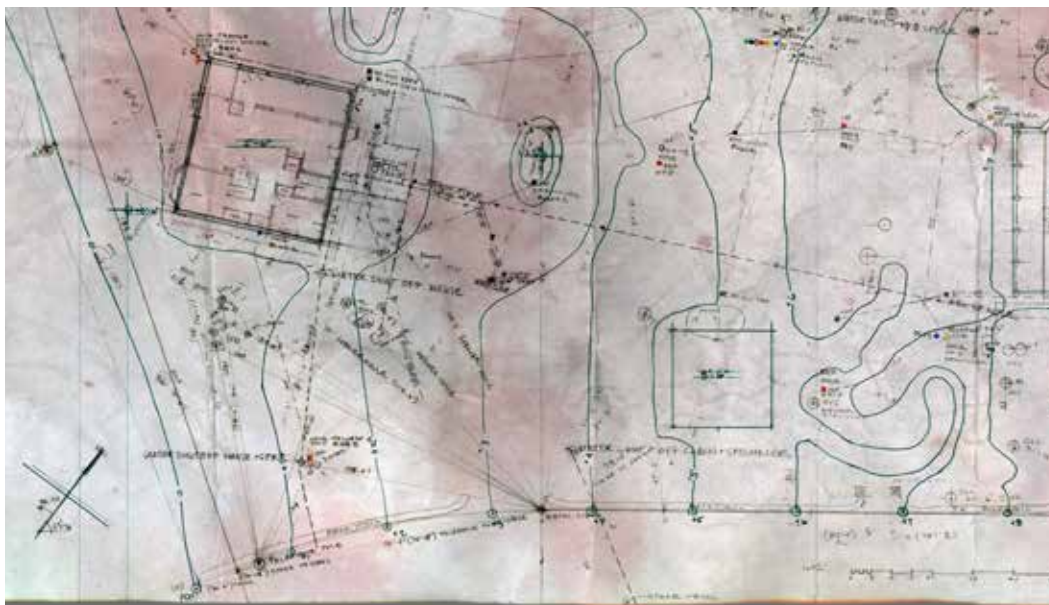


A Canticle, the Accident

By Edha Ithal

Urat came to the bend in an old creek, now dry and parched, and pulled out an old hand written map. His family had mentioned that there was once a group of divergent families that thrived and had positioned themselves to be a sustainable community. Well, Urat didn't know what that meant, so he decided to go back to his great grandparents settlement. After hiking 15 miles from the coast, he headed toward the large rock face in the gorge, great grandfather had mentioned that it had been a rock quarry where the accident had happened. The only records left, were a series of drawings near the year 2014.



He knew that they had planned for years, because an accident can always happen, as this one did!

As he remembered, they thought about susceptibility to dry, rainless days (the wells had all gone dry). There had been an attempt to create a village farm, even though not all had suitable land with enough sun or water (and the creek too went dry). They also tried to find energy solutions using the limited sun in the steep walled valley (the wind was too erratic and unpredictable). This was another preparation which had been instituted, a funding, shared loan system, using all the common resources, but the monetary system collapse had left no credit with any of the families. Most devastating was that everyone found that employment as they knew

it, ceased to exist. They had even set up a little barter arrangement which took its inspiration from Atlas Shrugged. All of the community had worked together and began to make progress even through the prolonged depression and isolation.

The community had been one of the first to think ahead to the future, they had potluck dinners where they discussed the future. In a journal that Urat found among his great grandfather's few possessions were the mention of the computer systems they all had, communicating with each other wirelessly. He looked at the issues that had been raised:

First meeting
NFS
Tuesday Oct 28, 2014

Farming
Water conservation
Water distillation from moist sea air.
Power generation and regeneration
Harvesting the native vegetation
Supplementing the "GRID"
Going off the "GRID"
Wild animal management
Economics of creating sustainable dwellings
Script and other banking methods
Politics of low impact shelters
Land and topographical limitations
Soil regeneration
Stress and the biology of rejection
Isolation and growth systems
Mind changes in advanced restricted access zones
Coping with unshared events
Population limitations and co-existence

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If they had only known of the impending Accident, the outcome of things may have been different.

As he dug around in the gravel, looking for any markers, he pulled out his diary and reread some of Edha's writing, trying to imagine how it was back then. Each poem described some of the old feeling which were part of Edha's life, and now how could he recapture them?

Life is

The day is
We are
Again and Again
At top and bottom
Resolve to Live
For Today is
We cannot see Beyond
We take the Moment
Before the future
And Remember the Past.

Life becomes
Building does
Joy the wall
Freedom the space
Finishing the goal.

Day
Birth
Will be happy
If, will be present
Your hour can sing
Repeat choir again tomorrow
Only need bridge yesterday.

A seed is dormant life.
The latent image (form) has a specific environmental
condition to open.

The key is locked until that condition exists.
Not a random event or a chance meeting of seed and
nutrients.

A locked code.

When does is
Become was?
Can a mind stop
Listen and be?
Or is that moment
Just is?

The montage of life can never be seen twice like a movie. We can see the outtakes but never the script or the reel. Looking backward, you will see your footprints, but only you get to write the ones ahead. Dance lightly and make the most of all your prints!

Days in vain.
Finding a child!
Losing a child!
Comfort Zone, beyond control-
Other (another) being-Other
Existence.
Re-Control-Where and How is it
gained for Self?
Everyone can be self-How do we
reboot to an earlier state?
"Bliss" is powerful- she tunes out logic and precedent.
She is only interested in "Now".
Tomorrow isn't important.
If empathy can return, 'Bliss' may lose.
Waiting
Is
harder
than
running
a
marathon!

Tomorrow?
Triggers
Supersede
Rational
Behavior!
We do
As We
Want,
Not
What others
Want us to do!
Choice
is
always
available,
it is inside
not
external.

Looking back at the journal with more care, he noticed notations that didn't make sense:

Closed Hot springs, for restoration, barbed wire fence

Thermal springs, converted to geo-thermal generating plant

Fracking, when shale oil discovered under quarry

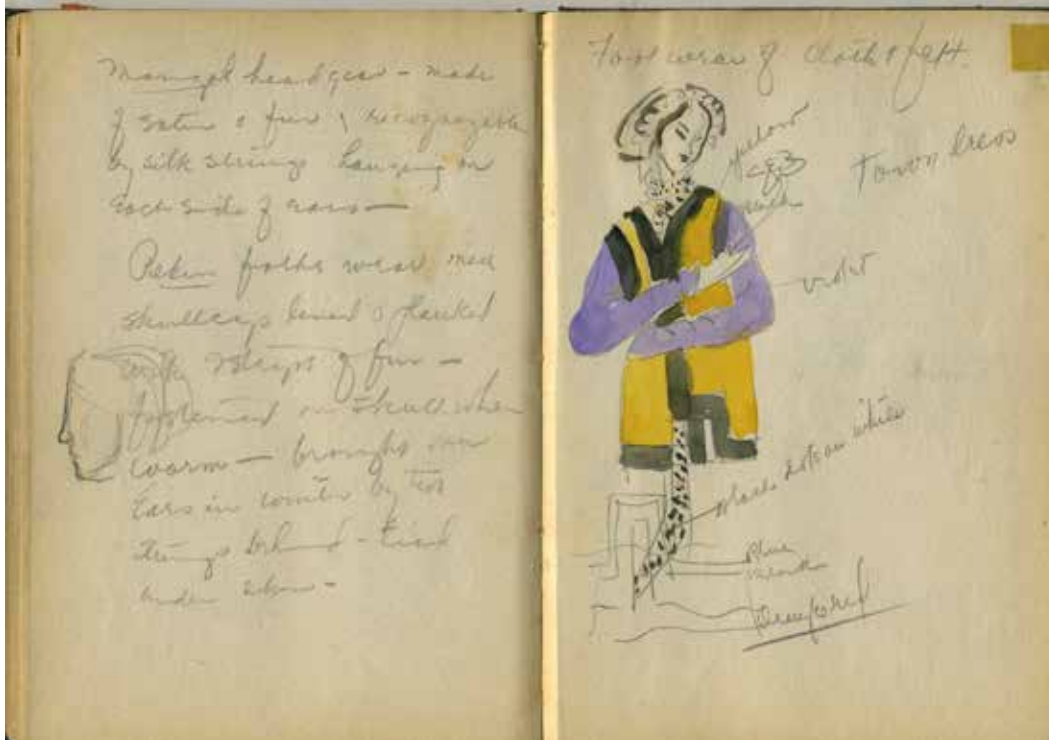
Aquifers changed, all ground water disappeared or was contaminated

Dam removed, to aid in geo-thermal creating fire zones,
No fire reservoir

He also noted the strange community name: SISU (Social Infrastructure System United) it sounded like an old Finnish word his elders used, meaning "guts" or "stamina", "courage", "equanimity" but that may have just been his imagination.

For some reason, which Urat didn't know, the fabric and clothing styles looked somewhat like the pages found in Great Grandma's 1933 Chicago Art Institute journal, which was one of the treasures he found delightful. In the journal there are certain initials behind the various division of resources notations:

Hemp clothing in the Dacha Tunics style out of Dr Zhivago & Deer control BB



Cable communication and Running Coach and soils augmentation TP

Ham radio and Gate keeper TM

Biodiesel, Chia hydroponics & DJ Music source SDTB

New school & Garden Representative (Local 999) AG

Rammed earth structures & Best selling novel "Poetic Mysteries" about the SISU experience CD

Adironstack Chairs and reclaimed furniture division AL

Theater & Tapas prep for the Spanish bar JD

Banking Systems & Aerobic Coach JS

Alpaca Introduction & Wool Blankets YP

Family Clinic & Cycle repair shop JG

Clay Oil Casks & Stress Relief training PW

Local Tapas Bar and Drywall Co. T&JC

Dance Studio & Red oak ink extracts for communications
on paper GL

Bar Stools & Quadcopter Drone Defences & delivery systems DF

This must have been a partial list of the available resources in SISU: below is the old map Urat used to find the location.



There was an historical foot note in the journal apparently penned in by a: (CD)

As you can imagine, I think a lot about inevitable decline of all man-made systems and structures brought on by the remorseless action of thermodynamics against the immense backdrop of time that we have lost a sense of, and our humility in the face of, in our fast-paced industrial arrogance and ignorance. All empires have a pretension of greatness, and our America (and Global) empire is certainly no exception. All of this brings to mind, of course, the famous poem by Percy Bysshe Shelley, "Ozymandias" (aka Pharoah Ramesses II):

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed:
And on the pedestal these words appear:
'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

Further notes found penned by (CD):

"For most of us living today, we grew up primarily in degraded landscapes. We don't see the loss and encroachments all around us. We don't see the loss of habitat, biodiversity, wild landscapes and ecological integrity. We don't see the encroachments, not just on the biophysical world, but our on psyches, our sense of wholeness and belonging. While we don't see these losses and encroachments in the invisible present, many of us at least vaguely feel them. Time in the wilderness can restore our senses sufficiently to bring these feelings into focus and then give us the energy and devotion to act upon them. Wilderness has many impor-

tant values and I can't think of a more important act for our collective future than a wilderness designation."

It would appear that this individual was, in addition to promoting some lost sense of "community," an earnest, but ultimately hapless proponent of a seemingly incongruent concept popularly known as "wilderness" as this note was found later:

"My defense of "wilderness" proved to be the ultimate delusion of humility and connectedness. My conceit that "wilderness" was something that needed defended, as if I was the more powerful acting to protect something weaker. That was before the Accident. After that, it was wilderness that reclaimed what we had temporarily but unsustainably taken. Wilderness is wild lands, lands that are self-willed, self-determining, not to be molded and constrained to fit our delusions of control. It is I that now needs to be defended, to be protected, by wilderness. There is no real "community" apart from the whole of life."

The road to hell is, indeed, paved with good intentions.

So now the story has been read, what can we do today? What is needed for a "Self Sustaining Neighborhood"?

Food
Water
Shelter
Clothing
Climet Agumentation

Community

"In transplanting the paesani culture of southern Italy to the hills of eastern Pennsylvania, the Rosetans had created a powerful, protective social structure capable of insulating them from the pressures of the modern world. The Rosetans were healthy because of where they were from, because of the world they had created for themselves in their tiny little town in the hills." Malcolm Gladwell "Outliners"

Resources
Knowledge
Skills

Quality
Value