Each year sees the disappearance of thousands of plant and animal species which we will never know, which our children will never see, because they have been lost forever.

The great majority become extinct for reasons related to human activity.

Because of us, thousands of species will no longer give glory to God by their very existence, nor convey their message to us. We have no such right.

(Par. 33)
From the Missionary Oblates
Land Ethic:

“Our sense of mission
impels us to live in a
way that testifies to the
integrity and sacredness
of all creation.
We are called to relearn
our place in the
Universe and be
enlightened by a
worldview in which land
once again is seen as
sacred.”

Contributing to the
Integrity of Creation

Pollinators are responsible for
every third bite of food we eat,
and because their disappearance
creates a hole in the ecosystem,
we consider this effort important
in contributing to the integrity of
creation.

“It’s taken the Monarch to convince
me of the value of the holistic
approach of the Oblates and other
religious communities to Justice,
Peace and the Integrity of
Creation.

Without those phenomena which
speak to us of the majesty and
mystery of God – a tiny butterfly
traveling thousands of miles, the
view of millions of stars in the
night sky, the whisper of pines in
the forest, we can’t be whole enough
to address the suffering we
encounter.

It is only by marveling at the
complexity and beauty of the
universe that I can work with any
hope for a gentler society, one that
respects the needs of people and of
butterflies to cross borders freely.”

- Virginia Nesmith, National
Farm Worker Ministry and
initiator of the Pollinator Garden
along with her husband, Charlie.

Evolution of a Garden in the “Bowl”

Aware of the demise of local pollinators,
especially bees and Monarch butterflies,
in 2014 we decided that a large pollinator
garden would not only reintroduce life to
the “Bowl” but also be an educational /
meditational area for the Novitiate
property.

The area was chosen because at one time
it was a formal garden that was filled with
non-local flowers, pumped with
fertilizers and water, and tended by both
the brothers and novices in the hot humid
heat of the Midwest.