

I was asked to be on this panel because I am a member of the permanent vigil at the Concord Naval Weapons Station. I cannot claim to be an expert on the broad and deep issues of the ecological catastrophe we find ourselves in, nor do I intend to quote chapter and verse from the long litany of public record which establishes irrefutably the links between military interventionism and environmental holocaust. Instead I would like to relate a true story.

One night, about 2 weeks ago, as I slept on the tracks at Concord, I dreamed ~~we were~~^{we were} being evicted. Unknown persons had claimed title to the home in which our community lived and I had gone outside to walk among the trees and stars to consider the matter.

I noticed a young girl, who motioned me over to her side and as I approached, I saw that she was having a conversation with a large ant. He was about the size of a St. Bernard Dog and she told me he wanted to have a word with me.

He spoke in the clear deep tones of the king that I have heard that you have been asked to leave this place.

I replied that that was so.

His eyes were sad. He ~~asked~~ told me that it was a matter of great concern for him. He feared that if we were forced to leave that his people would be scattered.

I answered that we were not going to be scattered. "I was hoping that would be your answer," I said, looking into his eyes, and a feeling of great peace came over us as we acknowledged our common humanity. At that instant, then he said, "I am glad to hear that."

a great wealth. Would you please ask your people to allow us to have it?" I answered that of course I would.

Then the sky lightened and when I turned back to say goodbye to Great Grandfather Ant, he had gone.

I crawled out of my sleeping bag and began the day.

Later that morning, I opened the lid of our cooler only to find that during the night it had been swarmed by about a thousand ants. I closed the lid.

Hmm.

When I went back to the cooler, having decided I couldn't just ignore the matter, I began to lift out bags, boxes, and jars of food. To my amazement, none of the food, except one carrot, had any ants crawling on it. Looking closer, I saw that the ants were busy hauling away the crumbs and spillage that had accumulated on the ~~bottom~~ bottom and sides of the cooler. Hearing them to it, I looked up and around me. A naval weapons station, full of bombs and bullets and mines and guns. A construction project, with earthmovers and bulldozers carving a road into a lot of packed mud. And across the marsh, an oil refinery belching smoke and threatening to spill its deadly poison (a threat made good this week, by the way).

And we have the gall to call ants pests!

We have been asked to discuss priorities. My contribution is simple. If its fulfillment seems impossible, I cannot help that, but I will say that without it we will not survive. We must relinquish our demand to control our surroundings. We must love the Earth; and love does not dominate.