

## Chad's book of favorite quotations and poems.

### General

Through all the darkness, through all the shame of which men are capable, the spirit of man will remain alive on this earth. It may sleep, but it will awaken. It may wear chains, but it will break through. And man will go on. Man, not men.

- Ayn Rand, Anthem

Never doubt that a small group of thoughtful committed citizens can change the world; indeed, it's the only thing that ever does

- Margaret Mead

Only when the last tree has died and the last river has been poisoned and the last fish has been caught will we realize that we can not eat money

- 19<sup>th</sup> century Cree Native American

Whatever you can do, or dream you can, begin it.  
Boldness has genius, power and magic, in it.

- Johann Wolfgang Goethe

### Soil

Destruction of the soil is the most fundamental kind of economic loss which the human race can suffer. With enough time and money, a neglected farm can be put back on its feet—if the soil is there. By expensive replanting and with a generation or two of waiting, a ruined forest can again be made productive – if the soil is there...But if the soil is gone, the loss is absolute and irrevocable.

- Aldo Leopold, speech at the University of Arizona

"While the farmer holds the title to the land, actually, it belongs to all the people because civilization itself rests upon the soil."

- **Thomas Jefferson** (1743-1826) *quoted in the Des Moines Register*, July 8, 1979.

## Teaching/Education

The objective is to teach the student to see the land, to understand what he sees, and enjoy what he understands. I say land rather than wildlife, because wildlife cannot be understood without understanding the landscape as a whole.

- Aldo Leopold, "The Role of Wildlife in a Liberal Education" from *The River of the Mother of God and Other Essays*

A great book begins with an idea; a great life with determination

- **Louis L'Amour**

Education should provide the tools for a widening and deepening of life, for increased appreciation of all one sees or experiences. It should equip a person to live well, to understand what is happening about him, for to live well one must live with awareness.

- **Louis L'Amour**

Never regard your study as a duty, but as the enviable opportunity to learn to know the liberating influence of beauty in the realm of the spirit for your own personal joy and to profit of the community to which you latter work belongs.

- **A. Einstein**

## Our environment

In every landscape, the point of astonishment is the meeting of the sky and the Earth.

- **Ralph Waldo Emerson**

Earth provides enough to satisfy every man's need, but not every man's greed."

- **Mohandas K. Gandhi** quoted in EF Schumacher, *Small is Beautiful*.

"The air, the water and the ground are free gifts to man and no one has the power to portion them out in parcels. Man must drink and breathe and walk and therefore each man has a right to his share of each."

- **James Fennimore Cooper** (1789-1851), *The Prairie* 1827

"How strange that nature does not knock, and yet does not intrude!"

- **Emily Dickinson**, (1830-1886), *Letter to Mrs. J.S. Cooper*.

We could, you know. We can live anyway we want. People take vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience – even silence – by choice. The thing is to stalk your calling in a certain skilled and supple way, to locate the most tender spot and plug into that pulse.

- **Annie Dillard**

I think it would be well, and proper, and obedient, and pure, to grasp your one necessity and not let go, to dangle from it limp wherever it takes you. Then even death, where you're going no matter how you live, cannot you part.

- **Annie Dillard**

I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived.

I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear: nor did I wish to practice resignation unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner, and publish its meanness to the world; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion.

- **H. D. Thoreau**

There maybe people who feel no need for nature. They are fortunate, perhaps. But, for those of us who feel otherwise, who feel something is missing unless we can hike across land disturbed only by our foot steps or see creatures roaming freely as they have always done, we are sure there should be wilderness. Species other than man have rights, too. Having finished all the requisites of our proud, materialistic civilization, our neon-lit society, does nature, which is the basis for our existence, have the right to live-on? Do we have enough reverence for life to concede to wilderness this right? Do you think we have it in us?

- **Margaret (Mardy) E. Murie**

If we were to choose a single expression for the universe it might be "celebration", celebration of existence and life and consciousness, also of color and sound but especially in movement, in flight through the air and swimming through the sea, in mating rituals and care of the young. But, then too are the paths of both living and dying, of consuming and being consumed. There is the vast hydrological cycle with its sequence of abundance and scarcity, its expression of the tragic as well as the delightful moments of temporal existence.

- **Brian Swimme and Thomas Berry**

Why?

The murmur of a bee  
A witchcraft yieldeth me.  
If any ask me why,  
T' were easier to die  
Than tell.

The red upon the hill  
Taket away my will;  
If anybody sneer,  
Take care, for God is here  
That's all.

The breaking of the day  
Addeth to my degree;  
If any ask me how,  
Artist who drew me so,  
Must tell.

- **Emily Dickinson**

**Water**

The water understands civilization well;  
It wets my foot, but prettily,  
It chills my life, but wittily,  
It is not disconcerted,  
It is not broken-hearted:  
Well used, it decketh joy,  
Adorneth, doubleth joy:  
Ill used it will destroy,  
In perfect time and measure  
With a face of golden pleasure  
Elegantly destroy.

**R.W. Emerson**

**I was born thy bank river**

I was born thy bank, river  
My blood flows in thy system,  
And thou meanderest forever  
At the bottom of my dream.

-Henry David Thoreau

**The Meeting of the Water**

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,  
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;  
Oh the last rays of feeling and life must depart  
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene  
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;  
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,  
Oh No 'twas something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom were near,  
Who made every scene of enchantment more dear,  
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,  
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! How calm could I rest  
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,  
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,  
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

- **Thomas Moore**

Water is a curious thing: although vital to life, it costs almost nothing, where  
as gold and diamonds, which are useless for survival, cost a fortune.

- **Adam Smith**

## Geology

The purest essence of the energy of the Earth world coalesces into rock. Within the size of a fist can be assembled the beauty of a thousand cliffs. Rocks large enough to set up in great courtyards, small enough to set up on a small stand....

- **DuWan**, 1133A.D. From the preface by Kong Chuanto, a famous catalog of rocks written by The Hermit of Cloudy forest (Royal Museum, Toronto)

To see a World in a Grain of Sand,  
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower,  
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,  
And Eternity in an hour.

- William Blake, Beginning of Auguries of Innocence

## The Search for Wisdom

Ten thousand flowers in the spring, the moon in autumn, a cool breeze in summer, snow in winter. If your mind isn't clouded by unnecessary things this is the best season of your life.

### **-Wo-Men (Royal Museum, Toronto)**

The Great way has no gate;  
There are a thousand paths to it.  
If you pass through the barrier,  
You walk the universe alone.

- **Wo-Men (Royal Museum, Toronto)**

Life, human life is a mere occurrence of time. I say this not to belittle our existence, but rather to emphasize the miracle, that we are here at all.

- **Stephan J. Gould** (Lecture to the University of Wisconsin, Superior, 1998) this is as close as I could get it from my notes and memory

Strange is our life here upon the earth. Each of us comes for a short visit, not knowing why, yet sometimes seeming to divine purpose.

- **Albert Einstein**

When the expected course of everyday life is interrupted, we realize that we are like shipwrecked people trying to keep their balance on a miserable plank in the open sea, having forgotten where they came from and not knowing whither they are drifting.

- **A. Einstein**

"Security is mostly a superstition. It does not exist in nature, nor do the children of men as a whole experience it. Avoiding danger is no safer in the long run than outright exposure. Life is either a daring adventure or nothing at all."

- **Helen Keller**

### **Conservation**

"I recognize the right and duty of this generation to develop and use our natural resources, but I do not recognize the right to waste them, or to rob by wasteful use, the generations that come after us."

- **Theodore Roosevelt, speech, Washington, D.C., 1900**

"We are the most dangerous species of life on the planet, and every other species, even the earth itself, has cause to fear our power to exterminate. But we are also the only species which, when it chooses to do so, will go to great effort to save what it might destroy."

- **Wallace Stegner**

"God bless America. Let's save some of it."

- **Edward Abbey**

"If a child is to keep alive his inborn sense of wonder, he needs the companionship of a least one adult who can share it, rediscovering with him the joy, excitement and mystery of the world we live in."

- **Rachel Carson**, naturalist and author

"The more clearly we can focus our attention on the wonders and realities of the universe, the less taste we shall have for destruction."

- **Rachel Carson**

"Having to squeeze the last drop of utility out of the land has the same desperate finality as having to chop up the furniture to keep warm."

- **Aldo Leopold**, *A Sand County Almanac*, 1949

"Conservation is a state of harmony between men and land."

- **Aldo Leopold**, *A Sand County Almanac*, 1949

"We can never have enough of nature."  
- **Henry David Thoreau**, *Walden*, 1854

"We abuse land because we regard it as a commodity belonging to us. When we see land as a community to which we belong, we may begin to use it with love and respect."  
- **Aldo Leopold**, *A Sand County Almanac*, 1949

"A thing is right only when it tends to preserve the integrity, stability and beauty of the community; and the community includes the soil, water, fauna and flora, as well as the people."  
- **Aldo Leopold**, *A Sand County Almanac*, 1949

"A land ethic ... reflects the existence of an ecological conscience, and this in turn reflects a conviction of individual responsibility for the health of the land. Health is the capacity of the land for self-renewal. Conservation is our effort to understand and preserve this capacity."  
- **Aldo Leopold**

"The land ethic simply enlarges the boundaries of the community to include soils, waters, plants and animals, or collectively: the land."  
- **Aldo Leopold**

"It is inconceivable to me that an ethical relation to land can exist without love, respect, and admiration for land, and a high regard for its value. By value, I of course mean something far broader than mere economic value; I mean value in the philosophical sense."  
- **Aldo Leopold**

All of life is interrelated. We are all caught in an inescapable network of mutuality, tied to a single garment of destiny. Whatever affects one directly affects all indirectly.  
- **Martin Luther King Jr. (1929-1969)**

"Wilderness itself is the basis of all our civilization. I wonder if we have enough reverence for life to concede to wilderness the right to live on?"  
- **Margaret (Mardy) Murie**, author, conservationist and member of **The Wilderness Society Council**

"I hope that the United States of America is not so rich that she can afford to let these wildernesses pass by. Or so poor that she cannot afford to keep them."  
- **Margaret Murie**

"Wilderness is the raw material out of which man has hammered the artifact called civilization. Wilderness was never a homogenous raw material. It was very diverse. The differences in the product are known as cultures. The rich diversity of the world's cultures reflects a corresponding diversity. In the wilds that gave them birth."

- **Aldo Leopold**

"Wilderness is a necessity ... They will see what I meant in time. There must be places for human beings to satisfy their souls. Food and drink is not all. There is the spiritual. In some it is only a germ, of course, but the germ will grow."

- **John Muir**, conservationist and founder, The Sierra Club

"Everybody needs beauty as well as bread, places to play in and pray in, where nature may heal and give strength to body and soul."

- **John Muir**

## *The Prairies*

These are the gardens of the Desert, these  
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,  
For which the speech of England has no name-  
The Prairies. I behold them for the first,  
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight  
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they stretch,  
In airy undulations, far away,  
As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,  
Stood still, with an his rounded billows fixed,  
And motionless forever.- Motionless?-  
No- they are all unchained again. The clouds  
Sweep over with their shadows, and, beneath,  
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;  
Dark hollows seem to glide along and chase  
The sunny ridges. Breezes of the South!  
Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,  
And pass the prairie-hawk that, poised on high,  
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not- ye have played  
Among the palms of Mexico and vines  
Of Texas, and have crisped the limpid brooks  
That from the fountains of Sonora glide  
Into the calm Pacific- have ye fanned  
A nobler or a lovelier scene than this?  
Man hath no power in all this glorious work:  
The hand that built the firmament hath heaved  
And smoothed these verdant swells, and sown their slopes  
With herbage, planted them with island groves,  
And hedged them round with forests. Fitting floor  
For this magnificent temple of the sky-  
With flowers whose glory and whose multitude  
Rival the constellations! The great heavens  
Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love,-  
A nearer vault, and of a tenderer blue,  
Than that which bends above our eastern hills. -  
As o'er the verdant waste I guide my steed,  
Among the high rank grass that sweeps his sides  
The hollow beating of his footstep seems  
A sacrilegious sound. I think of those  
Upon whose rest he tramples. Are they here-  
The dead of other days?- and did the dust

Of these fair solitudes once stir with life  
And burn with passion? Let the mighty mounds  
That overlook the rivers, or that rise  
In the dim forest crowded with old oaks,  
Answer. A race, that long has passed away,  
Built them;- a disciplined and populous race  
Heaped, with long toil, the earth, while yet the Greek  
Was hewing the Pentelicus to forms  
Of symmetry, and rearing on its rock  
The glittering Parthenon. These ample fields  
Nourished their harvests, here their herds were fed,  
When haply by their stalls the bison lowed,  
And bowed his maned shoulder to the yoke.  
All day this desert murmured with their toils,  
Till twilight blushed, and lovers walked, and wooed  
In a forgotten language, and old tunes,  
From instruments of unremembered form,  
Gave the soft winds a voice. The red man came-  
The roaming hunter tribes, warlike and fierce,  
And the mound-builders vanished from the earth.  
The solitude of centuries untold  
Has settled where they dwelt. The prairie-wolf  
Hunts in their meadows, and his fresh-dug den  
Yawns by my path. The gopher mines the ground  
Where stood their swarming cities. All is gone;  
All- save the piles of earth that hold their bones,  
The platforms where they worshipped unknown gods,  
The barriers which they builded from the soil  
To keep the foe at bay- till o'er the walls  
The wild beleaguers broke, and, one by one,  
The strongholds of the plain were forced, and heaped  
With corpses. The brown vultures of the wood  
Flocked to those vast uncovered sepulchres,  
And sat unscared and silent at their feast.  
Haply some solitary fugitive,  
Lurking in marsh and forest, till the sense  
Of desolation and of fear became  
Bitterer than death, yielded himself to die.  
Man's better nature triumphed then. Kind words  
Welcomed and soothed him; the rude conquerors  
Seated the captive with their chiefs; he chose  
A bride among their maidens, and at length  
Seemed to forget- yet ne'er forgot- the wife  
Of his first love, and her sweet little ones,  
Butchered, amid their shrieks, with all his race. -  
Thus change the forms of being. Thus arise

Races of living things, glorious in strength,  
And perish, as the quickening breath of God  
Fills them, or is withdrawn. The red man, too,  
Has left the blooming wilds he ranged so long,  
And, nearer to the Rocky Mountains, sought  
A wilder hunting-ground. The beaver builds  
No longer by these streams, but far away,  
On waters whose blue surface ne'er gave back  
The white man's face- among Missouri's springs,  
And pools whose issues swell the Oregon-  
He rears his little Venice. In these plains  
The bison feeds no more. Twice twenty leagues  
Beyond remotest smoke of hunter's camp,  
Roams the majestic brute, in herds that shake  
The earth with thundering steps--yet here I meet  
His ancient footprints stamped beside the pool.  
Still this gret solitude is quick with life.  
Myriads of insects, gaudy as the flowers  
They flutter over, gentle quadrupeds,  
And birds, that scarce have learned the fear of man  
Are hear, and sliding reptiles of the ground,  
Startlingly beautiful. The graceful deer  
Bounds to the wood at my approach. The bee,  
A more adventurous colonist than man,  
With whom he came across the eastern deep,  
Fills the savannas with his murmurings,  
And hides his sweets, as in the golden age,  
Within the hollow oak. I listen long  
To his domestic humn, and think I hear  
The sound of that advancing multitude  
Which soon shall fill these deserts. From the ground  
Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice  
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn  
Of Sabbath worshippers. The low of herds  
Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain  
Over the dark-brown furrows. All at once  
A fresher wind sweeps by, and breaks my dream,  
And I am in the wilderness alone.

- William Cullen Bryant