



A circle's capacity for centred expansion
allows for many zones
within a defined space

Seeing life as a wheel

we are either standing at that centre
seeing "from the inside out",
or "from the outside in" when we are out on the rim.

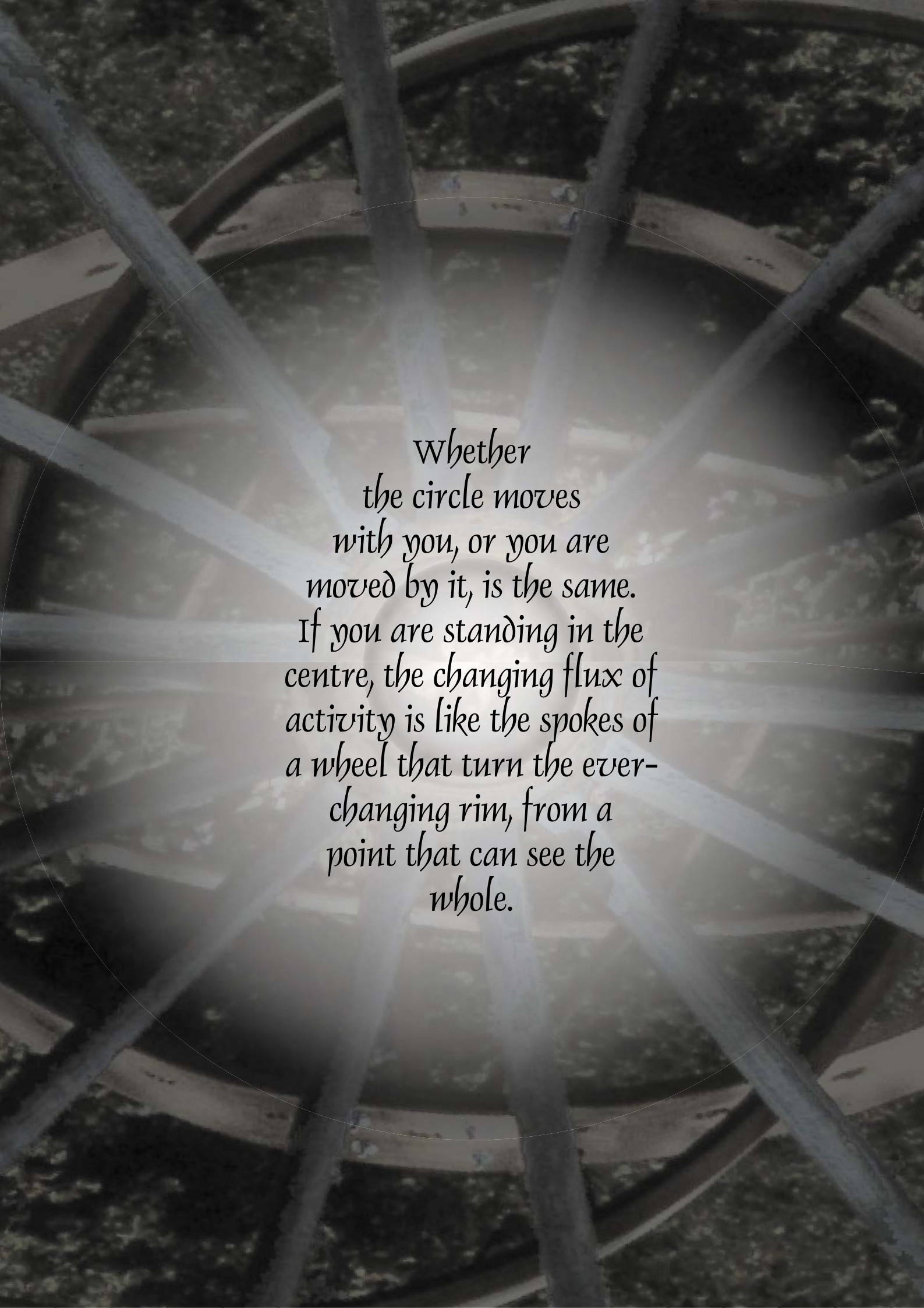
The hub holds the wheel.
The wheel traces the line a line without end.

A circle is drawn and drawn again.

Everyday life is a circle of comings and goings, gathering and return. In permaculture, designing the person into their landscape reveals the magic of the circle. When the nomadic village moves, the centre of their circle moves with them. It's the people who pack up the camp to move on to another place on their wheel.

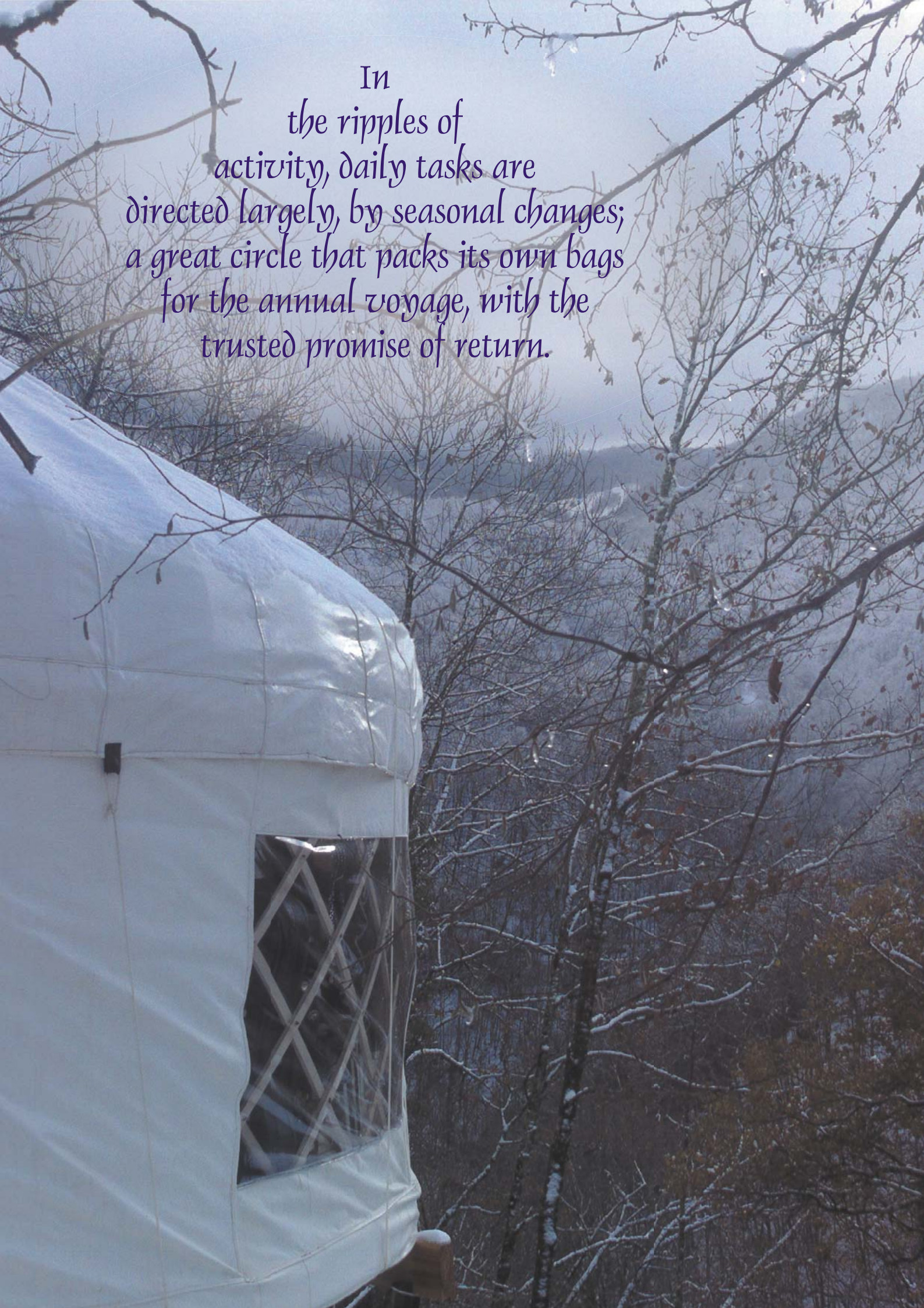


When a farm is established, it is the people who build and maintain their new home; chop wood, carry water, plant the crops, care for the animals, harvest, store, fix, renew, redo. Their journey may not be migratory, but it will come full circle, nevertheless.

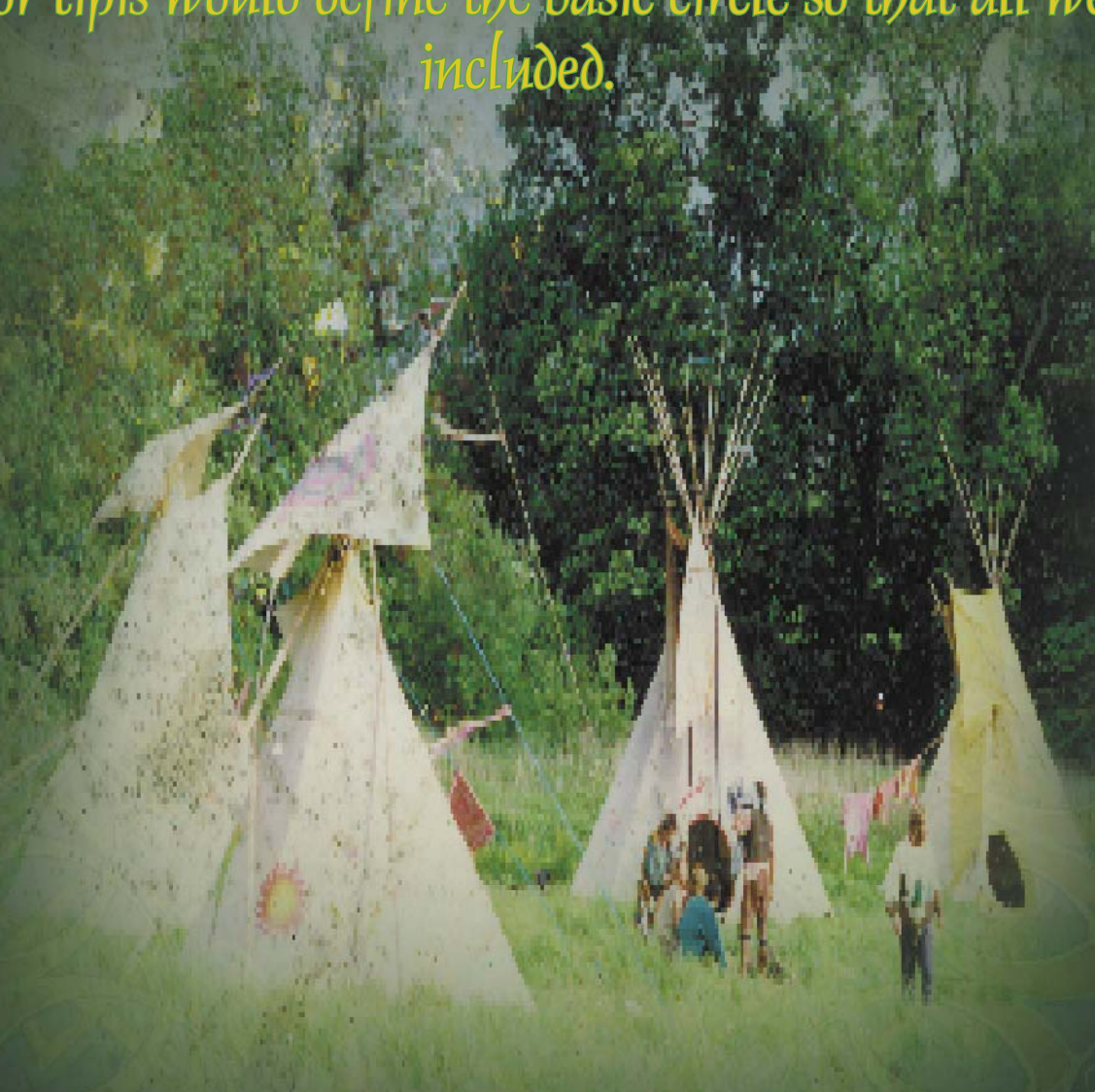


Whether
the circle moves
with you, or you are
moved by it, is the same.
If you are standing in the
centre, the changing flux of
activity is like the spokes of
a wheel that turn the ever-
changing rim, from a
point that can see the
whole.

In
the ripples of
activity, daily tasks are
directed largely, by seasonal changes;
a great circle that packs its own bags
for the annual voyage, with the
trusted promise of return.



In
the way of nomadic peoples, a
traditional village was timelessly re-established as
a round, within a round, within a round.....A circle of yurts,
huts or tipis would define the basic circle so that all were
included.




Each living space offered the warmth and inclusion of
the circle; a space to sit round the fire, to be seen, listen
and be heard; to share nourishment; to keep the circle
alive by allowing circles to merge and laughter to
be shared.



In life, there are circles
within circles, within circles. Permaculture
designers and traditional nomads alike have noted the
nature of cyclical renewal in natural and human patterns.
If one was to look down from the sky on everyday doings, it
would be clear how all journeys "return" (begin another turn). The
centre moves, and yet stays the same. When the circle is cast, and
a circumference drawn, the bird's eye view sees the centre, the
circle, the ripples. The boundaries of one circle are always
overlapping the boundaries of the next.



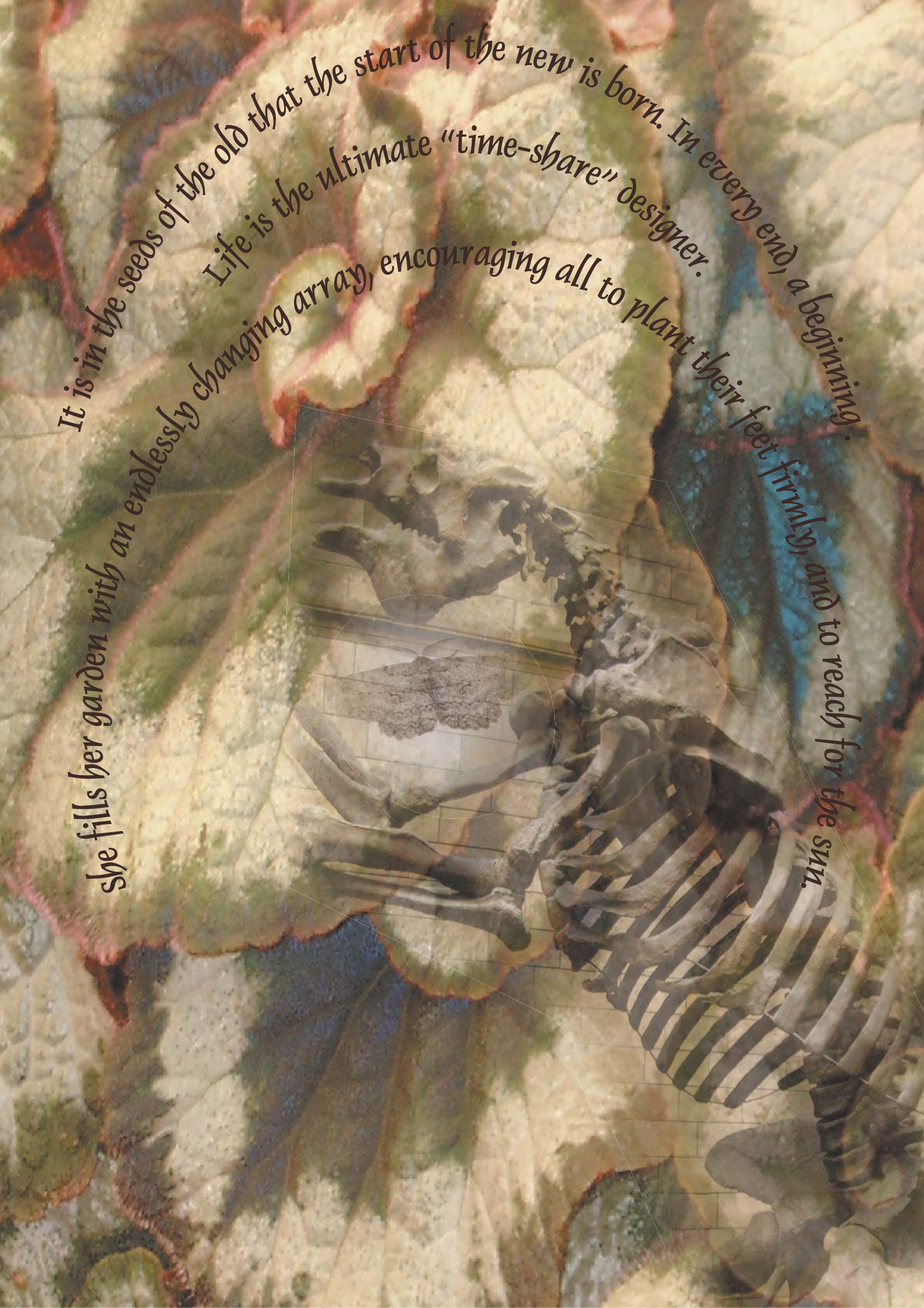
One's daily needs for
nourishment can
be filled naturally
from the circles
just outside the
front door. That
might mean
creating a
salad garden
two steps
from the
kitchen
door, and
inviting
the
green
goodness up
the walls or in
through the kitchen
window. It may mean
establishing a communal
fire, in the centre of the circle
of tipis, offering warmth to all.



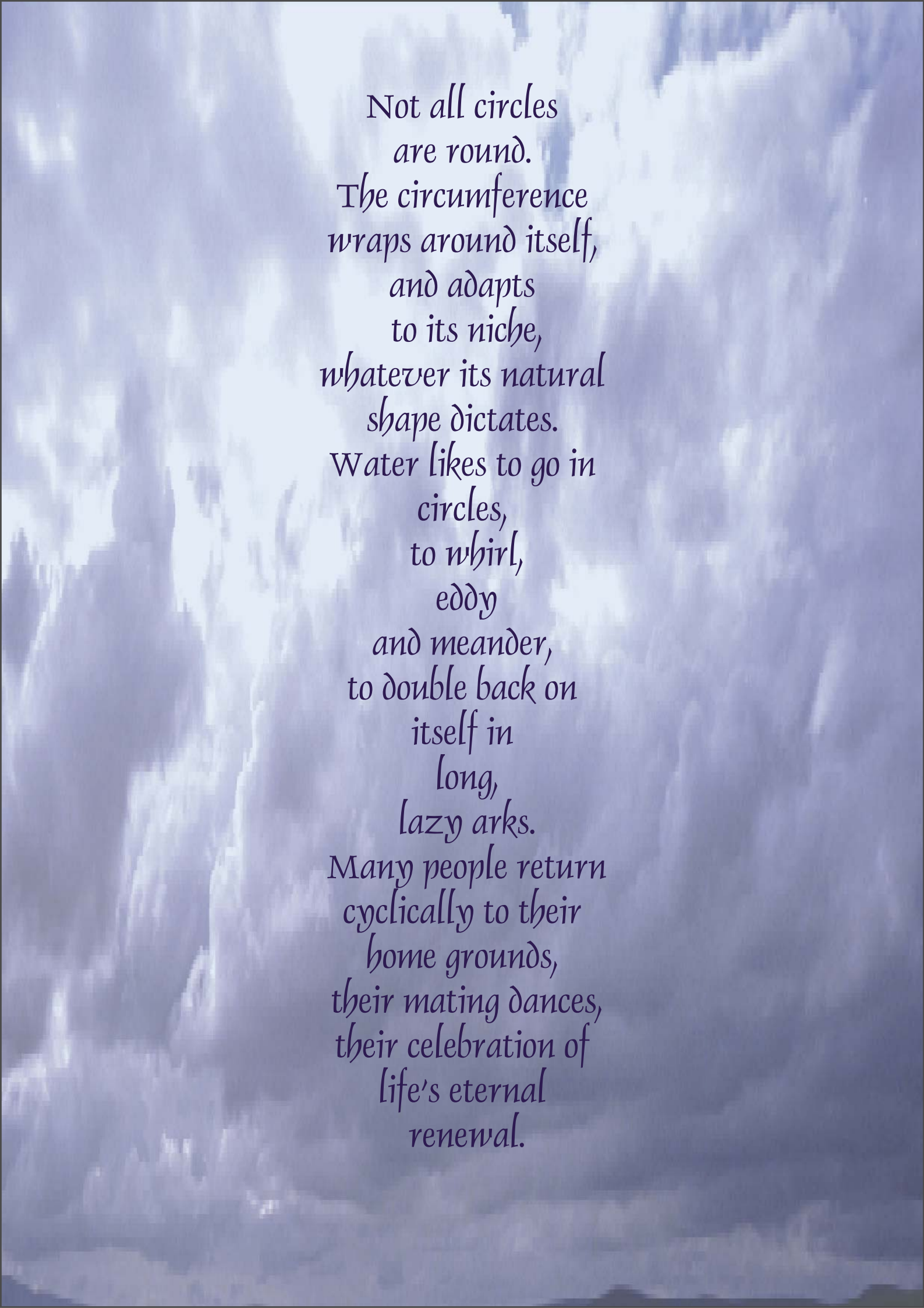
The
rhythms
and patterns
in every life
offer a person
their circles. The
sun sets and rises,
as the day follows
night. The seasons
follow the sun
and the waters
follow the
moon.

A daily
circle becomes
a lifetime's ritual:
of going forth
and coming
home.

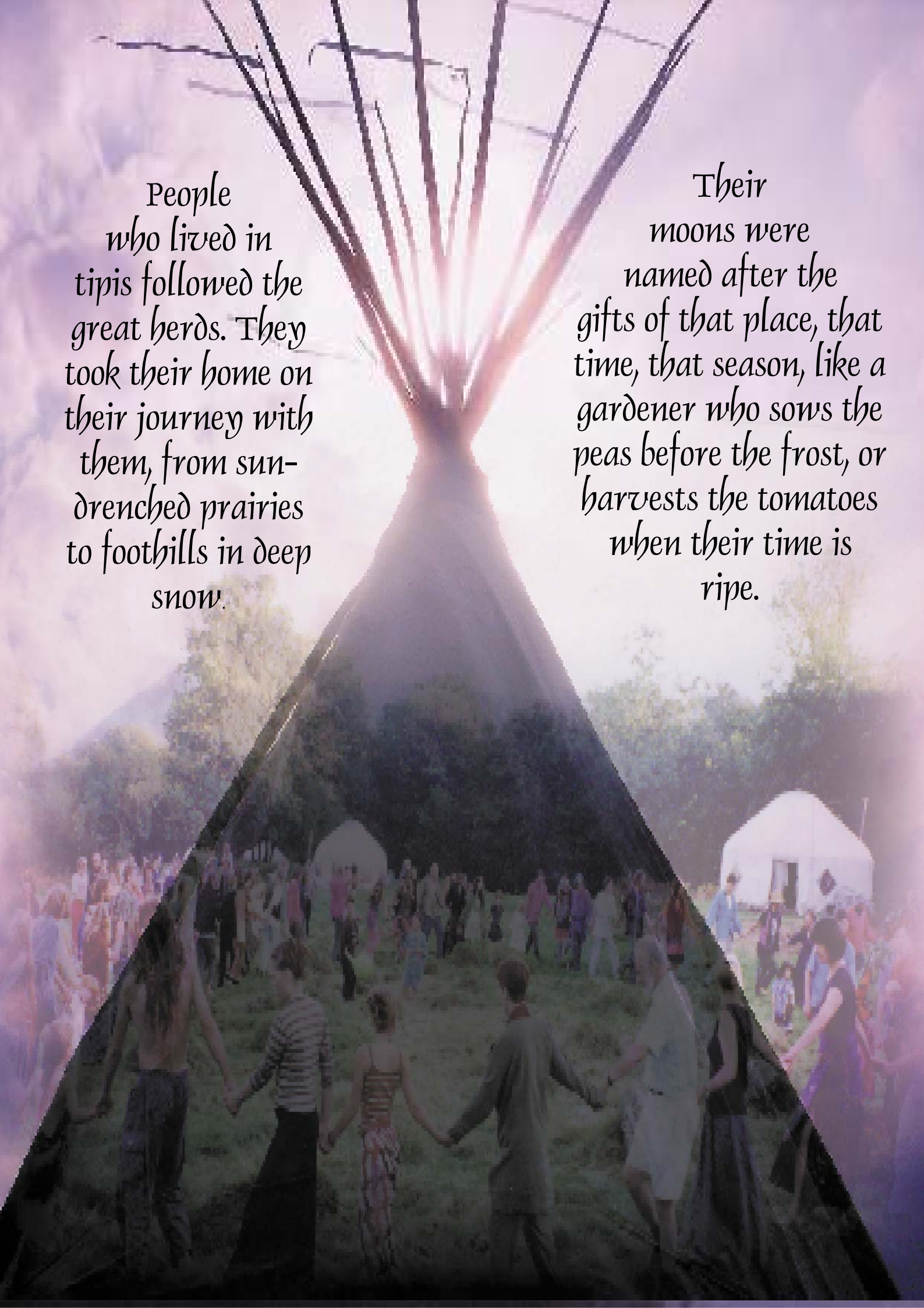
The
migratory
circle of tipis
and the cycle of
endless return,
serve to remind us
of our wholeness
in our seasonal
nature; a time for
ripe fullness and
a time to begin
again.



It is in the seeds of the old that the start of the new is born. In every end, a beginning.
Life is the ultimate "time-share" designer.
she fills her garden with an endlessly changing array, encouraging all to plant their feet firmly, and to reach for the sun.



Not all circles
are round.
The circumference
wraps around itself,
and adapts
to its niche,
whatever its natural
shape dictates.
Water likes to go in
circles,
to whirl,
eddy
and meander,
to double back on
itself in
long,
lazy arcs.
Many people return
cyclically to their
home grounds,
their mating dances,
their celebration of
life's eternal
renewal.

A large, dark-colored teepee stands as the central focus, its many wooden poles radiating upwards to a bright, hazy sky. In the foreground and middle ground, a large group of people, including men, women, and children, are gathered on a grassy field. Many of them are holding hands, suggesting a traditional dance or ceremony. The scene is bathed in a soft, warm light, possibly from a low sun, creating a golden glow around the teepee's entrance and on the people. In the background, there are silhouettes of trees and a few white tents or structures, indicating a fair or festival setting.

People
who lived in
tipis followed the
great herds. They
took their home on
their journey with
them, from sun-
drenched prairies
to foothills in deep
snow.

Their
moons were
named after the
gifts of that place, that
time, that season, like a
gardener who sows the
peas before the frost, or
harvests the tomatoes
when their time is
ripe.

In living in a round home, a moving camp, a circular journey, we are daily reminded of the going-nowhere nature of time.....



All is held within
the circle; nothing is lost or falls
away. Everything returns to the earth, and
is free to become again, a new start to another
dance around the wheel. It is simple to speak of a circle
within a circle, but the boundaries are
softly defined.

A
doorway

opens the
between inside.....

dialogue
and outside,

a window offers a view.

A fire in every tipi hearth is the fire of the tipi
everywhere.

Once the circle is
drawn, the day's night is
remembered....

....the skin of the tipi, bringing
warmth and shelter
when the days grow
short and cold....

....in the high
hills of the East, the
yurt layers the circles
close on one another, to
allow the circle of life a niche
to maintain, inhabit and
enjoy.....

*One's living circle has a place in the circles of living,
as a circle within a circle is always held.*