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EMERGING TOGETHER

RE-MEMBERING WHO WE ARE

A SHORT TALE FROM THE EDGE OF COLLAPSE

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I'm a transformation designer on a mission to (r)evolutionize change.

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RE-MEMBERING WHO WE ARE

This is a story told from the perspective of several generations after us, reflecting on the time we now live in. A way to remember that *change* and *transformation* are crucial abilities for thriving.

THEY ***all sat in a circle, propping pillows and blankets getting ready to listen to the story that would be told by one of their elders. The elder had heard this story from others before, as this was a story that was shared every year around this time.***

A time of reflection and remembrance. Yes re-membrance, the embracing of the simple and vital fact that we are all members of this Earth and that every so often, lest we go astray... we must re-member.

And so the story was told...

DEAR ones, let us remember. Very, very long ago, before the *Great Rebirth*, our world had nearly lost its way. It was a time of collapse, when the great systems people had built —the economies, the institutions, even the natural rhythms of nature— began to fracture.

Almost unseen, amid the chaos, two ancient forces walked the Earth: Delta, the ever-shifting embodiment of *Change*, and Antheia, the soul of *Transformation*.

Their story is one of misunderstanding —and eventually, of unity. A cautionary tale, told today so that we never forget how it was once all nearly lost.

What people had come to believe to be “their world” was falling apart. Cities, once towering monuments of human ingenuity, were crumbling. Forests, once vast and endless, were thinning. Rivers had dried up or had turned black or frothing with the waste of generations. Humanity stood on the edge of its own ruin, their collective breath caught in the wind as if waiting for the final gust to sweep everything away.

In this fractured world, Delta stood tall, moving

restlessly, never quite still. Delta's form was fluid —sometimes a shimmering wave, sometimes the flicker of a streetlight in the fog, or a wind that could not be tamed. His voice, though subtle, could be heard everywhere: in the rattling of tree branches, in the hum of machines, in the clattering of debris. He was everywhere, always, and never the same.

Delta was "Change" incarnate, the force that shifted seasons, moved time forward, made thoughts move through people like clouds and reshaped every corner of existence continuously.

No one truly understood him. People feared his constant disruption, resented the way he swept through lives, never lingering, always shifting the foundation beneath their feet. Change, they thought, was always outside of them, something forced upon them. And so, Delta roamed alone, misjudged and misunderstood.

In equal measure, there was Antheia. She moved more slowly, her steps deliberate, her presence more hidden, often sensed but rarely seen.

Antheia was the glow of dawn reflecting off the shattered glass of a skyscraper, the soft pulse of a heartbeat after a moment of deep reflection, the soft murmur of inner wisdom, the ruffled hair from resting on soft, sunlit grass.

Her form shimmered with depth: the quiet stillness of a forest just its lushness blooms again, the cool depth of a river beneath its surface, the impulse of seedlings just beneath the Earth's crust.

Antheia was "Transformation", and she lived in the hearts and minds of beings. She dwelled in the spaces people rarely explored, in their moments of insight, reflection, and deep change.

Where Delta reshaped the outer world, Antheia worked within them —turning loss into strength, fear into wisdom, grief into acceptance and renewed hope. But she, too, was often ignored. Humanity feared her, resisted her, for she required them to look inward, to face themselves. And so, she wandered the world, her gifts often left unopened.

One day, brought together by a chance encounter amidst the disintegrating remains

of a city, Delta and Antheia met. The sky above was thick with smoke, and the streets below were cracked and broken. All around them, the world groaned under the weight of its own rigid convictions.

"*Look at the world, Antheia,*" Delta said, his voice swirling like the wind through the skeletal remains of buildings. "*It changes constantly, and yet nothing ever really improves. They think of me as a destroyer. I am feared, and I don't know why. Without change, nothing can survive!*"

Antheia looked at him with quiet understanding, her form flickering in the reflection of a broken window. "*You are change, Delta. You shift the world by changing contexts, by shaping the outside, and yes, they fear you because they don't understand why it has to be so. Because your work is incomplete without me.*"

Delta frowned, the air around him crackling with static. *"Incomplete? I have reshaped landscapes,*

rebuilt civilizations, stirred winds of progress. What more could there be?"

Antheia smiled gently. "*What you do is on the surface. You are the wind that knocks down the walls, but I am the seed that grows in the aftermath. While you change the outside, I transform the inside. Without this, people will rebuild the same crumbling structures over and over. They will chase you in circles, forever fearing all the changes you bring, because they don't know how to transform themselves."*

Delta fell silent, the crackling sound of distant thunder echoing through the ruined streets. He considered Antheia's words. *"People resist me, I see. They fear what I do because they feel they have no control. But your work... it's invisible. How do they even know you're there?"*

Antheia's continued in a soft voice, like the rustling of leaves in a forgotten forest. *"Because I live in their moments of stillness, in their reflections. I am the shift that happens*

when they choose to grow, when they turn sorrow into strength, or pain into wisdom. I too, am misunderstood and, worse: unseen. Though they cannot see me, they feel me, just as they feel you."

Delta looked out over the city, a great sigh escaping from him, rippling the clouds overhead. "*We've spent too much time working separately. Yet they still confuse us, blending us together, as if we were indistinguishable, don't they?*"

She nodded. *"They do. They think change is transformation, and transformation is change, but we are not the same. You push them into new situations, and I help them become something new in response. Without you, they remain stuck. Without me, they remain unchanged on the inside. Together, we can give them what they need — the ability to embrace change and transform because of it."*

For a long moment, they stood side by side, watching as the world crumbled around them. The ground trembled as another building collapsed in the distance, sending dust and debris into the wind.

Yet in that dust, there were seeds —tiny, resilient, carried through the breeze, ready to

take root in the Earth once more.

“*We need each other, and they need us both*." said Delta as he turned to Antheia, his form softening, becoming less frantic.

"*Yes*," she said, her eyes gleaming with quiet determination. "*If we are to help this world heal, we must work collaboratively. People must understand that change without transformation is chaos, and transformation without change is stagnation. Only by embracing both can they truly thrive*."

As the sun set on the fractured landscape, a sense of peace began to settle. Delta and Antheia, side by side, had realized their roles were not in conflict but in harmony. “Change” and “Transformation” were two parts of the same force, and together, they would help rebirth the world— not just its cities and its systems but its people, its spirit.

For it was in change that life found movement, and in transformation that life found meaning.

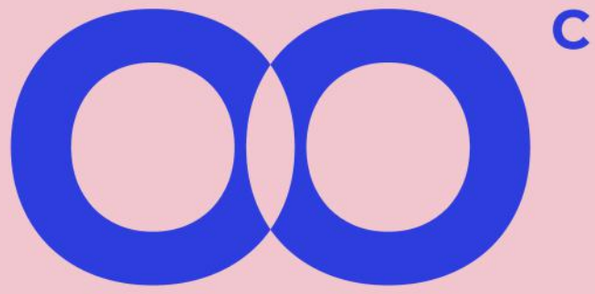
So, clan of the future, listen well. Said the elder, pausing to look around the circle. This is why we once stumbled, and almost fell as humans. Why we nearly lost everything.

We did not understand that Delta and Antheia must dance together. We tried to build new worlds without truly changing ourselves, and we tried to change ourselves without changing the world around us. Both paths led to collapse.

Yet from the wreckage, we rose. We learned to raise our hearts and our consciousness. Now, as the stewards of life, we ourselves embody the delicate dynamism between the outer shifts and inner growth. We tend to the changes of the Earth, while transforming our hearts, our minds, our communities.

So that, dear ones, is the story of how we become: by honouring both Delta and Antheia, change and transformation.

They slowly started turning their inspired gazes away from the elder and towards each other. Embracing the magic of the circle in which they sat and letting it embrace them, as they all together remembered once again, and for always.



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Author's note: While the characters are fictional, their names carry meaning.

Antheia: a name derived from the Ancient Greek word ἄνθος which means "to bloom" and also "flower". In Greek mythology Antheia was daughter to Zeus and was the goddess of swamps and flower wreaths. She evokes the idea of transformation, just as flowers transition through the natural cycles of life (blooming, withering and regrowing) and different states of being.

Delta: is the fourth letter of the Greek alphabet and symbolizes difference, shift, or alteration (like the Greek letter Δ, used to represent change in science and math). A delta is also a flat, often triangular area where a river divides into multiple branches before reaching the sea.

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