



Alas for those who...eat lambs from the flock
and calves from the stall.

— Amos 6:4

Here the prophet talks about waste: eating a lamb wastes the lifetime of wool it might have produced; a calf the lifetime of milk it might have provided.

The chicken I bought weighs about three pounds. We roast it first: a lovely hot meal that reminds me of Sunday dinners when I was a girl. Then I remove all the meat from the carcass and cut it into cubes for a chicken salad or some kind of casserole—another two meals, probably, now that there are only two of us. The carcass goes into the soup pot with vegetable peels and whatever herbs I can find in the garden, and simmers away on top of the stove for a couple of hours, filling the house with a wonderful smell. I strain the broth into a container and freeze it. What's left in the strainer goes into the compost pile, to nourish new life in the garden.

When an animal's life is taken for food, we owe it to that animal—created, like we were, by a loving God—to dignify the sacrifice it has made by using every last bit. God has not wasted anything in creation; we who are in God's image have a duty not to waste anything, either.

Your chicken dinner reveals a moral duty? Such an ordinary, everyday thing? Oh, yes. In the creation, things may indeed be everyday. But nothing is ordinary.

— Barbara Cawthorne Crafton