



Manifesto Musing

The Gift of a Manifesto Lived

I recently celebrated my 57th birthday. Among the messages and well-wishes, I received a gift that I know I will carry with me for a long time. It came from my brother, Tony – though to me, he is ‘Nails’ (long story). And to him, I am ‘Pedro’ (not quite as long a story).

As a birthday gesture, and as a thank-you of sorts, Nails sent me a written reflection – his thoughts on his personal manifesto, now two years on from when he first crafted it as one of our early road-testers.

I read it slowly. Then again. There is something quite moving about seeing the words you once invited someone to write... returned to you, now lived, tested, and gently reshaped by time.

What struck me most was not just what he wrote – but how it *felt*. There was a groundedness to it. A quiet confidence. An absence of noise. His manifesto had not remained static. It had evolved. Certain ideas had shifted in emphasis. Others had deepened. Some had softened. And yet, unmistakably, it was still *his*.

As Nails shared (and with his permission), there were threads that continue to guide him:

To delight in life and to see others delight in life.

To speak my voice and to hear others speak their voices.

To find better ways of building community and protecting the environment.

Simple words. But not simple work.

There were also glimpses of how a manifesto quietly integrates into a life: the sharing of bird photography, time spent in community and music, a shift in work to create space for what matters, a new relationship woven gently into the fabric of it all.

There was also honesty. A recognition that some words resonate deeply... while others, perhaps chosen with care at the time, no longer quite fit. That too feels important. A manifesto is not a fixed declaration – it is a living document. It breathes as we do.

And then there are the qualities he continues to hold close: *perspective, curiosity, kindness, fairness, and forgiveness*. Not as aspirations on a page – but as ways of being, practised imperfectly, daily.

There were parts of Nails’ letter that I will keep just for us. Because some words are meant to be held, not shared. But I will say this. To receive such a reflection – from a brother, from an early road-tester, from someone who has lived with his manifesto over time – was deeply affirming.



Not just of the work we do. But of what is possible when someone takes the time to know themselves, to name what matters, and to live – however imperfectly – in alignment with it.

We often say that creating a manifesto is powerful.
But perhaps even more powerful... is *living it*.

Watching it evolve. Returning to it. Letting it guide, gently rather than forcefully.
Allowing it to become less something you read... and more something you *are*.

Thank you, Nails.
For the gift.
For the reflection.
For the reminder.
And for being my brother.