

# COMMON SENSE CHRONICLE;

ON THE FOLLOWING INTERESTING  
S U B J E C T S :

- I. Of our PURPOSE in writing Common Sense Chronicle.
- II. Of Important Information on Honeybees
- III. Of the Dangers of Cross Breeding and Genetically modifying
- IV. Of the sad story of Good Farmers and their plight.
- V. Of one Recipe from the famous homebaked goods of the Common Sense Store.

NEW EDITION: of a series of publications appealing to the Common Sense  
In the soul of every man that can be touched by simple Illustrations  
In nature as seen in its relation to eternal truths.

From the corporate and gathered Wisdom of the people dwelling in the  
Unity of the Commonwealth of Israel in communities all over Planet Earth

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*Eat Honey my son, for it is good...  
So shall the knowledge of wisdom be to your soul...*

PROVERBS

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PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS

FEB. 2001

FREE

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# INTRODUCTION

In 1776 Thomas Paine published the single most important pamphlet of the Revolutionary War period named, simply, *Common Sense*. Although the struggle for our nation's independence had been going on for a long time already, many colonists still weren't sure why they were fighting or which side to be on. Paine's booklet appealed to the "common sense" in every man, simply explaining the reasons for the conflict and made its purpose crystal clear – the colonists had the *right* to be totally independent from English tyranny. This short persuasive piece opened the eyes of thousands and encouraged them to rally together to defeat a far superior foe, thus enabling the nation we are today to come about. It was nothing but common sense.

Now, over 200 years later, we at the *Common Ground Café* are introducing *The Common Sense Chronicle*. It is a part of a series of papers that make just that same appeal to the common sense in human beings to find simple solutions to many troubling issues. In the busyness of today, and the rapidly changing society we live in, including even the food we eat, there is a *way* that makes *common sense*. Our hope in this paper is to provoke your *common sense* and cause you to consider the simple things that speak to your spirit and soul, even what goes into your body. We do not prescribe remedies, just give the common sense way of looking at things... if you find anything written in our Common Sense Chronicle to be a "remedy" for any of your ills it will certainly make us glad.

Please feel free to take a copy home with you, or write down your comments for our suggestion box, or come to one of our evening open forums at this café.

Your friends at the *Common Ground Cafés*  
& *Wholesome Food Stores*



*My son, eat honey because it is good,  
And the honeycomb which is sweet to your taste;  
So shall the knowledge of wisdom be to your soul;  
If you have found it, there is a future, And your  
hope will not be cut off.*

*Proverbs 24: 13 & 14*

# *Bee Knowledgeable*

It is no exaggeration to say that a bee will work itself to death and literally wear out its wings. In the height of a honey season when the nectar is flowing and honey is being stored, the life span of the bee is 30 days. Worker bees with tattered wings die of exhaustion and are replaced daily by the vast amounts of eggs laid constantly by the queen bee.

You will be amazed at the effort put out by these minuscule giants. 10,000 bees is equivalent in weight to 1kg (2.2lb). So one bee weighs about 0.1g (0.0035oz). With every flight, one bee will carry its own weight in nectar on a very good day. This is about 0,1g (0.0035oz) of nectar. If a bee were to make 100 flights a day, this would represent 10g (0.35oz) of nectar a day. Multiply this by the 30 days that our little friend lives and it would be 300g of nectar, which is 90% humidity. Only 10% of the nectar is converted to actually honey. This means that in its lifetime of 30 days, the honey production of this tireless worker is 30g (1.05oz) of actual honey. It is of no surprise, and we can marvel that it has been said that in a lifespan of a bee it produces a teaspoon of honey. What a tremendous creature. This can also help us understand the meaning behind the common sense saying, busy as a bee.

Every single worker in the hive is totally occupied with a particular function. Nurse bees tend to the young. Handmaidens to the queen meet all her needs. A force of workers keep the whole complex tidy and clean. Propolis is applied in all the gaps and necessary places and serves as an antiseptic and overall environment disinfectant. There are guards stationed at the entrance keeping an eye on the entering and exiting of every individual. Each individual hive has a peculiar scent. All members take it on. When an intruder attempts to enter, his different scent

gives him away to the guards, and he is ushered out, sometimes at a deathly toll.

The reason that the varroa mite is not easily detected is that most of them grow up in the hive. Then they attach themselves to the bee, and hitch a ride on their backs. The reproductive cycle of the varroa is intermixed with that of the bees. They co-habitate with the bees and take on their scent, so their entrance is undetected, and their reproduction in the hive devastating.

*Yowceph/Tribe of Shimone/San Sebastian, Spain*

**B**y seeing this example in nature, mankind could learn many valuable lessons. In understanding these natural phenomena we realize how the amazing characteristics of nature were put here by the Creator to give us valuable clues on how to conduct our daily lives. It is for this reason that the Messiah often used references to lessons of nature in teaching the multitudes by means of parables. These parables appeal to the "common Sense" in mankind. These were simple stories intended to communicate deep lessons to the heart of those who had ears to listen. Likewise, let us find the wisdom we need to cope with the pressing problems of today, as we...

## **CONSIDER THE BEE**

The honey bee is a fascinating insect, serving as a testimony to mankind. No one member of the hive lives for itself, functioning instead as a member working for the greater good of the whole. A bee will literally work its wings off and then crawl homeward, expending its life to see the hive continue on. If left to itself, the bee would go on in perfect order, continuing in its function, the irreplaceable pollinator of plants and crops.

However, man was unsatisfied with the created state of things and wanted to alter it to suit his desires. His efforts to improve upon creation to suit his needs have once again proven to lead only to corruption.

<sup>1</sup> European bees, which were brought over to the New World in the 1500s, are not good honey producers in the tropics of Central and South America. In 1956, the Brazilian government commissioned a geneticist to import African honey bees into their country to create a superior bee more suited to the tropical climates. In 1957, bees from 26 experimental colonies headed by African queens swarmed near Sao Paulo, Brazil.

The bees interbred in the wild with the European honey bees, resulting in "Africanized" offspring. The problem is, the offspring took on the more aggressive behavior of the African bees. They have proliferated in the wild and now are migrating northward into Central America, Mexico, and the United States.



The Africanized (killer) bees are responsible for more than 1,000 deaths in South America, Central America, and Mexico. The first verified discovery of a colony in this country was discovered in 1990 in the Rio Grande Valley of Texas. Since that time, six people have been killed and hundreds of attacks against humans and animals have been documented. There have also been verified reports of Africanized bees in Texas, Arizona, California, and Nevada.

The Africanized (killer) bees have the same amount of venom and the poison is no more toxic than that of the European bee. The difference is in behavior. They are far more aggressive if provoked, attacking in bigger swarms and chasing victims for longer distances. Their stinging response is ten times greater than that of European honey bees. Traditional insect repellent sprays have little effect against the so-called "killer bees." One man in Scottsdale, Arizona, sprayed a hive of bees with Raid roach repellent. He managed to kill a few bees, but at the same time ignited about 60-80,000 of the insects into a furious

swarm. Two neighborhood dogs were killed by the swarm, many neighbors were stung, and one man was hospitalized. Public officials are scrambling to calm public fears and prevent widespread panic. What was the response to this man-made problem? Education. Research. Public awareness announcements. News coverage. The introduction of stronger insecticides. All to little avail as this hardy strain of bees develops immunity to these chemical agents.

Tracheal and varroa mites<sup>2</sup> were introduced to America at around the same time as the Africanized bees. Tracheal mites infect the breathing tubes of bees, while varroa mite's camp on the bee's backs, often bringing disease with them. The mites have decimated the domestic bee population, causing reported die-offs ranging between 40 and 80 percent. Only ten percent of all wild honey bee colonies remain within the northeastern United States. Scientists are racing to develop new strategies for controlling the mite problem. Chemical miticides have proven to be less than an ideal solution. Some beekeepers don't want to use chemicals either for environmental or economic reasons. Mites invariably develop resistance to

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<sup>1</sup> <http://www.pbl.uci.edu/winter2000/bio1a.html>

On Africanized bee biology, first introduced to the Americas from Africa by a prominent Brazilian geneticist, Warwick Kerr, in 1956

<sup>2(A)</sup> <http://web.inter.nl.net/hcc/beenet/varroa.htm> No one is sure how it came into the United States but it is most likely that they arrived with queen bees which were brought in illegally. By 1992 Varroa mites have been found in at least 40 of the United States and continue to spread.

<sup>2(B)</sup> <http://www.eurekalert.org/releases/ud-honbee.html>

the Africanized or "killer" bee brought to Brazil. And, the varroa mite may have hitched a ride from Japan to South America, then hopped on the backs of bees headed for the United States, appearing in the United States in 1987.

chemicals, prompting beekeepers to boost the dosage. Too much miticide can kill the bees as well as the mites. The response of man?

Hardier species of Russian bees are being introduced into domestic use. These Russian queens breed with the current stock of European bees to produce offspring twice as resistant to attacks by the varroa mites.

### Do you see a pattern emerging?

As a race, humankind is faced with a complex set of seemingly countless problems. It's as if we were immersed in a storm-tossed sea. Each churning wave threatens to capsize our tiny vessel called "security." Waves pounding on every side, each one greater than the last, threatening to sink the ship. We're about to be overtaken by the tidal waves of problems.

The ingenuity and inventiveness of man is astounding, unsurpassed except perhaps by his arrogance. Man is often so self-confident, he thinks that there is no problem he cannot solve. He seems oblivious to the consequences of his actions, giving any side effects and resulting problems to the scientists and intellectuals to solve.

Think tanks are created. Massive amounts of corporate funding are devoted to try to unlock the mysteries of creation. Research scientists devote entire lifetimes to pursue the answers to single



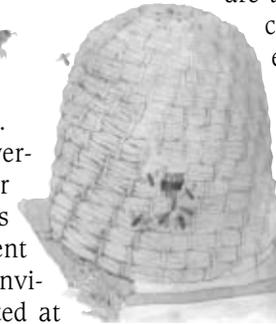
questions. The most promising students at higher learning institutions are given scholarships and are encouraged to push the envelope of current ideas. Professing to be wise, it rather seems he is becoming increasingly foolish.

Mankind remains unable to solve the problems which he creates. His solutions to his own created problems result in creating greater problems than what we began with. Confusing? It certainly is. . .

What lesson can we learn from this modern-day parable of the bees?

Man's solutions up to this point have often been very superficial, dealing only with symptoms of a much deeper problem. His best efforts fail to save himself. He cannot deal with the fundamental problems of the human race: namely, greed and selfishness. These underlying causes are the roots of an endless "bad tree."<sup>1</sup> The problems are merely the fruit of these causes..

Man remains powerless to change himself or the world's problems within the confines of the current social order. The voice of environmentalism remains frustrated at the lack of urgency to do anything, seeing society is not willing to make the necessary sacrifices to effect any sort of lasting change. Religion<sup>2</sup> has taken a back seat in trying to help, rather promising us all relief in "heaven" someday. But



<sup>3</sup> *Bee Mite Biology* Glen R. Needham and Diana Sammataro  
Acarology Laboratory  
484 W. 12th Avenue Biological Sciences Building  
The Ohio State University  
Columbus, OH 43210  
e-mail: [needham.1@osu.edu](mailto:needham.1@osu.edu)

neither of these voices is satisfying to us. We want to see a new social order raised up on the earth in order for earth's problems to truly be rectified. The reality must dawn on us that our own intellect and fallen tendencies are the culprit here, and the One who made the honey bee is the only One who can restore us.

The Bee Hive of this industrious Honey Bee is actually used as a type of what this new social order must be like. The community of bees is likened to the community of his people living together in harmony. It is actually the same word<sup>5</sup> and gives us a clue to how this restored society should function. This hive would be the witness that would bear the good fruit of a good tree.<sup>4</sup> The possibility for this hive to be infested, and infected<sup>5</sup> is a solemn warning that this community is a city under siege and must always be on guard, like the bees, to maintain the health of the hive.<sup>6</sup> It is essential that we find the "knowledge of wisdom" spoken of in the proverb, so that we can be assured of "the future and the hope that will not be cut off."

*Gader Peretz/Tribe of Manasseh/Midwest, USA*

<sup>4</sup> Matthew 12: 33 " Either make the **tree** good and its fruit good, or else make the **tree** bad and its fruit bad; for a **tree** is known by *its* fruit.

<sup>5</sup> The religion we speak of here is the established religion which produces the fruit of a bad tree.

<sup>6</sup> Edah= community used in Jeremiah 30:20.

<sup>7</sup> The same Hebrew word for community/swarm of bees, is the root for "witness." Matthew 24:14, which is actually the calling prescribed to His people.

<sup>8</sup> The enemy of the bees is exposed in John 10:10.

<sup>9</sup> Other Sources:

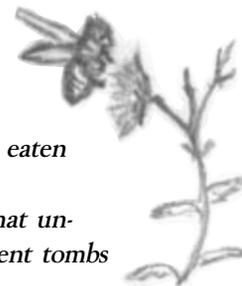
Dr. James E. Tew, Extension Entomologist  
Ohio State University Extension  
<http://www.ag.ohio-state.edu/~ohioline/hyg-fact/2000/2124.html>  
Eric Erickson, Director  
Carl Hayden Bee Research Center in Tucson, Arizona



*Honey is a delightful taste of since the beginning of time. It is a pleasant and incredibly potent substance, which has long been famous for its healing qualities. Common Sense tells us that honey should be an important part of our daily diet. This sweet sticky substance called "honey" comes from the bee, and is actually a predigested food. Honey being full of live enzymes, is 35% protein and is also a concentrated source of essential nutrients.*

*Enzymes are essential biochemical units regulating and coordinating all of life both physical and emotional. The older you get there becomes an increased need for vitamins and minerals. However these can only be broken down and digested by enzymes. The enzymes in honey naturally produce hydrogen peroxide, which kills bacteria, and provides the missing link to radiant vitality. Bringing raw honey to a high temperature can cause valuable enzymes to be destroyed. You're better off freezing your raw honey, which will do no harm and can be eaten like candy, thanks to its solidity.*

*Honey doesn't spoil. Some say that unprocessed honey found in the ancient tombs is still edible. Honey was used for*



*embalming in ancient cultures. It produces chemicals that prevent the growth of bacteria making it a natural preservative. We have used raw honey as a salve for burns and wounds and have found it very helpful and healing. It can also be use as a soother for sore raspy throats. For our old fashioned remedy just mix 2 Tablespoons of raw honey, 2 Tablespoons of fresh squeezed lemon and add a half a cup of warm water and drink slowly. This concoction will coat your throat and leave you with a sensational feeling of well-being. On a cold winter day, a hot cup of tea with a teaspoon of honey will warm you right up and give energy to your whole body.*

*Honey is the most wholesome substitute for sugar. We use it in most recipes and for all our baked goods. We've also found that cakes and cookies have a richer taste when sweetened with honey. Having twice the potency of sugar, half the amount seems to be sufficient. When replacing sugar with honey in your baking recipes you must add a little more flour to make up for the extra moisture.*



## **Blowing in the Wind.... or "Somebody is going to have to pay"**

Farmer Brown walked slowly, more slowly than his usual determined pace, across the parking lot of the local mill to where his not-so-new pickup truck sat running "just in case she wouldn't start"

Well, he just had to run in for a minute to pick up his check from the plant. This years' harvest had been a good one. His late nights and early mornings had paid off for him and he had proudly brought in his bumper crop to be weighed in and sold that morning. He was proud, not so much of his own work, but of his land. Ah, some people said he was 'superstitious' but he kind of treated his land like his best friend. "She's always been good to me and I'll be good to her too!" you would hear him say as he spoke with the men at the corner hardware store.

But this year he had felt even more satisfied, because he had stood for what he thought was right and it had paid off for him. Yes, when a couple of years back all his neighbors were being courted by the big seed companies to buy the latest, "improved" and most expensive seed with the swelling promises of growing "supercrops," old Farmer Brown had "left the party early." He had quietly withdrawn from listening to all their big words and headed back to work. Sure, it might give them bigger corn and redder tomatoes, but for me anyway, I would rather just do it the way my grandfather taught me and be satisfied. ***Why, he had always taught me to be a bit suspicious of salesmen coming through town making big claims, and Grandpa was usually right. "You don't get something for nothing" he would always say, "Somebody is going to have to pay for it!"***

The worried look on his wife's face at the supper table when she questioned him did not shake his stand. "What if their corn looks so big and pretty next to ours when

it goes to the market. Maybe they won't want to buy ours anymore."

"Why, our corn has won the price at the state fair many years now. You can puff it up with those 'genes' they talk about but just let the judges put on a blindfold and taste ours. Ours is the sweetest corn in the county. Anyway, who knows what messing around with the way God made things is going to do. I think that is what old Einstein did and look where that got us? Anyway outward beauty is not as important as what's underneath...: said Farmer Brown to his wife, squeezing her hand and patting her on the head as he headed out into the evening light to check the chickens in the barn. She couldn't help but smile with confidence at her husband's *common sense*.

*In the evening air, looking out at his fields, seeing the tender green shoots breaking through the black Kansas dirt filled his soul with a certain kind of delight that only a farmer can know. He paused to gaze upon it. I guess it might seem silly to most but he had to brush a tear from his eye when he saw how good the land could be to him. Sure, he spent the extra money to get the minerals, took lots of time to make the compost and even rotated the crops to his own expense, resting some fields each year just to give them a little break. But "the land had always been good to him"...*

And as usual, Old Farmer Brown was right. The next fall at harvest time when all his neighbors brought in their "pretty corn", his corn still won the price at the fair. Well, they had that "tasting part where the judges wore the blindfold" - if it would not have been for that he had to admit that his did look a bit small next to the "supercrops".

His neighbors did make more at the mill that year because the salesman was right and the yield on their seed really increased. But Old Farmer Brown felt like he would somehow be disloyal to his Friend, his land, and continued to refuse the great deals he was offered on the new 'genetically modified' seed. He did not care if the neighbors mocked him

for being old fashioned and superstitious. Well, Farmer Brown called it **common sense**. And he tried not to be arrogant when the news started to come out that certain other nations were beginning to refuse the shipments of the 'genetically altered' crops from America. He did not understand all the scientific, technical reasons, but it appeared that at least somewhere else in the world there were people who were suspicious of this new untested food.

When the plant that year had announced just before harvest that there would have be two separate times for weighing and milling crops this year because of the public outrage starting in America, Old Farmer Brown was not surprised. The non-genetically modified crops would gain the same price at the mill but the modified seed would have to go for a lower price.. Oh, the seed company played this down saying it was just a "temporary formality. They promised that soon all crops would be made from this new seed, and those "superstition consumers" would "see the light" and recognize that the new seeds were really better. But Old Farmer Brown's good sense told him otherwise.

The farmers who, for one reason or another, had refused the new genetically modified seeds were instructed to bring in their harvest first. And what a pleasure it was for Farmer Brown to pull in with his trailers full of the "sweetest nicest corn grown the way that this old earth has been growing it since time began."



His neighbors grumbled a little bit about having to wait to bring their crop in, but they were comforted to know that even though they would now be paid a little bit less for their genetically modified crops it had grown so much more than the traditional way, they figured they would still end up with lots more money than old Farmer Brown's traditional method... it was the bottom line that mattered, the profit.

But for old Farmer Brown there was something of much greater value than the bottom line. It was the satisfaction that he felt as he walked that morning just after dawn in his fields. "It has to do with farmers and their land. It had to do with common sense versus a quick fix, it has to do with what a man feels deep in his soul when he knows he has done the right thing" said Farmer Brown proudly to his land as he walked along surveying his freshly cut field. He liked to talk to the land sometimes...

But he knew he would not hear her answer him. She answered him in a different way... She always answered.

Later that afternoon the old pick up truck sat idling in the parking lot with his wife in the front seat waiting contentedly for her husband. For farmers, harvest season is the best time of year, and they were going out on the town to celebrate. Farmer Brown promised to buy her a new dress and take her to the cafeteria for a big lunch. Since spring they had not seen each other much. He worked from the first light of dawn until the darkness pushed him in through the kitchen door. She did not complain though because she had married a true farmer and she reckoned that would be their life. Their family had always been farmers and she was proud of it. She loved his dedication to the land and his common sense. But they were especially happy this year since they felt a certain vindication for standing on his instincts.

So, when she saw her husband walking slowly out the door of the mill, head down, his wife was very surprised. They had the best harvest in years, the crop had been beautiful.

"You look like you lost your best friend..." she said with a smile, trying to encourage him as he slide into the seat next to her, "My best friend? Yeah, maybe that is it. Maybe I

have lost her. Look at this", he said putting the receipt from the Mill on her lap.

His wife could see a large stamp across the paper "Refused! Genetically Modified:

"They said they cannot take my crop now, and they already have scheduled all the other farmers to buy all of that kind of corn that they need. I may be able to bring the crop back later to be sold for animal food but it cannot be used for food. It is genetically modified. '

"How can that be???" But she knew not to ask more.

They drove in silence back home to their farm. Because of the cut in the price for the genetically modified crops it would mean a much lower income this year. But more than that, something had been lost, something very close to their hearts.

Farmer Brown stopped the truck and walked silently through his fields, kicking at the soil, stooping to feel it, questioning. He did not stop, continuing all the way to the far edge of his field. He could see his neighbor in the distance on his tractor just finishing up the late harvest of his GM crops. A gentle breeze was blowing in Farmer Brown's face, drying the tears on his cheeks as he stood watching his neighbor. He bent and threw a piece of chaff into the wind. It carried the chaff far into his field... "Ahhh," breathed Farmer Brown, "The answer is blowing in the wind..."

"The seed salesman had not told them that there must be a large area left free between them and the fence of their neighbor to protect the neighboring crops cross pollinating.

**Surgeon General's Warning:  
Genetically Modified products  
are hazardous to your health!**

*Editorial story/Common Sense/ Plymouth, Massachusetts*

# Trouble for the Butterfly<sup>10</sup>

In May 1999, researchers at Cornell University released a laboratory study showing that pollen from genetically modified corn can kill monarch butterflies.

This raised fears that the corn pollen could blow from planted fields into nearby meadows, dusting milkweed plants - the sole food of the monarch butterfly caterpillar.

No field studies have yet confirmed that genetically modified corn poses a risk to monarchs outside the laboratory. However, the potential risk to the butterflies highlights a problem with genetically modified corn and other modified crops — studies of their impacts have largely been performed in the laboratory or on small test plots. No one is quite sure how they may affect insects in the real world. In December, the EPA put out a call for further studies to determine how toxic genetically modified corn may be to species like the monarch and the endangered Karner Blue butterfly. Protocols for these studies were due in March 2000 and the data is due in March 2001. On Friday, the EPA suggested to the corn industry that farmers should voluntarily plant their required conventional corn refuges upwind of their genetically modified crops, to prevent genetically modified corn pollen from blowing onto these fields. ❖



<sup>10</sup> Environment News Service

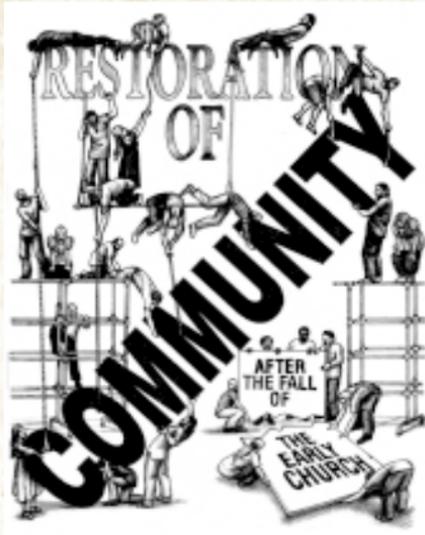
10:30 a.m. 18 Jan. 2000 PST The Environmental Protection Agency has announced unprecedented new restrictions on the planting of genetically modified corn that aim to reduce potential ecological damage caused by the modified crop. The new EPA rules were detailed in letters to biotech seed producers sent last week by Janet Andersen, director of EPA's biopesticides and pollution prevention division. Corn modified to produce the Bt toxin, which combats pests like European corn borers, has been criticized because of studies suggesting pollen from the biotech corn could kill harmless butterflies and moths...

A decorative border surrounds the recipe page, featuring illustrations of various fruits like grapes, apples, and oranges, along with kitchen items such as a whisk, a rolling pin, and a beehive. The border is drawn in a simple, sketchy style.

## Blueberry Muffins

- 2 c. pastry flour
- 1 c. whole wheat flour
- 1/2 c. unbleached flour
- 1/2 c. powdered milk
- 1 1/2 T. baking powder
- 1 1/4 t. salt
- 1 c. oil
- 1 c. honey
- 3/4 c. buttermilk
- 2 eggs
- 2 t. vanilla
- 3 c. frozen blueberries (coat w/ flour)

Blend together wet ingredients. Mix dry. Then combine wet and dry. The blueberries, fold them into batter with spatula at the end. Scoop into tins and sprinkle with walnuts.  
Bake at 350°  
Makes 1 dozen



**Community in Island Pond**, P. O.  
Box 449, Island Pond, VT 05846  
☎ (802) 723-9708

**Community in Plymouth**, 53 Main  
St. Plymouth, MA 02360  
☎ (508) 747-0468 *COMMON SENSE*

**The Basin Farm**, P. O. Box 108  
Bellows Falls, VT 05101  
☎ (802) 463-4149

**Community in Rutland**, 115  
Lincoln Avenue, Rutland, VT 05701  
☎ (802) 773-0160

**Community in Boston**  
92 Melville Ave, *COMMON SENSE*  
Dorchester, MA 02124  
☎ (617) 282-9876 *Common Ground*

**Community in Hyannis**, 14 Main Street, Hyannis, MA 02601  
☎ (508) 790-3172 *Common Ground*

**Community in Lancaster**, 12 High Street, Lancaster, NH 03584  
☎ (603) 788-4376 *Common Ground*

**Community in Coxsackie**, 7 Ely Street, Coxsackie, NY 12051  
☎ (518) 731-7711 *COMMON SENSE*

**Community in Oak Hill**, Rt. 81, Box 81A, Oak Hill, NY 12460  
☎ (518) 239-8148

**The Common Sense Farm**, 41 N. Union Street, Cambridge, NY 12816  
☎ (518) 677-5880

**Community in Buffalo**, 2051 North Creek Road, Lakeview, NY 14085  
☎ (716) 627-2098 *Common Ground*

**Community in West Palm Beach**, 6311 Wallis Road, W. Palm Beach,  
FL 3341 ☎ (561) 686-7561

**Community on the Lake of the Ozarks**, 117 Main, Warsaw, MO 65355  
☎ (660) 438-4481

**Community in Colorado Springs**, 406 Karr Road, Colorado Springs,  
CO 80916 ☎ (719) 573-1907

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