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Sitting at school, watching children's eyes full of wonder for the world - I am saddened to think what they will discover as they grow about the world we they have inherited. What sort of legacy are we leaving behind? Will these children sing songs of praise for their ancessors or those of hate and resentment? Are we willing to be true caregivers of our own kind and the world by stepping up and searching for lasting solutions or will the hope sparkling in [redacted] of these children quickly fade. For the love of all life - please preserve what precious wilderness we still have.

much Love,

Ilana Jakubowski (+ a room full of munchkins*)

- St. Thomas Preschool -