Think Like a River
By Harold Pratt

Think like a river.

The heart of a river is its freedom.
The freedom to flow unrestricted, unaltered and undiminished.
Its ability to nourish and provide lies in its freedom to give and take on its own terms.
To take from one sandbar and give to another,
To erode here and deposit there,
To destroy one flood plain and fertilize another.

To mankind, this may appear capricious, unknown and without purpose.
To a river, it is the cycle that brings life to its flora and fauna and sculptures the art forms of the canyon.
A river that is controlled can only provide to that narrow channel in which it has been commanded to stay.
The plants it can provide for are restricted to the narrow band along each shore.
Its benches and flood plains, once rich with silt and moisture, become deserts forever.
The fish it supports find food sparse and species begin to disappear.
The river of yesterday is the same as the river of tomorrow. Its sameness is guaranteed.

We may know best. Maybe civilization has a better plan for the river.
Who knows?
But a river without freedom is a river without a spirit.
And a land without a soul may produce a people without a will.
Who knows?