



Lorraine *on your* Moraine

Follow Lorraine the water drop's adventures as she explores and experiences the Moraine. And learn for yourself why our work to protect our lands and waters is so crucially important!



It was a dark and stormy night.

My grandmother would say that it's only fitting that I should come into your life on a night like that. Feisty Lorraine, she used to call me! Anywho, I'm a water drop, and I've just had the most amazing experience exploring your beautiful Oak Ridges Moraine. I'm spluttering out my story to help you see just how water flows through your Moraine—and why it's so important to take care of it! As you can probably tell by my shape, I don't have the best ears, but I hear you're a supporter of the Land Trust. Good for you! **The Land Trust and supporters like you are the humans we water drops trust to protect our precious Moraine.**

Where was I now? Right! The dark and stormy night. When a violent storm like that brews over the Moraine, salamanders hide under logs, foxes are cuddled in their den, songbirds are hushed... But I burst out of the clouds shaking my hips, hands in the air and ready to party! **It's liberation day!** My grandmother always promised me that one day I'd leave the clouds and experience the Moraine!





We land in a forest. Oh, these trees! Red oak, black cherry, white pine—I marvel at their size and strength. Such a glorious, ancient forest. Some of my fellow drops linger here to feed the trees. We found one very thirsty—and spectacular—sugar maple. 200 years old! **You humans at the Land Trust are doing something right to be taking such good care of your elders!**



I end up in a nearby stream. This clear, fresh water is the drinking water for an enormous human population, and you've got to keep it clean. **Cough! Splutter! Aack! OIL!** A Land Trust supporter like you knows that oil and water do NOT go together. Oil gets into the gills of fish, onto the wings of waterbirds and once it's in the water you can't get it out. Tell your neighbours: no lazy oil changes!



Bulrushes to the rescue! I grab onto a root and it filters off the toxins. **Such a great example of the kind of natural ecological value of the Moraine!** I'm cleaned up and before I know it, I'm in a kettle lake. Our Moraine absorbs and collects precipitation, which slowly recharges the deep aquifers below the ground. These sand and gravel aquifers store, filter and release this groundwater to over 65 watercourses flowing north and south into Lakes Ontario, Simcoe, Scugog, Rice and Georgian Bay.



My adventure continues in a farmer's field. I'm proud to do my part and help nourish the soil that grows such nutritious and delicious food for you humans! **Hard-working farmers** on your Greenbelt grow food to feed you and your family and also contribute to your local economy.



Contamination alert! Did you know that pesticides 'bio-accumulate'? This means that as they are passed along through the food chain they actually get stronger and more deadly. So a fish that swims in contaminated water that you catch and eat means you're eating pesticide! **Just say no to toxic chemicals!**



I get cleaned again running through some sand and gravel and then travel to a property where 50,000 trees were planted to restore a healthy ecosystem. This is a Land Trust property, and the terrific humans who live here have taken action that will **benefit the Moraine for generations to come.** In fact, since you're a Land Trust supporter, you helped secure this property—so thanks to you, I'm feeling fresh and clean!



Oh, how I love a bog! Here I am in a wetland, surrounded by all kinds of creatures in this rich, diverse habitat—fish, frogs and a wild variety of insects. Along the shores there are birds, beautiful flowers and pollinators buzzing away. But by far the best creature of all is this amazing and curious kid. **In his eyes I see promise:** kids growing up with an instinct to protect nature. I know that grows in his heart because older caring humans inspire him to connect with nature.



He puts the frog—and me—back down. I'm still warm from the shallow wetland and I rise to the surface. My journey is ending and what an adventure it has been! The sun kisses my face and draws me back up to my cloud. **And the magical cycle of water begins anew!**