

EnviroGirl & the case of the Rosh Hashanah Resolution

By: Miriam Stucky, EnviroGirl

As the season of getting back to work, getting back to scheduled days and nights rains down upon us, EnviroGirl goes to do just a little back-to-school type shopping (don't worry – nothing too lavish, just a few pencils and some tree-free paper), and notices *everywhere* the term 'essential.' "This could be good," she thinks. "People returning to their senses, considering their priorities anew." But looking a little closer, our fearless heroine sees that this word is being used not for good, but for evil. The perfectly good group of letters is being used, nay, abused in the name of marketing to sell crappy consumer goods - and we're not just talking notebooks and pens here, but everything from appliances to hair conditioners to re-released, tired old music in vaguely new collections touted as a basic necessity of existence.

"This can't be right. This is lexiconic mishandling of a high order; thieving of another perfectly good word," EnviroGirl thinks to herself. Onwards, then, in this season of repentance and return, to higher idiomatic ground, and consideration of what is vital, what is *necessary to the continuation of life*; of what is actually *invigorating*.

In an eerie, thought steadying timber, the melody of *Shlomo Carlebach's* words echo in our superhero's ears, building her resolve (if this is a new one to you, listen for it soon at a spiritual gathering near you):

Return again, return again, return to the land (home) of your soul / Return to who you are, return to what you are / Return to where you are born and reborn again...

Blessed with a time of year, a season of questioning, reflection, and a G'd-given opportunity to, through real effort, be released, reborn, refreshed, EnviroGirl asks "What is key to my vitality? What has been plaguing me recently, gnawing at my super-core, crying for attention, for release from the shackles of habit?"

Our green-caped Eco-protagonist appears pensive as the famil-

iar voiceover of her heart chimes in, with full reverb, asking "What is your G'd-self asking you to commit to this year?" With a few deep breaths and an open heart, it comes to her: *alimention*. Getting out the dictionary, she confirms, yes, it as something to do with food, with eating.

1. The act or process of giving or receiving nourishment;
2. Support; sustenance."

EnviroGirl vows to take her food consciousness to a new level. To springboard from her organic tendencies and nose for local foods to delve further into the mystery of food, to get more in touch with what she's ingesting, but how? What daily practice in this realm would bring our Super Heroine down-to-earth *and* make her feel like she was being served a slice of heaven? Breaking down this new commitment into bite-sized morsels, EnviroGirl resolves to make such revolutionary practices of Giving Thanks, and Chewing Her Food part of her daily dietary life.

Now *there* are some essentials.

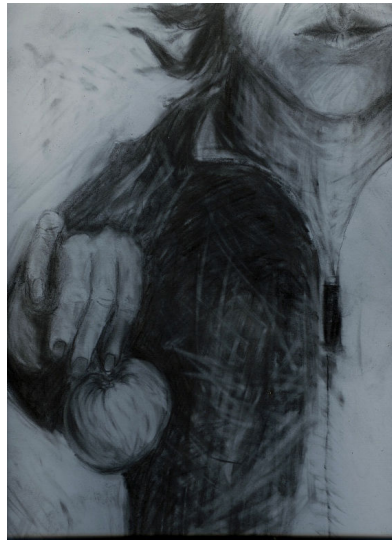
Our Eco-Creature of New Habits is blessed with the pre-5767 realization that, for her, becoming one with the food she ingests is intricately intertwined with becoming one with the divine. She grows stronger with the realization that mindfulness in a specific area can do a world of good; seeming tiny, returns to the source, and the ostensibly small practices that

emerge from those G'd centred observations can shrink the market for mass produced goods, lighten the load on electricity supplies, and connect each person with themselves and with G'd.

So consider donning your Cape of ReTurn, sussing out an area of change (you know what's calling you), and return to what's vital for the Holidays.

Miriam Stucky (aka EnviroGirl) is a guest contributor living, working, and celebrating life in Peterborough, Ontario. She recently passed through Manitoba and is quite in love with the prairies. You can reach her at

mereyam@gmail.com



What's the full-reverb voiceover of your heart asking you to commit to this year?

In a pinched voice: "go forth and be free" (not cheap, free.) ie: money is a trap – release it, at least a day/week, and you shall have more fun.

In a classic rock jingle: "let the sun shine in" ie: body & soul whispering the need for a regular practice of walking in/connecting to nature – brighten your winter immeasurably.

In a chatty voice: pool. No, not a fully-heated in-ground job-y, we're talking transportation. Your deep-seated urge to carpool has gone unanswered long enough.