



The time will soon be here when my grandchild will long for the cry of a loon, the flash of a salmon, the whisper of spruce needles, or the screech of an eagle. But he will not make friends with any of these creatures and when his heart aches with longing, he will curse me.

**Have I done all to keep the air fresh?**

**Have I cared enough about the water?**

**Have I left the eagle to soar in freedom?**

Have I done everything I could to earn my grandchild's fondness?

*- Chief Dan George, Tseil-Waututh (1899 - 1981)*