



"A Truly Permaculture Car"

Joel came with a 1972 Subaru station wagon. It sat in the front yard mostly and collected blowing leaves and dust. Joel left the driver's window rolled down to let the heat escape during the summer months.

One year, we got a few Bantam chicks at the feed store, to see how this breed would do roaming free with all the wild pueblo dogs in the area. When they got old enough, we would open the chicken coop during the day to let the birds roam the yard catching what insects they could find. When it started to get dark, the birds would go back into the safety of their coop for the night, all except one.

This one hen went wild on us, though she stayed in the yard. When the other birds started laying eggs we knew that this hen would be laying too. This began the wild egg hunt, with the kids, Joel and I looking through the bushes, the shed, under boards, across to my aunt's house, inside, outside, everywhere we could think with no luck. As summer came to an end so did our dry season. I suggested to Joel that he roll up the windows of his car before "things" started to grow in there from the rain. So he did.

Well, it didn't take long before we heard a lot of complaining. Our wild hen was loudly squawking as she paced back and forth across Joel's Subaru, staring into the windshield, desperately trying to find a way in. I've never in my life seen a more upset bird. She was very panicky and frantically screaming about it.

We went out to take a closer look at what was inside that she wanted to get to so badly. On the floor of the driver's side of the car was a pile of eggs. We quickly rolled down the window again and backed off. That hen flew into that car as fast as she could, made some strange noises and came out a very contented, relieved bird.

Later that year we were needing Joel's car to drive. My car was sick. We had to go through this routine of checking the floor for eggs before we stepped in, leaving the window open when we got back home, and getting home in time for the "event."

Well, time went on and chickens came and went as did this one, but Joel's Subaru was still sitting in the heat of the driveway catching leaves, and making a shady place for all the dogs to lay under.

As more of our food was being grown here in our yard, we were needing to learn more about how to preserve it all. We decided we needed a solar dryer like the one we saw up at the High Desert Research Farm. We spent months trying to design a good one on paper. Back and forth we went,

brainstorming, but never coming up with a final plan that felt right to both of us.

It was Joel's permaculture mind that moved into action as we all climbed into "my car" to go somewhere, one hot summer day. The heat waves were wrapping themselves around us as we opened the car door. I could literally see Joel's brain working as he felt that heat and then looked over at his Subaru that we had almost forgot existed by then.

So the next thing I knew, I was cutting up peaches, apricots, tomatoes and plums, and Joel was lining the inside of his car with the cut halves. The back seat folded down to make a perfect flat area. He could regulate the moisture level and air current through the car/solar dryer by rolling the windows up or down slightly. It was perfect as long as we didn't need to drive it during harvest time.

*Silly ole'
Mind
Can't seem to
let go enough
to know
the Way.
When the Way
is smiling
back at us
every day.*



took a whole sack of daffodil bulbs down to this field we have by the river that is "infested" with gophers. We had planted a cover crop and it was slowly disappearing into gopher mounds.

I walked throughout the field, planting my bulbs every three feet, already celebrating inside the defeat of gophers without using the word KILL. The next week I went back. All I

could do was sit down and laugh. Every one of my bulbs had been carefully pushed up out of the ground from below. The field was scattered with daffodil bulbs. Well, at least I knew for sure that gophers hate daffodils.

I had met my match. I pushed the bulbs all back into the ground and the gophers pushed them back out. We did this back and forth until half of the

bulbs were dead and half of them did manage to take root and bloom. It was a tie.

I guess through it all I learned that there are ways in which we can all live together without obliterating each other, and how interesting life is with all these "pests" in it.

