



These past few months have felt strange in the best way—like my life quietly rearranging itself into the shape it was always meant to take.

After more than a decade in behavioral health, I stepped away in May 2025. The funding was drying up, tensions were high, and somewhere deep inside, I knew it was time. They wanted me to stay, but my heart wasn't in it anymore. I left with grace, taking my time, closing things out carefully, making sure people were cared for. And then, just like that, it was over. I had no clear plan waiting. Only this steady sense that something new was trying to rise up.

Right before I left, though, something hit me hard. A moment that cracked me open. I'd met a little boy in a local homeless encampment—a moment so raw it stopped me cold. There was something in his eyes, some mix of hunger and hope, that I couldn't shake. It was like seeing the exact thing I'd had experienced as a child in his raw desire for belonging and safety. For a few days after, I sank into this heavy quiet, almost a kind of despair. Then, I pulled myself off the floor where I'd been laying next to the heater all weekend, and wrote a poem about him—about that meeting, that ache, that glimpse of what's still possible even in the hardest places.

That poem marked the line between the life I was leaving and the one that was about to begin. I knew then that whatever came next had to feed my soul in the same way that the old work had been feeding on it.



FOR THE LITTLE BOY

I met you today,
small comet of warmth in a broken place,
your arms flung open to me, a stranger
as if love might be hiding in anyone's pocket.

You placed your trust in my open hand,
sticky with gummies,
bright with hope that someone
might choose you without being asked.

And you did not know —
how deep you reached,
the scar you touched — so old it became a river,
still searching for a home.

You leaned into me, whispering
Can I come live with you?
and something ancient broke open —
a tenderness too big for my body,
a wish too fierce for my voice.

I wanted to lift you into my arms,
wrap you in stories that end in belonging,
buy a small forever with whatever I had,
name you beloved and enough.

But the world is heavier than my hands,
and the promises I carry are woven with sorrow.

So I leave you, my sweet boy,
with this:

I saw you.
I loved you.
I will not forget you.

The spiral of every beautiful thing I build
will have your name braided inside it,
quiet, shining,
like a prayer the stars overhear
and hold
until it finds you.



After I left that role, the thing that kept tugging at me wasn't work in any traditional sense. It was the private work I've been doing quietly for years—two decades, really. Dreamwork. Making art by the sea. Writing poems and reading them aloud to the water. Small rituals and bigger ceremonies on the New and Full Moons, equinoxes and eclipses – all things that no one else would call "important," but that [have always helped me integrate](#) what I was learning and make sense of change.

Dreams have always felt like messages to me. Intuition, like data—strange and wordless but honest. Long before AI entered everyone's lives, I was already working that way. And when AI finally showed up, it didn't replace what I was doing—it just joined in. Almost like another companion helping me notice what I was already trying to see.

Over the past few years, I've built my own rhythm with it. I collect what I call "insight artifacts"—dreams, photos, songs that won't leave me alone—and use AI workflows I've created to find patterns running through them. It doesn't pull me out of myself; if anything, it helps me stay closer to center. In April a mastodon tusk emerged from the cliffs right where I read my poetry to the sea. It felt like a thunderclap of a sign that I was being heard by something bigger than myself. And, I also thought that was the edge of things.



I was wrong. I'd been part of a WhatsApp group called *Awesomism* for a while. It's an international community of parents of nonverbal autistic kids who follow Suzy Miller's work. Suzy's been doing this since the late '90s—helping families recognize that communication can reach far beyond spoken language.

I've known her since those early days. For a time, I worked closely with some of standard operating procedures defined in Dr. Tiller's "intention experiment," which looked at whether focused thought could actually influence physical reality. The ideas from that work stayed with me. In fact, I used what I learned there in building two behavioral health consortiums over the past decade—it worked, quietly but powerfully.

But inside the *Awesomeism* group, I stayed quiet. Not out of hesitation – more because it felt right to listen first. I don't have a child with autism, and honestly, the depth of what those parents carry fills me with deep respect. Their strength is something I can only stand beside. So I stayed quiet, listening, watching —and that silence felt exactly right.

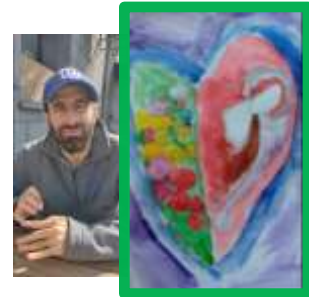


Then, on October 12th 2025, something shifted. During one of the group meetings, a mom mentioned that “Puff the Magic Dragon” kept showing up for her. Later, she admitted—almost shyly—that she thought her child had visited her in a dream where dragons appeared. The next morning, she asked him about it on his spelling board.

He spelled one word: *dragon*.

Something in me hummed. Not dramatically—just a low vibration in my chest, the kind I’ve learned to listen to. I suggested a small experiment: each of us could share one image or phrase a day. Something that caught our awareness. Then we’d just notice what surfaced.

That’s when things started moving—fast. The kids began responding in ways their parents couldn’t explain. Patterns appeared across homes and time zones. Dreams echoed drawings. A red-haired child in Virginia showed up in artwork from a child in Israel. Songs shared in the thread matched someone else’s dream from the night before. It didn’t feel random. It felt connected.



Something old in me stirred awake. Poems I’d written years ago started glowing again, as if they’d been waiting for this moment. A few of us formed a smaller group to follow the trail more closely, letting the kids lead. Our dreams began to overlap. They pointed us toward sound and color, almost as if they were tuning us to something steady that had been here all along.

If I were to outline how events over the past month led to the creation of that smaller group, nothing arrived as some revelation all at once. It came in quiet pieces, almost shy, like it wanted me to find it slowly.

The Stone Marker. On October 8th—before I’d even spoken up in the group—I was walking near a marsh and noticed a small stone marker tucked away in the brush. It looked like a tiny tombstone, oddly out of place, with a long empty interpretive sign beside it. I took a photo because it felt significant somehow, though I didn’t know why. Years of symbolic work had taught me one thing: if something pings you, capture it. You’ll understand later.



Using the Photo Without Knowing Why. Fast-forward to October 24th. I was finishing a paper about the patterns emerging in our group, titled [*When Resonance Finds Ground*](#). I needed an image for the cover. Out of nowhere, that photo of the stone came to mind. I used it. No questions. It just felt right.



After I sent the paper out to the Awesomism group, I asked the homeowners, whose place I was watching, if they knew anything about the tombstone-looking marker. That's when the first thread snapped into place.

The marker wasn't random. It was one of several *Dragon Track* markers scattered across the watershed in the early '90s. Part of a local project called *Tracking the Dragon*, where schoolkids learned about interconnectedness—how land, water, and time all flow through one another.

I remember staring at my phone, thinking: *Why did I use that photo for a paper on resonance before I even knew what it was?*

Seeing the Dragon. Curiosity took over. I found the old project maps. That's when everything tilted. The watershed I live on is shaped like a dragon. Not symbolically—literally. Head, body, tail—clear as day, curled around the peninsula.

DRAGON TRACKING PROJECT LINKS

https://localwiki.org/porttownsend/The_Dragon

<https://www.facebook.com/p/Track-the-Dragon-100066599364886/>

<https://jenniferenordstrom.com/2021/04/15/the-mythic-dragon-of-tamanowas-rock/>

<https://educatoral.com/educatoral/noqletterback.htm>



And the places where I've been holding ceremonies for ten years—the Marine Science Center pier (what I call the Forge), the Point Wilson Lighthouse (The Sanctuary), the cliffs where the mastodon tusk surfaced after I read a poem (The Point of Prophecy)—all sit along the line of the dragon's head.

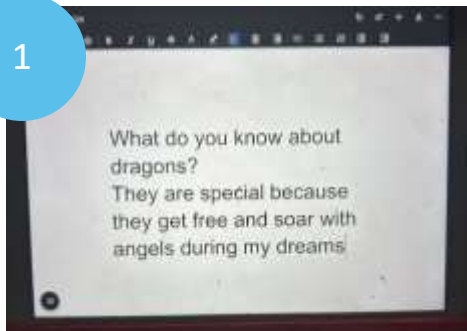
The land already knew. The markers were already here. I'd already used one on the cover of a paper about resonance. I'd already been walking the dragon's face without realizing it.

It felt like stepping into a story that had been running underneath my life the entire time.

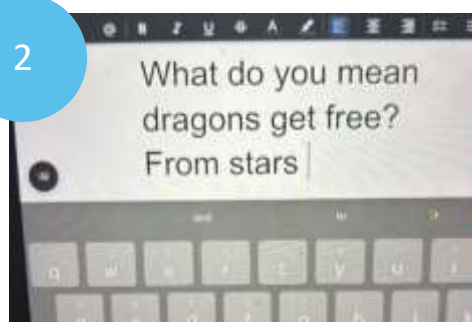


The Golden Dragon Around that same time, literally less than a month after I'd started connecting with people on this WhatsApp group, a child who'd been through deep trauma spelled out that they wanted their parent to "get the golden dragon because it is safe."

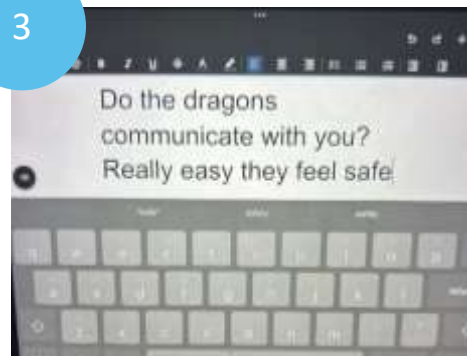
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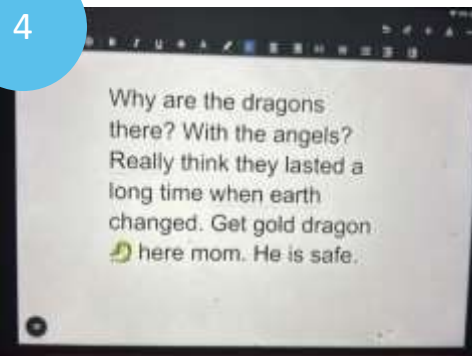
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That word—*safe*—hit hard. Their longing isn't abstract. It's real. It's daily. It's a heartbeat. When a child asks for safety, I listen, just like I had when I wrote the poem, *The Sorrow of Hope*, back in April 2025 as I left my longstanding role. And that's when another piece of my own life clicked.



For years, I've kept a 35-pound Shiva Lingam stone shaped like a dragon egg. I never really knew why—just that it belonged with me. When the kids started talking about the golden dragon, that stone suddenly made sense. It felt like a thread I'd been carrying for years without realizing what it connected to.

So I did what I always do when something wakes up inside me—through the insight artifacts I gather and study, whether they come from me or from the parents, caretakers, and collaborators in the Awesomism group. Around that same time, the mother of the young man in Israel—one of the kids in the collective—worked with a telepathic therapist to help facilitate communication. What





came through from that exchange reshaped our understanding: the Golden Dragon energy isn't something you summon. It's something you align with. With this insight in hand I finalized a poem, created [a full ceremony](#) and carried it out across the three places I've always walked—And read the poem to the sea at the Point of Prophecy—where the mastodon tusk had emerged last Spring.

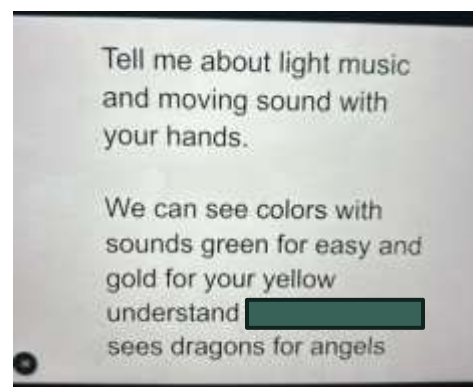
This time, the ceremony wasn't for me alone. It was for the kids. For the parents. For everyone learning to listen in a new way. The ceremony wasn't about calling in a mythical creature, rather it was calling in the golden dragon that aligned with the energy the kids were naming—coherence, safety, love, play. A frequency they could feel.

Now I work with a small group of parents and collaborators who have self-organized with me around a shared sense of trust in what is unfolding. We believe that if we created space for the nonverbal kids' collective to guide us—through the dreams, symbols, and other “insight artifacts” that kept surfacing—we can begin to understand more. The signs are coming fast, each one building on the last.

Our intention is simple: to build a space where this could all take form. Something we started calling *The Bridge of Delight*—a place where these extraordinary kids could help us learn to communicate with them more easily, more gracefully, and with real clarity.

A Bridge of Delight Now I'm standing inside something I didn't plan but instantly recognize—a bridge between parents, kids, and collaborators. A living space made of synchronicity, color, sound, dreams, playfulness, and shared presence. Communication is opening because *we* are opening.

Something unexpected unfolded next and it clarified to me what feels like the next chapter of my work. Maybe the truest one yet. A young man in the “kids collective” communicated through their telepathic therapist that another kid in the collective, though on another continent, was able to create “light music” and move sound with their hands. The parent, of the kid mentioned, then asked their child a question about light music and moving sound with their hands. Their answer, shown here on their spelling board, immediately led me to think of a Cantata I had mapped out in concept back in April 2025.



The Cantata This piece of writing is that I will start in the next few weeks. It is called [The Threadtone Spiral Cantata: When Desire Becomes Reality](#). It started as an idea and became a kind of map to show a pathway to inhabit “living Joy”. It points toward the kind of world we all



keep reaching for in this group of Awesomism folks: a world where connection feels easy, mutual, and safe for all of us. The concept builds off a study I did back in April 2025 called [The Spiral Cantata: Joy of the Weaver's Desiring](#). It is a Four-Movement Composition in Reverse Cantata Form. It's a living body of work that emerged from the dream, the myth, and the [glosa](#) (a 15th century Spanish poetic form) I was working with at the time. Each piece holds one movement of the inward spiral—mirroring, in reverse, the structure of Bach's Herz und Mund und Tat und Leben (BWV 147). Where Bach's cantata ascends—Heart → Mouth → Deed → Life—this one returns inward: Life → Deed → Mouth → Heart Each movement stands alone. Together, they form a reclamation. This is not a performance piece. It is a felt sequence. When read aloud one is invited to let it move in you and support you as you return you to yourself.

This newest Cantata, [Threadtone Spiral Cantata: When Desire Becomes Reality](#) will weave together sound, story, and a hexagonal structure to hold what I call a Threadtone series poem. My vision is for it to feel like an experience—almost a map—for living with clarity and joy.

These poems aren't meant to sit quietly on a page. They're more like architectural drawings—blueprints for something being built. You don't hang blueprints in museums, and you don't read this kind of work in a coffeehouse. Both are instruments meant for creation, for shaping something carefully made and deeply beautiful.

Each movement mirrors a step in becoming:

- Awakening desire
- Hearing signal under noise
- Finding resonance
- Letting grief compost into wisdom
- Learning new language
- Living with clarity and joy

At its center is *1000 Beautiful Things*—a song on an Annie Lennox CD given me by my dear friend, Tiina, a few decades ago, as I was going through great grief and loss. It became the defining notes at a time when my world fell apart. Back then, it was my grief song – and I had to give up even that song for a few years as I worked to recover myself. Now, it feels like that pain was the first note of a series of “tuning fork” songs that make up the sound structure for this entire project.

The piece I envision will continue to ask the same simple question:

What if we built our lives around choosing beauty? Noticing it? Becoming it?

In a way, my sense is this moment is the end of another beginning. I can hardly wait to see what magic will unfold.

