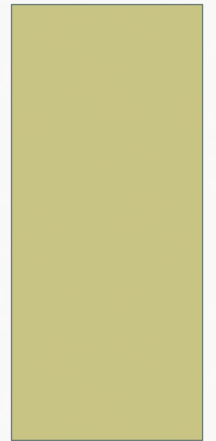


LEROY J. LINTEREUR

WILDLIFE BIOLOGIST



# LEROY WITH BROTHER AND SISTERS AND PARENTS



# LEROY WITH SPRINGER SPANIEL, SAILOR



JOYCE AND LEROY LINTEREUR



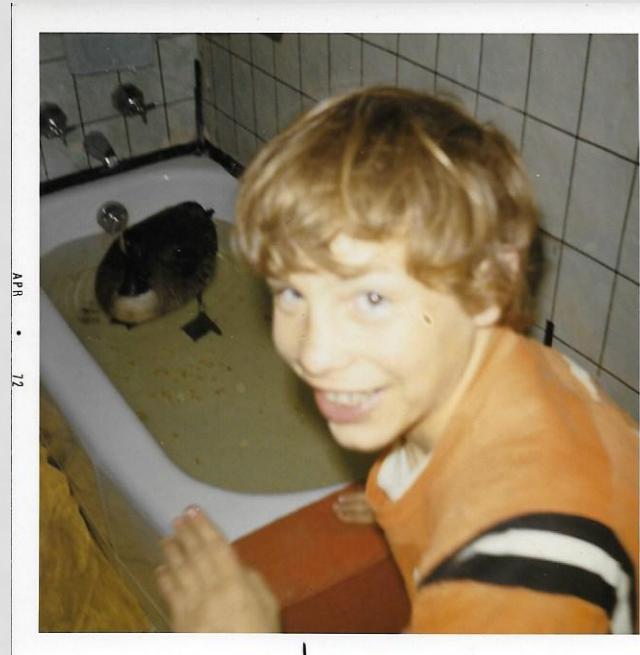
# LEROY EXPLAINING DOE HUNTING



# LEROY WITH FOX SNAKE,



## WILD LIFE IN OUR HOME

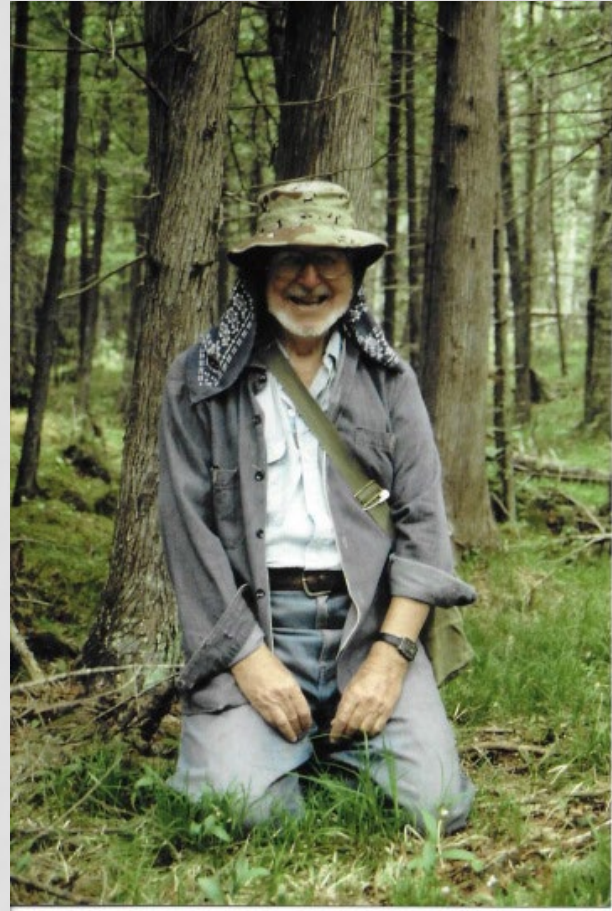


# FIELD TRIP





# LEROY AT CARNEY BOG



# SEAGULL BAR FIELD TRIP



# ALL OF US!

FACING PAGE. We are but a beautiful little ball of blue and white and brown from 22,500 miles in space. NASA photo.

## WE ARE ALL EPIGEANS

To my favorite Epipeans,  
Larry Lintereur

by LeRoy Lintereur

Trailing arbutus is a lovely, classic spring plant, known to all. Its proper name, Epigea, less known, is translated, "upon earth." Ge being the old Greek name for earth, plus epi, upon. It's a significant name, one easily shared by all earth's creatures, humans, of course, included. For we too are epigeans even if throughout history we've done everything possible to frustrate and deny this relationship. There is much in our past that's awkward and irrational, but nothing can approach our troubled and uncomprehending relatedness to Earth, our mother.

It's amazing that it has taken so long. Now, in these last hundred years or so, we've come to realize what environment is, its history, and the complex patterns of rocks, air, water, soil, and living things sustaining all life, and making our own possible. It has always been a puzzle. Early on, power was vested in all sorts of spirits, good and bad, lurking in trees, shrubs, whirl winds. Earth, depending upon who spoke, was evil or alternatively, good. Many of us still think in these terms and have a certain problem accepting this planet as home.

What's it all about. Any biologist can sketch the process. The same system producing zebra, eagle, or pine tree, ultimately tripled an apelike brain, thus bringing our tricky hands and feet to fulfillment. We might consider granting a capital letter to the Process, the system giving birth to and sustaining earth, and all its plants and animals, ourselves included.

What is more important to us than air, water, climate, and good rich soil? And these are the products of plants, in land and aquatic communities everywhere—not excluding trees on the lawn or a neighbor's backyard.

We like to think of "we" and "they," we in this case definitely referring to humans, or most of them anyway, and they being all

others, creatures that are green, or mere threads, and those that crawl, fly, spin, and generally slink about. Most of history has built a wall between us, artificial to be sure, but for many, sound, solid reality. And now known to be wrong as wrong can be. We might think of this once in awhile, whenever we take a deep breath, complain of the heat, or scan the sky for signs of rain. Particularly, those of us who are certain the "other" multitude means nothing in their lives.

A most profound truth—there is no wall now, never really was and if we wish for some kind of future, it never will be. And if our brains and imaginations built it up, then we can use them to demolish this most dangerous of human artifacts. Nature is

There is no wall  
between man and  
the environment.  
We are one.

not something out there, remote in the Rockies, or deep in the Amazon rain forest. She is rather our continuous and ever present ambient, vitally present, or fading in every flourishing or splintered woodlot, in every green or ruined marsh or stream, lake, and river. There is no hierarchy of value here, nor is one segment of ultimately more value than the other—not when you consider life as a continuum

circling the globe. They and we are all one. She is within us, stamped in our brains, and on our hands, swirling about wherever we may be. Here's the system that brought us into being, and has always in the past and present sustained us. Our future is her future.

Think of it—if we could grasp this most elemental of facts what it would mean to assure a quality of life for ourselves, and generations to come.

LeRoy Lintereur is retired from the Department of Natural Resources. He was wildlife manager in charge of the west shore of Green Bay and lives in Marinette.

EARTH MONTH stories follow—

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ONE OF LEROY'S FAVORITE VERSES

Blackbird,  
Your wings say,  
Exactly what we hoped for