

Happy fruits day

It all started quite accidentally... I was staying overnight at a friend's place and his wife and him had truly become my partners in my journey for health. I was to take a workshop on 'emotions' for medical doctors organized by my host couple. The delegates were going to be served with an elaborate breakfast. But my hostess decided that the oily dishes therein were not suited for me. Hence she served me sprouted beans, apple, pineapple, oranges, citrus and fresh litchis, all served in a nicely decorated fashion.

Starting with sprouts, I focused on the experience of my teeth grinding the sprouts and rolling them in the mouth as well as on their raw natural taste. Suddenly they seemed to have generated a flavor. I alternated amongst the fruits, focused on their unique charm in taste... and suddenly, each bite came alive... the experience was magical. The comparative study concluded that different tastes of different fruits were incomparable, and that each flavor stands in its own uniqueness.

A satiation experience was closeting on me slowly... I felt good, healthy, full and yet very light. I continued on my routine set for the day. The workshop begun and we adjourned it for lunch at one thirty in the afternoon. The delegates went for a 'proper' meal whereas I came back to the host's home. My hostess had laid for me a wonderful spread of salads and fruits. This time the show was headed by summer favorites... two types of melons, a kiwi and the others from morning menu but now cut in a different style. I had a choice between packaged buttermilk and homemade one. I opted for homemade variety...

The outside temperature was 46 degree centigrade... the city was Nagpur, but here I was... feeling cool and comfortable, with rawness that was delicious...

After I finished, I almost floated towards the room where I had stayed overnight in their house and enjoyed a siesta of fifteen minutes. I went to the venue and continued with the workshop... sipping water and able not to look at continuous aerated cold drinks served to the delegates... it aroused neither craving nor contempt inside me.

At tea-break I waited for my sugar-free tea that was prepared specially by the hostess, politely declining to take the sweetened tea & coffee. This declining also helped me to choose TWO marie biscuits from the tray that contained other erstwhile favorite varieties.

With the workshop over, a former colleague of mine and her husband took me to their home. I had told them in advance about the change of my eating habits. My colleague again has an aesthetic touch in her serving of food. A variety of melons wait for me, nicely cut mixed pieces of papaya-apple-oranges were served along with homemade buttermilk. The rest of the members around poured slabs of vanilla ice-cream over their dishes. To my surprise my mind did not react to this. It continued to focus on the beauty of 'my' experience of eating rather than comparing my experience with theirs.

My colleague dropped me at the airport and spent some time in the lounge since my flight was delayed. I ordered for coffee without sugar. The waiter asked me for veg cutlet, sandwich, chicken grilled kabab which was available to me free of cost since I was a privileged customer of their airlines. "Why should I spoil my fruit day", I asked myself and said no.

In the flight I enjoyed the salad and two vegetables (luckily no paneer) without a thought of eating roti (quite oily) and rice... the sweet dish was chocolate mousse... my favorite! But memories of fruit-day proved more powerful in the end.

And on my way from airport to home, I discovered a green pear in my hand bag, that I was carrying as contingency... to top the fruit-day, I decided to have it as a climax... a green and healthy one.

An unplanned fruit-day delicious and FRUITFUL!

