

On a summer morning I sat down on a hillside to think about God a worthy pastime. Near me, I saw a single cricket; it was moving the grains of the hillside this way and that way. How great was its energy, how humble its effort. Let us hope it will always be like this, each of us going on in our inexplicable ways building the universe.

Mary Oliver, Song of the Builders



### The Goals

# **Enhance Wildlife Habitat**

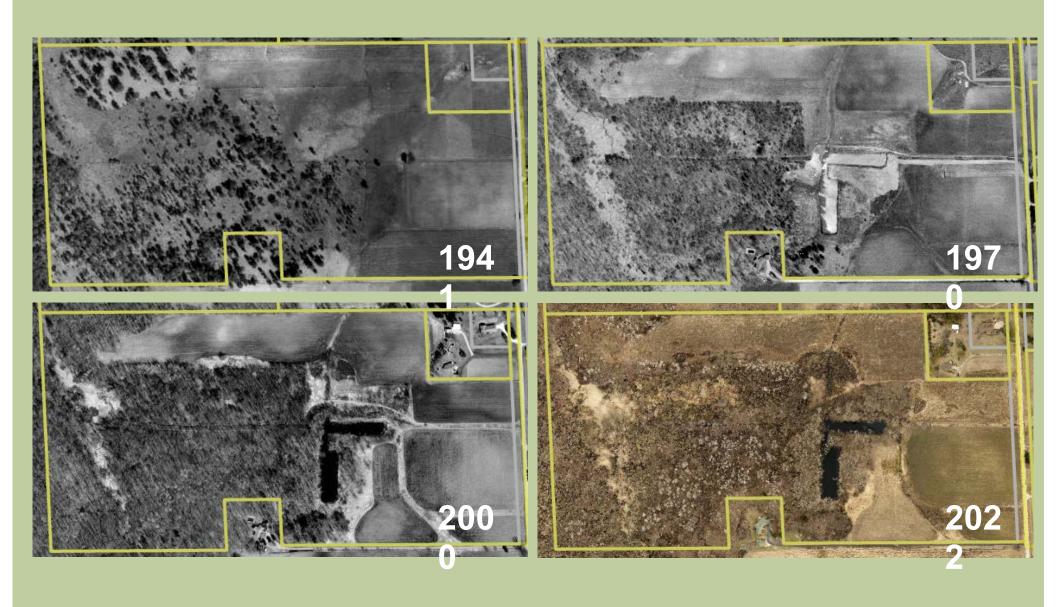


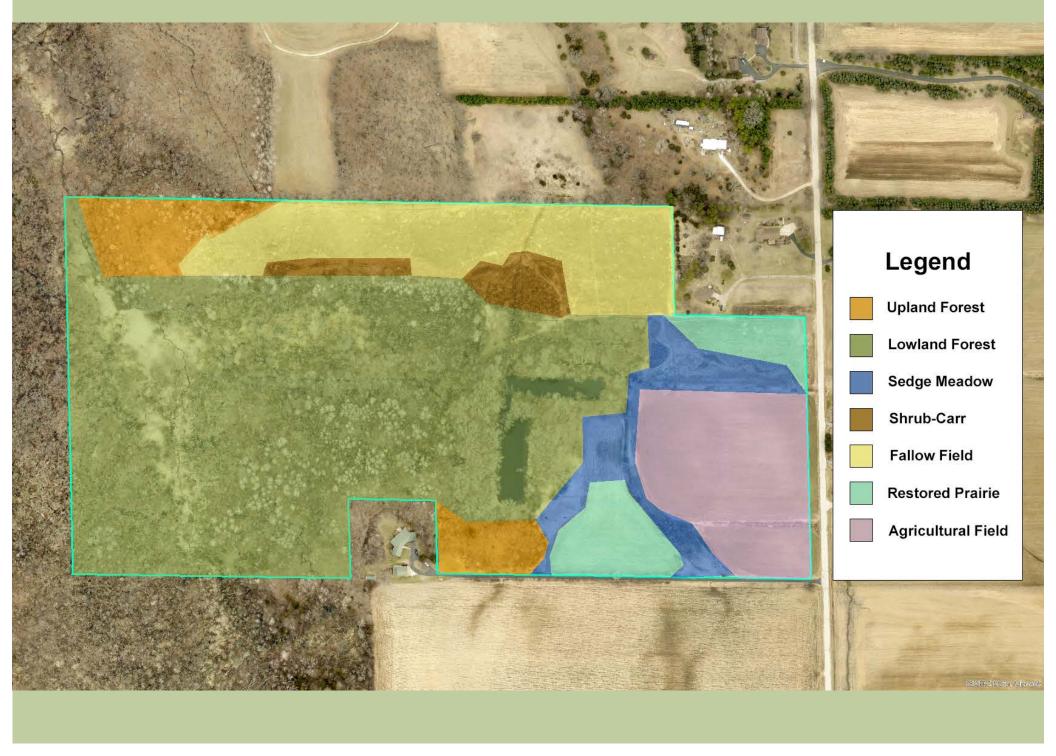
## **Increase Public**



# **Wetlands at South Oak**











### How will we do it?

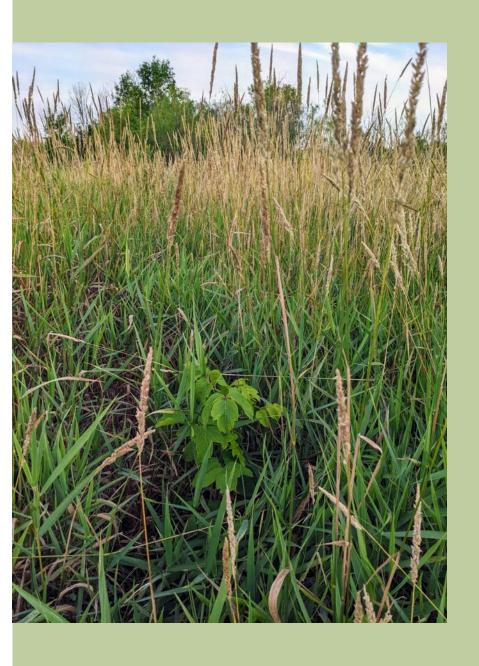
Restore hydrology

Invasive species removal

**Native Plantings** 

Succession as a friend





# Thank you!