

Dedicated To Me

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This is one of those articles you wish you never started, for it deals with health, it deals with magic, and it deals with no accidents for better or worse, for richer or poorer. It was one of those days, which, according to some, should have never, ever, ever happened. The day was Sunday, September 24th, 2017—one day after September 23rd, 2017. There were many who believed and many who didn't believe that September 23rd was Earth's last day of civilization. It was predicted that planet Earth would be hit by an asteroid on this day. This prediction caused an underlying feeling of anxiety and a wishing that the day would end normally without the smallest explosion.

On this note, I begin my Sunday morning. It was one of those special beginnings, as so often is the case, but also so often is not the case. For even on the most boring of days, there is excitement and exhilaration that transforms the day into a series of magical, mystifying moments.

This day was no different. It began in the early morning at approximately 7 AM when I arose and decided today was going to be the day. Today was my special Sunday when I would exercise for 2 hours. I did all my favorites: rebounding, aerial yoga, rock climbing, chin-ups, etc. etc. It was my normal routine and nothing would stop.

I also set several major goals for myself, all of which were out of my comfort zone, but still possible and able to be done. My main goal was to dry fast for 24 hours beginning at 2 PM. To do this, I had to consume enough calories (about 2,500) from 10 AM to 2 PM. This was very much a possibility since Sunday is a quiet day, and my daughter would be working with me. My second goal was to have KT, my partner in crime, dictate 3 of my articles onto my phone so that she could later edit them. My last major goal was to somehow find someone to do a skit with me on the topic of one of the articles I have written. All of the goals and intentions were a little outside of my comfort zone, since I literally had never done any of them before.

So, this is how my Sunday began. I was somewhat ready and somewhat sure of myself in my ability to accomplish most, if not all, of my goals and intentions. What I *had not* planned on was having to work by myself because my only employee could not come to work. What I *had not* planned on was KT volunteering in the kitchen for 2 ½ hours making smoothies and banana whips instead of dictating the articles. What I *had not* planned on was having no time to consume all my calories before 2 PM because my attention was redirected toward kitchen work, prep work, dish washing, and ringing up customers.

As time went on, my initially clear intentions became more fuzzy and non-doable. At 1:30, KT had to stop volunteering. She was able to help get me through the busy time by making food for customers, but she did not have time to help dictate the articles. At this time, I realized I had barely eaten. I literally began stuffing my face with anything high in calories. In 45 minutes, I consumed a veggie pizza, a burger with avocado, a smoothie, and part of a banana whip, for a total of about 1,500 calories. At approximately 2:15 PM, I stopped eating and began my 24-hour dry fast, meaning I would consume no food or water. My intention was clear, and accomplished my goal the following day. What I put out in the universe, I often get.

Around 2 hours later, a young girl in her twenties walked in the store. She seemed to have the perfect look, the perfect walk, and the perfect energy for someone who could help me in the kitchen. She walked around slightly in awe, slightly in overwhelm, slightly not sure of her next step. I approached her and asked if she needed any assistance. She stated that she was waiting for one of our favorite customers, Mark. With this response, I thought I lost an opportunity to receive any type of help in exchange for food. So, I continued working the kitchen alone. It was a total wipe-out working by myself in the kitchen, keeping all the customers happy, and trying to make burgers on the side.

Around 5:45 PM I knew there was no way I would be done by 6 PM. I recalculated my closing time to 9 PM, and set my focus on just finishing up in the kitchen and making some burgers.

It was at this point just before normal closing time at 6 o'clock that the magic began. The young girl who walked in earlier had just finished talking to Mark. After speaking with her for two hours, Mark asked her if she wanted to volunteer in the kitchen. She had said that she wanted to become more involved in the vegan community, so she agreed to help me in the kitchen.

The young girl named Donna was well versed in the raw vegan lifestyle. She tried several times to go somewhat raw vegan, if not completely. I was not sure if she wanted any guidance, but being someone who is very adept and astute (for lack of a better word) at both body language and facial diagnosis, I used my knowledge to observe her and to help guide our conversation. We entered into a more in-depth conversation about Donna's current daily detox ritual, what she ate in the past, and why her past attempts failed. I felt a strong connection to her sense of being: somewhat confused, somewhat lost in her path, and seeking a passion. I too felt this way for a considerable amount of time in my life, and so I identified strongly with her path. I also knew that I could be some assistance to her by guiding her to a path or at least helping to fine-tune her options. This is what she desperately wanted.

As I helped her, she was also on the same level of helping me. She helped me finish the burgers and also agreed to take three of my handwritten articles, type and edit them, post them on my website, and send them to me.

It was during our dialogue that James walked in the cafe. Out of everyone I know, James is number 1 on my list for helping me make funny videos on health issues. So, Donna filmed James and I making a skit on adrenal fatigue.

So, my intentions to make burgers and to film a video were completed, but it was not just about meeting my goals. Donna literally helped me beyond tremendously. I now felt obligated to her. I gave her my best two books on a mostly raw and fruitarian lifestyle. I also gave her a game plan and an important insight: in order to succeed on a raw vegan lifestyle, it's not about the food; it's about what you want, and how badly you want it. More importantly, the primary key is loving yourself unconditionally at all times, no matter what. We are living in a world that focuses on everything but that. Our world focuses on materialism, where you live, where you work, and what you eat. The bills have to be paid no matter what—unless you find someone to pay them. We can live in our own creation, but sometimes—or most of the time—this conflicts with the world's expectations. So, we live, we breathe, we search, we seek for the best way to live in a world where we can live our truth and passion.

Loving ourselves is the first step we must take in order to create our world. Making a vision board can help you envision your ideal world, so that was Donna's next step. I know it's a long process and a long journey, but each step forward is important.

I watched Donna come in slightly unsure, and watched her leave as a new woman empowered with options of possibility. She helped me with my dream and I will help her with hers.