

## A Story for Kade & Karen and others in Furio's Society of Misfits

Its Saturday, October 8th in the year 2022, Karen's birthday. I've just called her to wish her a happy birthday, a short call because she's at Kade's baseball game. We've been building up to a moment when I'm going to share a recipe. It's inspired by Nicole at the Vegan Nest in Clinton, in Massachusetts. They made one of their Vegan Pistachio Cheesecakes special ordered to send down to Houston, which amazingly arrives on the day and intact. They get home after coming back from Kade's game, just in time for dinner, surprised by the package. So, inspired I get their recipe, and like all good cooks, adjusted in the ingredients and recipe.

Primarily to adjust the glycemic index of the cake to be lower, so better for diabetics and pre-diabetics, who must exercise caution in their eating habits. Nicole suggests using Monk Fruit. They ordinarily use raw can sugar, which is much less expensive. So that's the central change. And looking it up, surprise, surprise, Monk Fruit has a glycemic index of zero.... What?

They do give me their recipe, however, considered a trade-secret, as they had perfected it over years. Surprisingly simple. Main ingredients are vegan creme cheese, sweetener, nuts and a crushed cookie for the crust. With a bit of vanilla. I go to Whole Foods and buy it, so as the adjust the recipe, to make raw, and using bananas and walnuts on top, and added coconut.

Still inspired, I head home to Bluespace at Tatassetaki for nighttime and sleep. Instead of heading up the hill to the knoll at Bluestone, I park in my now favorite parking place, on the beach at the bottom of the driveway.

You see, I'm trustee of the beach, which was transferred to the Clinton Greenway Conservation Trust. And as strange often happens, the beach was recently expanded and improved for car access.

Turns out that this is the only place to put in a boat, which the local fishermen often do. Cartop and trailer, they come with their boats and gear to catch the fish, which seem to be plenty. Now that Clinton finally got around to cleaning up the pond from years of abuse, leaching arsenic in from the closed & capped landfill.

It happened this past winter. Clinton sponsors a winter fishing contest. Pond at a max of 10 feet, it freezes early and thick. The walk out on the ice to cut holes and drop their lines for the now hungry fish. Largest and most fish caught get prizes sponsored by local businessmen. So they wanted a drivable improvement. Had to think about that, but now happy for it having happened.

Driving home, I notice it's the full moon. It's also clear – no clouds. A perfect night to park and watch the moon light on the pond. I pull full in, with my front wheels in the water. Picture is the morning



after as the sun rises. Sun & moon both setting just opposite on the southwest shore, over the hill. It's truly sublime....

The sparkling crests of wind and water  
Fall on clear and crisp, like ripened apples  
And all so yellow gold red and green  
Through forest bird song, October moon cresting fall  
Dawn moon over Venus Horized hills  
Light dripping down into pond  
We all braided together like sweetgrass  
With light watered wind magic  
The fullness of mystery like ripened fruit juicy dripping  
Overflowing our small vessel of pure light Consciousness  
Where we aware blend to colors like fall  
Of beauty tree leaving loving singing  
So, reminded of death, just recycled to Life again  
In the span of time where we mossy  
And you there.....