

On pollution  
**A MINISTER  
SPEAKS OUT**

By FATHER CHARLES BRANDT

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This sermon was delivered in St. Patrick's Church recently.

Those were the days, we thought they'd never end. Those were the golden days of this great land of ours.

The Lord of the universe who made the heavens with his fingers, who set the moon and stars in place, crossed the barrier of time and entered into our earthly existence, taking flesh. He had concern for the swallows, the lilies of the field, the mustard tree; Himself fashioned wood to earn his bread; he the Lord of the Universe had no place to lay his head. He came to teach us the meaning of Lordship over the works of his hands, a Lordship which is a loving care and service, a work of conservation.

Over clean, unsilted gravel, sparkling under the sun our streams and rivers ran down to the chuck. The lakes were free from lead deposits, crystal clear, a healthy environment for countless fish. The trees stood towering against the sky, hugging the streams, controlling the water temperatures, assuring an even and gentle runoff by their rootlets which formed a giant sponge to absorb the rainfall and then to release it.

The gulf was alive with myrian life forms. The air was sweet and clean with the scent of salt and balsam and fir.

Those were the days when our brother the Indian exercised Lordship over this lovely land. And he exercised it well. Religiously, he took the salmon as he needed them.

And with the coming of the white man, with his exercise of Lordship and in the name of progress and development the greatness of our natural resources has swiftly disappeared, until today we, the outwardly wealthiest province in Canada, may well be the poorest.

Once considered inexhaustible, our Island's forest are becoming rapidly exhausted-to such an extent that the government dared take park land, land held in trust for posterity, and swapped the logging rights to a private party without a mandate from the people who hold this public property in trust. This is the second time in a few years the government has broken faith. This is how the white man exercises Lordship. Is it any wonder that a younger generation has lost faith?

Because we are Christians we share in the Lordship of Jesus Christ, and by that very fact we are conservationists. And it is the conservationist's dream and hope that this poisoning and destruction of life may be halted, that our resources may be protected against exploitation and destruction.

But who will answer? Conservationists are stepping forward today. There are signs we are beginning to think along these lines. An ecology professor speaks out on the late news and tells us clearly that the Ottawa River is dying from industrial pollution and untreated sewerage. And we have vocal prophets here in our own community - a Van Eagen, a Rod Haig-Brown.

But I think the answer will ultimately come from youth, a disillusioned youth but youth who is detached sufficiently to view things in proper perspective.