



David Schock's *Jamestown Farm Scene* oil on canvas. Randall Art Gallery at 65 Narragansett Avenue.

The Peace of Wild Things.

August 6, 2007

Dear Friends:

We decided to let the brushstrokes of David Schock and the poetry of Wendell Berry tell the Land Trust story this week, but late last week I had an experience that deserves to be told. The painting, the poetry, and story that follow communicate, in the deepest sense, the Land Trust message.

On Friday I received a call from an old friend, now approaching his ninetieth year, asking if I would drop by. He explained that he did not get out much anymore, but had something for the Land Trust. I stopped the next evening and, always gracious, this World War II veteran asked me to sit and have a glass of water with him. He proudly announced that he had \$100.00 to contribute to the Save the Farms effort. Knowing my friend lives on a small Social Security benefit, I suggested that his gift was too generous.

"Nothing doing," he said. "I lost so many comrades and saw such atrocities and human suffering as we pushed through France that I wondered if I could ever smile again. When the war was over and I returned home, I often found myself sitting in my car late in the afternoon watching old Mr. Dutra's cows. Sometimes I would walk down to the South Reservoir to be alone with the silence. That was over sixty years ago, and I still remember what those moments meant and how they helped me to put my life back together. We need these special places."

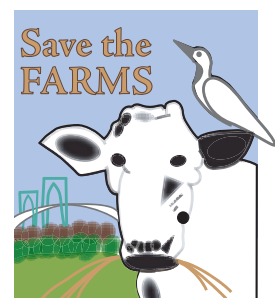
As I thanked him and started to leave, my friend said, "I know that these farms won't be developed in what little time I have, but this can be the legacy we pass on to everyone who comes after us. You never know when another troubled soul may need to sit by those fields. So, please, take my money. At my age, I don't have many dances left, so I'm not missing this one."

Yours,
Quentin Anthony, President
Conanicut Island Land Trust

The Peace of Wild Things
By Wendell Berry

*When despair for the world grows in me
and I wake in the night at the least sound
in fear of what my life and
my children's lives may be,
I go and lie down where the wood drake
rests in his beauty on the water
and the great heron feeds.
I come into the peace of wild things
who do not tax their lives with forethought
of grief. I come into the presence of still water.
And I feel above me the day-blind stars
waiting with their light. For a time
I rest in the grace of the world, and am free.*

Save the Farms Challenge



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