



RESURRECTION UNIVERSITY PARISH

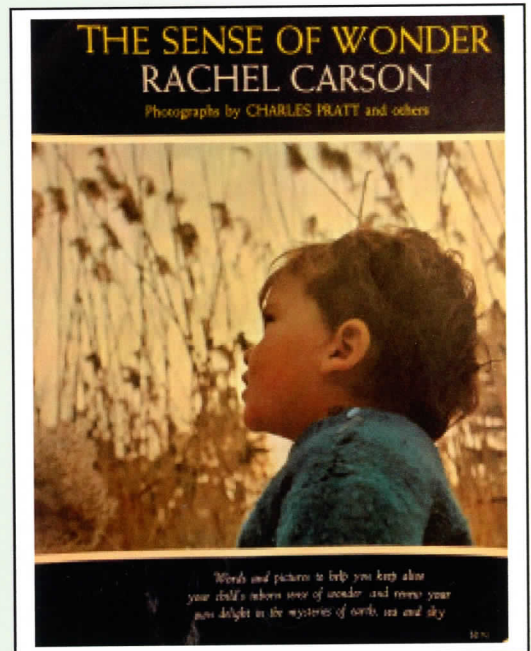
Land Stewardship Committee

Little Things Mean A Lot

Kitty Kalin rendered a hit song in 1956 titled *Little Things Mean A Lot*. It was a wistful observation on life with a series of special little things that mean more than they seem. “Blow me a kiss from across the room, say I look nice when I’m not. Give me your arm when we cross the street.....etc”.

Rachel Carson highlights this truth in her book titled *THE SENSE OF WONDER*

“If you are a parent who feels he has little nature lore at his disposal there is still much you can do for your child. With her, wherever you are and whatever your resources, you can still look up at the sky—its dawn and twilight beauties, its moving clouds, its stars by night. You can listen to the wind, whether it blows with majestic voice through a forest or sings a many-voiced chorus around the eaves of your house or the corners of your apartment building, and in the listening, you can gain magical release for your thoughts. You can still feel the rain on your face and think of its long journey, its many transmutations, from sea to air to earth. Even if you are a city dweller, you can find some place, perhaps a park or a golf course, where you can observe the mysterious migrations of the birds and the changing seasons. And with your child you can ponder the mystery of a growing seed, even if it be only one planted in a pot of earth on the kitchen window.”



“Your country is desolate,
your cities are burned with fire:
your land, strangers devour it in your presence,
and it is desolate, as overthrown by strangers.”
-Isaiah 1:7

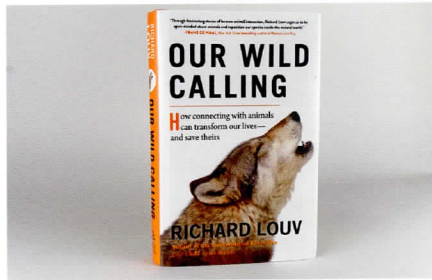


OUR WILD CALLING

By Richard Louv

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were facing away from Donahue. The boy was stroking the dog's side. Then she heard her son say quietly, matter-of-factly, "Mommy, I don't have a heart anymore."

Startled, she asked her son what he meant.

"My heart is in Jack."

She watched them for a while, in the silence and peace.

This permeability of the heart (or soul or spirit or neurological connection) occurs naturally when we're very young. Some people continue to experience it throughout their life, though they may have no words to describe it. They experience it with their companion animals and, if receptive and given a chance, with wild animals, too.

Each animal we encounter has the potential to become part of us or part of who we could become. If we meet them halfway.

Indigenous traditions are fully accustomed to this approach to physical and spiritual existence. The American transcendentalists of the 19th century also saw the divine in nature. That movement's leader, Ralph Waldo Emerson, wrote of the "great nature in which we rest, as the earth lies in the soft arms of the atmosphere; that Unity, that Over-soul, within which every man's particular being is contained and made one with all other; that common heart."

More recently, nature essayist Barry Lopez, in "A Literature of Place," wrote, "If you're intimate with a place, a place with whose history you're familiar, and you establish an ethical conversation with it, the implication that follows is this: the place knows you're there. It feels you. You will not be forgotten, cut off, abandoned." Our attachment to the natural world is "a fundamental human defense against loneliness." Lopez was primarily describing the ways land shapes our inner landscape. Animals, wild and domestic, also do this.

Our Wild Calling will be the subject of a Zoom facilitated presentation by the Land Stewardship Committee in the very near future. Copies of the book will be presented free to attendees a month before time. Interested? Write to Paul Gore at paulagore@att.com or Ellie Weber at elliernmsn@att.net.

SPRING

“With tumbled hair of swarm of
bees

and flower robes dancing in the
breeze,

With Sweet, unsteady lotus-
glances

Intoxicated, Spring Advances.”

ANONYMOUS SANSKRIT POET, CA. 700 AD

