Rain and food and warm fires

May 30, 2015 By Grace Campbell

Some days are good days for being inside by the fire. Outside the rain is falling and so is the temperature.

I've already been out this morning, shifted many wheelbarrow loads of horse manure, re-bedded the hen house and cleaned up the wistaria leaves that are all over the back of the yard.

I can hear someone splitting wood in the shed.

I love the rain. Nothing grows without it. I love damp misty rain as it surrounds you on its way to the ground. I love heavy rain like a monsoon that falls straight down, drenching everything in its path. I like the on again, off again rain of a lazy Sunday afternoon that encourages you to put your feet up, stay warm, wrap yourself in a blanket and read.

Despite the fact that I am working part time, Sunday is my official day off. All the other days I have tasks to do, work to complete, appointments to keep. Sunday is generally sacrosanct. I try to keep it as my day for puttering around. I try to do as little as possible. I don't always manage it, but I try.

One of the things hepatitis C and treatment has taught me is to take the good moments where you find them, because you never know what's around the corner. So for me right now, life is a series of small glimmering moments, fragments strung together in haphazard but sparkling glimpses.

It's also taught me that the right food is a great healer. A lot of the time we don't pay much attention to what goes in our mouths. We eat because we have to eat. We need fuel. Sometimes we go all TV cooking show crazy and make wild and wacky stuff that looks good but has all the nutritional benefit of cardboard. Or lard.

I'm getting better at listening to the opinions of my body. Yesterday it said "Are you sure about that piece of cake?"
"Heck yeah!" the dumb part of me responded.

I shouldn't have eaten that cake.

I generally find my body says "Eat this mandarin!" or "Here's some apple!" or "Have you had enough water today?" or "Nonononononono the cake will not be good for you!". And on the days when I am paying attention, I do as it suggests and those are pretty good days.

I find it fascinating that my body has a pretty good idea of what is good for me right at this moment in

time. It’s pretty smart. Probably smarter than me. Maybe I need to shut up and listen more often.

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