

They're back! For the first time in more than 200 years, a beaver has taken up residence in New York City (in the cleaned-up Bronx River) and a pair of bald eagles is nesting in Philadelphia. If you give wildlife a chance, it will come back.

overheard at...

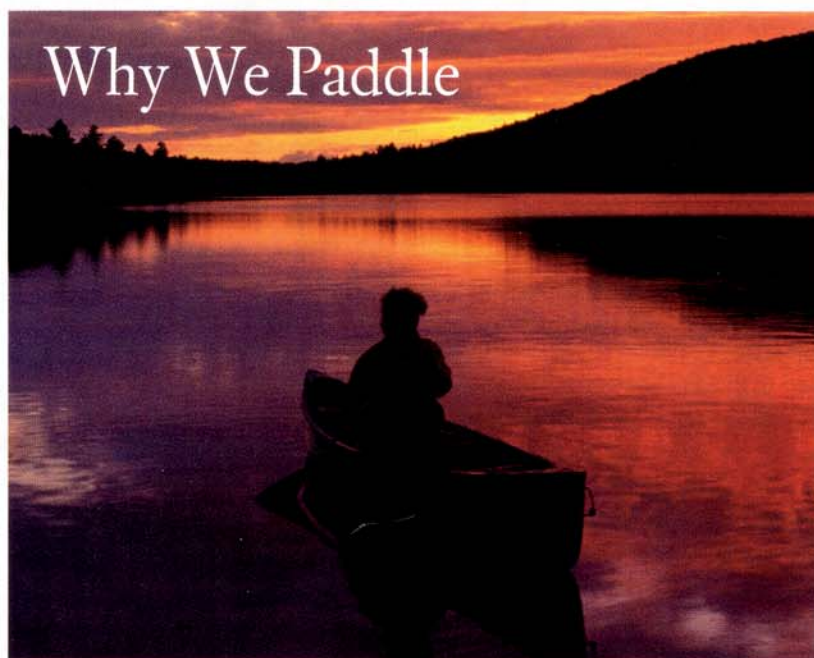
It's Yoga Kids

San Francisco, CA

Yoga birthday parties are growing in popularity. "Kids love yoga poses like the tree and cobra, as well as the special games," says Michelle Wing, cofounder of It's Yoga Kids, where a 45-minute yoga class (parents can participate, too) is followed by food and cake. Then comes a dance party. "The kids like to incorporate the poses they've learned into dancing and free movement, so it's a time for them to express themselves. At the end we spend 15 minutes playing a calming game." What parent couldn't love that. www.itsyogakids.com



simple pleasure



TRAVEL A THOUSAND MILES by train and you are a brute; pedal five hundred on a bicycle and you remain basically a bourgeois; paddle a hundred in a canoe and you are already a child of nature.

It is a condition of such a trip that you entrust yourself, stripped of your worldly goods, to nature. Canoe and paddle, blanket and knife, flour, fishing rod; that is about the extent of your wealth. To remove all the useless material baggage from a man's heritage is, at the same time, to free his mind from petty preoccupations, calculations, and memories.

On the other hand, what fabulous and undeveloped mines are to be found in nature, friendship, and oneself! The paddler has no choice but to draw everything from them. Later, forgetting that this habit was adopted under duress, he will be astonished to find so many resources within himself.

A canoeing expedition purifies you more rapidly and inescapably than any other. What is essential at the beginning is the resolve to reach the saturation point. Ideally, the trip should end only when the members are making no further progress within themselves. They should not be fooled, though, by a period of boredom, weariness, or disgust; that is not the end, but the last obstacle before it. Let saturation be serene!

The canoe is also a school of friendship. Let's say that you have to be towed up a rapid and it's your turn to stay in the canoe and guide it. You watch your friend stumbling over logs, sliding on rocks, sticking in gumbo, tearing the skin on his legs, and drinking water for which he does not thirst, yet never letting go of the rope; meanwhile, safely in the middle of the cataract, you spray your hauler with a stream of derision. When this same man has also fed you exactly half his catch, and has made a double portage because of your injury, you can boast of having a friend for life, and one who knows you well.

—Pierre Elliott Trudeau

From "Exhaustion and Fulfillment: The Ascetic in a Canoe," a 1944 essay by Pierre Elliott Trudeau, Prime Minister of Canada and lifelong canoeist.