



EXTRACT 1 – When will the fields come back?

*“When will the fields come back and the grass for my children?”**

Every time somebody tries to stop a copse being hacked down or a meadow being concreted over, they are me.

Whenever people come together to protect a river, and those beings that live in and around it, from the callous brutality of a dam, they are me.

Each and every person who says “no” to fracking, to pipelines, to power lines, to coal mines, to waste tips, to GM crops or to arms factories is saying “yes” to me and to my presence within them.

When “something” stirs deep within you and sends you out to fight against a new road, a new shopping mall, a new airport or a new power station, then that “something” is me.

If you ever have the feeling that the world you know is insane and risks destroying everything that you value, then you should know that this feeling is me.

And when that feeling becomes an opinion, an argument, a theory or a philosophy, it is me in yet another guise.

Sometimes that feeling takes a secondary form. It might be a theoretical hunch, an ideological sensitivity to the way that even philosophies of resistance can be recuperated by that which they supposedly oppose.

But that energy is still me, only now I am obliged to go to work on the thankless task of clearing all the philosophical tangle and debris that has been blocking your path.

I blossom in the human heart but the human heart needs to let me in. I have to become the opening-up before I can become the filling-in and the acting-out.

To lose something precious is bad enough, but what if you have forgotten that it was precious? Or that you ever had it in the first place? Why would you search for something you do not value? How will you find something that you do not believe was ever there?

Your fields and your green grass will not come back until your love calls out to them.

* Lord Dunsany, "Nature and Time", *Fifty-One Tales*

www.winteroak.org.uk