

All proposed changes be financed by federal and state funds thus beginning a national economy based upon achieving peace by stopping modern society's war with the natural world.

By these means we learned to care for the life of the natural world just as we cared for the life of those three grey whales caught in the ice off Barrow Alaska in the fall of 1988. In the same way that those whales' predicament made diametrically opposing factions of our society cooperatively rescue them, Earth kinship made the sad plight of the global life community draw people together to rescue Earth and themselves.



Radical disease often necessitates radical surgery. History shows that without this scenario, the educational community will not in fifty years, if ever, refute its role in our self-defeating war with Nature, not meet its responsibilities for animal rights and global peace. As Mainstream's pawn, education in our homes, schools and counseling centers rarely teaches civilized balance with the natural world. This allows us to condone brutality to animals.

Don't waste the death of the 16,000 trees cut weekly to publish *Time Magazine*. Read *Time's* "Planet of the Year" issue (1/3/89) and listen to the wisdom of caring people. In a world that is rapidly deteriorating, all of education must teach social and environmental responsibility by creating it.

Notes

¹This list is available from the author upon request accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address: Mike Cohen, Northeast Audubon Center, Sharon CT 06069. Also available are 46 ecologically sound, self empowering educational tools in the author's 31-page booklet *Connecting with Nature: The Earth Kinship Trail Guide* (\$4.00).

"The Meat"

Each day I see in my meat the beast that died
that I may stand and pump my blood.
Each bud of sweetness in his branch of pain;
my praise of taste and life
the singing blossoms strung
along his strength which went down
under the club,
wondering, struck, which hung astonished, lashed
with anguish, conscious, chained, head down.

Each hour I walk, I think of flesh in mine
like wine bursting a grape-skin, poured
into me
by bleeding which was innocence, by
terror amazed,
by crazed awareness that the ones
most trusted were betraying, the feeders
opening
the throat they've fed.

Remembering this, my morning joy turns cold.
That crowd of deep, warm, singing corpuscles I feel
once healed and gladdened and made
calm the beast.
He yielded them to me.
Now they accuse and question my good.

"O head-down, dying animal!" I pray.
"O may we all be worth
that death in you; may our blood burn
with mad
sacrifice and godly-tall ideals
because you fell!"

George Abbe