

The Alchemy of Collapse: World work through networks of light, and on making the impossible possible

Author: Daniel Mihai

Editorial Steward: Tamara Mathew

Author's note: Every quote reflects Jonathan Caddy's words, unless otherwise specified.

31 October 2025, Samhain. The veil feels thin. A long-held wish, I am in Findhorn, about to interview Jonathan Caddy, the son of founders Peter and Eileen Caddy, joined by Dr. Marilyn Hamilton, the Chair of the Findhorn Foundation. The sun sets as he arrives at Cullerne House. Accompanied by Dr. Anneloes Smitsman and Dr. Kurt Barnes, we all take our seats as the light thins to embers. The room holds its breath. The sea wind tests the windows like a quiet drum as I press the record button.

Findhorn is small, yet its reach is not. Jonathan names its role, 'a catalyst, small and somewhat insignificant, but it is absolutely essential.'

Findhorn is restructuring, forms and structures are loosening only to strengthen the core. Jonathan sees a chance for fundamental change. He returns to first principles: listen for what needs to happen, then act. The aim is '**world work**,' within, without, and way beyond the village, stretching to the other side, where it is sure to meet itself. Impossible? The work travels on networks of light. Life, people, songs, sites, and stories that keep the field coherent when structures shift. They route attention, care, and capacity to the right places at the right time. The impossible is thus made possible, this is how a small place acts at world scale.

This piece plants two seeds: restructuring should fully free the founders' intent and vision, and the next decade and beyond should evolve and scale it globally. The map and the fuel, the next decade and what is needed now.

World Work

Asked what is the roadmap for the next decade, Jonathan replies: 'Transformation is what we're talking about. We don't know what the new is, really. Because it's not just doing the same old thing, and so it is about exploring what the new might be. We are quite good here in just taking the time to listen to what needs to happen. This place is small, it is insignificant in many ways, and yet it has also been a great catalyst for positive change in the world over decades. It allows people to come together, and new thought, new ways of doing things, and gets things started. So, a catalyst, small and somewhat insignificant but absolutely essential for things to happen. And

we don't know, Marilyn, we don't know, do we?.' Marilyn confirms, 'No, we are working on that, on uncommon ground.' Jonathan continues, 'Yes, we are listening and.. That's right, uncommon ground, but what I do know is that this place has had enough positive impact in the world through many initiatives, and I believe that it will carry on doing that. It's not about sustaining an eco-village here, you know, it isn't about just that, it is about world work, it is about how we can have a positive impact. What I do like about this place is, we don't always get there but we strive, we certainly **strive** to do things a bit differently, we try to think out of the box and put the energy into that.'

Reach shows up far from home. 'I like hitchhiking and I was over in New Zealand a few years ago now... hitchhiking all the way around, and I got in a car and said that I am from Scotland and they would ask me about a place called Findhorn, and then they would tell me all about this place'. Marilyn confirms the wider echo of Findhorn's name, 'See, they did know in other parts of the world, and funny enough I asked here in Glasgow and no one knew about Findhorn', and Jonathan, with a wide smile continues, 'But that's right, very much, and sometimes I would just let them talk about it. There is something here and even if people haven't been here and yet, there is something that has resonated at some point in their life. So yes, there is some connection, there is an openness, people are open to something different. And I think it is working with the subtle realms, with spirit, I mean, they talk about the spirit, okay, that connection in oneself.' Living land, living spirit. 'But also, the connection that Dorothy Maclean described as the connection with the subtle realms of nature as well, it is not about resources, it is the living being of nature.'

Care widens beyond the household. 'And then it is about our connection, not just as nuclear families, but some connection with people. It's about community. How do we treat each other, how do we respect each other, how do we interact with each other? And then it's about that bigger picture.' He offers a clear picture to steer by, naming it. 'It's not about creating some sort of Utopia here, it is about the big picture, positive difference.' Anneloes's and Marilyn's nods set the compass true.

The lesson learned is simple, yet effective. As forms and structures evolve, our commitment to attentive response, to hearing what's needed and moving forward together, maintains coherence in our work.

The Vessel and the Fire

Change heats the work. Forms and structures shift so purpose can deepen, evolve and hold.

When asked about the resources required, opportunities for growth and challenges, Jonathan with a here-we-go smile answers. 'Transformation is fascinating, isn't it? Because you have to leave what has happened before.' The ground feels steep. 'And that is airy, you know, there are no

footholds here anymore, you cannot climb very easily here....' Panic is an easy read. 'You could say, oh, it's a total disaster, everything's falling apart.' He refuses that frame. 'Yeah, that is true, but if you have structures in place you can talk about change, you can fiddle around the edges, but you cannot do fundamental change until structures actually collapse.'

As Jonathan considers the moment of transformation Findhorn faces, he emphasizes the importance of perspective during uncertain times. 'And the key is to actually see that there's a huge opportunity, because so many things are possible. You can either see it as total collapse, or you can see it as the time to actually implement positive change. In terms of what is needed in our community, and I think that it's not just our community actually... because in some ways we're a microcosm of what is happening in many other places, too.'

The task is collective. 'How can we actually come together again, collaborate together... with a diversity of voices, but moving together. I think that's where we're at, Marilyn, you see.' He names the hinge. 'That is fundamental, because once we've got that, anything is possible, I feel. In terms of this place, because I've been here quite a long time, since I was 6 years old, I've seen strange miracles happen. And why? **Because they were tapping into what needs to happen for the greater good.** And you know, we can talk about manifestation...'

From this narrative, it is clear that resources follow spirit, always in the right action. Next, he points to Findhorn's founders. 'Here we were a community of twelve people... my mother for half her life heard an inner voice and this community was founded on that. And my mother received in her guidance that we needed a community centre. We as a family were living on social security, about £10 a week'. Guidance sets the scale. 'So not just a community centre, it was a community centre to cater for 200 people'. Faith met action. 'And you could say, that's absolutely mad and so on.... but my father believed absolutely in my mother's guidance.' The result was plain. 'Money came, and people came.' He widens the word resources. 'If you're doing the right thing, then the resources come, I absolutely believe in that. You know, this world is rich in many ways. Then he lists the parts. 'Resources means not just money, it is people, and it is knowledge, it is understanding....' The field keeps gathering. 'This place in the past has attracted many, and I was very taken by the Climate Change and Consciousness conference that was here, and it's fascinating for me, it comes to my backyard to open talk about change... indigenous people from many different places... all concerned'.

In deep focus, Jonathan continues, 'You see, challenges are the growing edge... it's how we grow, isn't it? It is what forces us to come together to actually see things a bit differently, work together and make the impossible possible.' The stance holds steady. 'What seems to be impossible, we try to make it possible.' He smiles at the edge. 'Like Marilyn here, very positive.' Marilyn fixes the label. 'Yes, I'm a radical optimist.'

In these moments when the world seems to tremble, it is faith, vision, and our willingness to act together that turn collapse into alchemy, proving, again and again, that communities woven with purpose and spirit can make the impossible not just possible, but inevitable.

Networks of Light

Findhorn's impact is grounded in more than social intention or innovation, it arises from an ongoing, living relationship with place, spirit, and unseen energies. The vessel is changing shape so the fire can do its work. The aim: listen, act, receive, move together. Let's effect travel gracefully.

Bathing in the resonance of the moment, Kurt observes. 'It's difficult to be thinking differently than the way you are when you are here. Because the vibration here is such that it transforms your state of being.' He pauses, letting the silence settle, before speaking again. 'Just being here for a short time stirred an inner sense of healing and renewal.'

What Kurt described ignited a deeper realization... echoes beneath thought, as if a secret conversation between soul and place is unfolding. I've been in Findhorn for less than two hours now, and I felt it as well, before I had words for it, a tonic current moving through marrow, blood, bone and breath. The place did not perform, it received me... and in that receiving something unknotted. My chest widened, the small muscles behind the eyes softened, and all the persistent mental noise I've been carrying turned into flow, amplifying focus in the here and now. Time perception changed as well, slow and exact, as if each second carried a drop of medicine and light. The land seemed to remember me better than I remembered myself, and in that recognition the old ache loosened its grip. It works on me like water on stone, patient and absolute. I've been in other places that had this effect before, but Findhorn just feels different, feels special, and quietly calls me home.

Joyful giggles resound in the background. Kurt continues. 'And I was saying, I was just feeling the vibration. I didn't even have to surrender into it, it just happened. And the first time I read about the place, I was reading about it in a French magazine, where they were saying that in Findhorn you manage to grow roses in winter.' Marilyn affirms, 'They grow all year round.' Lux e tenebris, yes, through vitriol, the alchemist's descent, burning away the false to reach the essence of life.

Kurt then shares the feeling of finally arriving. 'To see that and hear it... but in those days there was no way I could come over here. I just thought, one day I could. And today, through all sorts of weird ways, especially through your agency....' Pointing at me, he chuckles. 'We are here. And I can feel this.' Convinced he's arrived at a powerful convergence node, a place where energies meet, Kurt attributes his instant uplifting to this charged ground, and turns to Jonathan. 'Do you have anything like a map of the ley lines and where it would be within the ley lines? Because it might be very interesting to also have a perception of the wholeness of the area.'

Marilyn thinks aloud, 'John Moon probably has those, right?.' Jonathan nods. 'John Moon, also George Ripley who has passed on....' Marilyn searches for the thread of continuity. 'Who would be holding those now?' Jonathan exhales. 'Yeah, that's the question....' Their names lingered in the air, John and George, the architects who gave this place its form.

This relationship with landscape is neither ornamental nor sentimental, it is a real dimension of Findhorn's work, at the intersection of the seen with the unseen, something felt as much as spoken. Kurt shifts to legend. 'You know these old myth stories where the Druids used to go on the big stones surfing on the ley lines?.' Anneloes picks up the thread. 'And dragging their gold on Dragon Lines as well.' Jonathan keeps it present. 'Yeah, I mean it is certainly very much in my consciousness and vocabulary, because there was quite a lot of talk about the lines of power in the landscape. And also, this whole concept of this network of light around the world.'

Jonathan's openness blends the unseen and the seen. He acknowledges. 'My partner, Christine, she was involved with the Holistic Centres Network, and again, connecting centres. Did you have a chance to take a look around?.' Marilyn clarifies. 'No, because they just landed here. So, they landed here and I'm sad because the light is going but....' Everyone laughs lightly, and Jonathan cuts to it. 'We can go straight out and see and feel things'. Marilyn checks the calendar. 'Well, I was looking at what's happening tomorrow for Samhain.' She gives instructions for finding the way around the land and organises dinner plans for the evening.

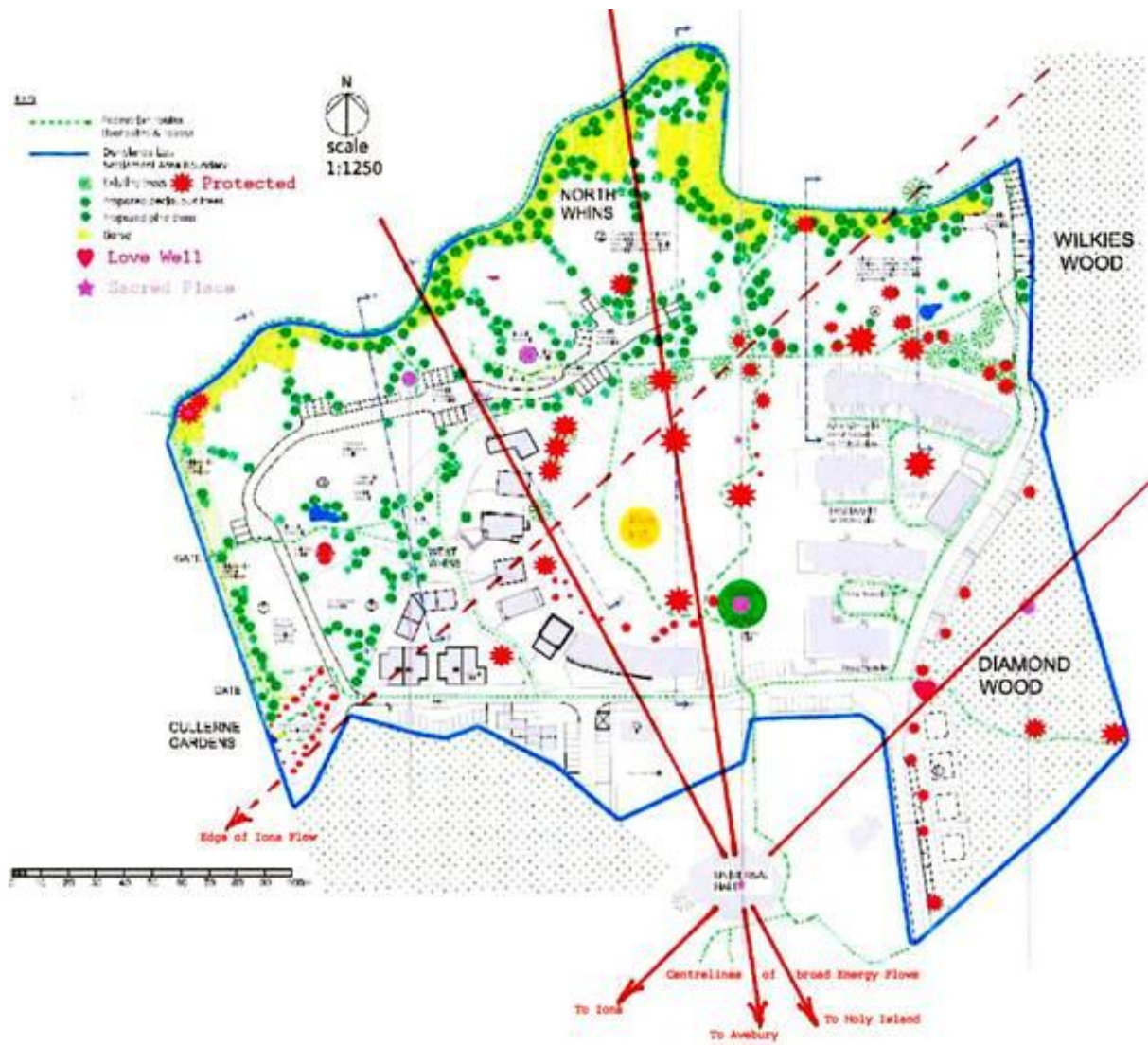
Anneloes feels for the source. 'Is there a sacred well nearby?.' Marilyn replies with a measured calm. 'There is actually a sacred power point right in front of the house, up there.' She points. Jonathan sets the historical stage. 'In terms of sacred wells, in Perth, there was the Pictish capital... Pictish Indigenous people, the Romans called them Pictish because they used to paint their bodies.' Kurt adds context. 'Tattoos, basically. Tattoos in those days.' These stories and sites form living touchstones for the mysterious work of transformation. Jonathan elaborates on place-based symbolism. 'So, there is a special well that is there. But there's a lot of wells, and stones and so on, not necessarily here, but there's lots.'

Anneloes acknowledges the task's vastness. 'Too little time and so much work to do.' As Marilyn texts John Moon, she muses. 'He'll know if there is something here' and ponders who else might know. Reflecting on Findhorn's landscape, Marilyn asks, 'Actually, the Universal Hall... is it not built right smack dab on the convergence of ley lines?.' Jonathan nods to the knowledge passed down. 'That's why I was saying, John Ruth, he may know, he was one of the architects. Indistinct chatter emerges, formulating plans to visit the Universal Hall in the coming day, and the interview concludes.

As Findhorn stands where spirit and story meet, alive to subtle currents and the changing shape of purpose, then what if the real secret is this: that making the impossible possible begins by listening for what only the impossible dares to ask of us?

The Symphony of Sacred Currents

There is a clear and strong sense of a global energetic grid, a network of light around the world as Jonathan calls it, that Findhorn both contributes to and is held by. Mapping this wholeness is not mere esoteric curiosity, but part of understanding Findhorn as a living node in a planetary web. Ancient lines traced not by the hand but by the slow shift of life... earth, water, spirit and legend. At the center lies a unique convergence, broad bands of energy, each running its course from distant, storied places. One field, where its path is extended south, joins Findhorn to Avebury, Stonehenge, Old Sarum, and Salisbury Cathedral. Another strikes out to Holy Island, Lindisfarne, while a third reaches toward Iona Abbey. All pass through the Universal Hall, marking it as the heart of a wide, overlapping web.



Among these, the so-called Janus Line threads a particularly bold arc, cutting from the north of Scotland, through Findhorn, all the way to Stonehenge, connecting places of gathering and reverence across the British landscape. Its course reflects themes of polarity and transition, like its namesake, the Roman god Janus who looks to past and future, this axis is said to hold both memory and possibility. Along the way, the field doesn't simply cross land, but interweaves with other celebrated flows, such as the Michael-Mary and Belinus ley lines, suggesting a rich interconnected and interdependent tapestry.

At Findhorn, attention to these alignments shapes decisions both practical and subtle. Certain power points, those places where energy is felt to rise close to the surface, are left undisturbed, given space, honored by gardens or gatherings. Wells, marked stones, and old trees are recognized as more than heritage, they are kept as living features, binding landscape, story, and the quiet work of caretaking. A habit, to plan and plant, in conversation with what moves unseen, attentive to the currents that have, for centuries, drawn pilgrims, spirits and whispers alike.

The effect extends beyond the physical. The Universal Hall doesn't just sit at the intersection of lines, but hums with the overlap of histories, prayers, song and wide intentions carried from Iona, Lindisfarne, Elgin, and beyond. What results is a place that, far from being isolated, stands as a node in a much larger symphony, a choreography of surface and depth, past and yet-to-come, joining Findhorn to a wider human and more-than-human chorus network of light.

Beneath these converging lines, where presence moves in silence and new shapes coalesce from the old, something long held unfurls quietly, shifting the rhythm of this place until even distant horizons seem to tremble, just on the verge of illuminating the more and more palpable renaissance.

The Earth moves and beats as a single sensing body. Veins of subtle current hum beneath stone and water, and if you listen you can feel them pulsing underfoot. Along these living meridians the great singers travel. Whales stitch their songs to the sea like scores remembered from before memory, turning sound into guidance and guidance into pilgrimage. On land the same routes surface as paths of remembrance, drawing a rosary of sanctuaries across continents. Temples, wells, cairns, cathedrals, each an anchored note on a staff that wraps the world, each proof that people heard what the ground was saying and answered with care. In this score, Findhorn takes its place without swagger, a small note that carries.

Where currents meet, thresholds thin. You arrive and the air cuts clean, bright with attention, as if the place is awake and has noticed you first. Ancestors learned these crossings by sign and sensation, bird flight, water taste, the sudden lift in the chest, and marked them so others could find their way. To stand there is to be scanned by a field both intimate and vast, an invitation to tune your own inner weather to the place. Enter and attune with a living conversation that holds stories, warnings, blessings, and the quiet instructions for harmonious relationships with the

living planet beneath our feet. The Universal Hall hums with this overlap of prayer and pilgrimage, a local chamber in a wide symphony.

Entry and attunement are earned. Clear what is not yours, call your energy home, greet the land, and ask permission. Then align breath, word, and choice until your signal runs clean. Simple tools suffice when the principles are understood, a circle of stones, a staff, a bowl of water. Wells are kept as living features, roots remember the old routes, and certain power points are left undisturbed so the fire can do its work. Offer prayer, song, good work, right relation. Stand at the crossing as a coherent instrument and let the current carry what is needed to the next shore.

Call it a network of light if you like, or as Anneloes calls it, an internet of Nature that routes resonance rather than data, coherence rather than speed. When we attune, we become one more voice in a planetary choir, passing along what is needed from coast to coast, from root to cloud. This is world work at the scale of breath and coastline, listening, aligning, acting, receiving the quiet craft by which a small place acts at world scale and the impossible becomes a fractal impact at a quantum scale.