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First name: Seven

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Organization:

Title:

Comments: Dear Folks,

I would hope that whomever is reading this has been to an Old Growth Forest. And if you haven't, I would recommend visiting as soon as possible. Once there, like all who visit these ancient groves -- if you can slow down enough to take in what is actually happening, to feel into where you have brought yourself, amongst 500-1000 years worth of history thriving under your feet, rustling in the wind, hanging like usnea from their moss covered branches -- it is possible to feel into the immensity of the global organism where we all live and thrive.

You do not have to be a scientist to grok the profundity of this organism that can support such a diverse family, in thousands of dancing forms for a dozen or more human life times. Letting that in can be humbling, a common cause of cognitive dissonance.

Someone here has to stand up, and speak to the eminence of these beings. These places need to be enshrined in perpetuity, left to complete their own cycle far beyond the reach of small smooshy monkeys. We are not the only beings who live in this neighborhood.

I therefore implore the readers of these million odd comments to look inside, deeply inside, following your own mycelial network down into the depths of your psyche and ask your self this question: Do I have any right to wield such power as to hold the fate of these last ancient places in my very hands, with the ability to throw away a legacy that could not easily exist again for thousands of years?

This is a heavy burden to bear, and I do not envy your position -- hounded by interests less than altruistic, pressured to follow the money. You are stronger than that. And I believe in your ability to make the proper choice here, the choice that takes into account the whole of the global community.

Thank you for your time,

Sissily Seven Root Stevens