



Rediscovering Thoreau

“Disobey Bush” search leads to Thoreau enlightenment..

“If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away.”

Never have I EVER seemed to be able to march in pace with so called normality. E.g. my earthly taste in music has definitely been in the minority, dwelling mostly on storytelling ballads with a celtic flavor and this was long before this genre became “popular.”

Music. Very, very far away. Do none hear but I? Has any normal person wished to roam the universe as a ghostly traveller? Being too practical and earthbound to even attempt imitating such a dream in life, it is the only thing I was ever REALLY interested in attaining in life, this after-life sightseeing adventure of roaming in spirit. Foreverywhere, Foreveryplace, and Foreverywhen.

“Let every man make known what kind of government would command his respect, and that will be one step toward obtaining it.”

While I feel the VERY GREATEST DISRESPECT toward this current Bush/Cheney government, as strongly as I think it may be possible, but find I am yet again surprised every few weeks by revelations of even more outrageous behavior that redoubles my loathing for what is being done to our country by what I’m hoping is a one time aberration, a cruel fluke of history, a nasty cockroach in the ointment of civilization, an infestation of primitive societal luddites on a mission to return them selves to an ancient life that benefitted them and their accomplices greatly in the past.

“In what concerns you much, do not think that you have companions: know that you are alone in the world.”

Thoreau may not have had the ability to connect directly with many others who may have thought as he did, yet how many who read his words now will not share at least one concern. I know that I cannot know this, who else may share my “concerns” even in this age of interconnectivity. I don’t know what you don’t know, but even after being on the interweb for 13 years, I rarely see anyone with **exactly my concerns.**

“What is the use of a house if you haven't got a tolerable planet to put it on?”

The Republican attack machine has been relentless in lying about the climate change problem and has falsely labeled it a political plot by Democrats so as to conveniently delay all action that could hurt their corporate sponsors financially.

Republicans attacking Al Gore with the most nefarious and insidious accusations and the use of “pretend” scientific arguments has been pissing me off for quite awhile now, and the scientifically incompetent media tries to be “fair and balance” by pretending to give equal time to both sides of what is clearly a 1000 to 1 issue. Meaning that there are 1000 qualified scientists supporting the evidence for climate change for every 1 that doubts the evidence.

How Thoreau may have predicted the future so clearly is really beyond my comprehension!

“That man is the richest whose pleasures are the cheapest.”

I use to be able to entertain myself by flopping down on the ground and taking a close look at what was there. Finding an ant

hill was very interesting. Moss in the woods at close range looks very luxurious and beautiful. Sticking your nose down to the surface of a calm pond reveals a world unknown to most people. Just thinking, "I am the first person to ever be in this particular spot" does things to your perception of reality. Counting tree rings can also keep you busy. Examine the changes in the width to deduce which years had the best growing conditions and then try to figure out why. Was there plenty of water this year? Did the surrounding trees create too much shade for optimum growth? Did a sudden burst of growth occur because a large nearby tree died? Can you see the rotting stump?

When I found a copy of "Civil Disobedience" and also "Walden" by Henry David Thoreau online, I was captivated and commenced to read the first 80 pages from Walden in one sitting, something I have never even come close to before. How many years ago did he write these words? And they are as relevant as if they were written yesterday! How was he able to read my mind over that span of time?

Consider this quote by Thoreau about a circumstance I am well versed in. I have myself compared the inheriting of my family dairy farm as bit of a "white elephant", something my Dad talked about many years ago.

Dad served in India in WWII and had many exotic stories to relate about what he saw or experienced in that country over his 2+ year stay. A white elephant is a sacred beast in India, and must not be harmed and has to be honored properly. So there was a war going on between two maharaja's and the richer one sent the other of his sacred white elephants. This effectively bankrupt his enemy and the richer of the two became the victor.

"A white elephant is a supposedly valuable possession whose cost (particularly cost of upkeep) exceeds its usefulness, and it is therefore a liability." from Wikipedia.

Before I inherited the family farm I had for most purposes been running it myself for 10 years so I knew just how much of a white elephant it could turn out to be. What I didn't know was that Thoreau had figured this out 150 years ago!

I see young men, my townsmen, whose misfortune it is to have inherited farms, houses, barns, cattle, and farming tools; for these are more easily acquired than got rid of. Better if they had been born in the open pasture and suckled by a wolf, that they might have seen with clearer eyes what field they were called to labor in. Who made them serfs of the soil? Why should they eat their sixty acres, when man is condemned to eat only his peck of dirt? Why should they begin digging their graves as soon as they are born? They have got to live a man's life, pushing all these things before them, and get on as well as they can.

I'm thinking that things don't seem to change much, that those who do not remember History are doomed to repeat it. Circumstances were most likely different and he seems to be referring to more than just the financial aspects of farmers in this situation, but the point hits home.

I wouldn't quite agree with Thoreau on the nuance that "these are more easily acquired than got rid of." because I have actually spent my entire life working to get where I am today. You could say I asked for it. Well, beware what you ask for, you may receive it! Now for me, the getting rid of it idea is going to prove correct, as I am stubborn and have a great attachment for this particular plot of ground called Hi Acres Dairy. How can I describe the feeling? How about if you are in a storm on a sinking ship that has an anchor made of gold and you are madly desirous of gold and you must hold on to it? The storm may go on for days. A huge supertanker that is so large the

storm means little to it's safety comes near and it's captain offers to take your golden anchor off your hands, at a "slight" discount. What do you decide. Will you go to your watery grave for your stubborn desires? Is this what a farm can be compared to?