inside U will find:
a right to feel
a different kind of more
food, forgiveness, and
fecundity

$ priceless
THIS JUST IN...

...this life is alive and begging to be celebrated, consistently cared for and cultivated. And in those moments when feeling bathed in the light of a well-lived life, we know this. Our gift is to connect the dots between our brightly lit high spots and to boldly be a beacon for "others," while of course remembering that 4.5 billion years of earth's evolutionary wisdom and the science of the biotic systems powering our cyclic existence say one thing: there is no other. Just this il'le blue marble of marvel and relations. It's a miracle we're even here. So hanging ten on the crest of this earth evolution in our 14 billion year universe story, what are we gonna do about the plight of these times?

How will you reclaim the miracle of your next breath, step and bite and use it to luv this life? With an 1,825 lb per house yearly garbage pile as a reference, the American heritage could use a renovation. But that's just on the surface, for every lb of garbage we produce there's 711!! lbs of garbage produced in the process of to and fro. Everyday there's a world dying and one coming alive. Which do you feed? Can you recognize it in your transport, clothes and home? Why not a heritage of values-based choices with the smell, touch and taste of the healthy, just, reverent world being born?

Could we possibly ask you to listen to, read and keep reverence as a reference yet again? Hell yes, because it's big enough to fit around the beauty and hurt of this world and small enough to fit in your pocket. So when you're cornersed in that confrontive conversation or a complacent state of non-relation, you can stay awake and creative in how you relate with that which shapes your world. 'Cuz how you do anything is how you do everything. And when you do get overwhelmed, angry and apathetic, who and what helps you relight? How do you deepen your capacity to self-ignite? To be that sustaining light for those who need hope and sight in challenging times?

Well of course yer pal ripples is here for you, here to soothe and help you extrude your truth, to WAKE UP and RISE UP and LIVE UP to the challenges and opportunities of these lives by rooting deep into your peace. To daily refine the conscious design of your actions and attitudes, your habits and "have to's." And in this time of humanity's great turning, humble ain't afraid to shine. We've got to keep our funk alive as we compost this paradigm of dominator demand and waste and grow in its place a fertile culture of connection as expressed in a stewardship of people and place. So on today's ripples plate we've got for you some sangha-style spirit in action, pigeon pose prose, spring's seeds, reclaimed greenhouse goodness and JUST what you need to keep changin' the dream...

xoxox
trathen

"Beauty is abundantly available to the unhurried mind."

-Caroline Casey

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cover photo: What Buddha wouldn't be happy with an edible cactus garden?

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ripples is the official luv dropping of Daily Acts, a solution-based membership organization dedicated to creating a healthy, just and reverent human culture.

www.daily-acts.org
It's All About the Motion...

by gavio

How to hold steady? Perhaps I am more aware of it than usual due to my own current state of relative motion, living on the road as I seek out a new home base, but even rock solid lives seem besieged with transitions these days. No doubt there's connection to mammoth transitions in play on a planetary scale, as habitats, weather patterns, animal species and entire eco-systems are on the prowl. Even the trees themselves are on the road as their seedlings take root ever farther north, chasing the climates that soothe their souls.

It isn't just geographic motion, either, as global economic systems stare into the gryly eyes of collapse, and political systems play like blackjack hands, each new card dealt holding the possibility of volatile change. All this shuffling and stirring, oh me, oh my. None of it is the simple put-it-all-in-a-U-Haul kind of moving - oh no, this is vague and looming and crunchy with uncertainty.

There is much out there which could cause one just a wee bit of distress....

Where's it all going? What direction is the movement in, anyway? Who’s driving this damn thing? Are we a doomed species? What happens after the last penguin boards the last bus to sad oblivion? Is the last human next? Even the corporate media, ever rushing to capitalize on the latest fear-ops, end up asking some pretty heavy questions of late.

What I keep coming back to is that the gift is right here in the curse: we could go anywhere with our fears, doubts and concerns - to anger, resentment, hopelessness - but how about going into appreciation? Gratitude? Wonder at the complexity of what it takes to pull off an evolutionary shift? If indeed, it's all about the motion, and the movement is what most permeates our existence, then why not instigate movement into what we'd prefer to experience? And how about taking the shortest path? If beset by fears of facing a world very different from what you've been living in, then how about allowing yourself to get frightened into grace?

Ahhh, there's the power - the state of grace. An unacknowledged state of grace has saturated our entire bumpy path through evolution and foolishness. It is called a state, but I see it as dynamic, supporting and urging all of Life. Grace is what takes up the slack between how crazy many peeps drive cars while talking on cell phones, and how relatively few car accidents we have. Grace is what allowed a warm-weather band of naked knuckle-draggers to migrate to a strange frigid land of ice castles and fur - and survive! Grace is what has permitted the crazy dance to continue even on the edges of the chasm between our power and our immaturity. Grace is the fluid that carries the motion of life forward through evolution.

We have heard that the journey IS the destination, the ends ARE the means, but how much do we apply that to the chaos of our daily gotta-get-it-all-done, to-do list-oriented lives? There's nothing wrong with goals and to-do lists, and I have at last, in my own unfinished-project life, developed a sincere appreciation for the joy of completion. It's just that the joy is so much fuller when every moment reflects it. Enter grace. How? A big-assed dose of vitamin B-here-now.

Each moment is complete, in itself. Each moment reflects a blip on the heartbeat screen of creation. It glows with the possibility of living in the sanity and beauty we know is on the tips of our souls. We don't see the next blip coming, but it comes, packing another shining opportunity. If the last moment fell apart into fear or self loathing, here comes another chance to acknowledge grace, the ever-present enveloping fluid whisking us on to the next blip. Still don't see the next one coming? Blip. There it is.

What did you just create in that blip? It doesn't matter the label we put on our projects or goals - be it a political movement, a hippie music festival, a high-tech corporation, or care for an ailing parent. What matters is what we create on the way, in each moment, each sacred/joyful/annoying/persistent/brilliant blip on that heartbeat screen, trusting grace to carry us to the next. Are you creating from anger or love? From an emptiness to fill, or a fullness to share? Did you broadcast stress or peace? Hatred or tolerance? Opposition or connection? Drowsiness or awareness? Generate the world you know is possible through what you create this moment and success is automatic.

Miss a moment? It's OK, you can return in the next.

Therein is the strength and the magic to hold all the facts and figures, answers and questions, mystery, wonder, and doubt of a species hurtling into the unknown. Gracefully.
THE SOUP
by David Minkow

It's Friday afternoon at The Soup. By the outdoor kitchen, bluegrass musicians entertain the people chopping and sautéing ingredients for that night's community meal. Over on the lawn, toddlers nap in the shade while a group of aspiring jugglers practice skills learned the day before. A nature walk has just finished at the pond, and everyone prepares to take a dip. In a makeshift lounge area, people sharing a hammock listen in on nearby discussion on beekeeping. By stage, puppeteers preparing for an evening show etch their own creative, often humorous, puppet narratives.

This is a snapshot of The Soup, a five-day community celebration and fundraiser held at an off-the-grid ranch in Mendocino County. It's been happening every summer since 1994 when a few friends and we decided to see what could happen if we brought our network of friends together with the simple intention to share. We modeled the event on the fable of stone soup.

Unlike the original stone soup where hungry travelers trick reluctant villagers into sharing their food, Soup attendees are willing participants. Year after year, Soupsters bring a vegetarian soup ingredient for the Saturday night stone soup meal and contribute to five days of dancing, teaching, meditating, making art, creating rituals, playing music and games with each other—while raising money for worthy causes such as Daily Acts. The event is 100-percent homemade.

To me, there are three chief reasons why people are so willing to put time and energy into an event where they have to do the cooking, entertaining and teaching.

The first is the inspiration of the stone soup story and its disparity from the scarcity mentality of modern life. So many people live like the villagers in the fable, clinging to what they've got and vying to acquire more. The Soup celebrates abundance and is an all-too-rare chance to share, collaborate and build community.

The second reason is that while The Soup prides itself on a "yes" energy (You want to build a solar oven, create a circus, lead a discussion on Israeli-Palestinian relations? Go for it!), we have some important "no" policies. No goods for sale or barter. No paid staff. No corporate support. Without anyone in sales mode and without swooshes on the soup kettles, everyone is free to be him or herself.

Thirdly, it's a fundraiser. The Soup is a non-commercial timeout, but not an escape from reality. We want to transform the greater world as well as ourselves, and forging ongoing relationships with beneficiaries is a big part of that. By being all-volunteer, The Soup has a very reasonable ticket price - $80 fee includes camping, entertainment, workshops, several incredible meals over five days - and still raise several thousand dollars.

Whatever the reasons for coming, The Soup doesn't end at the closing circle. The Soup simmers during the year through on-line conversations and Soupy music jams, plant walks and singing circles. Forming lasting friendships, Soupsters help each other find careers, housing and community.

But above all, the experience of 250 kindred spirits living and giving in harmony with each other and with nature for five days provides hope and inspiration to last throughout the year. The stone soup fable can become reality.
Transporting Fire
by trutheh

In this zoom zoom, can't keep up
or consume enough, it's so
easy to overload and discard what
we most need: yoga, music, tasty meals
with peeps, time to garden, breathe and
just stare at a star-quenched sky. To
be around lit, on-purpose people, lush
landscapes and hopeful faces is the true
need in a world so desperate for a new
dream. To deal on a daily basis with
our alarming loss of life, degradation,
and disconnection requires great gods
of sustenance. But you know for us rip-
plers, it's not about "dealing" with it or
sacrificing self to heal it. This is about
creating a sense of fecund, vibrantly
alive life in our selves, our homes, gar-
dens, neighborhoods and world, our
words, work and the stories we tell. It's
about learning to live well in place.

There was a time when the ability
to make and keep fire alive determined
life - to protect and transport an ember
when weather was bad was a matter of
survival. Our survival again depends on
our ability to protect and transport fire.
But now it's the spark of inspiration
we need to sustain, and light in others by
how rich we're willing to live and how
much we've got to give, 'cuz we do
what it takes to stay lit by living each of
our vital aspects.

Recently, as we got ready to ripple,
I ran the numbers on the talks, tasks,
workshops and projects to deliver in a
deluge of delirium-inducing deadlines.
I immediately felt triggered by all the
ways it was gonna throw me out of
whack. Catching this quickly, I asked
for another way and began to focus on
the feel of it coming together with amazing
rhythm, that I could be in balance and
still affect serious change at multiple
dimensions. In looking at how much Daily
Acts was about to bring to the world
with two publications and dozens of
chapters, talks and workshops, I got a clear
sense that 'how' was most important.
With an inundation of emerging crises,
rapidly growing awareness of our need
to shift humanity's path, and unfortu-
nately so many barely treading water, I
realized the best I could hope to bring to
this page and how it enters your heart-
bodymind space was a blessed sense of
centered service. As scary as it is to say
without seeming proud or knowing just
how, my peace is primary and I'm done
showing up any other way. And even
when I lose it, I still know this and the
knowing grows it.

For me, centered service isn't just
work, it's taking the time to lay my
wife, stretch and live right, and to turn
a marginalized patch of life behind our
garbage cans into a food growing straw
wall with kale coming out the bales.
When that wall adds 56 feet of sheet-
mulched garden space filled with 100
pounds of gleaned coffee grounds from
a shop down the street, that's service to
self, planet and the neighbors that nibble
our greens. Every lb of garbage produced
adds 15 lbs of CO2 emissions to our air.
To mitigate 150 lbs of global warming
emissions by livin' large on garden greens
grown in a diverted waste stream
rocks in more ways than words can get
to. Just another patch of reclaimed space
soon to be food lush, right across our
sidewalk produce axil from another easy
to overlook piece of real estate graced
with 37 containers and 48 varieties of
food, medicine and wonder.

After two years of reclaiming odd,
shady and overexposed sun-soaked places
and a "but it's not mine" renter's mind,
this place is alive. Like the kale, collards,
chamomile, arugula leaves and fava
beans that reach onto the sidewalk enric-
ishing passerby, this site oozes a different
kind of more. This is what I need and
seek to cultivate, share and support in
to any context, at every scale from self to
garden to neighborly peeps and fruit
trees to city initiatives and my work
in the world. But with an overflowing
workload, it's quick work to marginal-
ize and schedule such vital aspects as
gardening out of existence and miss the
multitude of benefits they bring.

Whether it's meals from the gar-
den and neighborhood farms, the
local economics of artisan goods bar-
tered or fallen fruit gleaned that garner
rewards out of existence, it's easy to
miss these glimpses of the world being
born. As often and
openly as you
can, grow them
and accentuate
their shine.
Honor their
importance.
Because when
100 pounds of
Satsumas fall
to the ground
while 3 doors
down a neigh-
bor gets her citrus
sweets from a global
warming far away, we clearly gotta miti-
gate our food mile emissions by insti-
tuting a vision of neighborly living to
value and connect our home models
with our city foodscape and neighborly
relation-base.

But why not take your impact out
to city scale? Get involved with local
politics. The city level change occur-
ing across the U.S. is a powerful stra-
tegic lever. I can't tell you how sweet
it is since Daily Acts started partnering
with the City of Petaluma's Green
Team to produce a tour and workshop
series. I lay skateboarding to city hall
for meetings and scheming with folks
inspired to green the town. I didn't
expect I'd ever be swapping emails with
the Chief Building Inspector about
permitting greywater systems to have as
local models, but 'eco' is quickly going
mainstream.

While we need 'eco' to rapidly
grow, it's like a giant green toddler that
needs constraint for proper growth.
We need to be functioning with aware-
ness of how our nested impacts ripple
to life while seeking to understand
a scary range of scenarios humanity is
facing. But this isn't something to be
overwhelmed by - it's an opportunity
to get to know and nurture the unseen,
un-valued aspects of
our lives and how
they interrelate.
The simplicit-
arity that many seek
doesn't mean
an absence of
complexity. Life
and nature are
complex, but
they function
in rhythm and
healthy relation.
So how do
we learn to function in
rhythm and healthy relation in this
crazy place? As we scale out from home
to neighborhood to city we also need
to scale in to our center. The power to
reconstitute the world lies in finding
and serving your purpose. It's the com-
pass and clarifying questions that see us
through uncertain terrain. What's your next
set of acts which add up to a well-worn
way that's all your own? How does it
feel to be in a conscious cadence
with your deepest why, to observe and
unearth it with the determined focus to
serve it?

To find and clarify our purpose,
positive reference points help us stay
away from day to day and task to task
as we heal the gap between our vision
and acts. It could be just a common
scene or sound that pulls you to a place of wonder and feeds your life care; beautiful places, amazing local farmers, your favorite conscious artists and eco-groovy friends, authors and educators. They nudge you to sustainable choices; to buy less and hike more when it's easy to consume in unconscious comfort; to wisely decide where you spend your time, money and emissions; to visualize and embody your highs but still be kind when you discover all the wasted space and violent ways you live and act when not awake. These awe-struck moments and positive examples create a spaciousness inside which provides the resources to transform more that hurts. But it requires forgiveness, because waking takes work and living, relentless repetition.

Once you forgive, you're free and clear with a clean slate, ready to elevate the range at which you participate in the unabashed opulence of your experiences, emotions, thoughts and perceptions. To frequently accept your foibles elevates the level at which you luv, function and forgive.

From here, what else is there to do but become a life-living freak, willing to geek out and speak out and shine hope on those who doubt the power of one? Cuz recognizing the power of one is how you come undone from the shackles of lack that affront so many so deeply. Even a single conscious act is enough - one mindful moment leads to another. Then you see and feed it in others as you get skilled at waking and staying longer. Tai chi, grief felt and released, green acts and walking and watching the rain fall down to let your brain drain out and presence come round, a leaf dangling in decay as you turn a corner...soon it's everywhere. Even when you get bummed because you're not always there, that too is the aware you of growing truth.

Another world isn't just possible, it's growing in us each as these words speak, though the glimpses of growth are sometimes so slight we don't give them much mind and thus marginalize their power. Value your small, incremental efforts and be willing to see the sometimes-subtle magic. What you feel and notice grows, what you look for and emphasize, even more so. Why not look, listen and feed the belief that we can rock the amazing, rapid change this world needs and that we can do it from a balanced living service to our vital? And hell, why not set a reverent intent that we can let (not make) it happen with living ease, grace and style, wrapped in smiles? Can you dream that deep? Are you willing to feed and tease this truth into existence?

It doesn't matter whether you've got a lawn, porch, cubicle or acres; take back your power, wonder and deepest why. And amidst the multi-faceted flurry you face each day, **beautify like there is no other way** by how richly you choose to live and forgive in the face of your day-to-day struggles and gifts.

“beautify like there is no other way...”
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Hazard

I am truly stumbling through life
I think I have a clear direction - a plan
I know my intention
I move forward with confidence
and then I find myself face down on
the concrete with my palms out and bruised

Was it happenstance or a cosmic message?
It doesn't matter
I assess the damage, reevaluate my plan,
and move forward once again
I cannot let the fear of hazard keep me from proceeding

Roberta Ryan
March 30, 2002

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Pigeon Pose
by the chasmo

I began yoga to feel better when I lie in kapotasana, pigeon-pose, my hips and
groin in pain—not what I came to the mat for. Recently in Scane Corn’s
all-day intensive, exploring the chakras through asana, we held the posture
for an excruciatingly long time.

My brain ran through different thoughts and emotions: starting with the simple
"damn this hurts," to dislike of the teacher, to just wanting to quit, and finally to
"I can last - this too shall pass." Pain as a symptom often fails to illuminate the
actual problem. Journeying deeper into the posture's connection to our second
chakra (the seat of our sexuality and emotions), I searched for causality. Anodea
Judith writes that each of the seven chakras reflect a basic inclination right, in this
case our right to feel and to want. Our society rarely trumpets our right to feel
pain. As a male, I was instructed to overcome or ignore pain.

I used to think and hope that with time the pain would end. Yoga would get
"easier." As with attempting to master anything, it turns out to get more complex.
Perhaps in months, or years, or in a new life, my hips will open - it won't hurt.
In my hips I store fear. Through yoga practice, I can witness fear and understand
pain by exploring them; a better looking body is just a lagniappe. Some different
kinds of pain I find without journeying to my mat.

Three years after her death, I can still make myself cry thinking about losing
my mother. There's pain also for mother earth as we as a society, and yes, I, as an
individual, continue to harm her. Pain that my darling New Orleans still lies rav-
aged not by a Hurricane named Katrina, but by poor planning, stupid squabbles,
recognized racism, inexcusable incompetence, and human hubris.

I'm not one predicting that the end is near, but I know even in my own privi-
leged and blessed life, pain will be a constant companion. My body produces
tears for a purpose; I have not just many reasons, but also the right, to shed them.
Through my practice, I learn to feel emotions, not run away from them as I have
for most of my life. Pain is balanced, if not by the pleasure of the next posture, at
least by the relief of moving out of the painful one - an understanding that serves
me well day to day.

Excess in the Svadhisthana1 leads to being overly emotional, sex addiction and
obsessive attachments, while deficiencies result in being emotionally numb, frigid
and fearful of pleasure. Striving for balance through yoga by itself will not give
me a good sex life. No single daily act will save the world. But society lies to us
claiming that only some are capable of being heroes. Everyone has special powers
released long before all seven of our chakras lute bloom. It begins with a union
or yoking2 of body, mind and soul.

Sometimes the three align in class. I'll have not just an epiphany of thought,
but also feel the power to implement it coursing through my body and pounding
in my heart. As a spiritual being in a physical body during my time on the mat,
and on this beautiful blue ball spinning around a great golden orb, I'm fortunate
to want and to feel.

1Sanskrit for sweetness
2The literal meaning of yoga
The Community Greenhouse Project in Silver City, New Mexico, is a fine example of what ripples's been yackin' about since day one. Ever seeking to light up your inspire-o-meter, here we give the laydown on local resourcefulness producing food for body and soul.

Project instigator Wendy Schuman sits down to a meal of fresh greens on a chilly January afternoon - snow on the ground outside - food on the table inside!

Recycled barrels are filled with captured rainwater, harvested during summer rainy season. Painted black, they store solar heat all winter keeping things from freezing at night. Then water is used to nurture Spring's growing frenzy.

A clipboard makes a simple low-tech solution for keeping track of whose watering day it is. Sharing the load makes it easy to maintain it all, while building trust....... it's about more than just the veggies.

Recycled livestock watering tanks store yet more harvested rainwater - in two years, the greenhouse has not used any city water... in an area with just 10 inches of annual precipitation!

Vents in roof allow hot air to escape in Summer, while fresh air flows in through large doors below - temps stay moderate and food busts loose all summer long.

Cool hand-painted signs help everyone remember who is tending which bed - and WHY! Participants in the project include the property owner, a teacher, a housewife, students from the local high school and others, all learning together about Permaculture, gardening, and the good life.

This particular building was already a greenhouse, but any metal building could easily be converted simply by removing the metal skin and applying liberal doses of fiberglass roofing, often available used or salvaged, for cheap or free. No building? Get creative - greenhouses have been made from old PVC pipe, straw bales, dirt and rocks and much more (or less)!

Recycled cattle feed bins make great planter boxes - they are available in abundance in the local region - what's available in your region?

Stacks of recycled shipping pallets are used to raise the planting beds to a convenient height to garden while standing up - easier on the back, plus the aisles between can be narrower!

The backup heater hasn't been used, as temperatures have not plunged below freezing inside..... in a region with regular wintertime lows in the 20s.
This is the true joy in life, the being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one; the being a force of nature instead of a feverish, selfish little clod of ailments and grievances, complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy.

I am of the opinion that my life belongs to the whole community, and as long as I live it is my privilege to do for it whatever I can.

I want to be thoroughly used up when I die, for the harder I work, the more I live. I rejoice in life for its own sake. Life is no brief candle to me; it is a sort of splendid torch which I have got hold of for the moment, and I want to make it burn as brightly as possible before handing it on to future generations.

George Bernard Shaw

A New Action Hero

We need a new set of dashboard gauges and stats to memorize instead of sitcom stars and sports cards. How about the heroic stats of everyday earth and community lovers? How about role models who create more by using less, who activate rather than just doing, who play on the side of all of Life? New action figures having vocabularies filled with words like love, support, encourage, cooperate, and inspire?

Let's trade numbers and facts reflecting life given back instead of life used up and thrown out. These new heroes can be you and the peeps around you, 'cuz there's no sponsors needed, no megabux contracts to peddle slave-made price-bloated fashions to the unwary. All it takes is a willingness to look again at watcha got, and start from there. Every situation is unique and we all learn a healthy dose by trading the luv with each other.

They're coming to a neighborhood near you. Collect the whole set!

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TERRY EVERYDAY ECO-HERO PEEPS

Terry's Life-Loving Record

99 Species: Human Position: 3rd Rock from the Sun Transportation: Bicycle, Feet Food Source: Gleanings, Garden, SLO (85% seasonal, local, organic)

So far, Terry has volunteered over 1000 hours and planted 300 trees!

Terry reduced his energy consumption by 94% before installing solar to make his home a zero net energy user!
Spirit in Action

by tracie

As 2006 drew to a close, I found myself saying goodbye to two close friends and major appendages of Daily Acts Organization: ripples Editor Gavio and Tour Director Marty Falkenstein. Without knowing what this would mean to my workload as director of an organization heavily dependent on these lively people, I did what any normal person would do. I accepted a job as the part-time director of a second non-profit organization.

I share this act of apparent insanity to express how stuck I was by this group and their work. Clear, up front, to the point, Green Sangha is spirit in action. Though the group is non-denominational, sangha is a Buddhist term for community. As a chapter-based national organization, they gather to meditate, educate and support each other, and plan and perform environmental actions rooted in peace. While I know many spirit practitioners, environmentalists and related groups, I hadn't come across any organizations that overtly join the two with such an emphasis on non-duality and raising consciousness. With principles such as compassionate action, accepting what is, and holding our stories and roles lightly, Green Sangha has a strong compass to guide them.

With so much that throws us off track in this world, a community that unites spirit work with care of our world in monthly retreats is a potent gift to staying on path. It's also a beautifully simple, effective model to replicate with an easy to follow format that just requires 2 or more people ready to get still and rock tasty change rooted in reverence. Can it get any better than a principled compass and consistent practice to apply it? Yee.

What's also inspiring is the effectiveness of their action campaigns. While Green Sangha has been doing actions since Jonathan Gustin founded it in 2000, last year lead by uber-volunteer Stuart Moody, they conducted over 20 presentations for the Rethinking Plastics Campaign. Waking people to the tragic scourge of single-use plastic products has led to a group of volunteers who're now trained to give the presentation as well as strong support by Marin County Supervisor Charles McGlashan and City of Oakland Sustainability Director, Carol Mcl Deadpool to stem this plastics epidemic. Green Sangha educates citizens, businesses, and county and city officials affecting change at multiple scales. Due for a full release, a PBS documentary will be featuring Green Sangha and other spirit-based groups engaged in environmental work.

While the message resonates deeply, I didn't join Green Sangha to double my workload. Working for another organization has given me a good lens on the strengths and struggles of many small non-profits doing vital work in our communities. We need to get savvy about working together and sharing resources, to take the time and commit to integrating our efforts.

Working in this capacity also affirms to me a need to clearly integrate spirit and environmental work into how we live and are. Do it on your own or if you seek support, PLUG IN HERE! Attend a chapter retreat or start one in your area. There are chapters in Marin, Berkeley, L.A. and Minnesota, with new ones on the verge of beginning in San Francisco and Sonoma County. If you are ready to support a vitally important effort there is also a series of upcoming actions organized in concert with the April 14th Global Warming National action "Step It Up."

Spirit in action, rooted in the "on-body" remembrance that we are the earth, sky, oceans and entire planet. Eeeow, I like that. Care to live and share it?

www.greensangha.org
info@greensangha.org

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**daily acts**

**Our vision** is to create a healthy, just and reverent human culture, one act at a time. By providing inspiring Sustainability education and media, we empower people to harness the significant impact of simple daily actions rooted in care for people and planet.

**ripples journal**

- **12 issues printed • 46,000 copies of rippley goodness**
  - “Best Earth & People Friendly Read” - North Bay Bohemian.
  - “Best of the Small Press” Yearbook Selection.
  - Writing and art from ripples has appeared in Natural Home Magazine, Adbusters, Utne, The Permaculture Activist, Harbinger, and much local and internet media.

**sustainability tours**

- **changing lives • inspiring projects • and hot damn they’re fun!**
  - Hundreds of inspired folks, dozens of our finest ecological sites and social visionaries. Organic farms, green politicians, Permaculture gardens, natural buildings, atmospherically fueled vehicles and way more!
  - Don’t miss em! Tours thru December

**events**

- **green gatherings • concerts • talks • workshops big and small**
  - We’re connecting with peeps, tabling, inspiring, educating, painting hundreds of inspiration flags and rocking 24 foot long worm puppets thru thousandfold crowds of mindful rabble-rousers.

**ripplers**

- **United States • Canada • England • Belize and Beyond**
  - Luvin street soldiers distributing packets of ripples. Wanna ripple conscious might where YOU live? Contact ellen@daily-acts.org about a rippler membership.

---

**volunteers - holders of the groove**

- **200 volunteers • 25,000+ hours since 2002 • That is serious luvin’**
  - We also partnered with dozens of amazing visionary green institutions, businesses and organizations. Dive in and rock this crazy goodness - table, join, ripple, tour, organize, write, paint, laugh, grow more lit and share your stories with us. Contact volunteer@daily-acs.org.

**membership - join us!**

- **Connect • Get inspired • Stay supported • Grow empowered**
  - This is where it’s at! Sink yer toes into deeply supporting networks. Our best ability is to keep putting all these goodies out in the world, affect greater change and inspire others to do the same. Grow our community and put our time, money and hearts in what feeds us the most and cares for life.
  - Help us help you, us and life - join!

**one bulb one booty revolution**

- **One light • One wipe • One act at a time**
  - How we gonna heal life? By bringing you the soft and illuminating solutions, one light, one wipe, one act at a time. That’s right baby, we’re handling out a thousand bulbs and rolls of recycled content toilet paper, to save a MILLION lbs of CO2 emissions. Join the revolution, enlist a friend, send donations to grow this effort!!!

> “Everything I have done with daily acts has been life shifting. I’ve told so many people about it. I talk to people about it all the time. It has been the catalyst to shift the paradigm. It’s the best thing in my life at this time.”

- Deborah Donahower

THANK YOU for helping make all of this come true and for continuing to support and evolve this organization!!

---

Santa Rosa Placemaking Project  
Green Festival, inspiration flags galore
Spring Connection
by Joellen DeNicola

Spring is a time of reconnection. She calls us
to watch the energy of life rebirth itself. To
watch love express itself as newness, as tender
seedlings and puppies and lambs, all emerging to experience
this moment. We, in a personal way, have the potential to make the con-
nection to Life our hearts yearn for. One simple act can carry us there: attention.
Attention to whatever it is we care for.

Gardens are great places to practice attention. Winter has past. Seedlings are
sprouting, buds are forming, and if you pay attention, you will notice Life's calling
to grow, to be a part of this world. We are part of the play of Spring; by caring for
the tiny seedlings in the yard we embrace Life's connection.

No garden? Your kitchen can become your garden. All you need is a few
sprouting seeds, a mason jar, water and a screen and sprouts are growing! It is so
easy, just two tablespoons of mung beans or clover seeds placed in a jar filled with
water and covered with a mesh cloth. Soak the seeds overnight, then drain them
and rinse several times a day. That's it. Attend to them by rinsing and watching
them grow. When the mung beans get their 1/4 inch tails they are ready to eat.
The clover likes to grow a longer tail with green tips. The simple act of our caring
for sprouting seeds can reconnect us with the source of our energy: light, love, and
the manifestation of life.

A sprout's energy is filled with life giving nutrients. When we harvest the
sprouts, we partake in the ritual of transformation. The new sprouts become a
meal as a sprout sandwich, a salad, or a sprouted pilaf dish. The meal becomes us.
Energy has transformed from seed, via water, light, and care, to nutritious food, to
energy, to our own beings. This is the most intimate connection one can experi-
ence; Life connecting, caring for and transforming itself into Life renewed.

Belize Agroforestry Research Center; carambola fruit and cacao beans

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Daily Actions to do and share and do and share and...

The Union of Concerned Scientists has analyzed how our everyday household decisions affect the environment. They have categorized the most harmful consumer behaviors as TRANSPORTATION, FOOD and HOUSEHOLD OPERATIONS. These are the big three, the holy trinity, where our individual and collective focus gives us the biggest bang for our buck!

ONE ACT AT A TIME, assess your needs, dreams, actions and beliefs. Get clear on your true impact and the impact you would like to have. Let’s compost our fossil-fueled, ego- & auto-centric, throwaway economy into a renewable, conservation/reuse eco-centric culture of locally sufficient thriving communities.

Transportation
- Drive and fly less. Vacation local. Drive slower with properly inflated tires. Set clear, specific goals for reducing miles traveled.
- Keep a travel journal and note opportunities to combine trips.
- Buy carbon credits: http://nativeenergy.com/

Home
- Line dry clothes. Replace inefficient appliances. Use compact fluorescent bulbs. Install power strips and turn them off daily. Phantom loads from lil’ beeping lights waste HUGE amounts of energy.
- Produce less waste!!! Reduce, reuse, recycle, compost, buy bulk.
- Extra Credit: Recover organic waste from local coffee and juice shops and compost it at YOUR home for FREE fertility.

Eat SOL Food
- Seasonal, Organic, Local!!!
- PLANT A GARDEN!!! Grow your own, buy family farmed, bulk, freeze it or can it, process seasonal abundance you buy or grow.
- Eat lower on the food chain (less meat, more veggie luv).
- For goods from afar, buy Fair Trade

Luv Your Local, It’s Sooooo Exotic
- Buy, play, live, be local.
- Localize: charity, purchases, mortgage, food, travel, clothing, banking, investing.
- www.locavores.com, www.100milediet.org

Go on a Low Carbon Diet!!! Lose 5000 lbs. a month
- Amazingly simple to follow plan.
- Already done the basics? Start and lead a group through this process.
- Get your city council to do the program and adopt the plan!!!
- Top 15 things you can do about global warming!! http://www.usmayors.org/climateprotection/

Get Educated and Skilled

Fall Madly in Luv with Your Life...
- Because it’s all such a gift and even what hurts is the poetry of our lives. Embrace and transform fear, limitations and lack. Reclaim the story your words, actions, reactions and life tell. Just act and unfold and have faith in your unfolding.

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Word From Our Peeps:
the lotus in the mud

"I think that we can adapt, but our adapting may not be so much technologcal, as sociological, and maybe even spiritual... It really comes down to the question of the place that we see for ourselves in the world and what we need in order to live a meaningful life. For quite a while now, a meaningful life in America has meant acquisition of things and cheap energy, and we associate that with freedom. We do not see that it's really a form of dependence and slavery. So, I see the potential for a much greater level of freedom and spiritual fulfillment and social cohesion, and restoration of balance with the natural world. This is one of the great possibilities that I see on the other side of the crisis, and whether we get to that is a question of the choices that we make now." -Larry Robinson (former Mayor of Sebastopol, CA and newest Daily Acts member)

Melissa Schweiguth, ripples reader on a roll, wrote to us a while back:

Howdy and a beautiful day to ya!
I wanted to let you know that I'm taking a permaculture course locally by Tom Ward and Andy Fisher. It was on your sustainability tour that I caught the permaculture bug and now I am putting much more lovin' into my rent-a-hill and putting in some raised beds. My little 6 year old is in a little garden and my other neighbor got some sage wood that was literally on its way to a biomass facility. All those ripples are doing some good. I got spent mind blowing to realize the change possible through simple means and hard work...

I am now putting much more lovin' into my rent-a-hill and putting in some raised beds. My little 6 year old is in a little garden and my other neighbor got some sage wood that was literally on its way to a biomass facility. All those ripples are doing some good. I got spent mind blowing to realize the change possible through simple means and hard work...

Will the growing never stop? We hope not:
I'm writing a little biweekly column on sustainability for my local paper, sneaking in stuff about greywater and fruit trees, swales and gardening, sheet mulching instead of round up. Community building at the farmers market. I hope you are well and look forward to more good things from Daily Acts.

A few months pass by
and permaculture seeps deeper into her pores and she writes

I am now putting much more lovin' into my rent-a-hill and putting in some raised beds. My little 6 year old is in a little garden and my other neighbor got some sage wood that was literally on its way to a biomass facility. All those ripples are doing some good. I got spent mind blowing to realize the change possible through simple means and hard work...

A copy of your mag fell into my hands and, as I read, I forgot my cynicism, and a world of positivity and hope opened up before me. You really do have a knack for revealing the lotus in the mud. Keep it up! Here is a reflection for you:

Sonoma County has me in a frenzy. Struggling to keep up, to find harmony in a way of life fundamentally out of step with nature!
Too busy for the revolution I keep hidden in my dreams, dependent on fossil fuels and multinational corporations for my day-to-day.

I, too, am the problem!
I, too, am the solution!
Oh, God, that's a lot of responsibility.

Today, will I wake up early enough to catch the bus?
Or enjoy that extra snooze and pay for it at the pump, adding another car to the rush, more carbon in the air, more fuel to the fire of America as usual?

Will I step out at 10:30 and steal some Tai Chi under the oak behind the office where no one else bothers to go, reaffirming my practice, breathe in, breathe out, shift left, step right, stop, listen, merge.

Or plow through the day onward doing, doing, doing, until I have done what needed to be done

What is the correct way, really? If the farmer is too lazy, he'll go hungry.
If he is a workaholic, he'll never uncover that bright horizon beyond the mind.

Oops!

As clouds pass over, goose-bumps appear on my skin.
Breathing in, breathing out, I carry out my business in Sonoma County.

...But now I have ripples reminding me to keep hope alive. -Jacob Newell

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94953
4.9.06  Side, it's near closing time, get a talk to give.
        Tomorrow and need the Global Warming cover of
        The magazine... I go to the bookstore, I realize
        I am a Daily Acts procrastinator who is bringing
        8 blocks in a pinch to get an article about
        Global Warming.

9.26.06  Shucks, stumped in the truck to run an errand
        that in hindsight I realize could have been biked.
        Ok, no guilt, next time... or better yet, what else can
        be done? How about that pile of rocks ready
        to be cleared and those other errands to be run?

11.6.06  7:50 AM, so and cold out. Drive my 3-year
         old nephew 2 miles to school or bike as I have in
         many pasts. Busy, cold, rain, today I take the too-ex
         to choose comfort route via fossil fuel consumption.

12.5.06  Stashed at harvesting garbage bound coffee
        ground from the shop around the corner, but driving
        4 blocks to get them? It's hard to carry that much,
        but today, I'll give it a go. With an overstuffed bucket
        on my shoulders, iteration my bike w/ a sweat carrier
        for them mulls get home stuffed w/ coffee grounds in
        my pocket from the process. A flurry of tasks later
        the origin of a 3-block bike to get a large sack
        of coffee grounds for just closing time. Heeded
        and slightly broken but ever more committed to polishing
        and crafting these conscious daily actions.

Sometimes we get it right, sometimes we get it wrong, sometimes
we're just in too much of an oblivious rush to adjust from what's so
common and broken. But even when we get humbled by how we slip,
it's all food to grow aware, committed and attuned with the critical
thought and tools to hone our to-do. Be aware but be kind.

Thanks for the connections

The connections are the graceful outward evidence of rippling in action.
A friend in California gives me the phone number of his friend who has the
lodge in New Mexico where I wait out the snow and while there, I meet a new
friend who lives in a town I want to visit and she has a friend who has a house
to sell and our discussion formulates a vision which leads to a possibility that I
share with an old friend back in California who gains a picture she never had
before of a potential way of living which can sustain her and her peeps the
rest of her life. The two friends in California have never met, yet they are
connected by the ripples flowing back and forth, ever in motion.

In the realm of Daily Acts, we are grateful for the infinitude of connections
that sustain and grow us together, especially the ones we never see and often
forget to acknowledge. Every ripples surreptitiously left behind in some dead
fluorescent waiting room, every mindful-living phrase dropped casually into
the boisterous haze of an ordinary party, every I-was-brought-here-by-a-buddy
face lit up by the unbelievable nourishment served on any sustainability tour,
every bit of living beauty grown in corners beyond our sphere because of
words spoken by a friend who read a quote in a little magazine...

It's all connected and for that we pile up a mound of Rumi-esque thank
you written on scraps of recycled envelopes, ceremoniously blessed with a
Tai Chi flourish and led to dreamworms in the heart of the Daily Acts idea
garden.

Special blessings are lavished this spring on the fabulous members,
sponsors, advertisers and page-of-famers who kicked in sheer
dollars to help keep this afloat for another dollop of
woohoo. Without you, we'd just be in some dusty
back room, a three year old issue of a zine nobody
ever heard about, buried under stacks of out-of-date
Utens and (gasp) Times. Instead we are still
rocking it as the organic-in-season-buddy-
supporting you source of tours, publications,
speakers, projects and more.

Thank you, too, for the spreading effect
of all this motion: former Tour Director and
Co-founder Marty Falkenstein still working the
phones and wires from the land of Arkansas; the
breadcrumbs of ripples marking my migration
into the Southwest and perhaps beyond; and
all the projects great and small being enacted
in places unheard by your ripples readers
uncounted but felt. The ripples
spread, awareness grows, and sanity
prevails.

As for us, we'll be back again
before you know it, bursting out
with another pot full of the
goodness you and we stir
up together - connected,
attentive and alive.

luv

gav
Cut, stuff, seal with a kiss and send

YES! YES! YES!
I do want to support daily acts!

- $2000 Boundless, buys a whole printing of ripples (and you'll receive an individualized good living consultation, one Bliss Builder gift membership and all the goodies below)
- $650 Stewardship, funds one Tour (add four free 2007 Tour passes to the below)
- $100 Bliss Builder, a whole lotta luv (add Healing Our Planet, Healing Ourselves)
- $35 REALation, build the foundation (add $10 off ALL 2007 Tours)
- $20 Ripples, more luv than cash? Every bit as sustaining (enjoy e-treats and home delivery of ripples)
- Other, Connect at the amount that matches your resources and help shape the movement placing people before profits by discovering greater richness in our daily acts.

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