

I'm Dreaming of a Green Christmas

(This comes courtesy of occasional Clean Air Clean Energy contributor Richard Griffith. He lives in a straw-bale house in Grey County.)

There once were three pigs who lived with their mum in a country far away, 'Til the elderly sow said, "Piglets, go now; seek your fortunes where ye may."
So they kissed her goodbye as they left their pigsty, while she wished them plenty of luck, And all agreed next, to hire architects, for houses they had to construct.
For them, sticks and straw didn't cut it at all; they wanted modern subdivisions, And since all the wolves had been hunted to death, they dwelt not on structural decisions.
They cheerfully settled for de-luxe split-level, complete with modern appliances, So the only thing sour was electrical power; that and the necessary finances.

Energy Pig One said, "King Coal for me! It generated the industrial revolution!
There's enough to last a thousand years - we don't need no other solution."
Said the others, "One thought: July was SO hot - do you think there might be a connection?
And all these hurricanes one after another...it worries us, upon reflection.
We think, brother piglet, global warming's a warning that somehow our habits must change, Look at your blueprints one more time and your conduits rearrange."

Energy Pig Two said, "It's clear. It's nuclear. I'd rather split atoms than wood.
Enough of this bickering, I'm delighted with Pickering, I'd plug in today if I could."
But the others said, "Well...it's as pricey as hell, and plutonium's a major concern.
Nuclear plants are kind of an eyesore, and you'll be much MORE sore if they burn.
And if that's not enough, where to bury the stuff, when the fuel is, as they say, 'spent'; It's radioactive for 10,000 years - can you tell us, who'll pay THAT rent?"

Our Third Little Pig was a sensible babe: all her faucets had low-flow heads, And she always recycled and grew native plants in her well-cared-for flower beds.
She said, "It looks dicey, with oil getting pricey, and gas'll hit a shocking new mark, I'll try to conserve as much as I can but I don't want to freeze in the dark.
So I'll go renewable, I think it's quite do-able...I'll buy up some solar panels, They'll give me light and keep me warm, quite, and I won't spend the winter in flannels.
And then for the days when the sun's solar rays aren't sufficient for producing the power, I'll stop being a cog, I'll just go whole hog...and build a magnificent wind tower!"

The moral of this pig tale, as I think you now know, in this year 2006, Is that we all need some radical thinking to find a way out of this fix.
That third little swine had her brain working fine and she knew what was in store:
She said, "For your sins, invest in the winds, and don't call me a boar!"

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Dr. Richard Ehrlich
Caledon Clean Air Clean Energy Project