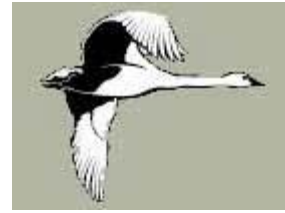


The Trumpeter (2001)

A New Vision Of God, Humans, And The Earth

James Conlon



JAMES CONLON is director of the Institute in Culture and Creation Spirituality in Oakland, California. He is the author of *Earth Story*, *Sacred Story*, Twenty-Third Publications. Reprinted from *Praying*, March/April 1995.

Review Of:

Earth Age: A New Vision of God, the Human, and the Earth, Lorna Green, Paulist Press, 139 pages, \$8.95

From her hermitage home in the backwoods of Cape Breton in Canada's maritime province of Nova Scotia, author Lorna Green invites us into mystery and depth. Her new book is a timely and needed contribution for all who strive to make sense of these turn-around times in our history. Lorna Green has given us a great gift. As a feminist, scientist, metaphysician, and mystic, she has written a guide for the new millennium, just five years away. Her book could well be a manual for the ecological age, too, or a prayer book for those who love the natural world.

Through imaginative and carefully crafted language, the author confronts us with the depths of the crisis that ravages both our culture and the natural world around us. She offers a fresh understanding of what divinity is. She challenges us to reestablish the primordial intimacy we once had with nature so that life on Earth can survive.

The author takes us back in a creative way to our beginnings as a species on the planet. As we read this well-written narrative, we discover who we really are. We discover our special role in the ongoing creation of the world. The author makes it clear that the "New Story" of our beginnings and development on the Earth that science has revealed to us is a story that should be celebrated.

Earth Age provides a service at this moment in history. From the oneness with the Earth (mysticism), to the library (recent research), to the classroom (shareable comprehension), this author offers us a *roadmap into the ecological age*. This is not only a book to be read, but one to be felt. I invite you to drink deeply of its wells of wisdom.

The Trumpeter

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