



daily GOOD

The first time I entered into a redwood forest, I dropped to my knees and began crying because the spirit of the forest just gripped me. The knowledge, the spirituality, the power that has no words, that power that makes your hair stand on end, see? the power that gives you goosebumps even to remember. When I entered what I call the majestic cathedral of the redwoods, the spirituality of the holiest of holy temples which are these forests, dropped me to my knees because trying to rationalize what happens in these forests intelligently doesn't work. The intelligent side of rationalizing these forests is talking about what the destruction's doing to them. --Julia Butterfly Hill

Be The Change: