

Finding the rhythm and the rhyme in organic and biodynamic agriculture

A tribute for the 100 years anniversary by Karen Mapusua, President of IFOAM Organics International

So now I ask you to breathe

breathing in the rhythm and breathing out the rhyme...

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Picture this: the roaring twenties, but not the flappers and jazz.

Revolution though it was....

Instead, envision fields humming with a different kind of beat,

An agricultural revolution, where souls and minds meet.

Biodynamic farmers, stewards of the earth, guardians of soil, from death to rebirth.

They listen to whispers of winds and rain, In the landscape's language, they hear the refrain.

In dawn's quiet, they stir earth's embrace, Biodynamic magic, ancient rhythms interlace.

With hands like whispers, coaxing life from soil, stirring cosmic secrets, as seasons uncoil.

In twilight's hush, 'neath moon's soft glow, Biodynamic alchemy, hands in rhythmic flow.

With reverence, they stir horned manure's might, Awakening Earth's pulse, weaving day into night.

The bees buzz louder, in gardens so pure, Pollinators thrive, ecosystems MORE than endure.

Cows and chickens, they roam free, In lush pastures, as far as the eye can see.

Crop rotations, a dance so old, Nurturing ground with nutrients bold.

Diversity is the key, a mosaic bright, In fields of green, bathed in celestial light.

A century back, Steiner laid those tracks,

A visionary with cosmic sight, Saw fields and stars dancing in the night.

Not just farming, but a living art, A symphony of nature, science, and heart

"Study rhythm, rhythm is life," Steiner proclaimed, In nature's cycles, our path is named. In this dance, all elements converge, A cosmic chorus, where life and earth merge.

From the cosmos to the compost, rhythms of the earth,

We're celebrating a hundred years, givin' nature its worth.

The cow's horn cradles secrets, whispers of the land, as we dance with cosmic forces, our intentions grand.

Chamomile, yarrow, and oak, we blend, Biodynamic preps, like ancient spells, transcend.

From prep 500 to the herbal sprays, every element in sync, in so many ways.

Respect the land's wisdom, work with nature's flow, Biodynamic methods, helpin' ecosystems grow.

Biodiversity, that's the farmer's creed, so tomorrow's generation got the food they need.

From the roots to the fruits, see the ecosystem thrive. Biodynamic practices, keeping that beat alive.

Steiner saw the stars in a dance, the moon in a trance,

The sun's heartbeat in the rhythm of the seasons.

"Look deeper, he said, beyond the plow. Feel the pulse of the universe in the humus,

In the compost heaps, in the cow horns buried deep."

In the humus rich, microbes thrive, in life's funky dance, they keep soil alive.

Compost heaps, like alchemical gold, transforming waste to life, a cycle to behold.

Biodynamic farmers, you are the stewards, The guardians of this ancient, cosmic craft.

You listen to the whispers of the wind and the rain,

You read the language of the landscape, You dance with the rhythm of life itself !

Respecting the natural order, cycles of the land and with organic agriculture, you hold nature's hand.

In this journey, side by side, With organic kin, with whom you abide.

Sharing dreams of fields untainted, In hues of green, our visions painted.

Organic roots, deep and strong, A parallel path where both belong.

In harmony, we plant and tend, Two movements united toward a common end.

We shun poison, embrace the pure, In soil's health, our future's secure.

A handshake of ideals, a bond tight, In quest for regeneration, we unite.

Through biodynamic fields and organic rows, A partnership in the wind that blows.

From compost heaps to sunlit days, We grow together, in countless ways.

Together we rise, in this fertile wave, For earth we cherish, and for who respect we pay.

A shared mission, a unified song, in nature's symphony, where we all belong

"The heart of the matter is a living feeling, An understanding of the world as a totality,

And our own role within it." Steiner told it...

So we stand, side by side, feeling the earth's sweet beat in the rhythm of the soil. In the pulse of every leaf.

"A healthy social life is found only when, In the mirror of each soul, the whole community finds its reflection."

So too in our fields, where every plant reflects the care, The love, The intention.

From vineyard rows to orchards wide, Biodynamics thrives with nature as our guide.

Preserving heirloom seeds, ancient wisdom in our hands, Guardians of tomorrow, cultivating lands.

Farmer's intuition, science combined, In the biodynamic rhythm, solutions we find.

Symbiotic systems, every lifeform plays a part, In the garden of the earth, we practice nature's art.

Fast forward a century, and here we stand, hip hop and rock rule the land!

But in the fields that sing, in farms that breathe, Biodynamic dreams a reality we bring.

From vineyards to orchards, from grains to greens, Celebrate the soil, the sun, the rain,

The roots that anchor, the growth we gain. A hundred years, a legacy of care,

A biodynamic promise, for all to share.

To the advisers and teachers around our globe,

Empowering the farmers, with knowledge and skill, Biodynamic education, for the land we till.

Workshops and learning, passing wisdom down, In every rural village, and bustling town.

Sharing the practices, spreading the light, So every patch of soil can prosper right.

With unity of purpose, and diversity in thought, A biodynamic future, by your actions brought.

And to Demeter's mark, a badge bright, A symbol of trust, in consumer's sight.

Certified fields, where integrity reigns, Guarding the legacy, through storms and gains.

From Steiner's vision, a movement has grown,

When A hundred years ago, that seed was sown,

In the heart of soil, where life's rhythm is owned.

Biodynamic whispers, in the winds they grooved,

An agricultural revolution, in the earth they moved.

Raise your voices, toast the grand, To the farmers and fields across all lands.

To the next hundred years, the seeds yet to sow, In biodynamic gardens, where futures grow.
From the past we learn, for the future we prepare,
The revolution's roots, deep in the earth nurturing care,
Here's to the balance, the harmony, the song, We keep stirring, keep dreaming, our devotion
strong.
We celebrate the soil, the sun, the rain, The roots that anchor, the growth we gain.
A hundred years, a legacy of care, A biodynamic promise, for all to share.
Standing on the past, the shoulders of our giants but leaning into the emerging futures bright
lights.

Growing a future with a pulse brand new,
It's going to take more than just tapping our feet, we need a vibrant and deep new beat.
Organic and Biodynamic, standing strong standing true,
For the next hundred years, it's up to me and to you.