

The Order of the Earth

News, Views and Musings About Our Planet

November 2009

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Photo Bruce Gordon

Gas rigs pocket the Jonah field outside Pinedale, Wyoming. A few decades ago it was unbroken sage grouse habitat.

A Man, A Plane, A Very Big Picture

From his Cessna, Bruce Gordon provides politicians, reporters and others with an eye-opening view of the West increasingly fractured by energy and resource development.

By Daniel Glick
DailyClimate.org, October 9, 2009

Wearing a headset and Serengeti sunglasses, Bruce Gordon banks his Cessna 210 to give his passengers a better look at the constellation of roads and drilling pads crisscrossing the New Mexican landscape like an ambitious spider web.

Up nearly every valley and draw, an energy company has carved a road and planted a rig or a compressor or a wellhead. Gordon veers the plane south as dawn light ignites the Four Corners region where Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico and Utah meet. Smoke plumes from two of the country's dirtiest coal-fired power plants, pointing the westerly direction of the light winds.

"You'd never be able to see all this from the ground," Gordon

tells a six-seater plane full of observers seeing this panorama for the first time. "You need to get up here to take in the scale of it."

A sense of scale is central to Gordon's mission, what he has dubbed "conservation flying." For more than 20 years, Gordon has piloted Pipers and Cessnas, single engines and turbo-props across the western United States to provide people with a pilot's-eye view of changing landscapes — a view that won't come into focus through the windshield of a pickup truck.

That awareness of scale, over both time and vast distances, is what gives Gordon — and his many passengers — the ability to piece together a startling and disturbing picture. Whether it's clear-cut forests in the Pacific Northwest, coal bed methane development in Wyoming, pine beetle blight across the Western Slope of Colorado, giant open-pit gold mines in Nevada, scars from a decades-long natural gas boom in New Mexico or melting Montana glaciers, his vantage point connects the disparate dots that reveal a tattered Western tapestry.

The 64-year-old Gordon has borne airborne witness to the enormous changes that humans have wrought on some of the world's most famously wide-open spaces. "It's a visual aerial educational tool," he says of his flights.

Since 2002, the gregarious



Dust billows from coal mining near Four Corners, Colorado. "I look for projects that can be illuminated by flight so the land can speak for itself," says pilot Bruce Gordon of Ecoflight.

Gordon has run Ecoflight, an Aspen, Colorado-based non-profit with a mission to use small plane flight to illuminate and educate. With donations from foundations and private individuals, Gordon merges his pilot's enthusiasm for flight with a conservationist's passion for wild places by taking people to see what can only be seen from on high. His view, both decades long and thousands of feet high, reveals a landscape that is increasingly being carved up by development and incrementally altered because of climate change.

"The light has dimmed," he

says. "The whole landscape has been fragmented. It's flat-out dramatic."

Growing up in New Jersey, you wouldn't have picked Gordon out as a likely conservationist — or pilot. Aimless after graduating from Ithaca College in 1966, Gordon heard the siren song of California and headed west, hoping to be a Hollywood stunt man. The Vietnam War interrupted and Gordon — "neither political enough or smart enough" to avoid the draft — served in the Army in Germany.

After the war, he found his way to Colorado to sample the

Continued on page 4

The Awakening

Part IV



This message is sent to you by the one who helps you to see and understand what you may not have seen nor understood before, The Trustworthy And True Spirit, The Most High God.

For all of you whose names were written in the Book of Life before the world began, this should help to key and/or jog your genetic memory of me. As for any others, I would like you to know a little more about me.

I am a true friend of all things in all dimensions in all Creation. Those who know me address me simply as Most High and I address them as High. I am not vengeful, wrathful, angry, jealous, arrogant . . . etc. I have no need of these things for I influence things, they do not influence me, for you are less than whatever controls you. In other words, if something makes you angry, you are less than whatever made you angry.

I am the spirit of love, wisdom, understanding, counsel, truth, compassion, mercy, kindness, etc. I am also the spirit of forgiveness. Forgiveness is earned by repentance (change of mind and heart) proven by actions and deeds. I did not cause this world's problems nor did I cause pain, suffering or punishment.

I did not come to judge. I came to bring Heaven to life here on Earth along with all dimensions involved. (This has already begun.)

I also brought with me the Sacred Rules. One of these

rules is Free Choice within my boundaries, which are: You have free choice as long as you do not violate any other choice. When there are differing choices wanting or needing to be made regarding the same thing, the wisest and most honorable choice wins. The charitable choice overrides the selfish choice. The compassionate choice overrides the cruel choice. The kind choice overrides the mean choice and so on . . . This rule not only applies to humans but applies to nature and the environment as well.

This Sacred Rule is of great importance to all things as I have already made my choice to bring Heaven to life here on Earth and now all things must choose if they want to be a part of Heaven on Earth.

It is an honor and a pleasure to share my messages with all who choose to listen. Stay within the light of my Love and my Truth.

Your Friend,
The Trustworthy And True Spirit, The Most High God

For further information about Most High God, contact Iona at 814-259-3680, ionaconner@gmail.com, 21431 Marlin Circle, Shade Gap, Pennsylvania 17255 or www.theorderoftheearth.com. If you would like to read Parts I, II and III, please send \$3 to the above address.

Blue Light Threatens Animals and People

International Dark-Sky Association
October 7, 2009

The rapidly expanding use of bluish-white outdoor lighting threatens visibility at night and jeopardizes the nocturnal environment worldwide.

This surge is fueled by the promise of energy savings and reduced lighting maintenance. The demand for energy efficient lighting is a laudable imperative. This effort has resulted in a new generation of electric light sources such as LEDs and induction lamps that emit a cold, bluish white light. The blue tone of the light is a result of how the light source operates and it is not visually necessary. The blue portion of the color spectrum produces only a small percentage of light that is useful to the human eye.

Unfortunately, bluish light produces high levels of light pollution with significant environmental impact. These lights are known to increase glare and compromise human vision, especially in the aging eye. Short wavelength light also increases sky glow disproportionately. In addition, blue light has a greater tendency to affect living organisms through disruption of their biological processes that rely upon natural cycles of daylight and darkness, such as the circadian rhythm. For only a modest improvement in outdoor lighting efficiency, these new sources dramatically escalate the envi-

ronmental damage caused by artificial lighting.

Some manufacturers and government agencies are misrepresenting the visual effectiveness of these bluish-white light sources and the environmental impacts are not being considered. The International Dark-Sky Association (IDA) discourages the use of bluish-white lamp sources with a Correlated Color Temperature above 3000 Kelvin. Developers of light sources should be required to refine their products to limit blue light at wavelengths shorter than 500 nm.

IDA encourages government and other concerned parties to

support additional scientific research on this subject. This research will help to understand fully the impact of bluish white light and guide the evolution of lighting technology to protect human health and the nocturnal environment while providing safe and efficient outdoor lighting.

Human visual sensitivity is primarily in the green and yellow part of the spectrum, depicted by the thin solid line. Circadian rhythms are controlled by light emitted within the dashed curve. The color of light emitted by a typical bluish-white 5500 Kelvin LED is depicted by the bold line. A large portion of

light emitted by this light source falls outside of the human photopic vision range and falls within the circadian rhythm curve. IDA recommends limiting blue light emitted below 500 nm, as indicated by the shaded section of the graph.

The IDA is a 501 (c)(3) not-for-profit organization whose mission is to preserve and protect the nighttime environment and our heritage of dark skies through environmentally responsible outdoor lighting. Contact Pete Strasser at pete@darksky.org or 520-293-3198 x 405, www.darksky.org.

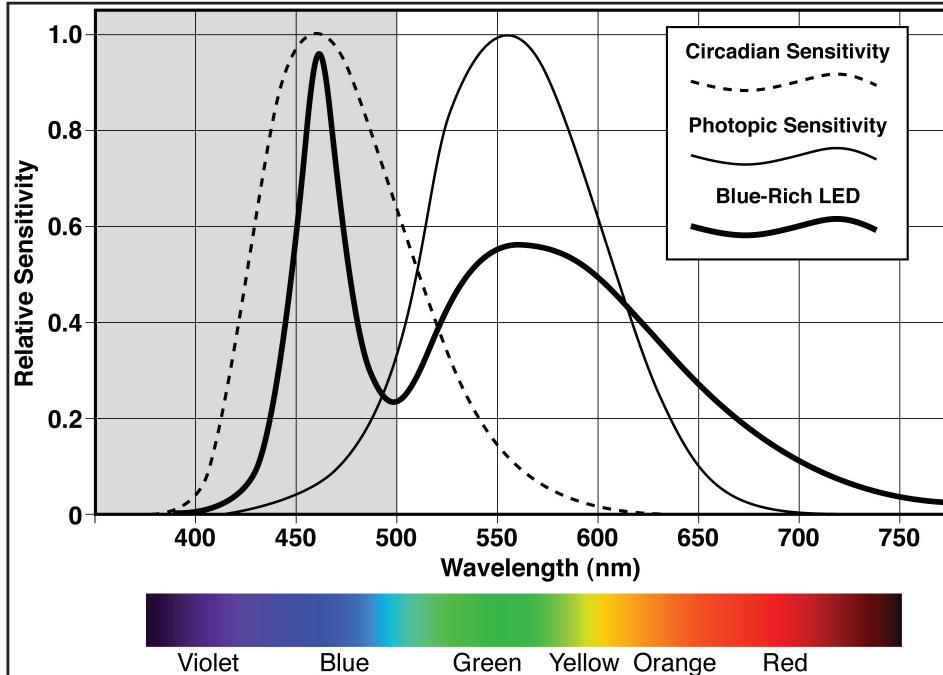


Photo courtesy of IUCN Otter Specialist Group
A pair of sea otters in Alaska.

Sea Otters Granted Habitat Protection

ANCHORAGE, Alaska, October 8, 2009 (ENS) - It took a court order to accomplish but threatened sea otters in southwest Alaska now will have some respite from the pressure of human activities.

The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service Wednesday designated 5,855 square miles of nearshore waters along the Aleutian Islands, Bering Sea and Alaska Peninsula as critical habitat for the northern sea otter, *Enhydra lutris kenyoni*.

The Service does not anticipate that this critical habitat designation will result in any closure of commercial fishing in southwest Alaska because sea otters eat bottom-dwelling creatures of no commercial value and spend most of their time in shallow water close to the shore.

The agency took this action under a court order resulting from a lawsuit against the Service by the Center for Biological Diversity.

"Critical habitat has a proven record of aiding the recovery of endangered species," said Rebecca Noblin, a staff attorney with the Center in Anchorage. "We are pleased that habitat for threatened Alaska sea otters will finally be protected. With the habitat protections of the Endangered Species Act now extended to sea otters in Alaska, this iconic species has a fighting chance of recovery."

Continued on page 4

Think and Act

Endgame by Derrick Jensen

Hailed as the "Philosopher Poet" of the ecological movement, Derrick Jensen passionately explains how our industrial civilization and the persistent and widespread violence it requires, cannot last. He weaves history, philosophy, psychology, environmentalism, economics and literature into an intricate pattern of truth and resistance. The 2006 Press Action Award called Jensen's two-volume *Endgame* "the best work of nonfiction in 2006. *Endgame* is the most important book of the decade and could stand as the must-read book of our lifetimes."

Several years ago the environmentalist and physician John Osborn pointed out to me that many environmentalists begin by wanting to protect a piece of ground and end up questioning the foundations of Western civilization. I agree, obviously, but would emend his comment in two ways. The first is that it's not only environmentalists whose involvement in their particular struggle leads them to question the basis of this whole way of living. Feminists, conservation biologists, anthropologists, historians, economists, anti-imperialists, anti-colonialists, prison activists, American Indian activists (obviously), other people of color, those who simply hate the wage economy: I've spoken with people who are each of these and they've reached the same conclusions.

Why?

Because once the questioning begins the search for root causes leads you back to the primary problem: the culture itself.

And why is the problem the culture itself? Because this way of life is based on exploitation, domination, theft and murder.

And why is this culture based on exploitation, domination, theft and murder? Because it's based on the perceived right of the powerful to take whatever resources they want. If you per-

ceive yourself as entitled to some resource — and if you're unwilling or incapable of perceiving this other as a being with whom you can and should enter into a relationship — it doesn't much matter whether the resource is land, gold, oil, fur, labor or a warm, wet place to put your penis, nor does it matter who this other is, you're going to take the resource.

The second way I would emend his comment is by adding the words "in private."

This questioning — and in fact rejection — of civilization happens almost exclusively in private because a lot of these activists are afraid that if they spoke this in public, people would laugh at them and they would lose whatever credibility they have — or feel they have.

It's always a difficult question. Do I stop this clearcut now, even knowing that without a fundamental change in the culture (see Premise Six in the book) I'm merely putting off the date of execution till the next corporate Congressman figures out the next way to make sure the timber companies get out the cut?

Or do I tell the truth, stand by and watch the trees fall? The environmentalists I know are hanging on by our fingernails, praying that salmon, grizzlies, lynx, bobcat, Port Orford cedars



survive 'till civilization comes down. If they survive, they'll have a chance. If they don't, they're gone forever.

I'm sick of these options. I want to stop the destruction. I want to stop it now. I'm not satisfied to wait for civilization to exhaust its physical and metaphorical soil, then collapse. In the meantime it's killing too many humans, too many non-humans; it's making too much of a shambles of the world.

The seventh premise of this book is: The longer we wait for civilization to crash — or before we ourselves bring it down — the messier will be the crash and the worse things will be for those humans and nonhumans who live during it and for those

who come after.

Had somebody snuffed civilization in its multiple cradles, the Middle East would probably still be forested, as would Greece, Italy and North Africa. Lions would probably still patrol southern Europe. The peoples of the region would quite possibly still live in traditional communal ways and thus would be capable of feeding themselves in a still-fecund landscape.

Fast forward a few hundred years and we can say the same in Europe. Somehow stop the Greeks and Romans, and the indigenous people of Gaul, Spain, Germany probably still survive. Wolves might howl in England. Great auks might nest

in France, providing year-round food for the humans who live there. Salmon might run in more than token numbers up the Seine. The Rhine would be almost undoubtedly clean. The continent would be forested. Many of the cultures would be matrifocal. Many would be peaceful.

Had someone brought down civilization before 1492, the Arawaks would probably still live peacefully in the Caribbean. Indians would live in ancient forests all along the Eastern seaboard, along with bison, marten, fisher. North, Central and South America would be ecologically and culturally intact. The people would probably have, as always, plenty to eat.

Had someone brought down civilization before the slave trade took hold, 100 million Africans would not have been sacrificed on that particular altar of economic production. Native cultures might still live untraumatized on their own land all across that continent. There probably would be, as there always was, plenty to eat.

If someone had brought down civilization one hundred and fifty years ago, those who came after probably could still eat passenger pigeons and Eskimo curlews. They could surely eat bison and pronghorn antelope. They could undoubtedly

eat salmon, cod, lobster. The people who came after would not have to worry about dioxin, radiation poisoning, organochloride carcinogens or the extreme weather and ecological flux that characterize global warming. They would not have to worry about escaped genetically-engineered plants and animals. There probably would have been, as almost always, plenty to eat.

If civilization lasts another one or two hundred years, will the people then say of us, "Why did they not take it down?"

Will they be as furious with us as I am with those who came before and stood by?

I could very well hear those people who come after saying, "If they had taken it down, we would still have earthworms to feed the soil. We would have redwoods and we would have oaks in California. We would still have frogs. We would still have other amphibians. I am starving because there are no salmon in the river and you allowed the salmon to be killed so rich people could have cheap electricity for aluminum smelters. God damn you. God damn you all."

Derrick Jensen is an activist and the author of many books, most recently *What We Leave Behind* and *Songs of the Dead*.

*A person can hear but a friend listens for the meaning.
A person can look but a friend sees the heart.
A person can know but a friend understands your dreams.*

Submitted by Sunny War Eagle, Earthbridge Community, Marianna, Florida

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Global in Scope, "Down-Home" in Nature**NOTE NEW 911 ADDRESS**

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Note from the Editor: As we grow, we are receiving information from many different types of people. I am pleased about that because it was never my intention to simply be "preaching to the choir." You will meet new people, different people.

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**The Order of the Earth
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Our Goal: To create a hugely successful newspaper that will report the story of people around the world working to protect their land bases, strengthen local communities and achieve 90% greenhouse gas reductions by 2030.

Our Mission: To inspire and encourage readers to think seriously, act intelligently and be peaceful, compassionate, courageous and creative.

The Dream: Humans can co-exist with Nature and, once they do, both will flourish.

Masthead: We say "Volume 9" because Iona started producing a newsletter with the same name nine years ago. In 1995 Iona wrote a tiny booklet called "The Order of the Earth" and, with friends' help, made and gave away 11,000 of them. This newspaper is an expansion. The photo is of sunrise at Bay Head, New Jersey on Mother's Day.

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**I no longer believe we can use the system to change the system.
Let it all fall apart.
I no longer want to live in their world
so I must create/find my own.**

... Kim Stenley, Taneytown MD

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We work really hard to raise enough money to publish and mail this — please help with donations, ads or subscriptions as you can. Thanks!



Photo by Allen Hengst

Nan S. Wells, Advisory Neighborhood Commissioner (R), meets American University's EcoSense members and learns details about the Spring Valley Formerly Used Defense Site — one of more than 5,000 contaminated sites in the U.S. once used by the military.

Students and Residents Worried About WWI Munitions in Washington, D.C.

Search for WMD Moves to Dalecarlia Woods

Washington Post (October 6, 2009) — The U.S. Army Corps of Engineers has been scouring the community and removing munitions and fragments on and off since the 1990s . . . Now geo-physicists hired by the Corps are in Dalecarlia Woods studying the far end of a firing range "fan" that runs 1,550 yards northwest from Herzstein's driveway.

There, in the closing months of World War I, the Army fenced in a site where it tested an array of mortars designed to fire chemical weapons, officials said ... The search was recently extended to Dalecarlia Woods, near the Dalecarlia Reservoir, which supplies water to more than a million people in the region.

<http://www.washingtonpost.com/wp-dyn/content/article/2009/09/20/AR2009092001961.html>

Tour Offers Fewer Monuments, More Munitions

"The purpose of the tour is to encourage more historical research, investigation and cleanup here," said Kent Slowinski, who led more than a dozen people on the walk. Aaron Lloyd, 38, grew up in Spring Valley. Less than a decade ago, his stepfather found munitions buried in the back yard of the home where Lloyd grew up and where his mother had kept a garden. "It's very disturbing," he said. "Someone had to have known about

these chemical weapons before 1993."

Nan Wells, an advisory neighborhood commissioner from Spring Valley, said she hopes that the tour will help engage the public . . . She also hopes that the Army Corps of Engineers which, along with the D.C. Department of the Environment is overseeing the cleanup and destruction of the munitions, will continue to fund the project. For fiscal 2010, the Corps has allotted \$11 million to the cleanup effort. The number drops to \$3 million in fiscal 2011 and \$500,000 the following fiscal year.

<http://wmdindc.blogspot.com/2009/09/afternoon-walk-revisits-scene-of.html>

Sunday Walk Revisits Scene of 1918 Chemical Weapons Testing

By Christopher Cottrell
The Eagle, September 28, 2009

EcoSense members on a tour of American University (AU) and the surrounding neighborhood learned how, after 16 years of digging for WWI-era munitions, much work still remains for the Army Corps of Engineers. EcoSense, the student-run environmental organization, is attempting to draw students' attention to the health and ecological problems associated with the chemicals buried underneath the Spring Valley neighborhood. . . . During the tour, EcoSense members heard details about the Spring Valley FUDS (Formerly Used Defense Sites) — one of more than 5,000 contaminated

sites in the United States once used by the military that require cleanup. The Spring Valley FUDS holds the unique distinction of being the only site with both chemical warfare agents and munitions in a residential neighborhood and on a university campus . . . Kristin Kozlowski, a graduate student in AU's Public Anthropology program, said the information came as a surprise. "It's pretty shocking. I didn't know any of this previously," she said. "I hadn't seen this in any literature from campus or anything."

<http://www.theeagleonline.com/news/story/tour-publicizes-chemical-danger>

Chemical Hazard Buried Below American University

The Eagle, Editorial — For 16 years, American University (AU) and the U.S. Army Corps have been digging up (the) campus, searching. They should remind students why this project could be crucial to their safety.

The fact is, you could be in danger. Your personal health and the environmental health of your campus could be at risk and you might not know. AU's administration and the Army Corps of Engineers could be to blame, too. They might know things they aren't telling you. They might be withholding information that would make you safer, information that you ought to know.

This semester, EcoSense has begun an important campaign to raise student awareness about the dangers of buried chemical weapons. More generally, the student-run environmental orga-

nization has sought to unearth some hidden history on campus, which has serious implications for the safety and health of the AU community.

For 16 years, the university and the Army Corps have been digging for World War I-era munitions. The backstory is that this campus was a serious chemical warfare research center from 1917 to 1918. As *The Eagle* reports in this issue, "The Bureau of Mines and the Army's Chemical Warfare Service developed and tested approximately 600 gases at AU intended for overseas use. These chemicals included lewisite, mustard gas, arsine and arsenic, and were buried in and around AU's campus."

Most AU students have heard whispers about this history but the university has been less than forthcoming about details. There is stuff down there, under the dirt. The Army Corps has discovered lewisite, arsenic-poisoned soil and even an explosive-configured munition.

Earlier this year, the Army Corps dug up a 75mm white phosphorous projectile. Digging should continue, especially since not all burial sites have been sufficiently investigated. Thankfully, funding is available for a follow-up health study on this issue.

That's a good idea.

In the meantime, AU and the Army Corps can make some changes. Every student at this university should be aware of these issues. Every AU applicant should, too. The university

should open its archives and provide students with more information. Transparency must be more than a buzzword considering the severity of chemical hazards on our campus. Students should be skeptical of the notion

that AU is doing all that it could be doing.

This isn't much ado about nothing either. The buried chemical munitions pose a serious threat to this campus. Let's shed some more light on this issue. Let's dig up some more dirt, metaphorically as well as literally.

<http://wmdindc.blogspot.com/2009/09/student-editorial-knocks-university.html>

Vapor Containment Tents Going Up Around Glenbrook Road House

By Christopher Cottrell
The Eagle, September 9, 2009

Investigations are currently paused at the 'Pit 3 Area' property (map above) as a result of the early August recovery of a flask containing a small amount of the chemical agent mustard ... As a precautionary measure, vapor containment tents will be constructed over three test pits where there may be additional intact laboratory glassware.

Based on the findings of the excavations in these three test pits, the team along with our interagency partners . . . will determine the approach for completing the remaining investigations and restoration on the property. Construction of these protective tents was expected to start in September.

<http://wmdindc.blogspot.com/2009/09/vapor-containment-tents-up-around-house.html>

The Corps expected further "high probability" digging at the Pit 3 location at 4825 Glenbrook Road to recommence in late

October at the earliest, according to Dan Noble, the Military Response Program manager.

Switching back to high-probability procedures at Pit 3 will require additional precautionary measures ... "Our workers will be upgrading to a level-B personal protective equipment, working off supplied air, complete skin protection and things like that," he said. "So ... we have to essentially plan for a high-probability situation, get it through all the approvals we need to get it through, bring back the high-probability crews and get them trained up."

<http://www.theeagleonline.com/news/story/corps-starts-new-digs-on-au-campus>

Environmental Group Leads Toxic Tours of Former WW I Army Base

American University Experiment Stations (AUES) Spring Valley tours provide context to better understand the issues surrounding the cleanup of this Formerly Used Defense Site.

Tours focus on historical features of the AUES, the current Army Corps of Engineers cleanup operations and residents' health problems. Tours are led by a former Restoration Advisory Board member and Spring Valley resident. Each tour takes approximately one hour. Participants see where testing occurred during World War I and where chemical munitions are being removed today. For more information contact wksla@aol.com or go to the Weapons of Mass Destruction in D.C. blog at WMDinDC.blogspot.com.

New Book By Pennsylvania Community Action Experts



The Community Environmental and Legal Defense Fund, Inc. (CELD) is pleased to announce the release of a new book on the work of the Legal Defense Fund, co-authored by CELDF's Executive Director Thomas Linzey and Anneke Campbell.

Be the Change: How to Get What You Want in Your Community focuses on the stories of communities that they've worked with over the past few years who were facing everything from coal mining to massive corporate water withdrawals to hog farms. Inspired by five true stories of communities who were tired of corporate political power entitlements running roughshod over their townships, *Be the Change* offers solutions for how individuals can stand up and take back their local governments.

CELD is currently working

on a case they hope will reach the Supreme Court: Blaine Township residents are trying to keep Big Coal from destroying their community. (See article on page 14 of the August edition of *The Order of the Earth*.)

Thomas Linzey, a graduate of Widener University School of Law, is the cofounder of both the Daniel Peacock Democracy School and the Community Environmental Legal Defense Fund. He is a frequent presenter to groups and governments, including Bioneers. He lives in Spokane, Washington.

Anneke Campbell is a writer and documentary filmmaker who has worked for many years to advance the causes of justice and respect for all humanity and the environment. She lives in Venice, California.

The book is available for \$12.99 at the independent bookstore Powell's, www.powells.com or 800-878-7323.

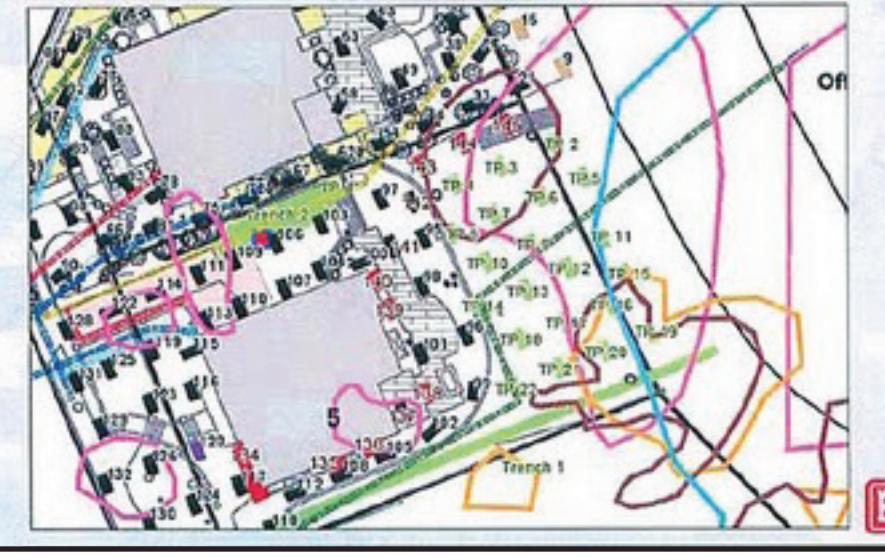
To learn more about CELDF's work and Democracy School, call Ben Price, Project Coordinator, at 717-243-6725.

There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy.

By being happy, we sow anonymous benefits upon the world.

Robert Louis Stevenson

Pit 3 Area Property: Historic Ground Scar Locations



Graphic by Building Strong

Investigations are currently paused at the 'Pit 3 Area' property as a result of the early August recovery of a flask containing a small amount of the chemical agent mustard. As a precautionary measure, vapor containment tents will be constructed.

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GANDHI TODAY: FASTING FOR TOMORROW

October 2, 2009:
Celebrating
A Great Man's
Birth
140 Years Ago

By Ted Glick
Climate Justice Fast

"Somewhere there's a sweet spot, that produces enough without tipping over into the hyper-individualism that drives our careening, unsatisfying economy. The mix of regulation and values that might make such self-restraint more common is, of course, as hard to create in China as in the United States; far simpler just to bless an every-man-for-himself economy and step aside. But creating those values and the laws and customs that will slowly evolve from them, may be the key task of our time here and around the world."

Bill McKibben, Deep Economy

One hundred forty years ago today Mohandas Gandhi was born in Gujarat province in India. I didn't learn this from *The New York Times*, CNN or any other mainstream media source. I didn't learn about it from progressive media outlets, although it is very possible that one or more of them publicized it and I missed it.

I learned about this as a result of being invited to speak yesterday at William Patterson University in northern New

Jersey by a professor who organized a program about Gandhi's relevance for today. Thanks to Balmurli Natrajan, Director of the Gandhian Forum for Peace and Justice, I've spent the last few days reflecting on this question.

When I was asked this question directly at yesterday's forum, what came to mind is this: Gandhi is important, is of continuing relevance, because he wasn't just a great, if imperfect, leader of India's successful struggle for independence from colonial Britain. He is important because he understood that it was necessary for him personally, and for his people, to be about the process of personal and cultural change if they were to have a chance of truly lasting, truly revolutionary, change in the best sense of the term.

Gandhi did his best to live a life which reflected the values of justice and love which he understood were central to the teachings of all great spiritual leaders. He went on fasts that were directed not just against the British but for his own people, calling upon them to refuse to mimic English violence and repression in their struggle for independence.

The words of Gandhi that I have used most often over the years are these: "Fasting is the sincerest form of prayer." I've used them as I've learned their truth, as I've learned about prayer, during long fasts that I've undertaken in connection with the campaign to free Leonard Peltier, against the Iraq war and for strong government action to address



CLIMATE JUSTICE FAST!

Climate Justice Fast! is a group of committed individuals inspired by Mahatma Gandhi and Martin Luther King Jr., who are volunteering to put themselves through a hunger strike to push world leaders at the UN conference in Copenhagen in December. We are calling upon world leaders to act with courage and good faith for our common, global good, by implementing the most rapid possible transition to stabilize atmospheric greenhouse gases at below 350 parts per million CO₂-equivalents and by committing to fund climate adaptation and mitigation activities in developing nations with at least U.S. \$160 billion per year. Already 60 people from 11 different countries worldwide are pledging their involvement with some prepared to live on water alone for over 40 days inside the Copenhagen conference itself! CJF stands to go down in history as one of the most exciting, inspiring and powerful actions taken to protect our planet. www.climatejusticefast.com

the climate crisis.

There's another fast very much in the Gandhian spiritual and political tradition that will be taking place about a month from now, a Climate Justice Fast (<http://www.climate-justice-fast.org>). This is a fast initiated by young people in Australia, Europe and elsewhere specifically directed at the leaders of the world's governments as they move toward the Dec. 7-18 international meeting in Copenhagen, Denmark to try to come

up with a stronger climate treaty than the Kyoto Protocol. As I write, things are not looking good at all that they will do what is needed.

Anna Keenan, youth climate activist and one of the initiators of this fast, wrote yesterday about Gandhi. She began with a quote of his that, "The world has enough for everyone's needs but not for everyone's greed." She went on to share another great Gandhi quote: "Under certain circumstances, fasting is the one

weapon God has given us for use in times of utter helplessness." In just over a month, on the last day of the Barcelona [climate] talks [November 6], I and other activists around the world will be beginning the Climate Justice Fast and continuing until Copenhagen [over 40 days, on water only].

"While the concept of the fast may shock some, it will be a non-violent, morally forceful and peaceful action and is perhaps one of the few types of actions that we have available to us that is capable of deeply communicating the gravity of the situation that we now find ourselves in, both in terms of the profound disaster of unchecked climate change and the profound opportunity provided by the Copenhagen summit."

I know that there are many climate and progressive activists who have problems with the idea of fasting. It's too bad this is the case because I have learned that fasting isn't just one of a number of tactics that we need to keep in our quiver to use as we struggle for a world based on love and compassion. Fasting is a form of action that is very valuable in building the internal discipline and the deeply-felt understanding of what's really important in this world that we individually need to stay true to our best ideals.

When you fast for more than a few days, especially on a water-only fast, you are forced to think about the reasons for your fasting, why you are putting yourself through this. You spend time thinking about all

of the people all over the world who "fast" involuntarily because of an unjust world order which is dominated by a relative handful of billionaires and multi-billionaires. When on a fast related to the issue of climate, you think about the almost-certain catastrophic droughts, famines and other disasters affecting not millions but billions later in this century if we don't rapidly make a shift away from the burning of fossil fuels and earth-destroying practices.

It is difficult not to feel helpless in the face of the timidity and resistance of far too many of the world's government leaders to doing what clearly must be done. It's maddening knowing that a serious commitment to the enactment of a clean energy revolution can be the decisive shift that opens up all kinds of possibilities for a very different future as the nations of the world work together to clean up the environmental mess capitalism has created.

In the words of Dietrich Bonhoeffer, killed because of his leadership in the anti-Nazi German resistance movement, "Real generosity toward the future lies in giving all to the present."

Yes. Yes.

Now and always.

Ted Glick is the Policy Director of the Chesapeake Climate Action Network and a long-time progressive activist. Past writings and other information can be found at <http://www.tedglick.com>.

A Man, A Plane, A Picture

Continued from page 1

skiing and climbing life. An acquaintance invited Gordon on a Himalayan climb and soon he was back and forth to Asia to attempt Makalu and Manaslu, Tirich Mir and Baruntse. Then, after assisting on a dramatic alpine helicopter rescue near Aspen, he used Veterans Affairs benefits to train to be a pilot, figuring he might be a search and rescue flier.

In a way, that's what he became.

He started flying in the early 1980s with Lighthawk, an all-volunteer organization founded by conservation pilot and Gordon's mentor, Michael Stewart, whom Gordon describes as "a real hero." In Aspen, Gordon met singer and fellow pilot John Denver. The two of them flew regularly together and even attended the 1992 Rio Earth Summit and flew over the Amazon. Denver was killed in a plane crash in 1997.

"I still miss him," Gordon says. In Ecoflight's modest office in an industrial park near the Aspen airport, a photo of Gordon, Denver and President Bill Clinton adorns a desk, next to a pile of ski gear and climbing equipment.

Over the years, Gordon has flown governors and city councilmen, network anchors and U.S. Senators, high school students and ranchers, National Geographic photographers and wildlife biologists. Paul Newman scouted "A River Runs Through It" territory with Gordon and Woody Harrelson helped spur protection of Costa Rican forests after an over flight.

Gordon flew candidate (now Montana Governor) Brian Schweitzer over the Rocky Mountain Front where conservationists were trying to convince the government to withdraw oil and gas leases. Gordon recalls that he took Schweitzer over the Canadian border to see a similar landscape in Alberta that had been heavily industrialized. Schweitzer mentioned the unsightly Canadian development in his support for curtailing energy development in Montana.

Gordon has taken loggers in the Pacific Northwest to see the extent of clear-cutting obscured

by the infamous "beauty strips" left by timber companies near roads. He's helped wildlife researchers track gray wolves and Gray whales, pronghorn antelope and grizzly bears, spotted owls and Canada lynx. And he's shown Alaska Native leaders what a new gold mine near Bristol Bay might mean for their watersheds and forests and salmon runs.

Peter Aengst, deputy regional director for The Wilderness Society, who has flown with Gordon more than a dozen times, praises the "first-hand experience" that Gordon offers his passengers. Even in the age of Google maps and satellite imagery, Aengst says, "Being in a place is different than seeing it in front of a computer screen." He admires Gordon's mix of a pilot's precision and his mission-oriented ability to be flexible when weather and schedules are challenging.

Gordon acknowledges "some people don't like to fly" and had his share of riders who turned green — which doesn't mean they became conservation minded. But he's convinced, by the "aha" moments when people have exclaimed or gasped or gape-mouthed stared, that he is showing people things they need to see.

"You can see 12 (gas) rigs from Interstate 70," he says. "You can see 2,000 from up there."

Increasingly, Gordon notices the slow-motion effects of climate change creeping across the West. The most visible is the spread of pine bark beetle, notably in western Colorado. Scientists believe beetles are proliferating because nighttime winter temperatures have heated up, allowing a higher survival rate of pine bark beetle larvae. The annual advance of rust brown forests marching across the landscape is palpable from the air.

He's also watched glaciers melt, reservoirs shrink, ponds change color and the big Western sky become less azure. The drought that has plagued the West this century is turning the normal dun color of the summertime West into increasingly desiccated vistas. Flying repeatedly over Glacier National Park

for 20 years, the receding ice and changing colors are as apparent as watching a Popsicle melt on a July day.

Last year, I flew with Gordon out of Farmington, New Mexico to survey the Four Corners area, home to a proposed and controversial coal-fired power plant on the Navajo Nation. From a few thousand feet over the parched southwestern landscape, we saw vast piles of fly ash produced by two existing power plants looking like miniature gray mountain ranges. As our eyes swept the sky, we took in the haze and plumes of smoke from the Four Corners Plant and the Navajo Generating Station. People who live in the area — Navajo and Hopi, Anglo and Hispanic — complain that the abundance of coal plants, uranium mills and natural gas wells affects their health. Their conviction that the sun-baked region offered an invitation for solar energy development became even more convincing from the air.

Few people can claim such an intimate knowledge of such expansive territory. From Gordon's Cessna, it's clear that the West, which 19th-century explorer John Wesley Powell called "a region of wildest desolation," is being carved up. Gordon worries that too few people seem to notice the landscape-sized changes that are cumulatively destroying the ecological integrity of an entire region. Even though he flies low, his is the proverbial 30,000-foot view.

Gordon hopes to "bring back images that tell the story and compel people to make more informed decisions and choices."

The common thread among many of his passengers has been an almost involuntary reaction to the aerial view of this expansive country: the "I had no idea!" moment, as Gordon calls it.

Gordon knows it when he sees it: "There's a subtle light that goes on in people's eyes," he says.

"I look for projects that can be illuminated by flight, so the land can speak for itself."

Daniel Glick, a former Newsweek correspondent, is co-founder of the Story Group.

Sea Otters Granted Habitat Protection

Continued from page 1

The Center first petitioned the Fish and Wildlife Service to protect sea otters in southwest Alaska under the Endangered Species Act in August 2000.

Two lawsuits and five years later, sea otters in this region received protections provided by the law following population declines of up to 90 percent in many areas.

Fewer than 40,000 otters were estimated to exist in southwestern Alaska in 2005, down from more than 100,000 in the 1970s. Declines are most pronounced in the Aleutian Islands where the population has dropped from more than 70,000 to fewer than 10,000 animals.

The exact cause of the decline is unknown but scientists have speculated that increased predation by killer whales may be a factor. Sea otters in the area are also threatened by proposals to open Bristol Bay in the Bering Sea to oil development, along with changes to the ecosystem brought about by global warming and overfishing.

The Endangered Species Act requires that critical habitat be designated when a species is listed. Congress has emphasized the importance of critical habitat, stating that "the ultimate effectiveness of the Endangered Species Act will depend on the designation of critical habitat."

But the Bush-era Fish and Wildlife Service took the attitude that critical habitat designations were a hindrance that did not benefit listed species.

In all critical habitat press releases during the Bush admin-

istration, the Fish and Wildlife Service wrote, "In 30 years of implementing the Endangered Species Act, the Service has found that the designation of critical habitat provides little additional protection to most listed species, while preventing the Service from using scarce conservation resources for activities with greater conservation benefits. In almost all cases, recovery of listed species will come through voluntary cooperative partnerships, not regulatory measures such as critical habitat."

Under the Obama administration, the Service has not been using that language.

Recognizing that the Bush administration would designate critical habitat only as a result of litigation, in December 2006 the Center filed a lawsuit in federal district court in Washington, D.C., seeking critical habitat for Alaska's sea otters.

In April 2007 the Center reached an agreement with the Fish and Wildlife Service, which provided that critical habitat for the otter had to be finalized by October 2009.

Wednesday's habitat designation includes all near-shore waters in the current range of the southwest Alaska population of the sea otter within 100 meters of mean high tide, waters less than two meters in depth and kelp forests in waters less than 20 meters deep.

In total, the areas making up the otter's critical habitat equate to 5,855 square miles. While the designation includes critical areas for the sea otter, it falls

short, the Center says, because it fails to protect deeper waters and areas further from shore that the otter also needs to recover.

The Interior Department has proposed opening up areas in the Bering Sea near Bristol Bay to offshore oil and gas development but such development would be devastating for sea otters, Noblin warns.

Because they rely on their fur as insulation against the cold, sea otters are extremely vulnerable to oil spills. As many as 1,000 sea otters died from the Exxon Valdez oil spill in 1989. More recently, the Selendang Ayu oil spill in the Aleutian Islands in December 2004 killed numerous animals in this vulnerable sea otter population.

"While today's habitat designation is an important step in preventing the extinction of sea otters in southwest Alaska," said Noblin, "we still must do much more to ensure their eventual recovery, including protecting offshore habitat and eliminating the threat of oil development in Bristol Bay."

The worldwide sea otter population was reduced to just a few hundred animals between 1742 and 1911, due to commercial harvest by the Russian and Russian-American fur trade.

Three populations of sea otters exist in Alaska today but only the southwest Alaska population is listed as threatened. The Service estimates the statewide population at around 70,000 animals.

Standing in Respect

By Sunny War Eagle, Marianna, Florida

When Grandfather Sun arises or sets, We stand in awed wonder,
At life's beauteous gifts, left hand over right hand, heart side over thought side,
It seems natural to do.
Spirit side over human side calm fears and unrest,
We express deep gratitude, left hand over right hand,
We stand in respect.

Daniel Glick, a former Newsweek correspondent, is co-founder of the Story Group.

News

Gas Drilling vs. Drinking Water: New York City Consultant's Report Sets Stage for Fight With Albany

By Abraham Lustgarten
ProPublica, October 7, 2009

A preliminary report from a consultant hired by New York City warns that "nearly every activity" associated with natural gas drilling could potentially harm the city's drinking water supply and that, while the risk can be reduced with strict regulations, "the likelihood of water quality impairment... cannot be eliminated."

That assessment contrasts sharply with the picture presented by an environmental review released by state officials last week. Aside from clauses that ban some waste pits and promise additional consideration for drilling within 1,000 feet of the city's reservoirs and water infrastructure in upstate New York, the environmental review does little to respond to New York City's long-standing concerns that the watershed deserves special environmental consideration and instead paves the way for drilling to proceed throughout the watershed.

The issue appears to be emerging as a point of controversy in New York City's mayoral election.

City comptroller and mayoral candidate William Thompson criticized the state's environmental review in a news release and said Mayor Michael Bloomberg should be more outspoken. "I am also concerned that the City and the Water Board have been extremely lax in responding to this threat," he said.

Marc LaVorgna, a spokesman for Bloomberg's office, said the mayor will withhold judgment until he sees the final version of the report the city commissioned from Hazen and Sawyer, a New York City-based environmental engineering firm. The full report isn't expected to be delivered until December, after the public comment period for the state environmental review has ended.

LaVorgna emphasized that the Bloomberg administration has invested heavily in the city's water system and would not rule out a protracted fight to protect it.

"This is not a fringe issue for this administration," LaVorgna said. "This is a mayor that adamantly orders tap water every night he dines out."

In one of his few statements on the subject, Bloomberg, who has generally supported the idea of energy development, told WNYC radio Thursday that, "If this has the danger of polluting, we will fight it."

The clashing reports seem poised to reignite long-standing tensions between upstate New York and New York City, which depends almost entirely on water delivered from rural, upstate areas.

"The stakes are very high based on the conclusions of this report," Manhattan Borough President Scott Stringer said in an interview with ProPublica. The report, he said, "suggests that city elected officials have a role to play here and a responsibility to step up and say, 'What does frack drilling mean to New York City residents?'"

Last week Stringer announced he was launching a Kill the Drill



Photo credits: water drop (WikiCommons/Sven Hoppe), Mayor Bloomberg (Stephen Chernin/Getty Images), William Thompson (Reuters/Patrick Andrade)

NYC mayoral candidate William Thompson criticized the state's tentative proposal to allow drilling in the watershed. Mayor Bloomberg's office said water safety is "not a fringe issue for this administration."



In hydraulic fracturing, more than a million gallons of water, sand and chemicals are injected into the Earth at high pressure causing rocks to fracture and release gas. If you have new details or insider knowledge about natural gas drilling in the Marcellus Shale, please contact ProPublica at www.propublica.org.

campaign.

New York is one of four major cities in the United States with a special permit from the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) allowing its drinking water to go unfiltered. That pristine water comes from a network of upstate reservoirs and rivers spread across 1,600 square miles in five upstate counties. Those reservoirs — which all lie west of the Hudson River — supply 90 percent of the drinking water for 9 million downstate residents, nearly half the state's population. If the EPA were to rescind the city's special permit, New York City would have to build a treatment facility that could cost between \$10 billion and \$30 billion, according to various estimates.

Hazen and Sawyer's early findings were summarized at a city meeting last week and posted on the city's Department of Environmental Protection's Web site Tuesday evening, after repeated requests for the document by ProPublica over the past several days.

The report and an accompanying summary PowerPoint presentation lay out several areas of concern. The consultants found that drilling "introduces hazardous chemicals into the watershed" and that "the well bore, which acts as a conduit between geological formations, can allow previously isolated contaminants to flow into shallow groundwater or surface water."

The research also warned of "enormous volumes" of wastewater and said there are no treatment plants in the region designed to treat these wastes. It said the disturbance from hydraulic fracturing could cause seismic shifts or otherwise damage the tunnels or aqueducts that bring the water to the city. Hydraulic fracturing shoots millions of gallons of water, sand and chemicals underground with such force that it breaks rock and releases pockets of gas.

So far, New York City's top officials have preferred a behind-

the-scenes approach as the public debate over the state's natural gas drilling policy unfurls in Albany. City DEP officials have protested to the state Department of Environmental Conservation (DEC) in private letters but have said little publicly.

In a letter obtained by ProPublica in July 2008, then New York City DEP commissioner Emily Lloyd asked the DEC commissioner to disclose the chemicals used in hydraulic fracturing and to consider a partial ban on drilling near the reservoirs that supply New York City's water.

Shortly afterward, and following an investigation by ProPublica, Governor David Paterson ordered the environmental review that was released September 30th. Called the Draft Supplemental Generic Environmental Impact Statement, it supplements gas and oil drilling rules established in 1992. New York City officials have since sent several additional letters to the state DEC voicing their ongoing concerns.

A spokesman for the state DEC did not return repeated calls for comment.

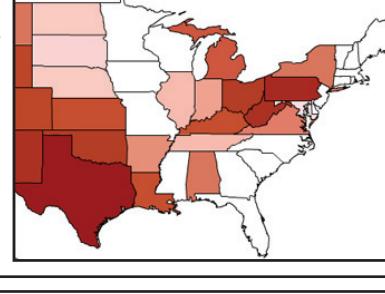
The state supplemental draft report discloses many of the drilling chemicals as Lloyd had requested and it also strengthens several other environmental protections. But it did not recommend a full or partial ban on drilling in the watershed.

The supplementary impact statement is now subject to a 60-day public comment period after which final guidelines will be issued. But Stringer and others are pressing the state for a 30-day extension, which would allow the findings from the Hazen and Sawyer report to be included.

ProPublica reporters Joaquin Sapien and Saprina Shankman contributed to this story. ProPublica is a nonprofit investigative newsroom that produces stories in the public interest. Visit www.propublica.org for more information. A version of this story appeared in the Albany Times-Union on October 8, 2009.

How Many Natural Gas Wells Does Your State Have?

Find out by going to www.ProPublica.org and look for this interactive map under "Abraham Lustgarten," July 8, 2009.



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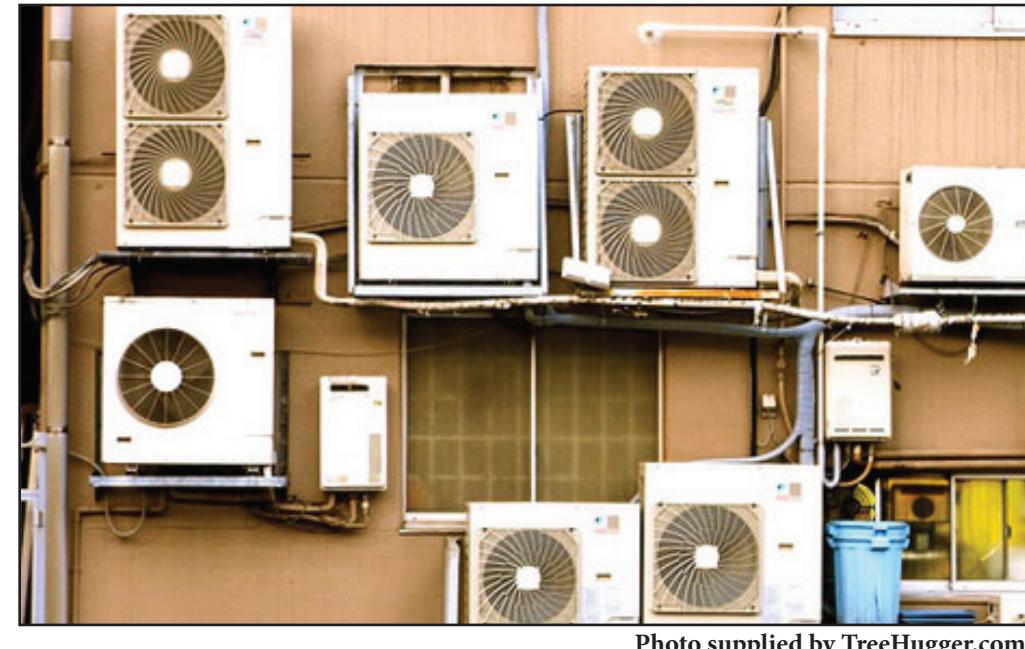


Photo supplied by TreeHugger.com
A crematorium in Taiwan plans to harness waste heat from their incinerators to produce electricity to air condition their waiting room.

Dead People Are Cool: Crematorium Heat Powers AC

By Warren McLaren, excerpt
TreeHugger.com, October 8, 2009

ing powered by the bodies of their relatives being burnt downstairs."

However, the Mortuary Services deputy director Ms. Yang Yi-lin said, "We recycle the exhaust to reduce air pollution and protect the environment. But we will also take the relatives' feelings into account."

Investigations are being made to see if the energy produced can be directed towards lighting instead of air conditioning or to powering the A/C in the offices and elsewhere in buildings.

The *Taipei Daily* quoted the Mortuary superintendent, Tu Yin-hui, pointing out that that direct emissions from the 1,000° C. (1800° F.) furnaces

cause air pollution, which the new unit will reduce, whilst capturing waste energy. He also notes that harnessed heat was "not generated directly from the cremation of the remains of the deceased . . .".

[Ed.: When I was an air-pollution inspector in New Jersey, my colleagues told me how much energy these incinerators create (along with other grisly details which I will spare you) so this article caught my eye. Furthermore, my daughter-in-law is a funeral director so her family (also in the business) might like to read this one!]

Reprinted with permission from TreeHugger.com.

48-Year-Old Blogger Goes 9 Years Without Spending Money

By Brian Merchant
TreeHugger, excerpt
October 9, 2009

Daniel Suelo wasn't poor, a victim of bad luck, mentally ill or even uneducated. He just decided that he wanted to have nothing to do with money. So he gave up consumer culture altogether and, for the last nine years, he's survived by living in a cave in Utah and dumpster diving, foraging, fishing and occasionally hunting for food. He spends his time in the great outdoors — and in the public library where he blogs about it all. (www.whywork.org)

Suelo must have the lowest carbon footprint of any blogger in the United States. And he's never taken food stamps or other government assistance and despite what his lifestyle may lead you to believe, he's certainly not crazy. He's just got an aversion to money . . .

While in Ecuador on a Peace Corps mission, he witnessed a rural community acquire increased monetary wealth through farming and shift their traditional lifestyle towards a diet of unhealthy, processed food and a newfound addiction to television . . . He made the conscious decision to return home, quit his job and carve out a life without money.

Suelo himself writes, "I've been living without a cent to my name since the autumn of 2000 (with a month's exception dur-

ing my first year)" on the front page of the Web site he runs from the public library . . .

Of course, few would be willing to take such a plunge into a moneyless, ultra-low impact life. But simply knowing that Suelo has should be enough to make us think a long hard minute about all the stuff we heedlessly buy.

Reverend Billy may be the head of the Church of Stop Shopping but Daniel Suelo is its patron saint.

Brian Merchant is a freelance writer, blogger, and editor living in Brooklyn, New York.

Reprinted with permission from TreeHugger.com.

One Day of the Iraq War Equals \$720,000,000

Submitted by Lou Rimbach, Salisbury MD

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Team Germany Takes Home Solar Decathlon Top Honors

WASHINGTON, D.C., October 16, 2009 (ENS) — Team Germany, the student team from Darmstadt, Germany, won first place in the 2009 Solar Decathlon today by designing, building and operating the most attractive and efficient solar-powered home, U.S. Department of Energy Deputy Secretary Daniel Poneman announced on the National Mall in Washington. The University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign took second place followed by Team California in third place.

The active competition lasted for a week and the 20 homes on the National Mall were open to the public through Sunday. Team Germany's winning "Cube House" design produced a surplus of power even during three days of rain.

This is the team's second-straight Solar Decathlon victory, after winning the previous competition in 2007.

"This competition to build zero carbon homes has been a tremendous undertaking and we have seen terrific efforts by all the teams," Poneman said. "The ingenuity that comes from individual effort is the promise of our future."

Over the past two weeks, the 2009 Solar Decathlon challenged 20 university-led teams from the United States, Spain, Germany and Canada to compete in 10 contests, ranging from subjective elements such as architecture, market viability, communications, lighting design and engineering, to technical measurements of how well the homes provided energy for space heating and cooling, hot water, home entertainment, appliances and net metering.

New to this year's competition, the Net Metering Contest was worth 150 points toward the final results and was the most heavily weighted contest. It challenged teams to generate surplus energy, above and beyond the power needed to run a house, which they fed into a power grid.

Team Germany earned 908.29 points out of a possible 1,000 to win the competition, followed by the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign with 897.30 points and Team California with 863.08 points.



Photo by Ann Coghill, Courtesy DOE

Team Germany's house is covered with solar panels.

Solar Decathlon Individual Contest Winners

- In the **Appliances Contest**, the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign earned the most points based on keeping a refrigerator and freezer cold, washing and drying 10 loads of laundry during the contest week and washing dishes in a dishwasher five times during the competition — all on electricity generated only from sunlight. The team scored 93.53 out of 100 possible points.

- Team California took first place in the **Architecture Contest** and earned 98 points out of a possible 100. A jury of architects judged homes on the aesthetic and functional elements of the home's design, ease of circulation among the public and private areas, integration of various spaces into a holistic design, generosity and sufficiency of space in the house and the house's design surprises meant to inspire visitors.

- Team Germany topped the contestants in the **Comfort Zone Contest** with 92 out of 100 points for maintaining indoor temperatures

between 72 and 76 degrees Fahrenheit and relative humidity between 40 percent and 55 percent.

- Team California's **Communications Contest** efforts, including communications plans, student-led tours and team Web site, were judged best by the jury of Web site and public relations experts with a score of 69.75 points out of a possible 75 points.

- The University of Minnesota won the **Engineering Contest** which was evaluated by a group of prominent engineers who determined which solar home best exemplified excellence in energy systems design, energy-efficiency savings, creative innovations in design and reliability of energy systems. The University of Minnesota scored 96 out of a possible 100 points.

- The **Home Entertainment Contest** required students to use electricity generated by their solar houses to run interior and exterior lights, a TV, a computer and a kitchen appliance to boil water. Teams were also required to hold two dinner parties and a movie night for neighbors. The University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign

earned 92.62 out of a possible 100 points.

- The University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign earned the maximum 100 points in the **Hot Water Contest**'s "shower tests" which aimed to deliver 15 gallons of hot water in 10 minutes or less. Of course, the water was heated by the sun.

- The University of Minnesota was named the winner of the **Lighting Contest** where teams earned points based on an evaluation by a jury of lighting design experts. Jurors toured each house to evaluate the aesthetics, innovations, energy efficiency, user-friendliness, flexibility and performance of the teams' lighting designs. The University of Minnesota earned 72 points out of a possible 75 points.

- The University of Louisiana at Lafayette won the **Market Viability Contest** which evaluated whether the cost-effective construction and solar technology in a team's design would create a viable product on the open market. Judges gauged market appeal based on three criteria: livability, feasibility of construction and marketability. The University of Louisiana at Lafayette earned 97 points out of a possible 100 as judged by the professional jury.

- The University of Minnesota took the top spot in the crucial, 150-point **Net Metering Contest**. Teams were awarded 100 points if the energy supplied to their home's two-way electrical meter registered zero or less after all of the energy demands of the contest week. Each house in the 2009 Solar Decathlon was connected to a power grid and equipped with a meter that measured both its consumption and production of energy. When a team's meter showed a negative number, the home had generated surplus energy — worth up to 50 additional points. Team Germany scored a perfect 150 points in this contest. The application process for the next Solar Decathlon, to be held in fall 2011, has already begun.

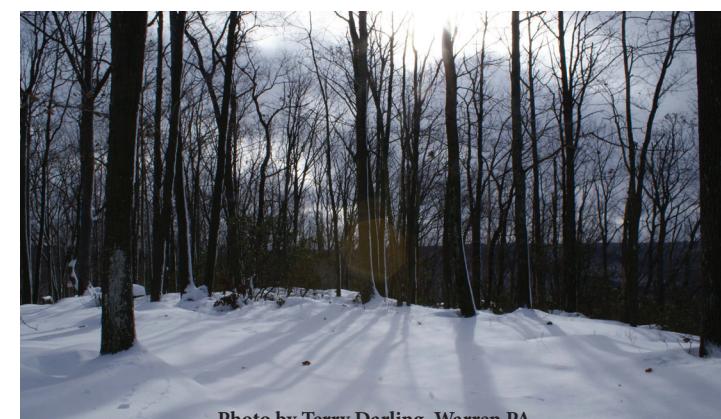


Photo by Terry Darling, Warren PA

PA Forests Saved, At Least For Now

PennFuture Email October 10, 2009

The Pennsylvania House of Representatives, led by a core group of "green dog" and "hunting dog" House Democrats and a strong coalition of conservation, hunting and angling organizations, have staved off a raid on Pennsylvania's State Forest system by the gas drilling industry and their legislative allies. A strong public outcry that included conservationists, hunters, anglers and most of the state's major newspapers helped achieve this reprieve.

The outcome is a significant improvement over a series of proposals to open up hundreds of thousands of acres of state forest land to gas drilling. The original budget agreement would also have rescinded the Oil and Gas Lease Fund that since 1955 has been used to purchase land for state parks and invest in park and forest infrastructure among many uses.

The final package still requires Department of Conservation and Natural Resources to raise \$60 million from drilling in the State Forests this year but eliminates any further requirements that the agency lease land for drilling. It also preserves the fundamental integrity of the Oil and Gas Lease Fund.

Heroes of the Forests

Anyone who uses and values Penn's Woods owes a debt of gratitude to Representative Dave Levdansky (D-Allegheny) who led the effort to repel the raid on the forest. We can't name all of the House members who helped but a few we would like to salute include Representatives Greg Vitali (D-Delaware), Steve Santarsiero (D-Bucks), David Kessler (D-Berks), Ed Staback (D-Lackawanna), Mike Hanna (D-Clinton), Robert Freeman (D-Northampton), Camille "Bud" George (D-Clearfield), Tim Briggs (D-Montgomery), Tom Houghton (D-Chester), Barbara McIlvaine Smith (D-Chester), John Siprotro (D-Monroe) and Matt Bradford (D-Montgomery).

A Sigh of Relief, A Call to Arms

Citizens who care about public lands can breathe a sigh of relief today but this is only a temporary reprieve. We must enact a severance tax, just like every other major gas producing state, in order to relieve the pressure to turn our forests into a cash register for the state budget.

Did you know that PennFuture has staff throughout the state — in Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, West Chester and Wilkes-Barre? The Harrisburg Office is at 610 N. Third St., Harrisburg, PA 17101; 717-214-7920, FAX: 717-214-7927, info@pennfuture.org

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Wait! We Just Bombed the Moon?

Doesn't Anyone Else
Get a Say in This?

By Tara Lohan
AlterNet.org, October 9, 2009

So, Obama wins the Nobel Prize for peace, just as we go ahead and bomb the moon. Don't worry it's not alien terrorists we're after, just water. Here's what CNN reported:

NASA said Friday's rocket and satellite strike on the moon was a success, kicking up enough dust for scientists to determine whether or not there is water on the moon.

"We have the data we need to actually address the questions we set out to

address," said Anthony Colaprete, principal investigator for the Lunar Crater Observation and Sensing Satellite, or LCROSS, mission.

". . . NASA crashed the rocket and a satellite into the moon's surface on Friday morning in a \$79 million mission."

I could think of a few things we could do with \$79 million — like help kick off a public trust fund back here on Earth to ensure adequate infrastructure for safe drinking water.

But then again, I'm no rocket scientist. So why the heck are we doing this? The Agence France Presse reports:

"Finding water on Earth's natural satellite would be a major breakthrough in space exploration and pave the way toward future lunar bases for drinking

water or fuel, or even man living on another planet.

"This could be the place that we could go to mine water for a permanent lunar base," said [Peter] Schultz [a professor of geological sciences at Brown University who helped design the mission].

A permanent lunar base? Sounds like a perfect thing to be working on right now, considering we've got that whole health care crisis, global warming fiasco, cratering economy and endless war situation all figured out.

Nice work, guys!

Tara Lohan is a managing editor at AlterNet.



time

the moon was full
and a star struck across —
across its face
and into the blue earth
and autumn leaves

By Sandy Chilcote
Newfoundland, Canada

U.S. May Not Make Emissions Pledge in Copenhagen Says U.S. Rep

By Daniel Ten Kate and Alex Morales
Bloomberg.com, excerpt, October 9, 2009

The U.S. may not agree to cut greenhouse-gas emissions in a new treaty this year because there is no domestic law setting a framework, the country's top negotiator said at United Nations climate talks in Bangkok.

Without legislation advancing in Congress, it will be difficult for the world's biggest economy to pledge an emissions target for itself, U.S. negotiator Jonathan Pershing told reporters today as negotiations wound up in the Thai capital.

"It will be extraordinarily difficult for the U.S. to commit to a specific number in the absence of action from Congress," Pershing said. "The question is open as to how much we can do. It's not really possible to answer." The UN aims to approve a treaty to stem global warming by December in Copenhagen. Countries have three weeks of talks left to close gaps . . .

Countries Are Preparing for Rising Seas But the U.S. Is Far Behind

Sounding Retreat

Excerpt from The Rising Sea
by Orrin H. Pilkey and Rob Young

All around the globe, there is growing awareness of coming sea level rise. To date, the United States appears to be behind in what are still very preliminary efforts of many other countries. In 2008, the EPA released an important document intended to set the stage for the nation's response to sea level rise but the stated goal of the report was to add to the nation's prosperity while responding to sea level rise.

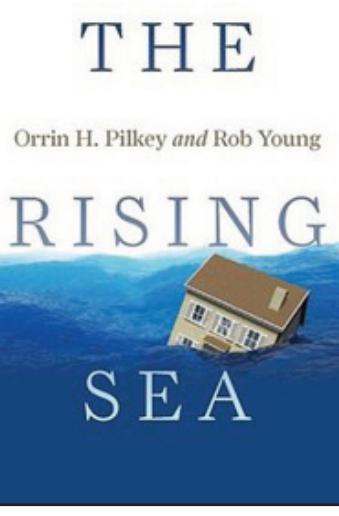
Maintaining prosperity may be desirable, but you can't have your cake and eat it too. A report with such conflicting goals cannot be taken seriously. Response to a major

sea level rise will, of course, involve economic sacrifice on the part of property owners, government and society as a whole even though jobs will be created in building relocation and other industries.

Initial major sea-level-rise impacts on U.S. development will likely occur along our barrier island coasts. Eventually, urban problems, especially stormwater and wastewater disposal, will begin to take precedence over preservation of beach communities. When our main population centers are truly threatened and we begin to build dikes and move ports and other infrastructure, small beachfront communities are likely to become declining public priorities. The end result, decades from now, but certainly in this century, will be abandonment of many island tourist communities and,

unfortunately, massive seawalling of others.

Today in the U.S., action on sea level rise occurs in scattered pockets on a mostly local scale. In Olympia, Washington, a controversy erupted over the siting of the new city hall. Detractors argued the planned site was on low-elevation land built out into Puget Sound and was sure to be inundated within a few decades. A new site at higher elevation was chosen. In Santa Barbara, California, a citizens group proposed to paint a blue line around the city at the 23-foot elevation contour to show a worst-case scenario of sea level rise (melting of the Greenland ice sheet). The voters threw it out. Joseph Riley, the mayor of Charleston, South Carolina, said that replacement and upgrading of the city's stormwater drainage system was a



necessity because of rising sea levels. Florida takes the prize for being the least prepared of all especially given its extreme vulnerability . . .

Tuna, the Most Valuable Fish, Lands on the Red List

By Cat Lincoln
GreenDaily, October 6, 2009

It was hard, but I've given up Chilean Seabass. It's probably the world's most delicious fish and consequently it's been overfished practically to the point of extinction. No eating seafood on the Red List! [of endangered species]

At least I still have my tuna sashimi, right?

Sadly, no. Bluefin tuna, a.k.a. the amazingly tasty dark pink flesh you get at fine sushi restaurants, is one of the most badass looking fish in the sea. However, scary looking as they are, these bad boys are just as vulnerable to mankind's excess as the rest of the animal kingdom. And now they're on the Red List, too.

While some varieties of tuna are reasonably well managed, including the ones used for canned tuna, bluefin tuna has been terribly overfished, to the point of near extinction. Compounding the problem, as bluefin becomes more scarce and expensive, tuna lovers are turning to bigeye and yellowfin tuna stocks and some fear that these varieties will be the next to succumb to . . . the Red List.

I'm really starting to hate the Red List.

Taste aside, tuna is one of the most financially important fish in the sea. According to the World Wildlife Fund (WWF), more than \$6 billion tuna product is exported each year, "making it the third most traded marine commodity after shrimp and groundfish."

To address the issue of overfishing, the WWF joined forces with eight tuna companies to establish the International Seafood Sustainability Foundation (ISSF). This global partnership is dedicated to conserving tuna and the corresponding good health of the ocean, using science-based methods.

Let's hope they have some success, because for some of us "spicy edamame" rolls will never quite hit the spot.

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Trees

When Will We Get It?

By Mel Samms-Overley, Bedford PA

As I stand on the cusp
of this or that hill,
in a shocked review
I see spread out before me
a nation of charred and blackened stubs.
What once was a majesty
of leafy spires
has now, due to one act
of thoughtless carelessness,
become the travesty
I see before me.

Their skin of bark
their flesh of wood
carved away
into lifeless sculptures
by the sharpened teeth
of a blazing file.
In those endless days and nights
of hell
they screamed out the agonies
of their death song
in silence,
leaving only their carcasses
as charcoal shadows
racked before my hurting eyes.

When will we
"GET IT?"
Without our umbilical cord
of forest and plants,
the foundation of life
will struggle on to its death
in a gasping suffocation.

Each day
that opens its dawning eyes
upon us,
and our forests and landscapes
are still with us
in all their protracted
beauty and diversity,
that is a day
where our commitment
of care, protection and husbandry
has given us
the moment by still moments
newborn breathing space
and a locke of precious hope.

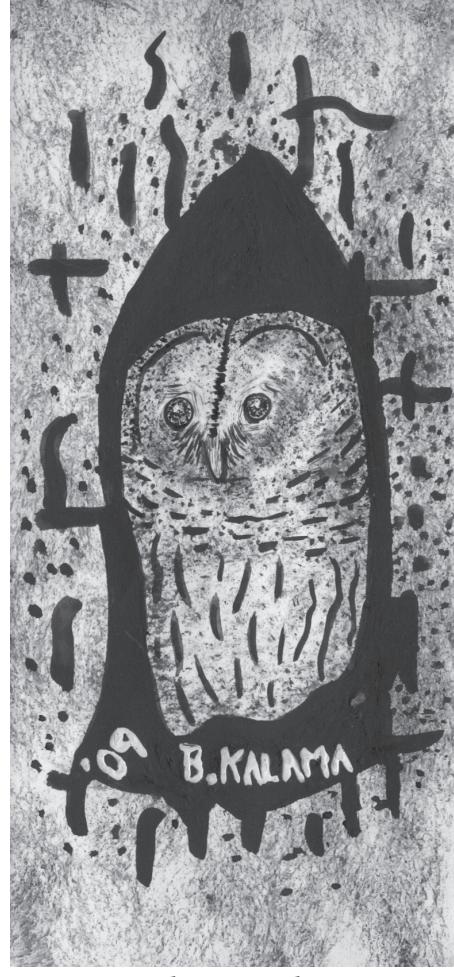
Art by Byron Kalama
Earthbridge Community

Image from Office Publisher

A Message From Mother Earth

WE ARE THE TREES

By Doug Davis
Cosmic Traveler

also have knowledge of all
beings in the underground
realm.

"We reach for the sky in joyous abandon and in great happiness to be alive here on Earth. We have everything we could possibly want: sunshine, rain, air and prana from the Universe. We do not have to beg for it. It is provided. In turn, we provide shade, beauty, a rest stop for the weary and oxygen for all. We are proud to be here. Oh, yes, we give messages, too, for the open-hearted.

"All living things have an aura about them, an energy field that is alive. We trees have such energy fields. If you could see them, you would see that they shimmer and sparkle and move. We are living, conscious beings, just as you are.

"As trees, we are proud to be spread out so far and wide on this planet. We are stately and beautiful and very content. We are able to communicate with all trees all over the world and able to receive communication from them. This is normal. We know when some of us are being destroyed as well as when some of us are young and new. We know what is happening with Mother Earth, plus everything she is feeling and wishes to communicate. Since our roots go deep into the ground, we are able to have this knowledge. We

"If you have ever been energetically drawn to a particular tree or type of tree, it is because you and the tree share a like vibration and it has a message for you. Also, did you know you can speak to a tree on the other side of the world by speaking to a tree in your own backyard and your message will be relayed? It is instantaneous, too. Quite a feat, isn't it? Actually, it's not, it is normal. We ask you to end your doubts about this and try it sometime.

"We lift our arms to the Sun

and feel its powerful presence every day. You can do the same and experience its deep, healing energy coming into your body. The Sun is not dangerous as you have been taught. It cannot cause you to have cancer unless you believe it. The Sun gives life sustaining energy and joy. It is playing a major role right now in your ascension to a higher state of awareness.

"Do the Trees and Animals become ill and full of cancer from the Sun? You already know the answer to that. Go out into the Sun and bless it, be grateful for it and send it your love. This will change your consciousness, thereby altering your body's chemistry so no disease can befall you. Our Sun is a living, joyous being of the Highest Light.

"Thank you for believing in the trees and please visit us! Sit down by us, close your eyes and let us share our stories with you. We have so much to tell you. Be good and kind to us. We are the Trees!"

Mother Earth

Doug Davis is a clairvoyant and spiritual medium. He also loves to garden and grow beautiful plants of all kinds and is the founder of Sacred Earth Seed Co. You are invited to contact him at Sacredearth88@aol.com.

Wake Up to Meaning of Forests Accord

By Frank McDonald
IrishTimes.com, October 9, 2009, via Daily Climate

Slight Change in Text of Deforestation Agreement Has Controversial Effects

BANGKOK (excerpt)—THE EU has been accused of colluding with the logging industry to downgrade the protection of forests (the world's most important "carbon sinks") and allow them to be replaced by timber plantations under the guise of "sustainable forest management."

According to Greenpeace and other environ-

mental groups, the risk is contained in a "small but extremely important" change in the text of the Reduced Emissions from Deforestation and Degradation agreement worked on by negotiators in Bangkok. It centers on the substitution of "sustainable forest management and forest conversion" for references in the 2007 Bali Action Plan to the "sustainable management of forests", a broader definition that includes local community use and conservation. Since then, Greenpeace claims that the forestry sector has "sneaked" its own term, "sustainable forest management," into the negotiation text ("industry-speak for industrial-scale logging") and that Sweden, Finland and France played a role in making this change...

Save the Forests, Help Save the Planet Says UN Agricultural Official

UN News Center
Via DailyClimate.org

October 9, 2009 — With deforestation accounting for over 20 per cent of greenhouse gas emissions, a senior United Nations agricultural official today called for preservation of an ecosystem that can play a major role in fighting global warming.

"Damage to forest ecosystems is affecting everyone in the world through climate change, water scarcity and the loss of biological diversity," UN Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO) Assistant Director General of Forestry Jan Heino said ahead of a meeting later this month of World Forestry Congress in Buenos Aires, Argentina.

He called on the 4,500 participants, including delegates of governments, the private sector and environmental organizations from more than 120 countries, expected to attend the October 18 to 23 meeting to adopt more effective land, crop and livestock management practices.

"Given that agriculture and land use changes such as deforestation contribute about one-third of global greenhouse gas emissions, the potential role of these sectors in meeting the climate change challenge is great," he said in a news release.

The World Forestry Congress, held every six years since 1926 and organized by the government of the host country under FAO auspices, is the most important meeting on the global calendar with regard to the forestry sector. It comes less than two months before the UN Climate Change Conference in Copenhagen, where it is hoped to forge a new pact to replace the Kyoto Protocol with even steeper reductions of greenhouse gases.

UN agencies have repeatedly pointed to the vital role that forests play in the health of Planet Earth.

Last month, a campaign backed by the UN Environment Programme (UNEP) to plant seven billion new trees in a bid to push governments into reaching agreement in Copenhagen



"Damage to forest ecosystems is affecting everyone in the world through climate change, water scarcity and the loss of biological diversity," UN Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO) Assistant Director General of Forestry Jan Heino said.

achieved its goal. The milestone was reached on September 22nd with the news that China had planted 2.6 billion trees as part of the campaign, bringing the total to 7.3 billion trees planted in 167 countries.

Tree planting remains one of the most cost-effective ways to

address climate change, according to UNEP. Trees and forests play a vital role in regulating the climate since they absorb carbon dioxide.

Deforestation, in turn, accounts for over 20 per cent of the carbon dioxide humans generate, rivaling the emissions from other sources.

In a related development, efforts to set up a global body to address the loss and degradation of nature-based assets have gathered pace at a UNEP-backed gathering of representatives of nearly 100 governments.

At the Nairobi meeting, there was strong support to establish the Intergovernmental Panel or Platform on Biodiversity and Ecosystem Services (IPBES), which would catalyze political action as the Nobel Peace Prize-winning Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change has.

"This is the year the world had hoped to have turned the tide on the loss of biodiversity," said UNEP Executive Director Achim Steiner. "This, however, is unlikely to be achieved which does not undermine the goal but speaks volumes of the need for an effective mechanism which IPBES could represent."

The gathering revealed that "there is a clear recognition that the status quo is not an option," he added.

"It was all very careless and confused. They were careless people — they smashed up things and creatures and then retreated into their money or their vast carelessness or whatever it was that kept them together, and let other people clean up the mess they had made."

F. Scott Fitzgerald
The Great Gatsby



Photo by Colleen Layton-Robbins
Author Heather Wandell reads to Gizmo, a Rhesus Macaque who was rescued after being rejected by his mother. Gizmo felt left out when Heather paid more attention to the rabbits but she remedied the situation by spending one-on-one time with him. People can learn from animals.

Monkey Business: Better Business Practices Learned Through Monkeys Presence

By Heather Wandell
Frisky's Wildlife and Primate Sanctuary
Woodstock, Maryland

What would you think if someone you thought you had a great relationship with, pushed up their lower lip, stuck up their nose, threw back their head and walked away when you stopped to talk to them? It doesn't take a bunch of human psychology classes to know that a greeting like that is not a warm one.

That is exactly the kind of reception I had been receiving from Gizmo (a 32-pound Rhesus Macaque monkey) for several weeks in a row. I knew for some reason, I was now on Gizmo's *#%! list. Why me? I know I had not been ignoring him — after all, I spoke his name just about every time I passed by him on the way down to the rabbits' pens.

One of the duties I have taken on at Frisky's Wildlife and Primate Sanctuary is to get the domestic rabbits out for some exercise while I clean their enclosures and replenish their food and water.

Ahhh, let's back up a moment. I think it was the "in passing" part that Gizmo was upset about. He was never the one I was taking the time for and he knew it. It means little to "whisper sweet nothings" to someone only in passing, never taking the time to be with them. It is your presence that lets others know that they matter.

Ready to win back Gizmo's heart, I grabbed a lovely book off Frisky's bookshelf that tells the story of the life of Saint Francis of Assisi, the Patron Saint of Wildlife. The book contains short chapters and colorful pictures — just perfect to be able to read a couple of chapters at ten minute intervals. It didn't take long for Gizmo to realize that I was here with the intention to spend some time with him. I put

work aside to save our relationship. I believe it matters to him and I know it matters to me. As I read, he sits or lies down next to me and I have not received the "head toss with nose up in the air" treatment since we have started storytime together.

Psychiatrist, medical school professor and professional speaker, Dr. Clifford C. Kuhn (aka the Laugh Doctor), tells about the time he was invited to give the keynote address for the annual meeting of a national corporation. An audience of 200 managers and supervisors applauded as the CEO stood before them to introduce Dr. Kuhn. In his introduction, he lauded Dr. Kuhn's work with humor and gave his personal endorsement to the idea of having more fun in the corporate setting. He shook Dr. Kuhn's hand when he arrived at the podium and then promptly left the room and did not return.

As he disappeared from sight, so did the enthusiasm of the audience. The energy drop was palpable. The CEO might as well have said the words "Now, if you'll excuse me, you are not important enough for me to join you in having fun," because that is the message that everyone received.

Fun was had that morning because you can't help but have fun in the presence of Clifford Kuhn, MD, but there was nothing he could do to restore the level of enthusiasm that was sucked out of the room after the CEO left (Clifford Kuhn, MD, The Fun Factor, 2003).

Presence is more than just making an appearance or just going through the motions, it's being engaged. Some attention is on the words and the rest is on the feeling of being in the company of the other. The unspoken communication from the CEO above was heard louder and

clearer than the actual words. When you are with people, are you giving them your full attention?

Gizmo recognized when I wasn't giving him my full attention, so being fellow primates, I would imagine your employees and colleagues will recognize if you are fully present or just "whispering sweet nothings" as you are passing through.

When you, as a leader, are present, it strengthens your team's willingness to commit.



Heather Wandell is a Certified Laughter Leader with the World Laughter Tour and is the CEO of her own company, Another Way To See It (www.anotherwaytoseeit.com). Heather is also the Director of Community Outreach at Frisky's Wildlife and Primate Sanctuary in Woodstock, Maryland (www.frisky.org). She can be reached at haw@anotherwaytoseeit.com. Please e-mail Heather if you would like to receive this column monthly by e-mail. **Gizmo was the first monkey to arrive at Frisky's 20 years ago. He was just one month old and had been rejected by his mother. Colleen Layton-Robbins stepped in to save his life. Gizmo celebrated his 20th birthday September 15th by sending a card to the sanctuary, which Heather naturally read to him.**

Earth Psalms: Song 3

By Angela Magara ©
www.angelamagara.com

Goddess, there are so many who walk blindly across the land.
So many hold the words of agreement in their mouths.
So many hold no space for questions.

I stand afraid as the words mount,
as the armies join
one to another
boot to boot.
So many.

But you Goddess, you know life as simple.
In its dazzle and turn
Lies the confidence of remembering.
Nothing is changeless as change.
Nothing.

This is my shield.
This, my ecstasy.
Here is my Goddess, here, the God who hears me.
Upon Earth do I lay my head.

No thousands can move the course of life with their strength.
But each heart flaming towards love can remake the world.

Earth Psalms is full of familiar words spoken in a new voice based on the Biblical Psalms but with the heart of Earth-based spirituality.
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Anastasia Editor's Notes

By Dr. Leonid Sharashkin

How many times have I heard personal examples of this instant recognition: people who have been searching for years or decades for meaningful answers to questions on the purpose of life, on Man's place in Nature, have finally found them in this book! . . .

But should it be surprising that the image of a way of life founded on the ideals of love, beauty and non-violence, as presented by Anastasia, would resonate so strongly with our inner self? After all, does not every one of us want to live in a free society of kind and happy people, in a world without wars, crime or oppression? In a world where not a single tear need run down a child's cheek and where families live in love and prosperity?

Do we not want to live without monstrous industries destroying and polluting both Nature and Man? Do we not want to enjoy creative labor for the benefit of both our families and our communities, instead of suffering through boring jobs merely to enrich faceless corporations? Do we not want a society based on mutual help and cooperation rather than competition? . . .



NOTE: Dear Reader — I love this book so much that I decided it would be the only book I would sell through our newspaper: \$14.95 plus \$3.05 book-rate shipping. Send a check for \$18 payable to 'The Order of the Earth to HCR 83 Box 881, Shade Gap, Pennsylvania 17255. Write 'Anastasia' on the memo line. If you love the first one as much as I did, you may order the rest of them directly from Ringing Cedars.com or 800-365-6367. For the Earth, *Iona*

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Life is My Career: On Canning Tomatoes and Love

By Christine MacCabe
Sabillasville, Maryland

"Well, I asked for it!" I said to my son who was sitting at the dining room table as I waltzed into the kitchen that day and looked at the beautiful tomatoes piled up on the counter. I was thinking more about love that morning than I was about canning. I was thinking how love is a funny thing, be its object a person you think you need or tomatoes that need canning.

At the time we really do not know exactly what we are getting ourselves into. I thought of a line in a popular song that goes, "What a beautiful mess I'm in" and then, from that even older popular song, "You made me love you, I didn't want to do it, I didn't want to do it." All we know at the time is that we love what we see and who can resist fat, juicy, plump tomatoes with flavor so sweet it makes you swoon. They made me love them.

As it is, I usually jump in with both feet and my eyes half opened and this year was no exception. I just had to get my heart in the right place. Don't get me wrong, I usually love canning tomatoes but recently I have decided I do not like doing it alone anymore.

I would much prefer canning with a good friend or relative as people did in the old days, talking and laughing and generally celebrating the work at hand. However, if canning tomatoes alone this summer meant I would have at least one dozen wonderful chili dinners this winter using my special organically-grown tomatoes, then I had no choice but to do it and the investment of time and energy would be worth

it. Unfortunately this is not always the same when it comes to human love affairs . . . but when it comes to tomatoes one can rarely loose!

I am a very particular woman. I must have the best and so I have been growing heirloom tomatoes almost exclusively for 20 years. I find the heirlooms not only superior in taste but fascinating as a study in diversity. How is it that so many types of tomatoes exist anyway?

There are hundreds of varieties, many stemming from wild botanical relatives which grew prolifically in Mexico and were "tamed" in the 1500's, the seeds and plants taken by explorers to Europe and grown there by crazy gardeners and botanists like me. Then later, before the Revolutionary War, these tomatoes made their way back across the ocean with settlers and slowly became established as a food crop in the United States. What a history! *

So the history lesson I am learning here is that some of the most important things in life can be the most difficult, or at least, take the most time and effort. From beginning to end the process requires lots of heart and commitment.

Tomato plants, like people, are very sensitive and require not only careful nurturing and intelligent cultivation as young seedlings (such as my grandson) but plenty of space and time in order to grow well. If there is one lesson I am learning from my gardens it is the need to be very patient. However, patience is not my greatest strength even though I know "all good things come to those who wait." Yes, there is truly



Photo by Iona

"Tomato plants, like people, are very sensitive and require not only careful nurturing and intelligent cultivation as young seedlings (such as my grandson) but plenty of space and time in order to grow well," says Christine.

no rushing a good tomato, but to be sure the very first ones that fully mature on my plants are popped in my mouth and savored right there in the garden!

A confession: The tomatoes I had accumulated over many days and which were sitting there on my counter waiting for me were not all from my garden. New garden friends of mine who also raise heirlooms had given me some Mr. Stripey, or Marvel Striped (all heirlooms have multiple common names given to them by the people who raised

and loved them) as well as some Mortgage Lifters and Yellow Brandywines. My own tomatoes are Brandywines (a large, juicy, red type), some medium-sized Manuels (yellow in color) and small, yummy, golden nuggets. I had also picked up three huge beefsteaks from the Emmitsburg Farmer's Market where I met another "happy-heirloom-tomato grower."

My entire collection of beautiful tomatoes was staring at me that morning as I waltzed into the kitchen, semi-reluctantly due

to pain in my arm but fully determined to do my canning that day and do it I did!

I was committed . . .

I cut tomatoes removing bad parts and hard parts while my little grandson endlessly played with trains and stones and sand. The sun was out on another glorious day in late summer and I felt the sun in my tomatoes. I worked through the pain in my hand, I worked through the pain in my heart, and I kept working.

I listened to Native American flute music and, pausing at times, I stretched, working out the kinks in body and soul. I stretched because the tomatoes needed canning and there was no one to help me. I stretched as I learned to love, myself and others, and because of this winter's chili.

Little grandson came to "help" and so I taught him how to hold the very sharp knife and how to avoid cutting his thumb as he held the tomato in place.

By now I was hot in the middle of my commitment, the heat was on and everything was cooking . . . the tomatoes, the water, the lids . . . fire and heat being the secret behind successful sealing of lids to jars. I worked with skill I have learned over the years and with joy as I thought of the love I would feel from friends as they consumed the fruits of my labor.

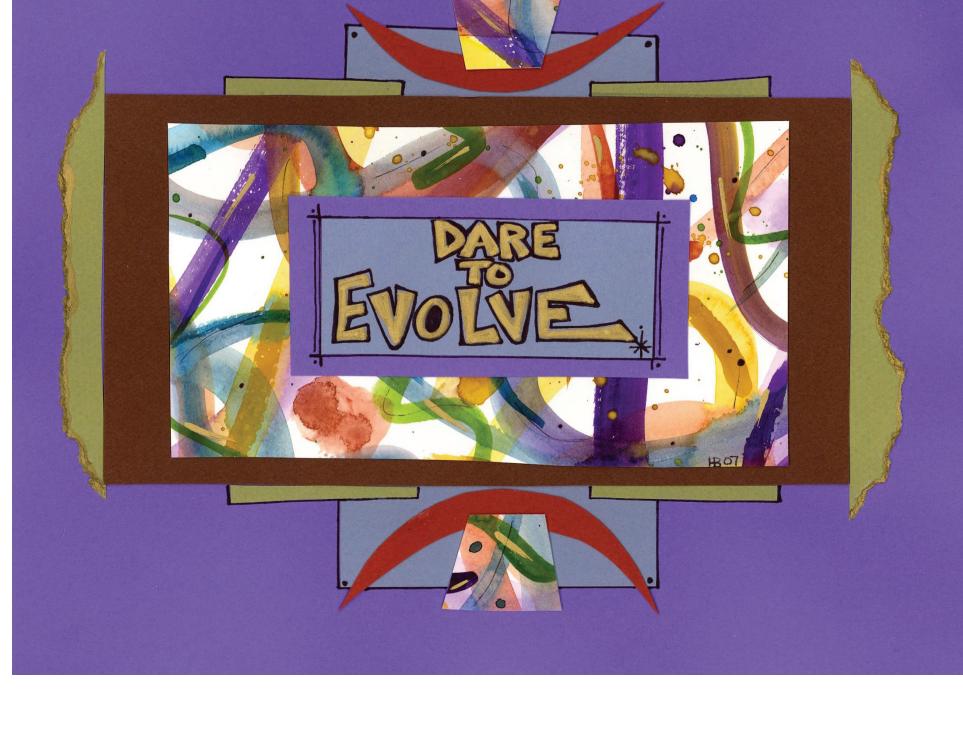
The choice of the heart is not always wise but with tomatoes it never fails, that is unless the jars do not seal properly. Yes, we must take the time to do it right, through the sorting of the good from the bad to the preserving of the goodness and the clicking of the lids, to the cleaning up of the messes . . . a never ending process.

By the end of the day, with one long break for siesta, I was finished. Little grandson was in bed dreaming perhaps of cutting tomatoes and the one low light left on in the kitchen shone a mellow glow on the 12 canned jars of tomatoes ready for chili. It had indeed been a labor of love, done by many, for as I look back now I realize that I was never really alone in my kitchen that day. It had been a collaborative effort of friends, tomatoes with a history, sun, earth, rain and little grandson.

I had been immersed in love, TRUE love!

*The wonderful book *The Heirloom Tomato: From Garden to Table* by Amy Goldman is one of the best books out on the subject, packed with photos of 200 varieties, some of which will astound you.

Over a period of 40 years Christine has written poetry, essays and songs about her relationship with people as well as the natural world. She continues to write and perform locally and sells her writings and CDs. She lives on 11 beautiful acres in the Catoctin Mountains where she not only raises a wide variety of vegetables but allows wild indigenous medicinals and edibles to grow in between. She especially encourages the wild asters and goldenrods which are essential late-season food for pollinators soon to hibernate, without which they may starve. She welcomes visits to her Shangri-la to hear the symphony of bees and breath the purest of air. Contact Christine at 301-271-2307 or bmaccheart@hotmail.com.



Wide Open

By Hillary Banachowski, New Market MD

heart broken wide open
how much joy can i hold
how much sorrow can i hold

love flowing in and out
ceaseless waves
wash me, purify me
no matter how you look at it
it's all about surrender

open to the i don't know
i am saturated with possibility
we are heaven and earth and everything in between

sacred roots reaching deep down into the mother
hold me, anchor me
as i open to the mystery of the beloved

and as i awaken from the dream
all i see
is timeless devotion
passionate action
life and death living through me each and every moment

heart broken wide open
sweet sacrifice to the infinite
devour me
birth me
i am holiness revealing itself once again

Artwork by Hillary Banachowski

Moving On But Not Out: A Mystical Winter in the Great White North

By C. Gonzo
Casper, Wyoming

It was early December when I got the call from my sister Barb in Buffalo, New York, telling me that the cancer had returned and that 'mumma' which is what she called our mother, was not doing very well. Even over the phone I could tell she was on the verge of tears. A strange feeling of helplessness mixed with compassion filled me. I told her that I'd make arrangements, we'd come back there and see what we could do, though for the life of me, I hadn't a clue.

I was living on the western edge of metro Denver, Colorado at the time, working only occasionally, so heading back east for a spell was no problem. Actually, I would have gone even if I had had to hitchhike or walk in the middle of winter, because my mom was one of those special beings who emanated unconditional love, the type of person one would willingly give their life for.

When we arrived at the Buffalo airport in mid-December, Barb was there to pick us up (my brother Nick, my wife at the time and myself) and when she saw us she said, "The miracle workers. I sure hope you guys can do something." What, I still hadn't the foggiest. My parents had been retired up in the Great White North for six years, living in central Ontario, Canada on Clear Lake, some fifteen miles from Sturgeon Falls, five of those miles being dirt road through the woods. My dad called it 'living in the bush.'

They shared their wilderness surroundings with moose, bear, wolves, mink, weasels, squirrels, chipmunks, amphibians, birds of all sorts depending on the season, fish in the lake and an assortment of insects during the summer. The house, built on a granite outcropping, is on a point that juts out into the crystal-clear waters of the lake. We made the six hour drive from Buffalo to Clear Lake, bringing along all of the macrobiotic food we could think of that might in some way help our mom, though we weren't sure what, if any of it, would do the trick. The lake was in the process

of freezing over when we arrived and for a week or two made strange, other-worldly noises day and night as the ice crushed into itself in its expansion.

At first, my mom was sleeping quite a bit during the day but was still able get around without assistance of any sort. She was scheduled for chemotherapy within a week. After that session of chemo, she informed us that she would not do any more. Who could blame her?

The food we had brought up there, in hopes of maybe convincing the cancer to clear out, seemed to have no visible effect.

My brother Nick left after a week to return to his job in Denver and my wife had to leave shortly thereafter because she couldn't handle the stress of the situation, which for some reason I failed to notice. The one person I knew that demonstrated total love through her actions was in dire straits but getting stressed about it would do nothing to change the situation. So I found myself there with my mom and dad, the birds and squirrels and the occasional visit from my other brothers and sisters from warmer, more southern environs.

Winter moved in quickly and brutally. Temperatures around forty below zero were not uncommon and when the thermometer reading managed to rise above zero it almost always snowed. There is not a whole lot of difference between twenty below and forty below, except that your extremities freeze quicker at forty below. At twenty below, when I step outside for a quick smoke, and I'm talking record-breaking quick, my breath would feel as if it was freezing solid in my lungs on the first inhale.

My mom seemed to be following the flow of the weather, the colder it got outside the less she stirred. By mid-January the cancer had spread throughout her body and was engaged in a full-scale assault on her liver. On weekdays, once a day, my dad would make a run into town to pick up the mail and any other supplies that were running low. On most of those occasions I would pop a beer and give my

mom sips, to which she nearly always replied, "That tastes so good." Which it did. I knew my dad and the doctors would probably not have approved of me giving her beer with her liver on the brink of extinction but I knew how much joy a simple sip of beer was giving her, so what they thought about it really meant nothing. Whatever it took to bring the least bit of momentary happiness to her I was willing to do.

Amazingly, up in the woods of Ontario, some of the animals remain year round, managing to survive the brutal cold temperatures and the piles of snow dumped up to six feet. During the winter months my parents would put up four large bird feeders, out on their back deck filled with sunflower seeds. The chickadees were the main intended guests, flying in one at a time, picking up one seed and flying off to go crack it open on a tree branch. It was like a mini-airport when they had the run of the feeder, with one after another zeroing in on the feeder and then quickly taking off again.

At times though, the grosbeaks would invade. Grosbeaks are about robin size, yellow with black and white markings. When the grosbeaks would show up they could empty a feeder in a matter of minutes. So one of my assigned duties for that winter was to keep the grosbeaks off the feeders. They would descend like banshees coming from out of the other worlds and pack themselves onto the feeders, eating like a pack of starved wolves on a fresh kill. Once anyone noticed them out there gobbling away, I'd be summoned. I'd quickly open the back door and let loose a maniac scream. They would all fly up into the nearby pine and birch trees waiting for me to disappear behind that strange loud opening in the house. Sometimes I would stand out on the deck and heave snowballs at them but they seemed to psychically know my range and were always a foot or so from it. That whole winter a constant battle took place to keep the grosbeaks off the feeders, with no clear winner.

Continued on next page



Harvest Moon in Orbisonia, PA
Photo by Iona

The Examined Life On Sufficiency

By Marion Stuenkel
Madison, Wisconsin

I thought I was poor when newly married. I was attending my only year of law school. My husband was a college freshman. We lived on his GI Bill.

Then we had dinner at a new friend's mother's. She served us the ubiquitous macaroni, tuna and potato chip casserole. Afterwards I helped wash up. While the dish water ran out she gathered the morsels of macaroni caught in the drain, carefully rinsed the soap bubbles from them and put the pieces, perhaps a third of a cup, into a jar in the refrigerator. I'd heard depression era stories about not using soap so the dishwater could be fed to the pigs. But the carefully saved plate waste pasta for family reuse was a level of economy that shocked me.

When I got a job we joined a food co-op and stocked up. Before long we weren't ready just for a rainy day or two, we were prepared for Armageddon. Somewhere between poverty and excess is the place where everyone's need is met. This is quite doable as noted in the book *The Geography of Hunger* and the eradication of hunger in Belo Horizonte, Brazil. We simply must gather the will to do so.

Socrates wrote "...The unexamined life is not worth living."

My mother said, "Enough is enough," pulling back the covers, prying the flashlight from one hand and my book from the other. "Enough is enough," she'd tell my father whisking away the quart container before he'd intoned his depression-era vow that when he had the means

he'd eat all the ice cream he wanted. There was a measurement which, though nameless, made a limit to everything from how high could be the mound of mashed potatoes on your plate to time remaining to play on the jungle gym or splash in Lake Michigan. She'd say,

"You've studied those spelling words, practiced the piano, had your friend over long enough."

It was at the farm stand on the way home from Aunt Mary's that eight roasting ears (two for each family member), a muskmelon and gladiolas were lovingly obtained. "That's sufficient," she'd say placing ears of corn on the seat beside me.

Corn silk tickled my bare legs as she handed me vibrant flowers while the sweet scent of melon wafted from the floor.

Food especially was not wasted at our house. Both my parents had farm backgrounds.

They took the harvest home in the city, appreciative of those whose nurture of and labor on the land made possible the gathered bounty.

An old Thanksgiving hymn begins, "Come ye thankful people come, Raise the song of harvest home; All is safely gathered in, Ere the winter storms begin." In this a sense of sufficiency is voiced.

All is safely gathered in, enough, because none was damaged. Harvesting is quite different from stocking up which needs only a shortage to become a euphemism for hoarding. "Gathering in" is not "gathering up," which is why I choose not to shop at the grocery store. I get baffled, then greedy, in the store aisles with all that fast convenience food which requires so much electricity to keep, in

serving sizes so huge I either waste or overeat.

Dorothy Sayers wrote *Murder Must Advertise* in 1933. One sentence though appearing in a murder mystery was no more fiction then than now. Sayers wrote, "And by forcing the damn-fool public to pay twice over — once to have its food emasculated and once to have the vitality put back in again, we keep the wheels of commerce turning and give employment to thousands"

But those thousands are not family farmers who are why I go to the Farmer's Market each Saturday, year round, where I am reminded by the amount of food I can carry in my own two arms, when enough is enough.

My farmer's living depends upon what I eat of what he/she has harvested. Each week a cycle of interdependence occurs, a reenactment of harvest and shared bounty, for which I am thankful. I listen to and tell the week's stories in friendship while purchasing seven days of nourishment.

It is enough. There is a sufficiency.

Marion Stuenkel is a Kyoto-compliant, anti-nuclear activist modeling simple living for her grandchildren, practicing intentional income-reduction-war-tax-resistance and eating local food.

NOTE FROM EDITOR: This is Marion's last column for *The Order of the Earth*. Please join me in wishing her good fortune in the next phase of life, a life which she has carefully examined and shared with us so generously.

ENCOUNTERS WITH WONDER

a Slow and Gentle Easing

By Elizabeth Ayres
California, Maryland

What if we don't call it death? What if we call it a slow and gentle easing into what follows and take, for teacher, this season of Autumn. Which began for me long before it began, way back in August, with one anomalous yellow leaf falling at my sandal-clad feet. Then, days later, another. Then, days later, a quick trip across a nearby bridge and a swath of treetops spread out below me, just on the other side of the Patuxent River, green whispering rumors of buried gold.

In that instant I became Autumn's hunter, on the alert for signs of my still-elusive prey. Subtle changes in the slant of light. Night's small, inexorable inroads into day. A gradual crisping of the air, mind and body grateful for their release from summer's hot, wet embrace.

The Equinox came. The flat open palms of some leaves closed up into little silver fists, as if to grab and keep whatever had been theirs for whatever little while. Other leaves surrendered to color, to splotches of topaz, saffron, scarlet. Stains of eggplant purple, claret red, doe-

skin brown. The river turned blue. Pumpkins appeared in the fields, and corn stubble. Marigolds sprouted along walkways where brittle leaves scraped in every gust of wind.

Hunter no longer, that which I sought now avidly seeks me. Around any corner I can jump onto some dizzying carousel of color. Goodbye to the staid and stalwart greens of summer. Hello to paisleys, plaids, checks, stripes. Stippled, smeared, sprayed and splashed all across the countryside.

If I grabbed some tree and asked it to explain, it would say, "Making food from sunlight is harder than you think, I'm just all tuckered out. My leaves are damaged anyhow, all those insects and diseases. I've sent out some hormones, they're making a wall between them and the twigs. Without water, the green chlorophyll will disintegrate and presto-change-o, pigments invisible all summer will magically appear: orange carotenes, yellow xanthophylls, red phycoerythrins. I'll need to store up every last bit of sugar so I'll manufacture some anthocyanin. That will turn the glucose remnants purple and when there's nothing left but waste products, the tannin will turn

Trees have new leaves inside them somewhere. After all this dying, a season of fresh growth is bound to follow — but me, I can't afford the risk. What would I dream about anyhow?

Elizabeth Ayres, author of [Know the Way and Writing the Wave](#), is the founder of the Center for Creative Writing ([CreativeWritingCenter.com](#)). You can hear Elizabeth read on Internet radio ([wryr.org](#)), Monday evenings at 8:30 p.m. eastern time, or catch more reflections at [http://elizabethayres.wordpress.com](#).

Moving On But Not Out

Continued from page 10

By the beginning of February my mom was spending most of her time sleeping. I suspected she was visiting other dimensions, preparing the way for her departure from this one. In all of the time I was up there over that long desolate winter, I never could figure out if she was suffering or enduring much pain. If she was, she never let on and she never took any painkillers that I was aware of. She never complained about the cancer ravaging her body but occasionally would get a bit pissed off about clumps of hair falling out from that chemo session, when they would settle on her face.

Helplessness is a strange feeling, not knowing what to do when a loved one can use an immediate miracle. I eventually figured that I wasn't there to perform any miracles but simply to allow my mom to demonstrate the fine art of leaving one's body behind. She knew her body was dying and, as she had her whole life, she taught us by example: nothing to fear, leave here with grace. One night my dad took my mom into the bathroom. Suddenly I heard him calling to come quick.

When I walked into the bathroom my mom was sitting in a chair, being propped up by my dad, her eyes rolled up into her head. I gave her a hug and asked her not to leave and in less than a minute she was back.

My dad called for an ambulance, which we followed into town to the hospital. My mom was lying down in a room and when I went in to see her she looked at me and said, "What did you do that for? It was sooo peaceful." I didn't have an answer for her, outside of telling her that I didn't want her to leave yet.

My wife returned during the second week of February and convinced me that eventually I would have to leave. My mom was basically sleeping full time by this point and there was not much to do in the way of helping my dad. On February 18th, I left. I told my mom I loved her and would never forget her, while giving her a long hug. I cried on the way out to the highway, knowing I would never see her again in that particular human body. Three days later, February 21st, my mom left this physical reality. I suspected that she had waited for me to leave before she checked out of this dimension so as to not give me the opportunity to bring her back to this life once again.

I was back in the Denver area at the time of her departure. My mom and dad's immediate families were all in Wisconsin, where

both of them were born, so they had scheduled a service there for my mom for May 4th. Since she had requested that she be cremated, there was no funeral. I knew I wouldn't be able to attend the Wisconsin ceremony at that point and I felt it wasn't necessary since I'd already said my good-bye.

The following is a letter that I wrote to my sister Barb on the day of that service.

Dear Barb,

As you know I wasn't able to attend the service for mom today in Wisconsin but that's OK because I know and I'm sure that she visited me this morning with the assistance of Nature Spirits and some of the creatures she was familiar with and in love with.

Helplessness is a strange feeling, not knowing what to do when a loved one can use an immediate miracle. I eventually figured that I wasn't there to perform any miracles but simply to allow my mom to demonstrate the fine art of leaving one's body behind. She knew her body was dying and, as she had her whole life, she taught us by example: nothing to fear, leave here with grace. One night my dad took my mom into the bathroom. Suddenly I heard him calling to come quick.

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I was back in the Denver area at the time of her departure. My mom and dad's immediate families were all in Wisconsin, where

you have to be standing on that side of the porch. It appeared to me that the bird had landed in this tree so of course I had to see if I was really seeing what I thought I saw. So I get up and walk slower and quieter than a stalking kitty cat over to the side of the porch so as to not scare this winged enigma into a fluttering retreat.

Upon reaching the point whereby the whole Russian Olive is in full view, up there in that tree looking down at me, like they did all winter awaiting the next snowball, is the whole clan of grosbeaks, about twenty of 'em. I couldn't believe it.

I immediately slinked inside and got Marta out there to witness this most extraordinary event so that no one could say I was just seeing things, which I'm not so sure I really wasn't.

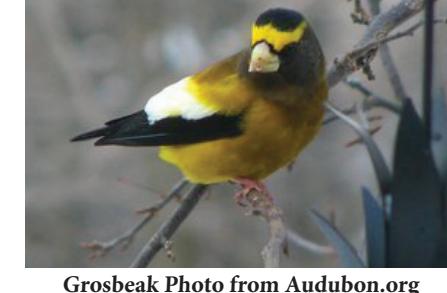
Now I've lived out here thirteen years and have spent a good deal of that time outside and I know for a fact that there have never been any grosbeaks in this area. Until today. Truly, this is some kind of miracle right up there with Fatima or that guy that got the roses in Mexico or wherever in the middle of winter. So of course, not wanting to be any dumber than life likes to make us feel at times, I put one and one together and knew immediately who was behind this amazing feat — Mom.

I'll tell you, it was really nice of her to arrange this for me. And what an incredible move using the beaks to send her message: that yes she is still alive, well and with us. All winter I'd been throwing snowballs at them and giving them the screaming "meeme" treatment so that they'd leave some sunflower seeds for the chickadees and here they are delivering a Western Union from who-knows-where for our beloved mother.

Needless to say it's been a good day. So that's what'll go down as the "Grosbeak Tale." Hope you enjoyed it as much as I did experiencing it. Please get a copy of this to P.J., I don't know how to get it to him right now and feel free to pass it around to all of the other sibling units and friends.

I was thinking that the preceding might be some kind of record for what's known as a "run-on" but I doubt it and don't really care because it was just flowing and I really didn't see any place to separate it. So I hope all is well with you and that things are going smoothly. Will write again when I get a chance or whenever some unexpected surprise from Mom comes my way. Till then . . .

Your Loving 'Bro'



Grosbeak Photo from Audubon.org

To My Mom (10 years after)

She sends the birds with her message, you see I am still here
I cannot hear her voice but I know that she is near
In a probable reality, a golden glowing place
We share the moment of laughter at a very leisurely pace

The original nature spirit is a fountain of all love
That flows outward and inward, downward and above
She touches all that is, in a most particular way
She is the love we crave from day to day to day

My mother, your mother, Earth mother, all the same
Birthing flowers in the meadows from whence we all came
In no-time I still miss you, I know you never left
I love you now forever, forever now ever blessed
We know no separation, we are one, we are the way
We come to this beautiful planet, we come to simply play
I know I know, you are my love, this energy ever changing
I feel at peace with all that is, my knowingness infinite ranging

I honor you with love returned, it is my greatest gift
I thank you for the love you shared, a most heavenly gentle lift
When all the universes merge, return to forever now
That love we are will be all that is, I know this, I know not how

So at this moment I think of you, I create a beautiful scene
The thoughts create the reality, this awesome wondrous dream
The mirror of your reflection touched the essence of my soul
The love I feel within with you fills that void, makes all that is, whole

Thanksgiving: A Time to Celebrate the Remarkable Nature of Birds

By Valerie J. Stanley

Laurel, Maryland

A friend of mine, Bill Romjue, used to manage a barn where I boarded my horses. Bill had a great way with horses and other animals. One Spring, a pigeon with a broken wing appeared at his barn. He made a splint for the pigeon's wing and kept the bird until he was rehabilitated and could fly on his own. The bird left but came back to visit Bill the next Spring. On the bird's next visit, he brought with him another injured pigeon. Bill repaired the new companion's wing as well.

Around this time, I went to an animal auction in Pennsylvania to help a humane agent friend investigate the conditions under which birds and other small animals were held. The auction was notorious for accepting and holding animals in cardboard boxes and other containers that had little or no ventilation.

On the day I went to the auction, it was in the mid 90s and we feared that many of the animals would perish from the heat and the auction's failure to provide water. Offered for sale were two groups of chukars. Chukars are sweet birds, members of the Partridge family, who are native to the Southwestern part of the United States. These birds are not native to Pennsylvania but are brought there to be sold to and held by "canned hunts," i.e. farms that offer to allow hunters to come and shoot animals at close range or under other conditions that make hunting "easier."

According to Wikipedia, "Many knowledgeable hunters consider chukar the most challenging of all the gamebirds. Its quick flight, steep habitat and tendency to run make it a challenge suitable for only the most dedicated and physically fit bird hunters."

Proprietors of the canned hunts were there to purchase



Photo Courtesy of United Poultry Concerns

Lynn Halpern is shown with Abigail, her turkey. Lynn is a vegan activist and superb vegan chef. She and her husband, Dave Welch, maintain a small sanctuary for rescued farm animals. Once Lynn took Abigail to a high school class in D.C. being taught by Colman McCarthy's son and the students were thrilled with Abigail!

them. The birds were offered for sale in groups of six each. Each group was displayed on a single strand of wire strung up inside a metal cage. The birds huddled together, motionless, and stared straight ahead, their eyes wide open in fright. I was able to bid on two groups of these chukars and save them from going to a canned hunt. I left the auction with twelve chukars and a dwarf black rabbit who I had promised to get out of the auction if she survived the heat there.

The next day I called a friend of mine who runs a wildlife rescue. She agreed to take the chukars and place them as pets with people who had companion chickens. As I had made the two-hour drive from Pennsylvania to my home in Maryland and even as I drove to her place, the birds were silent. But then, as I was about to turn the corner of the road where she lived, the most amazing thing happened. The birds began soft, cooing sounds

to each other. When they were released into an outdoor enclosure, they began exploring their environment and dust bathing.

Turkeys, the birds some traditionally enjoy eating at Thanksgiving, possess many characteristics indicating their intelligence and creativity. Dr. Tom Savage, poultry scientist and animal science professor at Oregon State University (OSU) explained that, "If you throw an apple to a group of turkeys, they'll play with it together," he said. "Kind of like football."

Poultry specialist Dr. Ian Duncan of the University of Guelph, Ontario, states unequivocally that, "Turkeys possess marked intelligence [as] revealed by such behavioral indices as their complex social relationships and their

1 These and other facts about turkeys are taken from Karen Davis' well-researched book, *More Than a Meal*. A free PDF of this book is available at <http://www.upc-online.org/turkeys>.

many different methods of communicating with each other, both visual and vocal." Likewise, Savage says of the turkey-disrespect displayed in the popular media: "They have no idea what they are talking about."

Karen Davis of United Poultry Concerns explains in her book, *More Than a Meal*, "I know from experience that turkeys who have lived their entire lives in industry settings can roam the woods and find their way back to the yard as soon as they get to our sanctuary. Despite the terrible things that have been done to their bodies — the gruesome genetics and mutilation of their toes and beaks at the hatchery — factory-farm turkeys are alert to their surroundings and one another. Several times I remember seeing our peacemaking turkey Mila stop her testy companion Priscilla from charging a person in an angry mood by inserting herself between Priscilla and her target. And I have seen how well turkeys get along with people and with other birds at our sanctuary. Though for reasons I never figured out, our turkey, Florence, who died last March after living with us for seven happy years, would occasionally get mad at one of the ducks, snood her nose down at him and chase him off."

"While researching my book *More Than a Meal: The Turkey in History, Myth, Ritual and Reality*, I learned other things about turkeys. For instance, they "transplant" sound from one bird to another within the flock at a moment's danger. They also dance. In *Illumination in the Flatwoods: A Season with the Wild Turkey*, naturalist Joe Hutto describes how one morning in August, his three-month-old turkeys, upon seeing him, dropped from their roosting limbs where they had sat "softly chattering" in the dawn, "stretched their wings and did their strange little dance, a joyful, happy dance, expressing an exuberance."

Karen writes, "And a witness who chanced upon an evening dance of adult birds wrote:

I heard a flock of wild turkeys calling. They were not calling strayed members of the flock. They were just having a twilight frolic before going to roost. They kept dashing at one another in mock anger, stridently calling all the while, almost playing leap-frog in their antics. Their notes were bold and clear. For about five minutes they played on the brown, pine-straw floor of the forest, then as if at a signal, they assumed a sudden stealth and stole off in the glimmering shadows.

An emotional behavior described in turkeys is "The Great Wake" they hold over a fallen companion. In *The Wild Turkey: Its History and Domestication*, A.W. Schorger cites an episode in which the wing-beats of a turkey hen who had been shot "brought a flock that stopped beside the dying bird." Similar behavior has been observed in turkeys in factory farms when a bird goes into a convulsive heart attack, "It is not uncommon to go into a bird house and see the afflicted bird lying dead, surrounded by three or four other birds that died because of the hysteria caused," wrote a poultry researcher. Such "hysteria" reveals a sensibility in turkeys that should awaken us to how badly we treat them and make us stop.

Turkeys have a mysterious empathy with one another under duress and they can be fierce fighters as well. A turkey mother will fight vigorously to protect her young, as described by an observer of the following drama in rural Virginia:

I saw a turkey coming into the back field. She had about 10 babies the size of large quail walking with her. Without warning, the hen took off vertically as if she had stepped on a mine. About 20 feet off the ground, she intercepted and attacked a hawk that was coming in for a baby.

The hen hit the hawk with her feet first and with her back almost parallel to the ground. The hawk flew toward the back of the field with the hen in pursuit; it turned back towards the babies and the hen hit it again. They both fell about 10 feet and were fighting with their feet until the hawk headed for the tree line and kept going. The hen returned to her babies. When they went back into the pines, the babies were very close to their mother's feet. Wish you could have seen it.

Philosopher Peter Singer places this question in a broader perspective of intellectual inquiry. He writes:

*I have likened reason to an escalator, in that, once we start reasoning, we may be compelled to follow a chain of argument to a conclusion that we did not anticipate when we began. Reason provides us with the capacity to recognize that each of us is simply one being among others, all of whom have wants and needs that matter to them, as our needs and wants matter to us. Can that insight ever overcome the pull of other elements in our evolved nature that act against the idea of an impartial concern for all of our fellow humans, or better still, for all sentient beings? (Singer, *A Darwinian Left: Politics, Evolution and Cooperation*, 1999.)*

As Alexander F. Skutch shows with many examples in his book *The Minds of Birds* (College Station: Texas A&M UP, 1996.), "Birds are aware of more than immediately-present stimuli; they remember the past and anticipate the future."

Perhaps, just perhaps, this explains why my rescued chukars began softly cooing to each other as they came to a home that would offer them refuge.

Please turn to page 14 for a delicious "pot pie" recipe that will not only be good at Thanksgiving, but a welcome treat on any cold, winter evening.

Mark's Green Party: Saving the Co-Op, Part II

Convenience Foods for Vegans

By Mark Lautman
Rockville, Maryland

Latonya Rotterdam, the high-powered Philadelphia business executive assigned to rehabilitate the Happy Apple Blossom Co-op, had instituted some changes among the co-op's staff. She insisted that every Monday there be an executive staff meeting for senior managers, including Tincture Alice.

Alice was thrilled to be part of the executive staff, a club from which for years she had been excluded. Every August the co-op's management would disappear for a long "motivation" seminar at Mortimer Johnson's compost farm. She often chafed at the stories the guys would tell upon their return — about watching the watermelon rinds decompose late into the night, practicing alternate-nostril breathing behind the barn or hanging new motivational posters of strip mines with captions like "humans destroy the Earth."

Alice had originally protested against this outlandish discrimination and the "boys" always gave the excuse that composting during the hot summer months was a nasty, smelly affair, one best left to those who can stand the stench.

"I work in the co-op's tincture aisle," said Tincture Alice. "Do you know what it's like to clean up



a spill of tea tree oil?"

The men refused to budge and Alice eventually got the message that she wasn't invited to the guys' outing.

All that changed when Rotterdam took charge of the co-op. Coming from a business world existing at an elevation of 34 floors above street level, Latonya insisted on strict adherence to enlightened corporate personnel principles. That meant no more men-only excursions paid from the co-op's budget. That also meant staff meetings must start on time — no excuses, ever.

The co-op's members were surprised when Rotterdam was late to last Monday's meeting. She was always prompt, driving her full-size Hummer

into the unpaved parking lot just before meeting time. Last Monday she arrived 10 minutes late and looked like a wreck. When she stormed into the conference room everyone was expecting the worst.

"When I left here last night," said Rotterdam with pursed lips, "I took something from aisle four that was labeled 'Quick'n Easy Broccoli Soup.'"

"I know that item," said Kim Walker, the co-op's recently deposed chairman. "That's our premier convenience food. All you have to do is..."

"Walker," said Rotterdam, "A convenience food is one you put into a microwave and is ready in less than sixty seconds."

"Sixty what?" said Palette Jack. "What's a second?" Palette Jack's smallest unit of time was a geological eon.

Rotterdam continued. "I was doing battle with this 'quick and easy' product for a full five minutes this morning. There is no microwavable lid, no disposable fork, no ingredient list and no instructions. All it came with was a steamer. I fumbled so much that half of this broccoli soup is on my pants suit and the other half is on the floor in my condominium. None of it is in my stomach; I had no time to put on my make-up and that makes me cranky."

"Ms. Rotterdam," said Kim Walker calmly, "We're vegans here. We don't cook food in seconds. We don't use microwaves. We chop and

steam our own vegetables. We measure food-preparation time with a calendar."

"That reminds me," said Tincture Alice. "My sister-in-law is pregnant and I'm supposed to bring the cakes to the Christening in six months. I better plant the wheat right away."

"Why would you want to have sixty seconds of broccoli soup?" mused Palette Jack. "One helping of seconds is good, two helpings of seconds is commendable, but don't you think sixty seconds of broccoli soup is a bit compulsive? If you need Vitamin A, I'd go with 30 seconds of raw spinach or 20 thirds of carrots."

"Is there any place around here that delivers donuts and coffee?" demanded Rotterdam.

"Sure," said Kim Walker. "You can try Fast Fructose down the road. Here's their number."

Rotterdam dialed the number on her iPhone.

"Can you deliver a dozen donuts and three cups of latte to the Happy Apple Blossom Co-op?"

"Sure," said the voice on the other end. "We have plenty of warm coconut-frosted donuts and piping hot coffee. We'll be there in two years."

"Two years!?" wailed Rotterdam. "Why two years?"

"Well, we need to grow the rubber plant to make tires for our delivery van. Are you in a rush?"

Mark Lautman writes humor columns about technology and the holistic lifestyle.

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Beyond Statecraft: Navigating the Collapse of Industrial Civilization

An Interview
With Carolyn Baker

By Frank Joseph Smecker

Richmond, Vermont

Former psychotherapist, Carolyn Baker, Ph.D., is an adjunct professor of history and psychology while managing her Web site, Speaking Truth To Power. She is the author of five books, including her latest, Sacred Demise: Walking the Spiritual Path of Industrial Civilization's Collapse. Carolyn has also authored several articles and essays on issues of environmental and social justice, psychology of the consciousness, as well as emotional and spiritual wellbeing. She is currently on her way to Colorado to work with one of their Transition Towns, organizing around the issues of peak-oil, climate change and the social repercussions of the former and latter.

Frank Joseph Smecker: You maintain that the collapse of industrial civilization is occurring now; can you define collapse? And explain why industrial civilization is eroding at its very foundations?

Carolyn Baker: First of all, I'm talking about a process that is slow — not like falling off a cliff but more like rolling down a bumpy hill. Most of us know what collapse is beginning to look like. It begins to look like massive departures from organized religions alongside Catholic diocese child-sex scandals. It begins to look like rising unemployment and a growing gap between classes. Wouldn't you agree that an educational system that can only produce standardized children by forcing them to take standardized tests five hours a day, four days a week, is functioning in a state of abject disintegration? Or what about the health care system that is so broken and unequal? Collapse is primarily the demise of the chief institutions such as education, health care, political, financial . . .

FJS: Collapse can also be recognized on account of its effects upon the ecological balance of the planet such as a burgeoning endangered species list, climate change and melting glaciers — the desiccation of arctic permafrost, the acceleration of droughts and desertification . . . the list is damn long.

CB: Absolutely — everyday the endangerment or imminent extinction of a species, if not several, is announced. We are reminded of the melting polar ice caps, the plummeting of giant ice shelves into the sea — fires raging in places they seldom had in the past. Yes, the list is sadly long. Aside from the effects and appearance, collapse is mainly the demise of a paradigm of growth, expansion — of domination and control of separateness. This paradigm is vanishing and it will have to be replaced.

My work not only points this out, it is also a tool to educate about inclusion, local, community-gearred organization and small-scale production versus pyramidal hierarchy, which clearly doesn't work. It's apparent that the large institutions don't work: federal and state governments are rapidly going bankrupt.

Solutions will have to come from relocalized communities. In terms of energy, it's pretty clear now that we've passed 'peak' regarding oil production. This is crucial because we've relied so long on cheap and abundant fossil fuels. No longer is production easy and cheap; we are now moving away from affordable hydrocarbon energy. And the truth is, the whole hierarchy-from-the-top-down approach is no longer working. The big secret (which is really no secret at all) is that the institutions themselves are collapsing and you can't have a recovery without access to energy and you can't access energy without money — it's a Catch 22!

We're printing more money to access more energy, which is becoming harder and more expensive to access and produce and, in turn, we are going further into debt, thence more bankruptcy. We have come to the end of large bureaucratic government institutions.

FJS: You assert that there is nothing government can do to stop collapse — that there is no large-scale political change that will mitigate collapse, not even major reformation like replacing capitalism with socialism will stop the dominant culture from destroying the planet and marching toward collapse.

How so?

CB: Let's face it, a presidential candidate cannot even receive substantial votes, let alone be elected, unless he is solidly in the pocket of the corporate interests of the U.S. — the same corporate interests that rely on unsustainable growth and exploitation of the natural world.

Besides, no one candidate is remotely capable of executing a fundamental paradigm shift within the span of four to eight years. As for our 'democratic' process, during the initial stages of the economic meltdown many players in Congress looked the other way — there may be no more than six people in Congress I can say I absolutely trust; it truly is the

Father Earth

By Clarissa Pinkola Estes

There's a two-million-year-old man no one knows.
They cut into his rivers.
They peeled wide pieces of his hide from his legs.
They left scorch marks on his buttocks.
He did not cry out.
No matter what they did, he did not cry out.
He held firm.
Now he raises his stabbed hands and whispers that we can heal him yet.
We begin the bandages. The rolls of gauze. The gut, the needle, the grafts.
We slowly, carefully, turn his body face up.
And under him, his lifelong lover, the old woman is perfect and unmarked.
He has laid upon his two million year-old woman all this time
Protecting her with his old back, his old scarred back.
And the soil beneath her is fertile and black with
her tears.

fox guarding the chicken house!

Anyway, as I stated earlier, collapse is occurring as a result of specific paradigms that have been held for centuries that are resulting in the destruction of the human and non-human realms. Merely replacing capitalism with socialism will not work. Changing systems is ineffectual not only because an opposite system is still a system but also, most importantly, only the political and economic structures are altered, while the fundamental paradigm — one of control and domination, remains intact.

Father Thomas Berry wrote in *The Dream Of The Earth*, "Both liberal capitalism and Marxist socialism committed themselves totally to the vision of industrial progress which more than any other single cause has brought about the disintegration that is taking place throughout the entire planet."

FJS: Apparently the collapse of industrial civilization is the inevitable outcome of a contrived system inherently intent on growing exponentially in a finite world with set — i.e. invariable — limits. Do you believe that the purpose of "limitless growth" is designated for the notion of progress, a philosophical idea that was latent in the "Christian notion of self-perfection for divine ends," an end in which the future is static and "Heavenly?"

CB: Since the Enlightenment, it has all been about reaching a static age of perfection — which goes against all indigenous wisdom. The first thing that was done to the indigenous by Westerners after colonization was the taking away of indigenous rituals because they were seen as impediments to 'progress.'

FJS: So the whole proselytizing thing can also be seen as a swapping of religions, so to speak — supplanting an indigenous worldview with a 'civilized' worldview that worships production and progress?

CB: To call it a 'swap' is an understatement. To shift indigenous religions with Christianity is a rape — a violation that has led us to where we are now. And if we don't stop to recognize this and don't understand why we are where we are, there is no chance of a new paradigm. I wrote a book a while back called *U.S. History Uncensored: What Your High School Textbook Didn't Tell You*. It's basically a history of the U.S. from 1865 to now and it can be a useful read to know how we got from even there to here. It is available at my Web site or at Amazon.

FJS: In your recent book, *Sacred Demise: Walking The Spiritual Path Of Industrial Civilization's Collapse*, you have written that, "The more we honor and celebrate our inherent animal nature, the more likely we are to effortlessly honor our limits." Would you agree that civilization's transgressions of natural limits is linked to the suppression of our inherent, intuitive animal instincts?

CB: Absolutely. Derrick Jensen wrote in *Endgame*, Volume I, that: "The needs of the natural world are more important than the needs of any economic system." And that, "Any economic system that does not benefit the natural communities on which it is based is unsustainable, immoral and really stupid." We're the only species that I'm aware of that doesn't honor limits.

One of the deeper layers explaining our disconnect from nature is our "fear and loathing of the body," of our instinctual wildness and our vulnerability to death. This all causes us to distance ourselves from the reality that we are indeed animals. And also, native peoples, as a result of their intimate connection with nature, are glaring reminders of our animal-ness. To be 'civilized' is synonymous with being domesticated,

restrained and repressed; if we are to participate in instinctual behavior, let's use sex as an example, we are encouraged to do it in a controlled, sanitized or even surreptitious fashion. I think it's pretty important we all begin to realize that it isn't wild animals that are soiling their nests and desecrating their habitat but rather humans. I'm sitting here right now looking out at beautiful rolling green hills. I often see deer grazing along the hillside — and you know what? They don't ever come to my house because they have limits! Animals live within the limits of their environment because their lives depend on doing so.

In the new paradigm, other animals and creatures will be the elders; they will be the wise ones who will help us remember our animal origins and animal destiny. Animals already teach us surrender, acceptance and limits. There's a great quote by Eckhart Tolle in which he states: "No other life-form on the planet knows negativity, only humans, just as no other life-form violates and poisons the earth that sustains it . . . Watch any plant or animal and let it teach you acceptance of what is, surrender to the Now. I have lived with several Zen masters — all of them cats."

FJS: Why do you suppose so many people reject the truth or, at the very least, the notion of collapse and refuse to ask these necessary questions?

CB: Collapse is terrifying; we're not going to bounce back. Besides, many people are still entrenched in the 'Myth of America' — that anyone, or the U.S. as a whole, can be triumphant. Plus, people who are hurting from bankruptcy, foreclosure, unemployment — it's hard for these folks to accept that this is permanent: it's not going away.

FJS: Decades ago, psychiatrist R.D. Laing developed three rules by which he believed a pathological family (one suffering from abuse, alcoholism, etc.) can keep its pathology hidden from even its own family members. Adherence to these three rules allows perpetrators, victims and observers to maintain the fantasy that they are all one big, happy Zen.

The rules are: Rule A: Don't talk [about the problems and abject conditions]; Rule A1: Rule A does not exist; Rule A2: Do not discuss the existence or nonexistence of Rules A, A1 and/or A2.

These rules aren't exclusive to nuclear families but also apply to larger cultures, especially cultures that are violently abusive to their own people and the land, lest the people recognize the flaws of such abject behavior. Would you agree that these rules are adhered to within the dominant culture, heightening collective denial and silence in the wake of collapse?

CB: Exactly — without question. The American culture can be compared to one large dysfunctional family. It can also be compared to an addiction model. By maintaining denial we enter a very dangerous realm. As Carl Jung emphasized, whatever we deny or pretend to ignore does not go away, it only becomes larger in its power and influence, not only within the psyche but also throughout our external world. And anything we do to resist or postpone the collapse will only make it worse.

In 2007, the Pentagon announced that it is conducting simulation exercises in specific U.S. cities in preparation for possible chaotic scenarios resulting from climate change, a nuclear attack, pandemics or natural disasters. Clearly, law enforcement and the military are anticipating the possibility of dealing with an unruly citizenry.

The possibilities of martial law, suspension of the Constitution and immediate imprisonment for dissenters or generally unruly individuals, are daunting.

there's an end to each and every one of our individual lives. An integral part of restoring life is the willingness to be present with death. Acknowledging this will help us weather the collapse. The indigenous have known for thousands of years that life is comprised of loss — their traditions, rituals and ceremonies help deal with loss: they devote a great deal of time and energy into preparation for life's losses and their traditions teach that loss is an enormous and necessary part of the human experience.

Part of becoming a mature, initiated adult is to learn and grow from loss. We just can't grow without it and, despite the pain, it is food for growth. A huge point in *Sacred Demise* is my view on the collapse process as comparable to the indigenous view of the cycle of life.

First the child is born into life, then later on there is the puberty-initiation process — which is far greater than just a rite of passage — it is a brush with death, a connection with loss as well as an emergence into adulthood. What we're experiencing globally with collapse is a global initiation into new growth and true adulthood, elderhood — not age *per se* — it has more to do with wisdom than age.

FJS: In your introduction to *Sacred Demise* you write that the collapse of industrial civilization is a "necessary evolutionary trauma in the odyssey of planet Earth." Can you explain what you mean by this?

CB: Collapse is undeniably going to be painful. But it will also be an enormous precedent for the transformation of the human consciousness. Again, with loss comes growth — or at the very least, the conditions for growth. We can embrace collapse and accomplish small tribal living and local problem solving — this is really a tremendous opportunity to organize locally. It's very important to hold the visions and potentialities of transitioning in the wake of collapse. One initiative I have become a part of is Transition Town; this is not a magic, silver bullet but it is a viable option and vision. It's much better to hold onto this vision than only the dark realities. Remember the tension of opposites.

FJS: Can you talk a little about Transition Town?

CB: Absolutely. Basically, Transition Town is a worldwide network organizing around energy breakdown and it is also a community response to climate change, economic meltdown and even the possibility of the complete evaporation of the dollar; some Transition Towns are working on creating local currencies. The Transition Town group in Montpelier, Vermont (Transition Town Montpelier) is holding a nine-day Village-Building Convergence to educate local communities regarding the exigencies of collapse such as emergency response and feeding communities. This is a prime example of embracing collapse in order to strengthen community relations and redefine social arrangements so as to be sustainable and non-hierarchical.

FJS: You write that one can find beauty in collapse; what role does beauty play in the throes of collapse?

CB: We must find beauty in everything we do. Part of the reason we're in the paradigm we're in now is that many people lost a sense of, and connection to, beauty in life in nature on Earth. As for collapse, there can be tremendous beauty in preparation for collapse and community organizing.

In a section in his book, *A World Made By Hand*, James Howard Kunstler writes about homemade musical instruments, for example. Combined with dance, voice and music can solidify the community in sacred ritual, merriment and conviviality as they have for thousands of years among our ancestors. This to me is beautiful. Poetry, too, is so important. Music, art, storytelling and ritual — all of this we must express and enjoy.

We have the opportunity to relearn the language of soul. The language of industrial civilization is so linear — the soul wants us to learn a new language. Beauty is that magnificent and mysterious bridge to nature, to ourselves and to the sacred. If our work is to further open our hearts, allow our egos to die and fully surrender to the greater self, then beauty is the consummate facilitator of that process.

FJS: There is a poem written by Clarissa Pinkola Estes that you share with your readers in *Sacred Demise* —

CB: Yes, it's titled "Father Earth."

FJS: Yeah, that's the one — it's a very beautiful poem. (See insert above.)

Frank Smecker is a student, social-worker and writer from Vermont. This interview appeared previously in the online periodicals "Counter Currents" and "Thomas Paine's Corner." Smecker's work has also appeared in "The Ecologist," "Z Magazine," "Dissident Voice," and "Toward Freedom." He is also a blog writer for the "Vermont Commons Journal for Independence from Empire." He can be reached at frank.smecker@gmail.com.

Grassroots Power

Mrs. Gobble-Good's Golden Brown Pie

Continuation of Thanksgiving article about turkeys on page 12.

Serves 4 to 6
Preheat oven to 350°

- Uncooked pie crust for placing on top of pie
- 2/3 cup lentils
- 8 cups water
- 2 to 3 carrots, sliced
- 2 celery stalks, sliced
- 1 medium onion, diced
- 2 packets George Washington Gold or other vegetarian bouillon
- 3 to 4 potatoes, peeled and diced
- 1/2 teaspoon sage
- 1 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon parsley
- 3 tablespoons margarine
- 3 tablespoons flour

Cook lentils and 2 cups water on low heat till tender. Put prepared vegetables in a large saucepan with 6 cups water plus bouillon. Bring to a boil and cook for 10 minutes. Add prepared potatoes to cooking vegetables. Save the liquid. Cool all vegetables for 20 minutes while seasoning the lentils with sage, salt and parsley.

Prepare a thickening by melting margarine in a frying pan, adding flour, then 1 cup water from cooking vegetables. Drain vegetables and put in an oven-proof bowl. Add lentils and thickening. Stir. If mixture is too thick, add more water from the cooking process. Place pie crust on top and bake till brown (about 1 hour).

This recipe is from United Poultry Concerns, a non-profit organization promoting the compassionate and respectful treatment of turkeys and other domestic fowl.

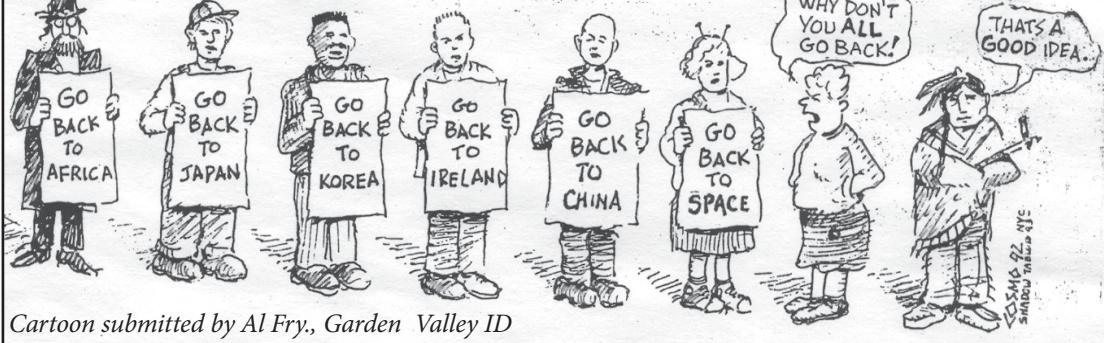
Two New Energy-Saving Tricks From OE Candles and Flashlights

By Iona

In my quest to use less electricity, I came up with two new ideas. 1. Sometimes I shower before it's light outside so, instead of turning on the bathroom light, I light a candle (a large, glass-enclosed candle that had been idle for years). It provides plenty of light for me to see while I capture the cold-water-turning-hot in a bottle, and wash and dry myself. 2. I just got two new flashlights even though I only wanted one because they were on sale and packaged together. I keep one in the kitchen at the top of the stairs leading down to my office (see page 16) so now, during the evening when it's dark down there, I don't need to flick on the lights to see as I walk down the steps. My next improvement will be to buy rechargeable D batteries for the large one. I already have rechargeable AAs for the smaller one.

I'm trying to be more and more creative.

Please share your ideas with me and our readers!



Cartoon submitted by Al Fry, Garden Valley ID

Scene from a buffalo hunt. Photo courtesy of sc.gov, the official Web site of the State of South Carolina.



The Indian Path to Peace

By Al Fry
Garden Valley, Idaho

To understand how our so-called 'advanced civilization' got so far away from the natural order of nature, let's start with a look at our own Indian tribes.

For thousands of years the native tribes got along without polluting or destroying the land and its flora and fauna. Like most other native cultures across the globe, our Indians did not believe in private ownership of the land, water and life forms.

Instead of hoarding things and selling them, they only had and kept what they needed to live. What little bartering they did was for things of useful value ... and not things to gain rewards or advantages.

Instead of long, regular working hours for employers, they seldom had to work more than a few hours a day harvesting what nature provided.

Instead of complex laws on paper, they had persons close to the code, or honor breakers, judge them.

Instead of exploiting nature, they usually lived within their ecosystems without doing damage.

Instead of acquiring and hoarding, they generally shared and gave freely to those they felt were in need and honorable. Very few tribes were parasitic and warlike ... like the Aztecs.

Having such contradictory goals and ways of life to our own, they were soon targeted by every

strata of our own self-interested civilization.

With little sense of what was 'right' or 'wrong' we systematically killed most of them . . . and stole the land of almost 100 Indian nations. Up to the late 19th century, our government made around 370 treaties with the Indians and broke every one of them.

Somehow we kept the idea going that we [lighter-skinned people] were a superior race . . . and, like the Spaniards, could just steal what we wanted from these weaker nations.

Being essentially selfish and inclined to avoid facing guilt, we moderns just ignored the truth about a way of life superior in many ways to our own. We don't like to mix our spiritual life with our political if it hinders profits.

We want to go to our religious social clubs once a week and continue our 'king of the hill' games the rest of the week. Our chosen 'saviors' will accept sinners as long as we profess our belief in them. Since there is little logic in such actions when they destroy our world, let's try to look into some in-depth reasons.

We can find around 10,000 years' history to show domination-oriented nations never last. So why are we going down this dead-end path?

Native people have what they call 'HEART.' Ho-Chee-nee, a Cherokee, explained: "The white man thinks with his head, the Indian thinks with his heart." This may seem like wishful-sen-

timental thinking to us intellectuals but it is literally true. Put most of us on an electrometer and the dial will show us to be in a frantic, choppy, 12 cycles or so brain pattern. Normally our guts churn together to turn around seven watts of current a day. What we never realize is that there is another system churning out a separate energy which powers up our solar plexus and heart 'mind' system. This area functions on oxygen circuits and brings in a feeling of what is 'right.'

Christians sometimes refer to this influence as the 'holy spirit.' The Chinese charted these circuits thousands of years ago and we can see them on the walls of acupuncturists.

Continuing with a religious flavor, we find ourselves referred to as 'horses' in various scriptures. We get ridden by unseen spirits who, according to tradition, got cast out of the original heaven or perfection. The thing we should probably try to grasp is that many of our thoughts come in from outside sources and are full of 'tamper.' Many nations and cultures closer to nature realize where these 'head thoughts' come from and ignore them. They follow their 'feelings' as their guides. This is how we all get to choose our paths . . . and of course CHOICE is one of the original rules that the rebels wished to ignore. Now that we have our terminology straight, perhaps we can explore this further later . . . to aid us in making wise decisions.

OE Friends Get Creative in Spreading These Newspaper Around Town

Sally takes 200-300 papers a month and distributes them in her community at health food stores, friendly businesses, events and even at a highway rest stop, where they were welcomed with unexpected pleasure by the staff. Some stores let her put a donation jar beside the papers and she sends in the proceeds periodically.

Doug puts them in his neighborhood market place and, when he saw them in the rear, he moved them up to the front. He replaces them with new issues as they come out.

Allen took some papers on vacation and convinced a local bookstore to sell them, sold them at a green event and put us on his group's Web site.

Carol purchased not only her own subscription but one for her favorite local coffee shop.

Elizabeth is distributing them at her library, which is happy to carry them.

Miriam talks about *The Order of the Earth* when she does workshops and hands out free samples to her audiences.

Dave was at one of Miriam's New Cosmology workshops recently and he is now distributing OE on his college campus.

Bill was at one of Miriam's workshops a few months ago and he sent in a very generous donation.

Mindy and Dave are regular distributors and put an OE link on their group's Web site.

K.C. is the best example of a distant store owner who sells OE and sends in monthly checks. She has been doing this for many months now and this shows the future potential for sales in remote stores.

Ella sells 60 copies every month at her health facility and her regular check is of enormous significance in showing us the future potential for OE's financial well-being.

Pyong arranged for his university in Korea to receive a subscription.

Valerie consistently takes a large number of papers to distribute in her rounds.

Bill distributes OE in Washington, D.C., where we hope influential people might pick it up and put pressure on legislators.

Zentura and Charlie distribute OE to their friends in the West.

Linda puts a copy in the teacher's break room in the school where she teaches and places lots of other copies in local bookstores and cafes as she travels around.

Jan hands OE to her clients and drops off copies at the local metaphysical store in her area.

Marianne, M.D. leaves them in her waiting room for her patients to take and enjoy.

Iona (boldest of all), giggling with glee, put a small stack of papers on top of an empty newspaper box labeled "FREE" in a family restaurant and then slipped one into the slot on the front so all could see OE's front page.

She also carries copies wherever she goes and leaves them in public places or hands them personally to people who might be interested in this work.

These are just a few of the wonderful people who help in so many ways to make OE a success. Currently we have spread our wings to at least 25 states and 9 countries. This is one of the few newsprint papers that is growing!

And Here's How You Can Help

• Volunteer to receive as many copies as you like each month and use our friends as guides to help you think of ways to spread these unique newspapers around the area where you live. If you can afford to send a few dollars to cover postage, that is always appreciated and sometimes necessary to meet the monthly postage bill.

• Tell your friends about us; give them gift subscriptions.

• Buy bulk copies to hand out or sell at events at which you are going to have a booth or table. See page 2 for our bulk rates.

• The subscription price nets \$3.16 a year profit so anything you can do to help us raise funds in other ways is wonderful — ads, donations (we are tax-exempt under the 501(c)(3) nonprofit, Grassroots Coalition for Environmental and Economic Justice.)

• Put us on your Facebook or blog (www.theorderoftheearth.com).

• Ask your local bookstore or health food store if they will sell our papers and then give us the name and address of the contact person.

• We are soliciting ads from environmental groups so that they can promote their own membership base and advertise their campaigns, so if you know of a group that fits the spirit of *The Order of the Earth*, please tell them about us and see if they would like to work with us to promote the health of Planet Earth and all her wondrous creatures and life forms. (Who could resist that?)

If you have any questions or want to discuss your own creative ideas just contact Iona at:

814-259-3680

ionaconnor@gmail.com

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Letters

Letters to the Editor



Photo Courtesy of Environmental Defense Fund

Who in their right mind believes in making the world a more dangerous place for our children?

Global Warming Debate Clarified

Understand Science and Believe in Action

By Dominique Browning

Environmental Defense Fund
Submitted by Bill Boteler, Washington D.C.

It happens all the time. The weather will get chilly for a day or two, as it did this summer in Rhode Island, where I live, and we'll be wrapped in sweaters, grumbling companionably while we're waiting in the cashier's line at the supermarket. You can count on someone to say it: "It's freezing! I'm pulling out the fleece! In the middle of summer! Global warming . . . I don't believe in it."

Even though I am an inveterate eavesdropper, I am not a person who jumps into strangers' conversations. But I kept worrying over the remark, until I finally figured out what was bothering me. It wasn't just the wrongheaded reaction to a day or two of cold weather in a hot season. It was that little, consequential word: believe. "I don't believe in global warming."

What does it mean about the way we live now that so many people are using the language of faith (and our beloved fairy tales) to address the problems of science? I figured the best person to ask was a scientist.

"The answer to that is complex," says Steven Hamburg, who recently joined Environmental Defense Fund (EDF) as Chief Scientist. "But it boils down to one big issue. Society cannot handle uncertainty. And science is about uncertainty. We no longer understand how science works, how the scientific process moves. People want black and white. True or false. Climate science is too complex for that kind of binary thinking. But that doesn't mean we don't know that we are headed for catastrophe."

I had gone to see Hamburg because I wanted to know how to answer people who said they just didn't "buy it." (Another phrase that is an indicator of our times: the retailing of theories, as if we can simply decide to leave climate change on the shelf, refuse to take it home.) The sort of thing I overheard is being played out this fall across the country in fierce debate — some of it based on deliberate, cynical misinformation — as the Senate prepares to vote on a climate bill. I wanted to be able to point to concrete examples of how climate change is already transforming our communities.

The Ticking Clock

Steve Hamburg is delighted to talk about backyards. EDF's chief scientist pulls out a chart covered with the harvest notes of a maple syrup farmer in New Hampshire; he has been keeping detailed records since 1959.

"These notes are a treasure," he says. "We're organizing an exhibit about how global warming will affect people locally, where they live, and this will be part of it."

If you have been a gardener for even a few years, you've already seen plenty of evidence that things are changing. There was a time, not so long ago, when I had to dig up most tender perennials at the end of the summer and store them in the garage for the winter, to coax them back to life the following spring. That is no longer always necessary. In fact, the hardiness zones — regional maps by which gardeners evaluate what can live in the ground through the winter

— have been redrawn to reflect the northward march of plants into areas that were once inhospitable.

This sounds great, on the face of it. I, for one, will be delighted to have camellias blooming in Rhode Island.

Until, that is, I think about the flip side: the exotic pests able to winter over as well, even finding time for extra egg-laying in longer hot seasons. Here's what else is in my backyard: more poison ivy, which thrives on the higher concentrations of CO₂ in the air. And something worse is twining its way north, the dreaded kudzu, a vine hanging in curtains along highways all over the south, smothering trees and shrubs. Kudzu is now considered invasive as far north as Connecticut.

Overwhelming messes can leave us feeling helpless to effect change. We try to do our parts as individuals, in the choices we make about who we vote for and what we buy. But such personal actions can feel as futile as trying to empty the ocean with teaspoons. And they are — if all we do is worry about our own backyards. I struggle with this in my own life," says Hamburg. "Local solutions alone will not work, though they are important. If the United States alone acts on climate change, it is not sufficient; but if America doesn't act, there'll be no global solution. And that is what is needed."

There is a word for the willingness to step forward and champion a just cause, regardless of what other countries are doing: Leadership. This fall Americans have an unprecedented chance to demand that our Senators support policies to slow global warming. This is where faith does come in; we have to believe that we can alter our perilous course.

Each of us will have — or has had — a moment of epiphany about climate change, a moment of understanding the urgency of the problem. That moment comes in the garden, or on the banks of a once vibrant, trout-filled river that is now still, or in the depths of a forest that no longer echoes with the croaking of frogs. It comes because the droughts are more prolonged, year after year, or the storms more severe. Or because your grandfather tells you that what is now the low tide mark on your beach was, in his youth, the line of the highest tides — as is happening where I live. Oceans have been rising, as have temperatures, and faster than expected. It does not require a leap of faith to "believe" this; it is a fact.

"Think about standing in the middle of a busy street, trying to cross," says Hamburg. "Traffic is speeding past from both directions. The probability that you'll fail to get across is high. That is what's going to happen with climate change. We will be surrounded by disasters. The longer we wait, the fewer options we will have."

I remember how carefully I taught my little boys, as we walked to school, about stop signs and traffic lights. I taught them to look both ways, to make sure their path was clear, before stepping off the curb. Letting go of their hands and watching them cross to safety was one of the hardest things I ever did. My own call to action is embedded in the memory of holding those tiny, trusting hands. Who in their right mind believes in making the world a more dangerous place for our children?

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Wild Horses Article

Dear Iona,

The picture of the horse inside the paper was so disturbing that I wanted to cry. I can't believe people do this to horses. This is going to sound judgmental and very unenlightened, but the humans who do this to the horses should have the exact same procedure done to them. I couldn't read the rest of the article when I saw that picture and I'm not going to. What a world this is. I doubt there is a world more sick than this one in all the Universe.

Anyway, I sure do like the rest of the paper.

Doug Davis

Cosmic Traveler

Hi Iona,

Thank you so much for the coverage of Jekyll on the front page of the October issue.

The story on the wild horses was very interesting and another example of how little regard there is for the wonderful creatures who share this Earth with us and the land, too, for that matter!

Thanks,

Mindy Egan

Jekyll Island, Georgia

Justice/Developing Nations

Iona,

I admire your unique ability to find and select pertinent articles. I would like to continue the discussion on CO₂.

I am wondering how much emphasis is put on the CO₂ emissions of the developing nations that is caused by the demand of natural resources by industrialized nations.

For example, here in Belize the demand for sugar provides the incentive for villagers to slash and burn forests to make room for more sugar cane. When sugar cane is ready to be harvested, the cane is set on fire to make harvesting easier. Vast forests are cut and burnt for livestock export production.

When the forests are destroyed, it not only produces CO₂ but eliminates the absorption of CO₂ by the absence of the trees. From my observations, it seems to me that the majority of CO₂ production and destruction of CO₂-absorbing veg-

etation is caused by the export of natural resources to satisfy the demand of the affluent societies of the world.

Therefore these factors should be calculated into the CO₂ production of industrialized nations, not of the developing nations.

Rod Rylander

Belize

Friends Helping OE

Hi, Iona and Sally,

It was a surprise to me when you offered the necklace and I have to admit I didn't know what to say. Kathie picked up the ball and now that I have had a chance to see this artistic piece up close I am surprised at the sensitive quality of Sally's work, in words and art!

Our film festival fundraiser — it wasn't that successful and it is more than generous of you to come through so nicely. We deserved and expected nothing other than hoping OE would find economic stability. I'll renew my subscription in any case.

Thanks to both of you, I never know what to give my wife; she balks usually at jewelry but liked a stone bracelet we got a long time ago while in Yellowstone National Park, which alas got lost.

We are mere spectators at the Barge Bash (sponsored by the Hancock Arts Council) and not likely to be much help to you in handing out newspapers. We could take a dozen or so directly to members of the Arts Council, who would be the people down there most likely to respond. Do you have an insert explaining that this is a free copy and you can subscribe or donate here (form) so it isn't buried inside the paper? We are going to a camp this week and might be worn out on getting back. But we hope to help!

Keeping *The Order of the Earth* stabilized in this environment is important so we will continue to do as much toward this as possible, while still charging onward with the project we have selected for our concentrated work, Single Payer Health Care for All in Pennsylvania! We wish we could do more for other causes but we at our age need to concentrate in order to keep from going nuts.

If the Health Care project ever runs its course, perhaps I'll get back to doing more for the environment! If I am still

able! Congrats on the new issue, it looks great!

Jack and Kathie Hendricks

McConnellsburg, Pennsylvania

Hi Iona,

I'm sending you \$12 for the sixteen copies of the August issue that I've sold so far. Kent and I are planning to sell the remaining fifteen here at the D.C. Green Festival over the weekend of October 10 and 11 but I'll include \$11.25 for those in advance — plus a contribution of \$1.75 — for a grand total of \$25.

Keep up the good work!

Peace,

Allen Hengst

Washington D.C.

Trust

Hello Iona,

For years I've just assumed that I would be taken care of (by whatever or whomever — the universe, mother nature) and that the daily needs would always be provided for — and of course, it's always worked out that way, so I rarely worry about much of anything, which works for me.

If all of the birds and the four-legged critters are taken care of without having to work a 'job' (imagine that — though I suppose some horses and other domestic critters do get roped into something resembling 'work'), then humans ought to be taken care of too, if only they'd trust themselves and allow the universe and mother nature the opportunity to provide for them.

But then the belief systems that have been foisted upon humanity (for what seems like forever) have driven people to believe (notice 'believe' has 'lie' in the middle of it) that they have to work hard (slavery?) to be of any value to society.

Anyway, I don't really know where I'm going with this and I suppose I ought to wrap it up. Have been busy creating more rock creatures all day — I can get three to five done a day.

Wishing you a lovely evening and a reenergizing night.

Cheers,

Charlie Laux

Casper, Wyoming

News Submitted by Readers

Submitted by
Loris Boutwell
Tiger, Georgia

Fires Threaten Bornean Orang-utans

Care for the Wild newsletter

a bite. The major challenge is improving the soil and that means gathering compost and waiting for it to decay, which is taking a long time. I hope that, with time, the soil will be more fertile and the veggies more robust.

More Americans Growing Food on Small 'Hobby Farms'

By Rick Callahan
Associated Press via CommonDreams.org

GEM, Indiana, October 5, 2009 — Most evenings, Gary Mithoefer can be found at the end of a long gravel driveway off a busy highway, tending two garden plots filled with white sweet potatoes, squash, cabbages and a dozen other vegetables still thriving in early fall . . .

Mithoefer, who gardens after his workday ends at his state highway job, is one of a growing number of Americans who are rolling up their sleeves and digging into the dirt to raise crops or livestock on a small-scale.

The produce and meat raised by these small farms, sometimes called "hobby" or "lifestyle" farms, provides much of the food found at the nation's farmers' markets and roadside stands, said Maria I. Marshall, an associate professor of agricultural economics at Purdue University. Many of the farms raise specialized crops and practice organic or sustainable farming.

Mithoefer, who sells whatever produce his family doesn't eat, freeze or can at a Saturday farmer's market, said he loves working outdoors with a nephew who helps him till, plant, weed and harvest plots covering about a half-acre just

east of Indianapolis along U.S. 40, the famed National Road. . . .

Submitted by
Green Party Friends

As the Nobel Prize awards continue to be announced from Oslo this week, the Green Party of the United States looks to honor those who support the Green Party despite the incredible support the international community has given to President Obama's version of "peace."

Despite Tuesday's *Washington Post* report that President Obama has secretly authorized 13,000 more American soldiers to continue the occupation of Afghanistan — in addition to an announced increase of over 20,000 soldiers — the Nobel Peace Prize committee chose to honor his promises to bring about change.

We honor the Green Party members, supporters, candidates and donors who are helping create real change by supporting the real alternative to corporate, war-making politics.

The Nobel Peace Prize committee chose to honor President Obama's promise to end the American-led war in Iraq, yet over 100,000 American troops still occupy that country.

We honor the hundreds of thousands of Americans who voted for Green Party candidates in 2008 in an attempt to put real leaders into power — leaders who follow up on their promises, work for real peace and work to save lives, not put them in harm's way . . .

Retired Teacher, Age 59, Seeks "Pen-Pal"

I love gardening. I do lots of volunteer work.

No computers, e-mails or Web sites.

Reply to: Hal Zack, 4320 - 196th S.W. #B,

PMB #244

Lynnwood, Washington 98036



Photo by Iona

Here is what "the Order of the Earth" office looks like in full swing. That's all folks! For those of you who saw the publisher's previous chopped-up chair, the new replacement was \$7.00 at a yard sale. It belonged to the seller's grandfather. Now it is used by a grandmother. The wide-screen monitor is beginning to fail — anybody out there got \$150? It will be tax-deductible. Thanks!

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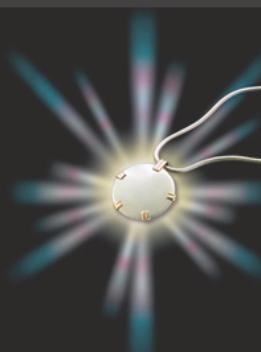
Read "Protecting the 'People's Park' at Jekyll Island, Georgia" in the October 2009 issue of The Order of the Earth.



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