

March 30th 2050
Puerto Ayora town shoreline of Santa Cruz Island, Galapagos
5:00 AM

It's 5:00 AM. Although she set the alarm for 5:15 for an extra 15 min in bed, her anxiety has her alert and ready now. It's late March, it's pouring with rain outside and this complicates logistics with the kids. It's summer vacation but the weather is not summer like, they can't go out, they have to stay at home again. *Phew...* This complicates her work day. *"After breakfast, I can call Gabi. Maybe she can have both kids today, and I do it tomorrow. I have a credit department meeting at 10:30, after that I can..."* She stops herself abruptly. She is so tired of going over mental to-do-lists. Breathing in and out, she closes her eyes, listening to the birdsong outside for about a minute. *"Intentional Silence..."* she whispers, a practice to connect to your inner source of knowing, each day, to your true intention. She learned this technique at the co-creation hub. She listens to the birds, goes out on her balcony to look at the garden and connect to her breathing, to her inner self, for ten more minutes. A smile draws on her mouth. Nobody else is up yet, so instead of getting ahead and reviewing the data for work as she had planned the night before, she decides to make her morning coffee and further fuel her good spirit in what will be a busy day. She gets some fresh coconut milk from the coconuts her husband harvested yesterday, with coffee and the still cool weather, it's her favorite. She sits to enjoy.

"Mommy"... 6:20, usual time, the toddler is up! *"Hello hun!"* grabbing him tightly her smile spreads from ear to ear. At least she had a half an hour with her coffee. *"What's your breakfast?"* he asks, *"You know, haven't decided yet, let's see together."* As she opens the fridge she realizes she has to go grocery shopping. With the continued rains she is unsure what will be available and whether adaptation measures are being recommended. She hands some bananas over to her toddler and looks over the Galapagos Aggregated Information Display (GAID) notifications which are projected on the space in front the fridge's door. Jicama, Coconuts...less watermelons...more egg production... *"Mommyyyyyy..."* Ok, this can't be done this fast, now her 5-year-old is up as well. *"Just one more thing..."* she scrolls fast with her one free hand grabbing back and forth the images and texts from her toddler as he plays with them on the projected space. Yes, as suspected, the "Adaptation Measures" light is showing "green". Always helpful to have this indicator, she wonders how her mother used to handle these situations. This is now a priority, and she knows she needs to give it the time it deserves.

"With this weather, the biodigester needs to be fed less, so...we can direct more food scraps to the compost. I'll check the composting toilet's piles temperature data now, they are probably also slowed down, and we might need to activate the turning feature on..." she hears her husband speak from the bathroom, thank goodness he is on top of that.

The warm smell of green plantain and papa china patties with eggs at breakfast...her husband's cooking is just so delicious. For her, the most important purpose of sitting at the table is not just the food they are sharing, it is the valuable time spent with the family, the most cherished part of her day. With young children, both her husband's and her work allow flexible schedules so they both can prepare and eat all meals together. In her childhood, family meals during the working week were rare or dispensed at alarming speed! But today there is an exception; due to the adaptation alert, it is vital to access up to date information and adjust consumption patterns accordingly. There is extra work to understand what is happening in the different micro-climate and productive sectors of land and sea and coordinate interventions. The day's schedule gets synchronized: They will go as a family to the GAIC center in the morning so the kids and them can understand better how the extended rains are affecting the oceans and farms so they can adapt accordingly; she will handle lunch while he coordinates with his team; then she will go the Co-Creation Hub in the afternoon while her husband stays with the kids.

**GAIC (Galapagos Aggregated Information Center)
Puerto Ayora Town
9h30 AM**

Hundreds of bikes are outside the GAIC center. Indeed, many others decided, as them, to get informed at the center, in person, and connect, not just enough to get virtual notifications through the GAID. The kids are dropped off at the GAIC's Agile Learning Center niched within the mangrove forest. Scientists often come and work at the Center's work station as they interact with the children as part of their 20% quota transfer of knowledge to younger generations committed at co-creation centers about 20 years ago. They might teach something about "summer" without "summer," or help identify some species found inside the mangroves. Upon arrival, her kids choose to play in the mangroves with other kids and not join scientists; she is Ok with that as play is identified as the highest form of learning.

After looking at the data and speaking with the climatologists and the farmers who have come down from the highlands, the transition and coastal zones, it looks like there will be no summer this year, just heavy rains. She gets closer to the pest control section as she is fascinated by the farmer's observations of the moon cycles and how insect life can be predicted by being aware of them. The last two decades she has learned so much as farmer's observations have been crisscrossed with scientific data, and how both are used to predict and prevent. They both work with nature by understanding it! For this month, heavy rains coincided with the full moon, which has been observed to equal heavy rains throughout the full moon cycle. The first 4 days of new moon will be the ones where the insects will reproduce the most (taking advantage of the stimulated upwards lunar gravitation influence) and so, preventive controls are been undertaken so to avoid overpopulation of army caterpillars and slugs. She learns that plants adapted to Galapagos conditions will mostly do well, perhaps only needing farmers to make sure to dig trenches along contour inclination lines so water can filter deep down. There will be rotting of least adapted crops, especially if not under cover, but they can be protected with improvised temporary low-cost structures; she makes a note, this is information she needs for her job.

She is making notes as she approaches the climatologist station again: Most probably after this heavy rain period, as it has been the trend with Galapagos weather, the probability of a long drought. After better understanding the climate patterns, she and her husband focus on learning what is going on at farms so to adapt their grocery shopping. Jicama has to leave the ground this week to avoid rotting, watermelon CSA pre-sales are OK in the highlands as farmers used the advanced cash to build roofs and trenches. New farmers need to expand water storage *now* so they can prepare for the probable soon to come drought. This is directly related to her work at the Financial Cooperative, she takes some more notes so she can discuss at work and eventually, at the co-creation space.

Policy makers are here, also listening with great attention, so are fishers, teachers, restaurant owners, cruise ship and hotel administrators, and pretty much someone from every sector. Like her, many value this face to face interaction, and that is the purpose of this center, a place where the aggregated information from Galapagos can be delivered directly yearlong from who is directly generating this knowledge. The quota for knowledge exchange makes it so everyone is here at some point, she has done it herself in her line of work, finance. Each inhabited island has a small community so there is only one center per island, but the entire community can access this information through GAIDs (Galapagos Aggregated Information Devices) 24/7. These magnificent devices come in many forms, many prices, and different adaptations for different uses. Their function is to deliver the aggregated information from the Galapagos Aggregated Information System in real time (as raw data), but most people use the interpretations of data already "digested" and displayed in many forms (tables, pictures, dashboards, maps, drawings, voice notes, podcast episodes) one can choose from in order to understand how one, as an individual, can contribute to solutions and adaptations through individual consumption power.

The information from GAIDs is displayed in the space it is at, and one can interact with it. It also serves to collect data; she particularly likes to dictate the interpretation of raw data she analyzes as she walks around with GAID following her and recording her words while taking pics if she tells it to do so. As a financial manager for a local cooperative, she sees the importance of data and information to generate transparency, followed by trust and then reciprocity. These were key ingredients for the success of the Galapagos complementary money, the *Sula*, which started as a prototype in one of the co-creation spaces about 20 years ago. It is the achievement she is the proudest of, especially as she has seen its positive impact on local entrepreneurship and strengthening a diverse local economy and even engagement with the tourism sector.

Her husband is attentive to the information being integrated real-time concerning the fisheries. He is an expert chef and coordinates with a local partnership of chefs working with slow tourism to adapt menus on boat-based and land-based tours. With rain and bad seas, few fishers are going to be venturing out, but also, as ocean temperatures are threatening the reproduction of most commercially loved species, the Active Fishery (the fishery recommended by scientists and fishers aggregated results to be consumed) is *Lisa*, a not too know, shallow water fish, traditionally rarely used by an even smaller percentage of the population. Its numbers are high, and its population stable despite the temperature change. Yellowfin tuna, the first internationally recognized regenerative fishery in the Galapagos 30 years ago, is also *active*, but due to the harsh conditions of the open sea, only three boats went out for tuna and have already sold out. *“What’s it looking like?” she asks, “Still Lisa, but the scientific data is still being paired with fisher’s observations, as the currents seem to have changed patterns. Later in the week we’ll have the ocean chapter of the Ocean Co-Creation Hub ... I’m curious to see if this situation will generate new prototypes”* he replies.

As he adjusts the bike trailer to her bike so she can take both kids, he seems calmer as he resolves *“I will take the team to Kaya’s Hueca, she is great to improvise and I am sure she can excite the crew about vegetarian options I can use as I wait to see what other fisheries get activated. I don’t want to use Lisa.”* They kiss as they part their ways. She is off with the kids to the farmer’s market and will have lunch there. She double checks the status of her 10:30 meeting by turning on GAID from her bike; no problem at all, it was, like all other meetings in the financial, public, and tourism sectors, automatically postponed so they can all catch up on fisheries and farming information to adapt consumption.

Puerto Ayora Market 11:00 AM

There is more agitation than usual at the market due to the Adaptation Measures being activated, but no one seems particularly distressed. The main flurry is about finding priority commercialization pathways for the jicama and watermelons that need to get off the soil. Zero waste in the field is the first guarantee that the rest of the distribution and consumption chain is waste free. Such a change has taken place over the last 30 years. She remembers the summer 2020, she was 11, and the feeling of the world, *everyone* been shaken by the COVID-19 pandemic, is still very vivid. Her mom’s sleepless nights wondering where it would lead, if over time the shift in awareness necessary for a better reality would be feasible, how long it would take. Her mother in law telling her how it was in her days... versus now and what she can tell her children. Today, locally grown food has a value beyond the monetary transaction of just buying food, consumers are not comparing the Galapagos tomato with the tomato that comes from the mainland dollar to dollar, they are sensing the story, knowing the family, the land that is being cared for, valuing the system that is working together, and is represented in what they are buying....

She comes back to the present moment through the magnificent smells of this place... piperonia, turmeric, ginger and of course, jicama. She loves to start at the raised bed harvest-your-own herb section, where the smell of rosemary, sage, cilantro and sea salt always get her in a calm yet energetic mood. The kids love it too as they get to cut the plants. *“Good morning Susana and Maritza”, “¡Doña Luz! ¡Qué gusto!” they reply.* Luckily today is also the day her favorite farmers are managing sales from the Media Luna Co-Op right next to the herb section. She gets to see Susana’s new grandson’s pics and Maritza fills her in on the news from the soil: Slugs have increased as have caterpillars due to the heavy rainfall, but this means the ducks and chicks are fatter and happier. Accordingly, Luz doubles her duck egg purchase. Susana and Maritza are not particularly distressed, they know how to adapt and their produce is resilient, they are experienced farmers. It is the younger new farms that need support, particularly investing to prepare *now* for a possible long drought. *“It is just the extra work filling in information for the GAIC and GAID Doña Luz, so that the community knows...but other than that we are good, it is the urban new gardens that need support now, we will discuss it this afternoon.”* Great, she thinks to herself. They will be at the Hub this afternoon too. She pays electronically half in sulas, half in dollars, her way of keeping the local economy active and making sure external needs can be paid too. One circulates, the other accumulates, she likes to say when she explains it to skeptical people. She pays and off she goes to lunch at the cooked foods station.

They leave the market with a trailer filled with produce. *“Can we have dessert mommy?”* they ask, *–“Of course, let’s go to the urban edible garden for it.”* She is particularly interested in the urban garden today as it has more chefs in it she can consult with so to get more ideas of what to do with all this jicama. Another five minutes by bike and they are at the main urban edible garden/market. They walk through the edible forest before entering the main area, her kids running ahead of her as they count the different varieties of fruits. tamarind, ciruelo, mango, guanabana, grenadine, almond, coconuts, chilies, tomatoes, peppers...wow! When she was their age there were no edible forests like this, and very few of these trees in town. Her mother used to tell stories of the town filled with them, but by the time she was a child, they were few in a couple of older houses, fruits were mostly in the highlands and she was fed mostly imported fruits. And now, she is thrilled with how much diversity this dry coastal land can give. She is grateful for this change reflected in *this precious* moment shared with her kids.

The rains have not harmed the ciruelo production and there are ciruelo wines, sorbets, jams, and fruit candy everywhere. Today a new chef is exciting everyone with ciruelo cotton “healthy” candy; of course, her kids go for it. Luz hesitates about trying it, and bombs the young chef with questions about its “healthy” claims. Though he responds, she is still unsure about how legitimate this ciruelo cotton candy really is. *“Can you come to the co-creation meeting please? I would love to tell you all about me and my creations”* the chef adds noting her disbelief. She nods, a bit relieved, though still very skeptic.

**Kaya’s Hueca
Puerto Ayora Town
12:00 PM**

“Oh my! With the almond infusion, this fish is superb!” claims Eduardo, Luz’ husband at Kaya’s Hueca (restaurant). Chef Kaya nailed it, she really did, and to his surprise, she did it with a fish he rarely finds succulent. She is often the master of vegetarian/vegan dishes, and now, he was genuinely impressed. *“I came here for vegetarian answers but have left with surprised excitement over an underrated fish, splendid!”* His meeting was a success. With his team they have to plan for each tourist group’s arrival according to adaptations and seasons, this is part of slow tourism focused on quality. Once again that famed COVID crisis! and the one that came after that! and the one after that! It took people a while to understand that the “old model” wasn’t coming back and they had to work hard towards a new model

that went beyond finger pointing at the newest authority, or the neighbor, or the NGO, or who? The first meetings of the co-creation hubs really got people feeling! not thinking!!! what a difference that made. It was funny seeing the fishers working with the banker and the school teacher over the 3D map of their system! and then everyone embodying the system in a 4D mapping of Social Presencing Theatre... priceless moments, stillness in movement, little cracks in the wall, emergency of a future possibility beyond the structures and the thought paradigms. The Ministry of Tourism being part of the process really enables the tourism model to shift and become integrated within the rest of the system and not just seen as a dollar making machine separate from the rest of the livelihoods.

Back to work ... they revise options and decide on which members/businesses of the community they will visit and purchase from on a rotational basis as well as how to adjust menus to fit visitor's food restrictions and market availability from land and sea. Kaya is Eduardo's favorite chef, though he consults with many, he likes that she is also a farmer and comes from the highlands every day. *"Kaya, come to the Co-Creation Hub this afternoon, it's the ocean's chapter and share your inspiration and your creations, they capture the essence of this new time in Galapagos Culinary Culture; this knowledge exchange that excites me so much! Creative genius like you invent a dish with a fish I dislike (and many like me do too), and teaching everyone how to use it when it is the sustainable option to get, is what generates trust and has allowed to shift consumer behaviors of people like me. Splendid, just splendid!"* Eduardo adds. She seems a bit hesitant about it. The Hub has co-initiated a new cycle and is starting on the sensing journeys. One of the identified edges of the system or blind spots is the Galapagos representatives to the national assembly. And this afternoon, the representative Javier will be hosted by the Hub. The following week, participants will be invited to virtually visit the assembly and participate as observers to one of the committee meetings about future fisheries policy. Javier is by far one of Kaya's least favorite persons. For her, he embodies closed mind, closed heart, closed will, she finds it hard to see the goodness in this human being. Particularly, she hates that Javier calls her "niña" as if to demean her. He has known her since she was a little girl and that might be it, but she finds him rude, cruel and dishonest. Moreover, Javier is in favor of opening certain recovered fisheries for yearlong fishing, and she feels this is a step back for regenerative fishing. Eduardo perceives this feud, and he decides to be open about it. *"Is it Javier?"* he asks as he finds a moment alone with her, *"No"* she replies, *"not at all, all is fine. I just look forward to initiating the co-creation of the vision for the 2070 Galapagos food system. I will be today in the meeting."* She replies with a tense smile. *"Damn, Now I HAVE to go..."* she thinks to herself.

**Vía Media Luna, Bellavista Town
Central highlands of Santa Cruz Island
5:00 AM**

For Maritza, extended rainy season is bliss. She got used to receiving rains as good news when decades ago, before she could install solar solenoid irrigation, summers meant she had extra 2 hours of work focused on opening valves around her garden. Now, solar solenoids automatically do the work, but rain still brings her calm and peace. She likes that rains extend the mushroom season (her favorite!), and less angry wasps and ants. Today though, she knows she will have to fill more information for the Galapagos Aggregated Information System (GAIS) so she wakes up early and checks the farm. The extra work required of voluntary farms for providing information to the GAIS took a while getting used to in the beginning, especially for her without formal higher education. But the technology farmer liaison officers really spent the time in the field with her and her peers, they mutually learnt a lot from each other, and she felt that her knowledge from years of experience and everyday experimenting was being valued. Also, as more and more people participated into the system which was a long-haul effort, the information they got in return helped determine better times to plant, deciding what to plant, how to

manage the water, and most importantly developing a close relationship with consumers, educators and the tourism sector, especially through the interactions at the GAIC and with the GAID. Back to monitoring: mulch and microorganisms in conjunction with trenches have kept plants unaffected; biochar raised beds are doing better; papa china (taro) and other water loving plants are thriving at the bottom of the incline. She measures her soil depth and organic matter, both about 12% more than 10 years ago, and 3% more since last year only. It is amazing how simple acts like measuring an incline and planting vegetable barriers can result in more soil over the years. She checks on experimental crops that do not like humidity, surprisingly, they are also doing well. The soil has been built so well, and seeds selected over the past 10 years that these garlic and onions are doing just fine. Slugs are everywhere, so she tells Manuela, her daughter, to help move the chicken tractor in between the vegetable beds, and the ducks to be left out in the garden. That will do it. She turns on her GAID and starts telling it the info about the slugs, trenches, as she keeps walking, GAID recording everything and following her as she speaks. She tells it where to measure the pH, moist and temperature so to keep consistency with past measurements, and where to take pics. She moves on to breakfast after redirecting GAID to follow Manuela so to take pics of the ducks and the chicken tractor, which the small ball does after turning off the projections, flying off to where Manuela is.

Today it's her turn to sell at the market, so Maritza has to go down to town. Being of the nervous type, she doesn't like driving, motorized or non-motorized vehicles, that is why early on in the changes that were happening in the food system of Galapagos she was part of the group that prototyped the Aggregated Commercialization Electric Cart. Now she activates the GAID on her fridge and watches on the projected space if the cart is running on time. All good. She has about an hour for breakfast. Checking over the window that her husband and the other workers are doing well with the harvest, she sits comfortably to enjoy her cooking as she smiles, today she will get to sell with Susana at the farmer's market the extra produce she did not pre-sell and get to spend all morning with her great friend.

**Pelikan Bay
Puerto Ayora shoreline
5:00 AM**

Though the research station's GAID is automatically taking samples now, Ignacio still wakes up early on March's waning moon's week. 30 years ago, he had to do this to collect samples, now he does it for the pleasure of enjoying the beach alone, the sunrise to himself, the less timid wildlife, the cool fresh air. In his 20s he used to do this early morning because during the day, his work, though officially as an oceanographer, took more of his time writing funding proposals, grant reports, grant writing, and so on...he got used to doing the actual science, what he loved, off hours. Today is different, his science is ensured by the tax system public/private agreement resolved on co-creation spaces 2 decades ago. He spends most of his time doing the science he loves, yet today, he wakes up during waning moon week to enjoy the sea, and also, hoping he might cross paths with Julio, his fisherman long-time friend as he returns from working at sea and taking data. Ignacio, as other scientists, are eagerly waiting the return of experienced fishers so to discuss with them what's going on at sea.

**Two days before, March 28th
At sea
Galapagos Marine Reserve
4:00 AM**

Despite the heavy rains, Julio decided to go out to sea. Not only was he to fish, but also to collect data: heavy rains demanded more information and they felt confident their long experience paired with the ocean GAID will keep them safe. They took the waterproof device with them on the solar sailboat. A coastal fish, Lisa, was the fishery activated by the ocean consumption council, created by the ocean co-creation hub, to safeguard vulnerable species like galapagos grouper and brujo, that due to temperature change were expected to be affected in reproduction patterns. This meant they did not need to venture into more distant waters to find fish, however, their vast experience would allow them to go to the places where these fishes were fleeing. If they found them they would gather more information and understand better what was happening and if the fishing restrictions were grounded. Julio enjoyed this, in a way it was the same thrill, the same chase, but with the purpose of understanding better so to work with nature and support it; to keep enjoying the delights from the ocean guilt free. He enjoyed that now, there were no gas smells, and that his knowledge, his skills were highly valued. Moti, the teenage son of his sister Susana, was learning the skills with Julio in his free time, he took pleasure in teaching him the skill to artisanally fish, but also, to use the skill, paired with scientific knowledge, to regenerate what they took.

Julio always has a routine. He likes to collect information and add it to the GAID first, then he focuses fully on fishing. He turns on the device, on the onboard screen a map appears indicating the sites already monitored and those still to be visited. *"Nephew, get your 3D camera helmet ready because we're going to visit the most beautiful place in Galapagos, the Isabela Tunnels."* He programmed the GPS application of the GAID so that the boat would go to the selected place. Julio asked his nephew to take control of the boat, while he submerged the GAID and himself to take information. Now it is not necessary for people to dive to take information, but Julio kept doing it to remember the old times. Julio always says *"GAID will never outdo human emotions to know if something is wrong"*.

"There are not enough young Galapagos groupers, the activation of the fishery will have to wait longer." He verified that the GAID had stored and sent the data and entered the Regenerative Fisheries App. A map was displayed on the monitor with data on climate, sea condition, quantity of large fish and indicating the best places to fish Lisa. Julio programmed the GAID's GPS and they went to Playa Mansa, a site with many mangroves where fishing was not allowed before to avoid conflicts with tourism, but now it is different. Julio and his nephew saw that it was a normal day, a solar boat with passengers arriving, kayaks declared cultural heritage in Galapagos and families enjoying the beach. Julio asked his nephew to program the two traps they were going to set. Now the traps do not use bait, they emit sounds depending on the fish or lobster the fishers want to catch and how much they need to catch. *"How many mullets uncle?"* asked the nephew, *"we only need 10, that's the order we have"*. Julio threw the traps attached with a line made of palms so as not to contaminate the sea. After half-hour GAID gave a whistle indicating that the traps had collected the 10 mullets. The nephew picked them up, carefully took out each Lisa one by one and placed them in a refrigerator on board that does not require ice as before. The quest was good, they gathered good data and had good fishing.

**March 30th
Approaching Pelikan Bay
Puerto Ayora shoreline
6:00 AM**

"Arrghhh, Javier is here today," thinks Julio as he approaches the port. It is hard to keep his heart from racing. Javier's propositions, his reactivity and his loud voice in social media infuriates him. Lately, it's been all about gaining more support to go back to opening up fisheries unrestricted all year long *"in the name of the people."* If only he, Julio, could think of a way to flip the story the other way. His

thoughts stop as he sees a man's silhouette on the horizon. Could it be that Ignacio is here? What great news! He rushes back to tell his nephew to speed up a bit. His nephew adjusts the solar panels on the vessel to give the most speed allowed in the shallow bay, combining it a bit with the sails.

"Amigo!", they chant in sync as Julio steps off his boat, walking on the shore barefoot, pants rolled up, towards Ignacio. They shake hands and pull for a hug and double tap on the back. *"I've been so anxious to hear from you"* claims Ignacio, *"I'm sure you're tired and want to go back home soon, but can you let me invite you to breakfast at my home so we can talk?"* Julio smiles and nods. *"These are exquisite Ignacio! I come here only for those!"* speaks Julio as he enjoys Ignacio's amaranth buckwheat rolls. *"It is the mixture of the amaranth from the highlands northwest's and transition zone's southeast crops Julio, my secret."* They both laugh together. As they keep eating the jicama and some brunei cherries, Julio shares his insights with Ignacio. Just as suspected, Julio has observed fleeing patterns in dolphins and young Galapagos groupers absent from common reproduction sites. They both sense the data will corroborate their gut feeling: no Galapagos grouper season this year so to safeguard their resilience and future availability.

They talk for a while about the afternoon's meeting. Ignacio is confirmed to go, while Julio is expected to rest, other fishers already confirmed to go, but despite the fatigue, he does not want to miss an opportunity to let himself be truly heard by Javier. He leaves Ignacio's house reassuring he will be at the meeting, despite Ignacio's advice to prioritize rest.

**Santa Rosa Town
Northwest Highlands
Santa Cruz Island
9:00 AM**

Nothing can beat the sight from here. At least not for him. The ocean from the top of the hill and the 360-degree view of farms, edible forests, followed by protected area, and ocean surrounding it, are his Eden. He grew up on this farm and adores walking through the pastures and crops with his son, telling him the stories of his games and pointing to the trees he has climbed hundreds -perhaps thousands- of times. He endlessly played by himself here, feeling so free, so careless. But when his father left them, his older brother had to work to support the home. His playfulness began to be frowned upon as income was tight and he was expected to help in some way. He wants a different life for his boy, so he encourages play and he gives himself the time to play with him. Still though, he yearns to impress his brother and show him that behind the playfulness that still remains in the adult boy he is now, he is not only smart, or just another great achiever, but rather an icon, a legend, a hero.

The farm itself has changed over the years as his mother, the main farmer, has changed her ways of farming. This farm is much more productive, with more diversity than the one he grew up surrounded by, and almost no losses now. Permaculture does work, he's seen it. He explains to his boy the way things changed in the farm; mulch? (he is unsure about the name), more diversity, more flowers, the moon cycles. Not everything has an explanation, he does not really understand it, but knowing it works is ok... As they go back down to town on his solar car, he loves to tell his boy how the landscape has changed, now everything is edible, everything is intertwined with the protected area, the crops strengthening it. They cross the highland crops humid zone filled with cassava, plantains, coffee, edible fruit forests, and vegetable farms. He retells how these farms have helped control new incoming invasive species by providing more food and reducing food imports, but also, by identifying natural ways to control those that were a big problem back when he was a kid. Blackberry for example, once the nemesis of the national park controlled for over 30 years with a manual-glyphosate combo, now

had been displaced by a combination of domesticated wild pig/edible forest management and maintained by the local farmers. As usual, giant tortoises are on the way, but now you can see them using the wildlife tunnels through the roads. After 15 minutes, the transition zone with more corn, watermelon, melon and leaf crops, and another 10 minutes further down, they arrive at the coconut, almond, ciruelo, guanabana, and tamarind forests in the drier zones near the shoreline. The smells, the colors. Splendid. They stop by the ocean; he contemplates the vastness, he imagines the richness underneath. So much wealth, *“such a waste!”* he thinks. It is their fault; their fault Galapagos doesn’t accumulate more wealth... *“My boy, if only we could export this, there is more than enough, there has always been. We have protected the waters so much, and we know how to do things so they don’t get out of hand... your daddy is working on not wasting these riches and instead they can become more technological buildings and wealth for our peoples!”* he claims as he pulls his son closer with a tender hug. His son, looking up at him with an ever-present sight of pride, thinking his father must be a hero.

Once in town, Javier takes his boy back to their house walking, buying ice cream on the way, smiling and waving at everybody. His boy feels like he is the privileged son of a rock star. After lunch, he looks his boy in the eyes, tells him how proud of him he is, how much he loves him, hugs him once more, and leaves for the meeting. He has not been to one yet. As a fairly recently elected national assembly representative, his ideas have been discussed at the National level’s assembly, via his social media, and, at the meetings he has organized to get supporters. He knows this is a defining moment, if he can shine here, he will make it; bring open fisheries back, export bonanzas, more wealth for everyone. He feels confident in his abilities to bring down opposing voices, to win any debate with his wit. He has this. He smiles, and walks slowly to the ocean hub center, smiling and waving on his way already feeling like a winner. Like the hero he is meant to be.

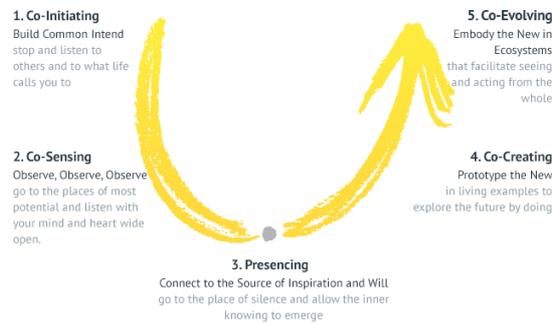
Co-Creation Center/Hub Puerto Ayora Afternoon

The meeting starts. The facilitator, Shania, knows this meeting is an exceptional one; they will be on sensing journeys with the new elected member to the National Assembly, Javier. The goal is to take a step back so as to bring everyone to gain a helicopter view, see themselves within and as part of the system, co-sense together, and have a round of deep listening to each other, and hopefully, this is where *“holding the container is so important”*, allowing them to connect to their source, even if only for just a moment, she can immediately see the shift in their bodies when that happens, then she knows where to take the space next. Only this can allow for true co-creation.

Luz, Kaya, Julio, Susana, Maritza, Ignacio along with other farmers, members from the city’s municipality, fishers, chefs, public institutions, and citizens, are present waiting to co-create a prototype, as they have for years, and as they have worked on improving past prototypes since 30 years ago. Many know the process well, they have seen it change land and seascapes and consumer choices; they have changed themselves, and have witnessed the shift of a consumer culture connected to their inner source, or better said, their heart, thus acting on it based on what is best for the community, for the ecosystem. But today, Javier is also here, a loud voice in the community. They are all unsure about how they will co-create with someone who has not been part of the process, someone they do not trust.

“This is a Food System Co-creation space, welcome! Although we have been coming up on the right side of the “U” out of crystallizing and ready for prototyping, in order to adapt to sudden climate shifts and new participants, today we go through a U process within the session and see where that takes us.”

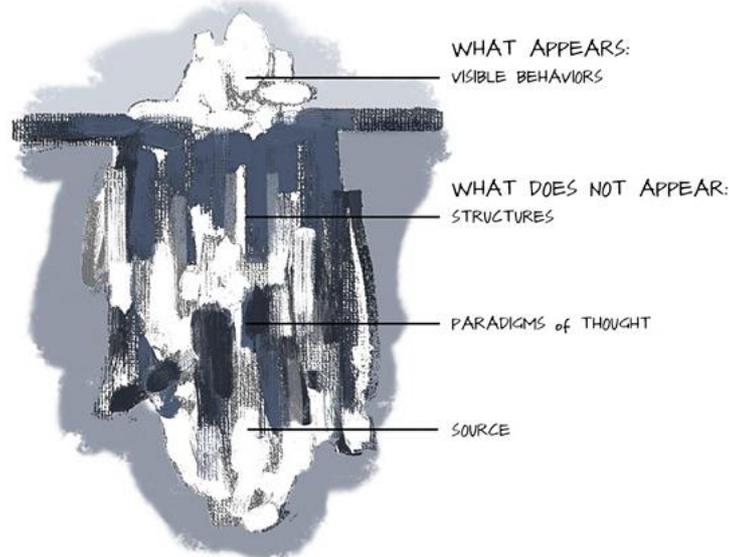
Shania starts, while her small ball shaped GAID projects an image in the center of the space on the floor in the middle of the participants, who are all sitting in a circle surrounding her.



Graph Credits: <https://www.presencing.org/aboutus/theory-u>

We will start with co-initiating. Sometimes we get too comfortable with a process we know too well. Remember the system is dynamic. The social, natural and ecological divides have softened compared to when we started 30 years ago, but the iceberg still has an emerged part and a submerged part. And the divides will continue to manifest in new ways, as new structures are put in place, new paradigms of thought emerge. We have to remain alert, present to find the small cracks in the wall, stay with and amplify the path to connect to source. The invitation now is for you to pay attention to where your attention is at right now.” Shania continues, and the image on the ground dissolves to another image.

ICEBERG MODEL of CURRENT REALITY



Graph Credits: <https://www.presencing.org/aboutus/ego-to-eco/three-divides>

Ugh... thinks Kaya

“Javier is here, he has some ideas Eduardo thinks will be good for his company to cut costs and improve profits” thinks Luz.

“Look at him as if he was better than all of us! And just to think he ...” Julio continues on a mind rant focused on all the negative aspects he believes Javier embodies.

“Let’s start by all doing a Check In. Tell us what your inner weather is right now.” Shania continues

Kaya describes how she is in the middle of a working day, she is busy, but felt obliged to come (without providing further detail).

Luz describes her agitation with the rains and how she just dropped off her kids with her husband.

Julio is tired, and makes a point to tell the group so. But he claims this was more important than his own rest.

Javier smiles, tells he has spent a day with his kid and feels energized and ready to explain changing ways in the ocean are necessary so as to increase the economic potential of the island.

The rest of the group go around. Others, as Luz are disappointed as well, they expected to begin prototyping and thereafter soon start on initiating the co-creation of the vision of the Galapagos food system 2070. This feels like taking a step back.

Shania brings everyone back to stillness, connect to their bodies, connect to their breath, let the body guide a movement it needs to and return to stillness. So simple, so powerful.

The image dissolves to become another image.

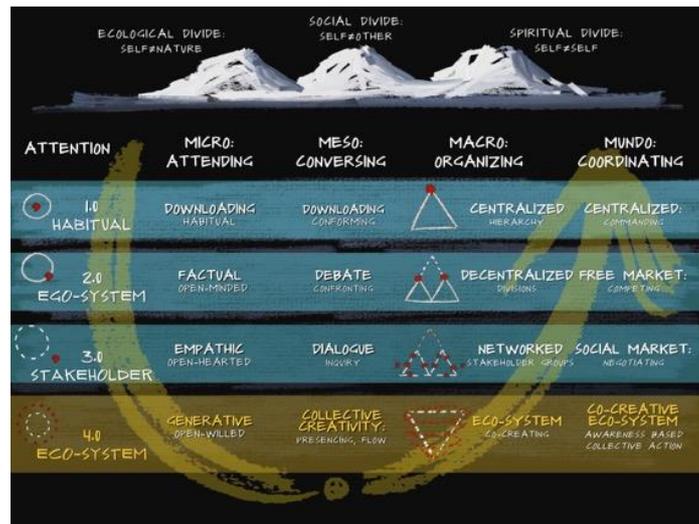


Graph Credits: https://www.huffpost.com/entry/one-earth-two-social-fields_b_578e922de4b0f529aa0746fb

“Our goal today is to pay attention to where we are, notice if we may be stuck in downloading: never seeming to move beyond the same problem, solution, back to problem pattern? maybe absencing: our reactions are motivated by fear or anger? is there something we are more open about? somewhere in our lives we can feel curiosity, compassion or courage motivating us? Take your journals and just write down what is coming to you at this moment. One example in our daily life at home, at work or in your community that you sense these different perspectives dominate.”

Now let's refresh Ego to Eco framework, some things don't grow old! we first saw this 30 years ago! And our economic systems continue to deal with three processes: (1) production, (2) distribution, and (3) consumption of goods and services.

A quote is simultaneously projected and spoken out loud: "Meeting the challenges of this century requires updating our economic logic and operating system – from an obsolete "ego-system" focused entirely on the well-being of oneself to an eco-system awareness that emphasizes the well-being of the whole." And an image.



Graph Credits: www.huffpost.com/entry/uncovering-the-grammar-of-the-social-field_b_7524910

In the first breakout groups of 3, each take turn listening without comments, suggestions, interruptions to something the other wants to share regarding the quote that was put out.

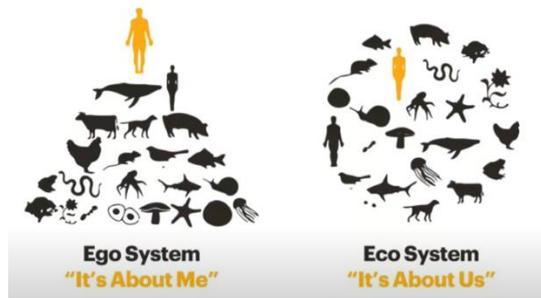
As Javier shares his goals, his calm space, his vision, Julio realizes of the deep connection Javier has to the land, to amending his life through his boy's as he allows him to play. This is the first positive aspect he has ever recognized in him.

Kaya identifies in Javier an inner desire to shine; she herself has an inner struggle in self comparison to her brother's remarkable success as a physician. She can sense it in him. She begins to understand.

Javier doesn't really listen to anyone's story as he is thinking of what he will say on his next turn that can impress others... but then Maritza, another female farmer part of her mom's co-operative begins to speak, so he pays attention.

Maritza begins sharing her journey by retelling her mother's conventional farming methods, and the way she has changed her farming to be different from her mother's by integrating herself in her farm's ecosystem. Her definition of regenerative is "mi ayllu" which in kichwa means "my family." She considers all the insects, plants, and microbiota under her soil her family. They all need to eat, and be in a balance that provides health. As with her children, she cares for this family with the utmost respect.

Javier's heart begins pounding. An image appears in his head, that looks something like this



Graph Credits: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=chkr8xQ5Fhw>
(<https://www.oxfordleadership.com/collaborative-leadership-white-paper/>)

He zooms in mentally in the right side



"A family" he thinks as he sighs.

It is Julio's turn now. And Javier, after listening to Maritza is now listening with the image of a man surrounded by an animal/ecosystem family resounding in his mind. In his heart.

Julio retells his journey, accentuating his now trusted relationship with GAID and the scientists behind it. How the knowledge exchange has managed to bring back abundance to a sea his father used to tell only stories of diminishing stocks. His financial stability as a consequence of the adapted consumption of his customers, and how learning to adapt his own diet has led him to wonderful flavors like the rolls he had this morning at Ignacio's.

Javier sighs.

The meeting continues and sensing journey exercises take the participants from imagined possibilities to sharing insights and even ordinary details like the dishes they dislike and like.

Javier participates, with this new concept of family stuck in his head. He feels as if something has struck him in the chest. To think of the ocean as his family, just as his farm. To give them the freedom and understanding he is giving to his son...

By the end, Shania projects another image, reinforcing the growth and activation that is taking place.



Graph Credits: https://www.huffpost.com/entry/mitx-ulab-education-as-ac_b_8863806

“This was actually better than going straight to prototyping” thinks Luz to herself, noting how the tension between some members eased. “We have entered the left-side of the U together” she thinks as she smiles.

Collectively they decide to take more time and a following meeting is scheduled, after some sensing journey to the “edges” of the system are convened, participants want to listen to more voices, maybe the young people in school, and the elders. And some members will be joining the ocean co-creation hub tomorrow. Finally, it is “check out” time. After they all share how each “is leaving the meeting,” it is finally Javier’s turn. He does not say much, instead he sighs “Pheewwww....” looks down, shakes his head from side to side grabbing his forehead with his hand as he keeps exhaling. He can’t look up, he is out of words.

Shania saw this moment coming, as she had seen Javier’s transformation earlier on. Deep listening. Embodiment. Connecting to source. She is really looking forward to the next meeting now and what will show up for them all, individually and as a collective. How grateful she feels to be able to hold this space for them. What a beautiful songline now exists for the future Galapagos generations, connecting the people to the place, in harmony. She looks forward to connecting to her community of Hub Hosts to share her experience. She wasn’t sure she could pull it off at the beginning of the meeting. She just went through her own mini-U!

She politely skips Javier and proceeds to closing the meeting.