculture consider safety issues?
4. Does ID mandate slow solutions?
5. Is ID designing settlements?
6. Is PD concerned with style and aesthetics?
7. Can you combine PD and ID?
8. Is ID "nature-friendly?"

The Permaculture Project Store

We need to start "thinking in Transition" defined as foregoing convenience goods (candy and junk food) for services and products that support resilience. Some support from Permaculture Principle 6: Make the least change for the greatest effect. Find the "leverage points" in the system and intervene there, where the least work accomplishes the most change. Please see the components, tools and supplies below. Accordingly, we need more Permaculture-based Food Coops, start-up incubators and training accelerators.

- The Permaculture Project Store -

Components:

- * Seed Exchange
- * Demonstration Plot & Plant Nursery
- * Local and Regional Organizations Directory
- * Permaculture Design Consultants Directory
- * In-house Education - Classroom Space
- * Free Book Exchange - Spirit, Technical and Nature Titles
- * Neighborhood Fair Wage Jobs Program
- * Design Plan Library - Tool Sheds, Compost Bins, Rocket Stoves, Gardens, etc.

Tools & Supplies:

- + Sickles
- + Machetes
- + Knives
- + Shovels

- + Weeding Hoes
- + A-frames (contour ID)
- + Twine
- + Lumber for Raised Beds
- + Cutter / Snips
- + Swiss Army style grafting knife
- + Spades
- + Chicken Wire
- + Forks
- + Water Buckets
- + Rainwater tanks & hardware
- + Compost starter & bins
- + Hay bales
- + Orange flagging

Conclusions:

The Permaculture Project Store is a transformed "old Fashioned" neighborhood hardware store with a Transition twist. Think UPS Store for permaculturists. The rich interaction between new principles, garden tools and neighbors can foster a new global vision!

Hurricane Thomas was Here

Climate change... bad weather. Big storm damage - Hurricane Thomas was here.

Noone lost their lives during the storm as everyone evacuated away to the east - away from the storm surge.

Thomas, which grazed the area last month, brought widespread flooding from a record storm surge. Many residents whose homes were flooded have spent the past weeks piling mountains of waterlogged debris onto their front lawns. Debris can contain broken glass, metal, toxic chemicals, and mold, which can be a health and safety risk.

The city is deploying additional departments and contractors to aid in curbside collection. It's asking residents to bundle and cover the debris or secure it in an enclosed area as they await collection.

Neighbors are helping each other with demoed debris, building transitional housing with yurts. The Red Cross delivered yurts from a Chicago manufacturer that uses reused canvas tenting. Poles and stakes for the yurts are created from the destroyed homes in the neighborhoods.

The "yurt villages" caught the attention of the American Institute of Architects who supported the relief effort with a community design grant. The City became a hero and a role model for other towns hard hit by hurricanes. A prime example of resiliency.

The Tiny House is the New Teepee

In the heart of the Redwood Forest, nestled among towering trees and whispering winds, exists a unique community known as Red Cedar Village (RCV). This village is unlike any other, for it is built upon the principles of resilience, permaculture, and a deep respect for nature.

At the center of RCV lay a communal fire pit, its flames dancing and crackling, casting a warm glow upon the surroundings. The homes, modest yet charming, are arranged in a circle around the fire, each constructed from repurposed shipping containers and reclaimed lumber. These tiny homes, though small in size, are grand in spirit, embodying the essence of the American Indian Teepee.

The village operates as a cooperative, with each member contributing their skills and resources. A single truck, the lifeblood of RCV, is on-site for shopping, positioning tiny houses, and handling emergencies. No cars are allowed, ensuring the air remains pure and the environment undisturbed. Supplies are delivered to the rear of each house via a hand-drawn cart along a primitive road, adding a touch of simplicity to daily life.

Within the village, the containers serve various communal purposes. One houses a well-equipped workshop where artisans craft beautiful pieces from wood and metal. Another is transformed into a community kitchen, its aroma of fresh bread and simmering stews inviting all to gather and share meals. A third container is dedicated to the children's preschool, a place where young minds blossom under the guidance of caring educators.

As night falls and the stars blanket the sky, the villagers gather around the fire pit, sharing stories, songs, and laughter. The tiny houses, with their warm lights glowing softly, stand as a testament to a way of life that cherishes simplicity, community, and harmony with the earth. In Red Cedar Village, the tiny house is more than just a dwelling; it is a symbol of community, and the timeless dance between humanity and nature.

Community Design Charrette

A Design Charrette is an intensive, hands-on workshop that brings people from different disciplines and backgrounds together with members of the community to explore design options for a particular property.

The Charrette Team: Laura Reese, Land Owner, Bob Li; Charrette Moderator; 2 Permaculturists; 2 Architects; 2 Land Planners; 2 Solar Engineers; 2 Artists; 2 Chamber of Commerce staff; 6 Community Members.

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Bob: "We begin the charrette with an information gathering phase."

Laura: "Walking the Land (5 acres). Bob and I will take you out to view the assets of the farm so we can build a base map for the charrette." The Team records an inventory that includes a 3 BR farm house, barn, driveway, fallow fields, pond, forests, a well, and septic tank/field. Farm equipment and tools are included. The preliminary Base Map includes topographical data, aerial photographs, site description, and applicable roads and paths. Similar projects, or templates, are examined for synergy.

Now the Community Design Charrette (Meeting) begins as the team is split into two groups for greater reach and feedback. The Permaculturists are selected to lead the smaller groups.

The Base Map is revised by each small group and annotated with ideas big and small. One idea that both groups came up with is to install solar panels on the farm house. Trails and gardens are sited. The Chamber folks thought that the property would make a great event center. Some suggested that the barn could display outside murals and the pond could be a swimming hole for kids. These and other visions are all on the two completed base maps.

That evening the team presented their maps to the wider community and press. The Q+A was lively. The consensus in the room was to go with a "Solar Community Center." The base maps are stored in the library for future planning.

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Additional Resources:

Elements to Build a Permaculture Village

https://willipaulstudio.com/pdf/Elements_Permaculture_Village.pdf

Building an Algorithm for a Permaculture Farm Zone 1 Plan

https://willipaulstudio.com/pdf/Building_Algorithm_Permaculture_Farm.pdf

Minnesota Design Team

<https://www.aia-mn.org/get-involved/committees/minnesota-design-team/>



William at Carmel Beach