As he went to the podium to speak, he saw the brotherly salute to him in the eyes of the priest, the tribute and encouragement to a fellow-warrior. And he was strengthened, confident. The nervousness slipped away. He felt raised up, as on the broad palms of giant, benevolent force, a concern for all the world's teeming variety of creatures, all its multitudinous love-created life.

And he heard his voice soaring out over the listeners:

"And the Bible says: 'A sparrow does not fall without His knowing and caring.' You and I are sharing that spirit a million, a billion times over by the lives we rescue. We are sharing that Perfect Compassion."

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**For Love of this Earth:**

**Grief is so near the surface**

That often I dare not speak

For fear

The words would come

In great shuddering sobs

And they would call me

Madwoman

And not listen

To what I have to say.

**For I would shout it from the mountaintop**

Behold: A Mystery.

Earth is so fair.

There is more beauty

Than your heart can ever hold

In a swan's neck, a raccoon's hand

In the song of a thrush

In sunlight through leaves in thick green forests

In the wind on the water's skin

In the agony of birth.

Cherish it

For you are part of it

This fragile blue-green planet

It flows through you

The living blood of Earth.

And for love of this Earth

I will hide

My passion of rage and tears.

I will woo you

With the selfish voice of reason

And you will also

Begin to know that Mystery.

—Mary de La Valette

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**Animals, Ethics & Social Policy**

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