

CALENDAR 2026

From the innocuous marigold to the conch shell, from the deep sea to the bees, the birds and their complex abodes, to the intricacies of the human body, to the incredible geometry of the solar system, all things big and small in this universe reveal superlative design.

Injecting rhythm, balance and harmony displayed in nature into the human environment remains a vital quest and one of the challenges of this millennium.

With over 30 years of collective experience in transformational research and communication, we at New Concept are geared to meet this challenge head on!

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CALENDAR 2026



Earth's Daughters: Women who Farm the World

Across continents and centuries, women have been central to the making of food systems. They selected seeds, managed water, processed harvests, tended animals and adapted farming to difficult terrains and changing climates. Yet their contributions have often remained invisible—absorbed into family labour, overshadowed by rulers and traders or reduced to ritual symbolism. This calendar seeks to make visible the ecological knowledge embedded in women's everyday work, across cultures and landscapes.

Prepared in the context of 2026 as the International Year of the Woman Farmer, Earth's Daughters moves beyond celebration to documentation. Each leaf presents women not merely as contributors to agriculture, but as custodians of knowledge systems—ways of understanding soil, water, seasons, plants and animals that have sustained communities over generations. These systems were rarely written down; they were learned through practice, memory, and collective experience.

The calendar spans diverse ecologies and regions: maize fields of Mesoamerica; millet landscapes of the Sahel; terraced paddies of Bali; nomadic pastures of Mongolia; cassava farms of the Amazon; potato terraces of the Andes; highland farms of Nagaland; spice plantations of Kerala's ghats; coffee forests of Ethiopia; olive groves of Greece; and northern dairying traditions shaped by cold and scarcity. Across these varied settings, women's labour reveals a shared logic—of care, continuity, and adaptation rather than extraction.

Belief systems and rituals appear as cultural context, embedded within farming systems that organised labour, water, and seasons—while it is everyday work, not faith alone, that sustains agriculture.

A defining feature of this calendar is its visual language. Each leaf is illustrated using art forms rooted in the region it represents—Mongol Zurag, Naga motifs, mural traditions of Kerala and the Andes, Mesoamerican codex styles, and Greek mural aesthetics. These are not decorative choices, but visual systems that carry civilizational memory, much like the practices depicted here.

Running through all 12 leaves is a quiet emphasis on biodiversity and resilience. The calendar shows how diversity was preserved through everyday decisions—what seeds to save, which varieties to plant, how to process and store food, when to move herds, and how to respond when rains fail or winters harden.

For today's social development audience, Earth's Daughters offers more than stories from the past. It presents ways of thinking about food, care, and resilience that remain urgently relevant—reminding us that long before these challenges were named, women across the world were already responding to them, season by season, seed by seed.



*Scan the QR Code
for our earlier calendars*



*scan the QR code
for more information on the calendar*

Seed Keepers of Mexico

Across Mesoamerica, maize was more than food—it was spirit and story. Ancient tales tell of humans shaped from its dough, ‘the people of corn’. A covenant was formed: women as keepers of creation, tending the earth’s heartbeat, nurturing the bond between soil and life.

Seed-keeping was both tradition and instinct. Women saved the plants that withstood drought and pests, cradling that wisdom forward. The strongest cobs were stored in gourds and clay pots, and traded, weaving a living fabric of resilience and diversity. Seeds—precious heirlooms—passed from mother to daughter. Through their quiet science, over 9,000 years, a miracle took shape—the plump, golden cob of modern maize, born from the wild, hard kernels of teosinte.

In Mexico’s villages, these guardians still maintain seed banks of maize, beans, and squash. Every tortilla, every popcorn kernel, honours these unknown curators. In an age of hybrid seeds and corporate control, their work reminds us that biodiversity begins with care.

The Mexican seed keeper is not a figure lost in time. She labours still, rooted in Oaxaca’s dry hills. When men migrate to cities, she remains to tend coffee and corn. Around her grow garlic, avocado, banana, and mandarin—intercropped against drought, defying climate change. Through cooperatives, she rebuilds soil, revives water, and grows a future from resilience and hope.

This custodian still walks the furrows, hands sifting kernels, her memory alive with centuries of ecological wisdom. She embodies the truth that farming is not just the tending of land—but the nurturing of life itself.



Mesoamerica (“middle America”), the historical region in Central and southern-North America hosted ancient civilizations before the Spanish conquest.

Oaxaca (wuh-HA-kuh), in Southeastern Mexico, home to indigenous groups, features rugged mountains, canyons, and arid central valleys. Its varied altitudes create diverse ecosystems, though only 9% of the land is arable.



January 2026

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The Women who Made the World Edible

A tiny seed jar, a quiet gesture, a forgotten goddess—and a transformation that fed civilizations. How did Mesoamerican women turn hard, wild kernels into the maize that shaped humanity?



New Songs Waft above the Rice Paddies



Early spring, as the air comes alive with the promise of cherry blossoms drifting up the mountains, paddy seeds are sown in soft, marshy paddies and terraces—an act as old as Japan itself. The hills gleam with water; the air hums with song. In May, laughter and song ripple across the terraces as men and women kneel to transplant the “staff of life.” Centuries ago, Matsuo Bashō heard that cadence and wrote a *hokku*: ‘*the beginning of all art –/ in the deep north/ a rice-planting song.*’

Through the humid months, women bend and labour under straw hats—steady, unending, limbs submerged in glistening water. They sing as they weed, irrigate, and tend tender shoots from pests—songs that rise above the valleys like birds taking flight. The illustrious Konishi Raizan evoked an idyll: “*girls planting paddy: / only their song / free of mud.*”

By autumn’s end, women work with men in golden fields to harvest, thresh, and store the grain, their labour unseen but essential. For centuries women worked doubly—under the sun and patriarchy—bearing the weight of family, field, and expectations.

Mechanisation eased their backs but silenced their songs. Women vanished from the fields they once sustained. Yet, new voices are rising. Across Japan, women are reclaiming the soil, founding farms and food ventures rooted in sustainability and care—organic, chemical-free, born of both tradition and non-conformance.

Where once the proverb warned, “*A bad wife brings a hundred years of bad harvest,*” today, it is women who promise a renewed future.



Matsuo Bashō, from 17th century Japan is credited with making haiku a revered form of poetry, bringing simplicity and depth of meaning to this 17-syllable form. He elevated the hokku, the first verse of a longer poem – the renga – into an independent genre, the haiku.

Konishi Raizan, a distinguished haiku poet from Osaka, from the latter half of 17th century Japan.



February 2026



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The Songs that Built a Nation

In these quiet, water-filled terraces, women once planted rice to a song so old it shaped Japanese art. Why did the music fade—and who is reviving it?

Art inspired by Japanese woodblock prints, or Mokuhanga.



Daughters of the Sahel – Custodians of the First Grains

The Harmattan is a very dry wind that blows in West Africa bringing relief from heat and humidity, and is hence called “the doctor wind”.

*Calabashes are the dried, hard-shelled fruits of the calabash tree (*Crescentia cujete*) or bottle gourd (*Lagenaria siceraria*) used to make cups, bowls, containers and musical instruments.*

The griots are a class of West-African travelling poets, musicians, and storytellers who preserve oral history and culture.



At first light, when the *harmattan* refreshes the arid land, women step out with their calabashes and seed sacks. The Sahel—a vast, quiet ribbon of thirsty earth wedged amid the great African desert and forests—waits for their touch. Amid the chirps of migrant birds and insects, they press millet seeds into the cracked soil, humming songs of griots older than memory. Each seed a promise whispered to the wind, a bargain with the sky.

The women know the rains are fickle. “The millet grows even when the rain is a rumour,” they say of their hardy grains, smiling beneath headscarves faded by sun and years. While men travel to cities or camps beyond the horizon, the women stay. They guard the grain, mend the wells, coax life from the earth with patience that outlasts years-long droughts. Children cling to their mothers, as they thresh and winnow, laughter mingling with the beat of wooden mortars.

The fields shimmer gold in good years, a parched dusty ochre in bad ones, yet the women never stop. In the land once crossed by our first ancestors they stand tall, the guardians of the millet—the mother grain, the hunger-healer. They work as one—daughters of the Sahel—sharing resources and wisdom, sowing fortified millet, greens and shepherding small livestock with grace and hope across a land that tests their faith.

“A woman is like a calabash,” says a Malian proverb. “She carries life and wisdom.” And when she scatters seeds under the unforgiving sky, she is sowing more than food—she is sowing the future.





The Grain that Defies the Sky

In this sun-scorched land, they pound and sift a grain that grows even when rain is only a rumour. What gives Sahelian women and their families the strength to survive the impossible?

March 2026

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Women of the Spice Hills who Enriched Empires

In the mist-wrapped Western Ghats of Kerala, where sunlight dapples the forest floor, women walk through green corridors of cardamom, cinnamon, nutmeg, clove, and pepper. Their hands, scented with the earth's secret oils, carry a legacy older than empires. For over two millennia, these slopes have whispered to merchants from Babylon, Egypt, Rome, and Arabia—drawn not by gold, but by the fragrance of spice.

Kerala, the ancient “Garden of Spices,” traded its treasures through the vanished port of Muziris, where gold-laden Roman ships once waited at the mouth of the Periyar, to return with expensive pepper and dreams. Even when floods swallowed the harbour, the spirit of the spice women endured, keeping alive their green rhythm.

In Idukki and Wayanad, men still tend and prune vines and roots, coaxing pepper vines skyward, while the women harvest jade-green cardamom pods. Their labour seasons the world—flavouring food, scenting perfume, healing bodies, and blessing rituals. Cardamom, the “queen of spices,” is said to have sprung from the anklets of a Goddess, blessing the soil with abundance. Turmeric glows with her gold, while clove buds breathe their warm perfume in the groves, where mainly women harvest spices since it's believed that this helps retain their fragrance.

Across centuries, Kerala's spices have travelled the world, yet their heart remains here—in the hands of its women farmers and the collective, who turn soil into gold, fragrance into faith, and every harvest into a myth that began before history, and still perfumes the wind.



The Fragrance that Moved Empires

In these spice-laden hills, a single gesture could change the scent of a pod.
Will Kerala's women and men tell us what magic drew empires to Muziris?

April 2026

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Art inspired by Kerala's temple murals
or Keralैया chumarchithram.



Northern Guardians of the Hearth and Byre

Fjords (fyord) are long, narrow sea inlets with steep sides, that have been ground by glaciers.

Byre is the cowshed. Viking longhouses housed the entire farm's population, including animals for protection from the cold and thieves.

Skyr "sktar" (skeer) is a thick, tangy soft cheese made from curdled milk with the whey separated.

Mead (meed), an alcoholic drink made from honey and water, fermented using wild yeast, flavoured with herbs or spices.

Bog butter are lumps of butter preserved safely in peatlands or bogs.

Runestones are large stones erected in memory of valiant warriors, kin killed in battle, found across Viking lands.



In the invisible realms between sea and sky, where fjords cut deep and Norse winters linger long, Viking women quietly mastered the art of survival. While men chased distant horizons in their longships, tended fields, harvested and mended boats and tools, the women stayed close to the earth—growing hay, barley, and oats; mending houses and fences; tending cattle; spinning wool; and keeping the home fires bright, even as Höðr, God of winter, darkened the northern skies.

They were *húsfreyjur*—ladies of the house, rulers of hearth and byre. Their wealth lay not in silver, but in pails of warm milk drawn from cows, goats, and sheep. From it they conjured life for the lean months: butter golden as sunlight, cheese salted like the sea, and *skyr*—thick, tangy, and enduring as the land. Using whey and curd to preserve meat, they practised the alchemy of endurance wrought by steady hands.

Each season had its rhythm: milking at frosty dawns, cutting hay for winter, churns thudding softly through long twilight hours. When the warriors returned in harvest season, it was to the bounty women guarded—the larders full, warm woven cloth, the scent of ripening cheese, the “bog butter” buried in peat, the mead sweetened with honey.

Runestones and sagas praise warriors, as immemorial are the songs sung in homesteads. There, amid smoke and lowing cattle, women bound the world together—feeding kin, weaving warmth, and smoothening life's cadence through every storm. Their legacy endures in every spoon of *skyr*, every echo of the churn, every hearth that still remembers their hands.



May 2026

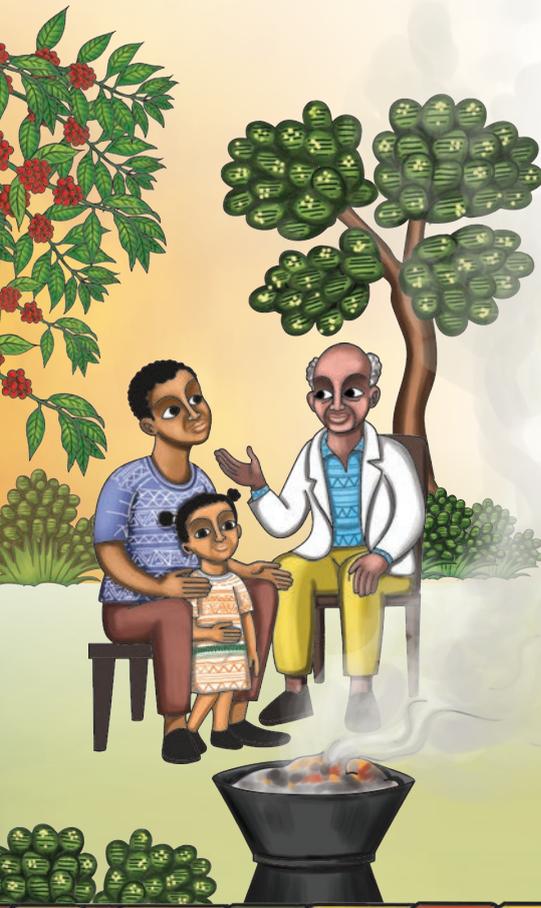
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The Hands that Kept Winter Away

Look closely at these quiet scenes—churning, feeding, harvesting. One simple craft here helped Viking families survive winters harsher than legend. What spirit of endurance lies in this picture?



Breaking New Ground – Ethiopian Coffee Cultivators



In Ethiopia's emerald highlands—where lion-maned Geladas roam and clouds drift low among cliffs—wild coffee once took root in the earth's dreamy heart. From two ancient strains, nurtured by time's long hush, rose *Coffea arabica*, the bean that refreshes the world. The Oromo say a God's tears birthed it; others tell of Kaldi's goats, dancing after tasting its red drupes. From those berries spread a fragrance that would one day enchant the world.

Across the green highland slopes, women have long sorted berries, ripening flavours under sun and song, hearts bound to harvest and tradition. In homes and at weddings, the *buna* ceremony still honours guests: incense curls upward, beans roast and crackle, and from the terracotta *jebena*, the matriarch pours shimmering liquid notes of coffee into cups. Three rounds mark pleasantries, banter, and blessing. Through *buna*, women keep Ethiopia's social rhythm alive.

Yet beyond custom and quiet ritual, a new dawn brews. Women once silenced, now work on farms, roast their own blends and coach others. Together with the community they prune old trees, plant vetiver to hold the hills, and return life to the barren soil. In towns, they open *jebena buna* cafés for travellers seeking the warmth of Ethiopia's heart—turning heritage into livelihood, ritual into art.

Each fragrant cup of Arabica—mellow with citrus, berry, and spice—carries their triumph: the endurance and quiet revolution of women reimagining coffee, and with it, their own future.



The Gelada is a striking baboon found only in the Ethiopian Highlands.

The Oromo say coffee sprang from the God Waaqa's tears, while another story credits Kaldi, a goatherd who noticed his goats energised by the berries, revealing coffee's stimulant effects.

The popular Ethiopian Coffea arabica (2.25 billion cups drunk globally, daily) arose from C. canephora-C. eugenioides hybridisation six million years ago.

In a buna ceremony women burn incense, brew coffee in a terracotta jebena, serving three rounds—abol, tona, and baraka—in small sini cups with sprigs of aromatic herb tenadam (Ruta chalepensis) and lively conversation.



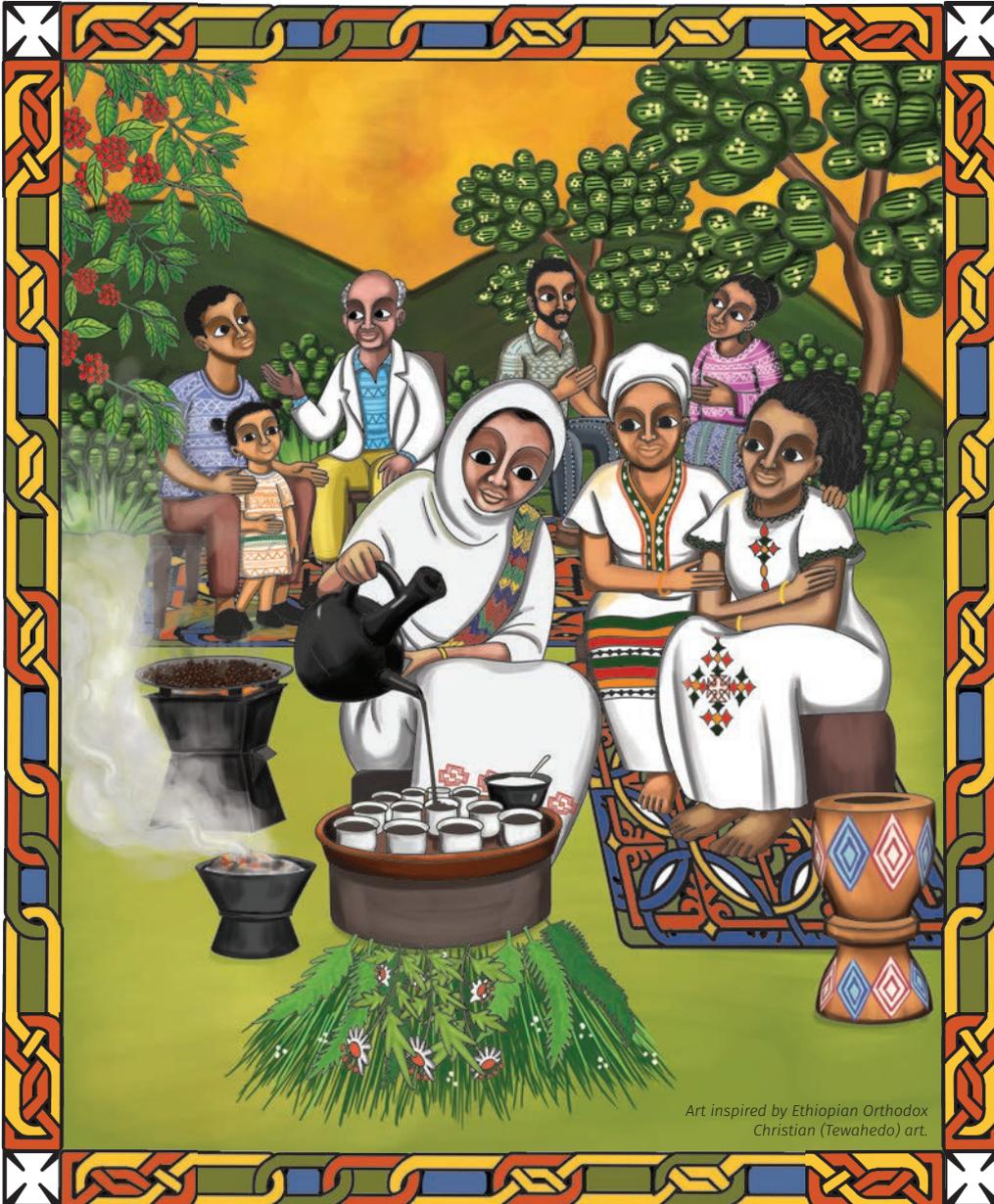
Where the World's Coffee First Breathed

Look at this quiet circle: smoke, beans, a steady hand pouring from a jebena, patterns stitched in old Ethiopian embroidery. What ancient secret, alive in the buna ceremony, shaped every cup we drink today?

June 2026

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Art inspired by Ethiopian Orthodox
 Christian (Tewahedo) art.



Daughters of the Paddies – Weavers of Water and Life

Jatiluwi, a UNESCO World Heritage site in Bali, Indonesia, is renowned for its beautiful rice terraces showcasing the ancient Balinese Subak irrigation system.

Subak is an ancient Balinese communal irrigation system for rice paddies, overseen by priests, that promotes ecological balance and community cooperation.

Dewi Danu, the Goddess of the waters, Dewi Sri, the Goddess of fertility, fortune and rice fields are worshipped along with Wisnu and other Gods in Bali.

At dawn, when mist hovers over Jatiluwi's sculpted terraces, the women step barefoot into the paddies. Their laughter carries through the valley as they plant, weed, and harvest, hands moving in rhythm with the flowing water. Here, farming is not a task but a discourse – between the women, land and water.

In Bali, women are both cultivators and keepers of the island's intricate *subak* network—a cooperative system that channels mountain springs through temples and canals to every field. Together with men, they decide planting cycles, share irrigation, and offer small tokens of gratitude at the shrines that guard each terrace. Theirs is an unbroken partnership of labour and reverence.

Before planting, they prepare seedbeds; at harvest, they cut the ripened grain with crescent knives, singing songs that carry both prayer and pride. Ritual blends seamlessly with work—the offering of rice, the sharing of water, the laughter at dusk as bundles are tied and lifted home.

The goddesses of rice and water, Dewi Sri and Dewi Danu, still inhabit their imagination, but it is the women's care that keeps the paddies alive. Through droughts, floods, and changing times, they sustain the balance between nature and need. Their strength, not only their faith, ensures that Bali's fields stay green, its granaries full, and its harmony intact.





July 2026

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Where the Waters Listen

In these emerald terraces, a ritual at dawn decides more than blessings—it guides the flow of water itself. What age-old knowledge hides in this quiet circle of hands and offerings?

Art inspired by Bali's unique
Batik Bali textile art.

Resilient Women Anchoring a Nomadic Life

Across Mongolia's boundless steppe, herders on horseback guide their "Five Snouts" like slow, living currents beneath the wide sky. Men guard the flocks, their *khomei* echoing the wind; women—strong riders and sharp marksmen when needed—anchor life around the gher.

At first light, they milk cows, mares, and yaks, then prepare *buuz* dumplings or warm *khailmag* in the morning chill, while *aaruul* cheese dries on the roof. In spring and autumn, their shears sing against sheep's wool and yak hair. Their fingers glide through the goats' soft undercoat, combing the cashmere that travels the world.

They churn mare's milk in a cowhide container until it ferments into mild *airag*, or distil it into clear, deceptively strong *shimiin arkhi* for honoured guests. Around them, the household breathes: children learn, fires glow, and songs and herbal remedies pass softly to the next generation. Women help guide each migration's timing and each choice of pasture, drawing on knowledge honed across seasons.

Yet the land grows more fragile. Each winter, the *dzud* buries herds beneath deep snow; summers scorch the grass and shrink the streams. Mining encroaches on trusted pastures. Women answer with calm resolve—saving fodder, restoring springs, diversifying herds, and stitching ancient knowledge into new survival practices.

Girls ride from pasture to school and back, returning with wider horizons. Women lead cooperatives, speak for the land, and help decide how a family will endure. As the young drift toward towns and cities, grandmothers keep the rituals alive. Amidst change, the women lift and steady Mongolia's nomadic spirit, keeping it from unravelling in the wind.



Horses, camel, sheep, goats and cows (or yak) are the "Five Snouts" of the Mongol herdsman.

Khomei, a distinctive Mongolian traditional throat-singing art, produces harmonic tones that echo natural sounds, including "steppe winds blowing."

Gher, the portable, circular dwelling of Mongolian nomads, also called yurt.

Khailmag is a sweet, milk-based dish traditionally had at breakfast.

Dzud, a weather pattern of dry summers followed by bitter, snow-packed winters, now worsened by climate change, which buries and kills millions of herd animals each year.

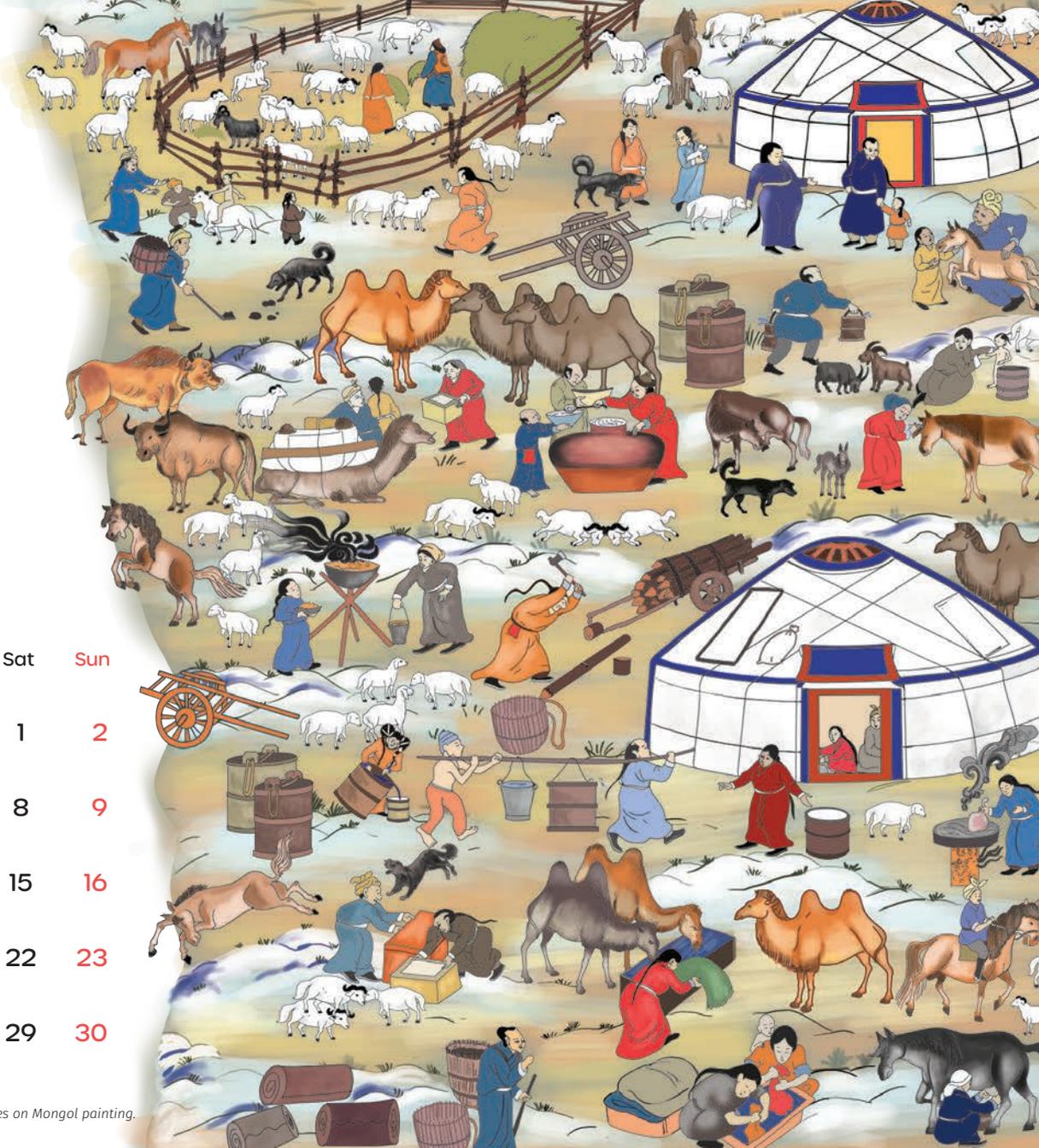


The Centre of the Steppe

In this Mongol Zurag scene, a whirl of animals, seasons, and daily tasks fills the steppe. Yet one presence anchors it all. What unseen work keeps Mongolia's nomadic life from unravelling?

August 2026

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Earth to Hearth – A Wholesome Tuber Rooted in Hearts



Across South America's vast green heart, people have long grown *mandioca*—the ancient manioc that hides a nourishing core beneath its earthy skin. In the fields, men and women alike endure harsh sun, sudden rains, new pests, and weary soils. The mothers who once coaxed this nutritious root from the wild Amazon still use that timeless knowledge to feed their families.

Women work with a quiet, enduring grace. With digging sticks they plant cuttings, with woven baskets they gather, and with the long braided *tipiti* press they gently draw out the root's hidden poisons. Around their homes, the soft rhythms of grating, drying, and roasting rise like forest songs, turning into *farinha*, *tucupi*, *casabe* and warm meals that sustain their families.

Women often carry the heaviest load—planting, processing, selling—while caring for home and children. Men too feel the strain of uncertain markets and changing weather. Yet together they stand by this ancient crop that never abandons them, a root that can rest safely in the soil for up to two years.

From Brazil, manioc crossed oceans. Today it fills bowls in Africa and faraway lands—becoming *fufu*, *garri*, *chikwangu*, and rich stews that comfort the hungry. Its gentle, nutrient-rich starch heals the gut and strengthens the body.

Rooted in women's labour and love, manioc continues to nourish the world.



Tipti is a Brazilian tube-shaped wicker press that extracts juice from mashed cassava. The pulp is packed inside and the device is stretched to squeeze out liquid, an essential step in preparing cassava food and drinks.

Farinha is a Brazilian flour of roasted or toasted cassava.

Tucupi is a Brazilian fermented yellow broth made from cassava.

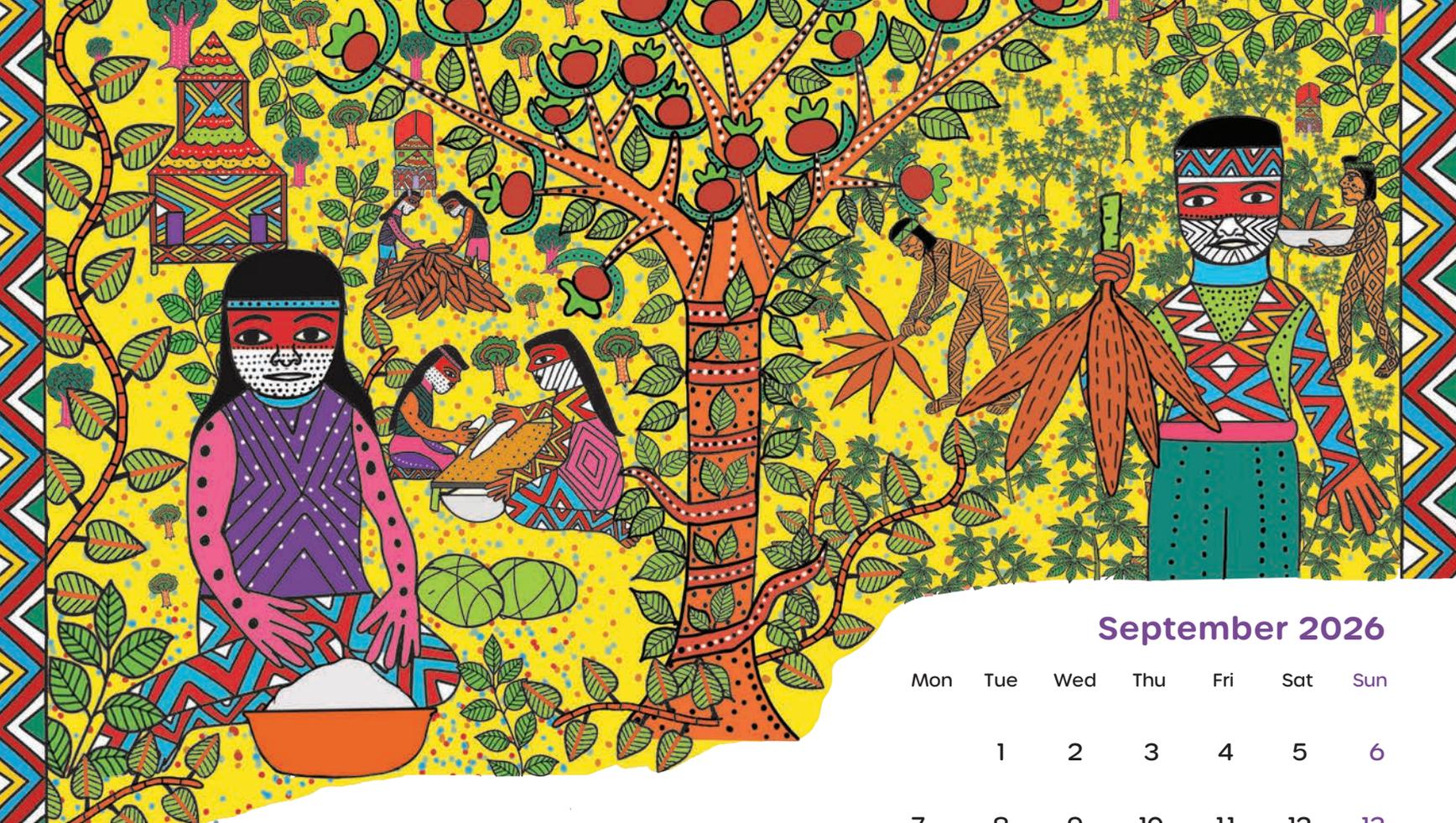
Casabe is a Brazilian tortilla of grated cassava with sweet or savoury fillings.

Fufu is an African soft, sticky, dough-like paste made by pounding cooked fermented cassava.

Garri is an African granular flour made from gelatinised, fermented, and sieved cassava.

Chikwangu is sour, fermented African cassava paste with a long shelf-life, wrapped in cassava, banana, or colocasia leaves. Originally made by indigenous South Americans to preserve cassava flour, it is called *baton de manioc* there.





Art inspired by art of the MAHKU
(Movimento dos Artistas Huni Kuin)
indigenous artists.

The Root that Hid Two Faces

Watch these hands peeling, grating, pressing. Somewhere in this picture lies a hidden alchemy – the knowledge that turned a toxic root into life-giving farinha and meals across continents. What was it?

September 2026

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Stewards of the Thousand-Coloured Tuber

High in Peru's rarefied Andean highlands, where mountains rise sharp against the thin air, farmers still mend the same stone terraces—the *andenes*—their ancestors carved to create warm pockets against frost. The hands of women move with practiced ease through plots bright with purples, golds, and reds: echoes of thousands of potato landraces, once tiny and mildly poisonous, first coaxed from these slopes by indigenous peoples millennia ago. Here, the potato has always been more than food; it is memory, ritual, and survival.

Each family contributes to the quiet guardianship of the *ayllu*—a shared way of life binding people, land, and sacred mountains. Together they tend varieties with names like Puma's Fist and Llama's Nose. Women still spread potatoes beneath freezing night skies to make *chuño*, and teach children to read the clouds as their ancestors once read the stars. In community fields and farmer schools, they now learn new tools too: pheromone traps, seed selection, and ways to respond to shifting rains and pests driven upslope by climate change. Knowledge flows both ways—rooted in the past, reshaped by the present.

Their work is pragmatic, not heroic. With partners and neighbours, they save what can be saved, adapt where they must, and nurture what has long sustained them, guided by the ideal of *suma qausay*—well-being for all that surrounds them.

The potato, born of ancient hybrid origins and now feeding communities oceans away, still depends on these highland stewards, who tend biodiversity plant by plant, season by season.



Andenes are ancient hillside terraces built by pre-Incan and Inca societies to expand farmland, reduce erosion, and regulate temperature with stone walls, enabling cultivation of crops that can withstand frost.

Ayllus: Farmers of that region strive towards harmony between three "ayllus," or communities: the biological realm, people and the sacred mountains.

Sumaq kausay, or "harmonious existence" (Quechua language) is an Indigenous Andean philosophy and worldview emphasising living in balance with nature, community, and the sacred.



October 2026

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Farming Above the Clouds

These stacked terraces climb into thin air and freezing nights. What knowledge lets farmers grow food here—and why do these potatoes come in so many unexpected colours?



Where Women Tend Farms and Songs of the Highlands

In the rugged highlands of Nagaland, where many tribal communities live close to forested hills, farming is more than labour—it is lineage and life's rhythm. Most families depend on the land, growing vegetables, rice, millet, maize, pulses, and the fiery Naga Mircha on jhum slopes and terraced hillsides.

Among the Chakhesang and neighbouring communities, the ancient Zabo system shows how forests and fields breathe as one. Rain captured in hilltop catchments gathers in ponds, flows past homes and livestock enclosures enriched with manure, and finally nourishes paddies, fishponds, and fields. Men and women maintain each step of this carefully balanced cycle together.

At dawn, women—who form a large part of the agricultural workforce—step onto the soil. They tend jhum fields where alder trees restore nutrients and shifting rotations allow the land to heal. On terraces, they plant and transplant by the cues of cicadas and cuckoos, following calendars written not on paper but in nature's pulse.

Men work alongside, taking on many of the most strenuous tasks—cutting terraces, clearing jhum plots, building channels, harvesting, and experimenting with newer crops like kiwi and plum. While land ownership and formal decisions often rest with men, women carry the daily responsibility of cultivation, seed care, and continuity.

They remain the keepers of seeds and biodiversity, curating millet, rice, and heirloom maize, exchanging seeds across villages, and sustaining an ethic of sharing that once defined community life.

Amid climate change and shrinking commons, the women of Nagaland stand as quiet architects of food security—earth-keepers whose labour safeguards both harvest and heritage.



Jhum, or shifting slash-and-burn cultivation, involves clearing and burning forest land for short-term farming, which is then left fallow to regenerate before farmers move to a new plot.

Zabo means "impounding water", where farmers cleverly collect rainwater from forested hilltops, channel it through home ponds, pass it through livestock enclosures (enriching it with nutrients), and then use it to irrigate terraced rice paddies and then fill fish ponds or fish pits in fields during the dry season.





November 2026

Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

Where Seeds Learn to Sing

Framed by Naga agricultural motifs, baskets of grain and drying maize fill this scene. What quiet knowledge, guarded between home and field, keeps these highland farms alive?

Art inspired by everyday life in Naga villages.

From Goddesses to Groves – Harvesting the Past, Sustaining the Future



On the rich-palettet slopes of Greece, green-grey olive groves cling to mountainsides above the shimmering azure sea. For millennia, families have worked these arbourted hills, heirs to a tradition rooted deep in Mediterranean civilisation. Their days begin early, tending groves that once fed empires, lit temples, and scented rituals and games alike.

Here, olives are not merely fruit but Athena’s gift—still offering shade, sustenance, and “liquid gold.” Families labour together: men climb ladders, shake branches, and haul heavy sacks down stony paths; women gather olives, sort those bound for table or press, and cure them with patient skill honed over generations.

After harvest, the work continues at home. Bread is baked with fragrant early-pressed oil, stews simmer as they might have around Homeric hearths, grapes dry into raisins, and wine ferments in cool chambers. These rhythms bind grove to household, season to memory.

Yet women’s labour reaches beyond house and hillside. They remember which trees bore after last year’s winds, which slopes hold moisture, and which grandmother’s brine softens bitter drupes for winter feasts. They adapt to rising heat, uncertain rains, and shifting seasons, carrying knowledge that steadies both grove and home.

Like the gnarled olive tree—rooted, resilient, shaped by centuries—they endure. Their hands carry forward the quiet genius of generations, ensuring oil still gleams in amphorae, hillsides remain green, and the Greek table retains the taste of sea wind, sun, and ancient land.



According to Greek mythology, the Goddess Athena won a new city’s patronage over Poseidon by offering the first cultivated olive tree, leading to the city being named Athens.

Homer, the legendary Greek poet of The Iliad and The Odyssey, often portrays the hearth—sacred to Goddess Hestia—as a symbol of home, family, safety and social order.

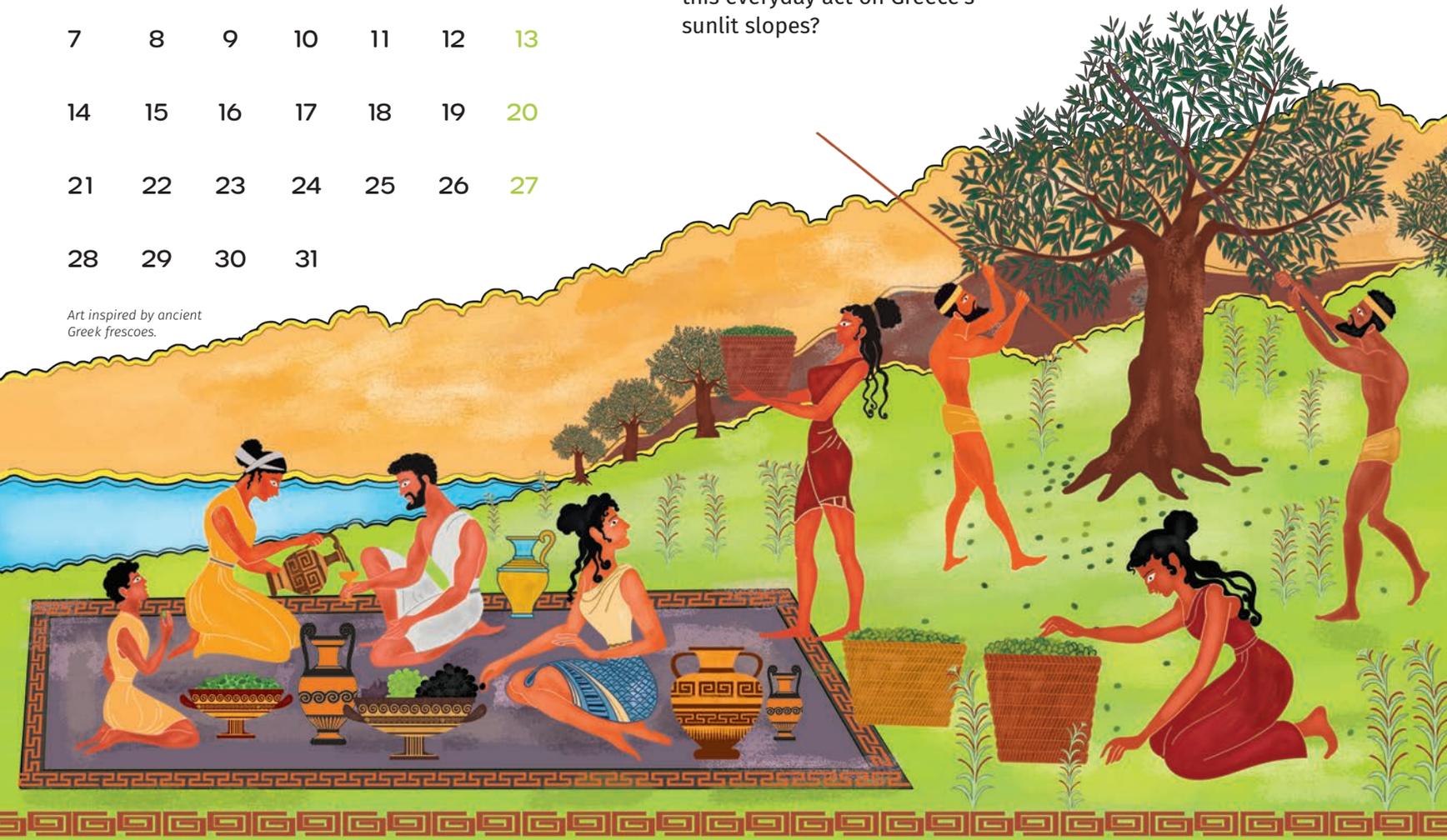
December 2026

Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

Art inspired by ancient
Greek frescoes.

When the Olive Falls

Look closely: poles, falling olives, careful sorting—all drawn in the rhythm of Greek mural art. What enduring wisdom hides in this everyday act on Greece's sunlit slopes?



2027

JANUARY					FEBRUARY					MARCH					APRIL								
MON		4	11	18	25	MON	1	8	15	22	MON	1	8	15	22	29	MON		5	12	19	26	
TUE		5	12	19	26	TUE	2	9	16	23	TUE	2	9	16	23	30	TUE		6	13	20	27	
WED		6	13	20	27	WED	3	10	17	24	WED	3	10	17	24	31	WED		7	14	21	28	
THU		7	14	21	28	THU	4	11	18	25	THU	4	11	18	25		THU	1	8	15	22	29	
FRI	1	8	15	22	29	FRI	5	12	19	26	FRI	5	12	19	26		FRI	2	9	16	23	30	
SAT	2	9	16	23	30	SAT	6	13	20	27	SAT	6	13	20	27		SAT	3	10	17	24		
SUN	3	10	17	24	31	SUN	7	14	21	28	SUN	7	14	21	28		SUN	4	11	18	25		
MAY					JUNE					JULY					AUGUST								
MON	31	3	10	17	24	MON		7	14	21	28	MON		5	12	19	26	MON	30	2	9	16	23
TUE		4	11	18	25	TUE	1	8	15	22	29	TUE		6	13	20	27	TUE	31	3	10	17	24
WED		5	12	19	26	WED	2	9	16	23	30	WED		7	14	21	28	WED		4	11	18	25
THU		6	13	20	27	THU	3	10	17	24		THU	1	8	15	22	29	THU		5	12	19	26
FRI		7	14	21	28	FRI	4	11	18	25		FRI	2	9	16	23	30	FRI		6	13	20	27
SAT	1	8	15	22	29	SAT	5	12	19	26		SAT	3	10	17	24	31	SAT		7	14	21	28
SUN	2	9	16	23	30	SUN	6	13	20	27		SUN	4	11	18	25		SUN	1	8	15	22	29
SEPTEMBER					OCTOBER					NOVEMBER					DECEMBER								
MON		6	13	20	27	MON		4	11	18	25	MON	1	8	15	22	29	MON		6	13	20	27
TUE		7	14	21	28	TUE		5	12	19	26	TUE	2	9	16	23	30	TUE		7	14	21	28
WED	1	8	15	22	29	WED		6	13	20	27	WED	3	10	17	24		WED	1	8	15	22	29
THU	2	9	16	23	30	THU		7	14	21	28	THU	4	11	18	25		THU	2	9	16	23	30
FRI	3	10	17	24		FRI	1	8	15	22	29	FRI	5	12	19	26		FRI	3	10	17	24	31
SAT	4	11	18	25		SAT	2	9	16	23	30	SAT	6	13	20	27		SAT	4	11	18	25	
SUN	5	12	19	26		SUN	3	10	17	24	31	SUN	7	14	21	28		SUN	5	12	19	26	