

## PREFACE



Sowing the seed,  
my hand is one with the earth.  
Wanting the seed to grow,  
my mind is one with the light.  
Hoeing the crop,  
my hands are one with the rain,  
Having cared for the plants,  
my mind is one with the air.  
Hungry and trusting,  
my mind is one with the earth.  
Eating the fruit,  
my body is one with the earth.

Wendell Berry (1970a, pp. 57–58)