

Letters from MRFY

The Dog Days of Summer and Oatmeal

August – from the Latin *augustus* for CONSECRATED or VENERABLE; mid-17th Century. “The stink was so thick at the MRF, it had to be the sultry hazy month of August”

Never underestimate the power and benefit of a good bowl of oatmeal. I like mine with raisins, maple syrup and brown sugar. As I take my first bite, I flashback to glimpses of Wilford Brimley (spokesman for Quaker Oats) with his large glasses and oversized mustache and hear his gravelly voice in the back of my mind: “You’ve made the right choice son! I’m proud of you.” It pares nice with a good vintage Ethiopian blend of coffee, the sharp and bitter aftertaste reminding me that this is not a dream; I am not in bed dreaming this. I must charge ahead and embrace the day.

What does this have to do with recycling? Nothing. I just really like oatmeal...well, hang on. Maybe there is a thread.

During a typical summer shift here at the MRF, Dave, Evan and myself put on approximately 5-7 miles walking back and forth and back and forth; from the front of the house to the back of house, emptying glass and cans, punching tickets, hauling bags out of the back of cars and trucks, as well as visiting and sharing stories with our neighbors and guests. In one calendar year that’s almost a thousand miles of huffing and puffing around our little MRF. For perspective: in one calendar year, we walk from here to Chicago and back. The mornings here are sublime. The morning sun peeks through the pines, shining down on last night’s visit by the local trash pandas; empty fish wrappers and half eaten hamburger buns strewn about. Morning crows sit on the cell phone tower, casually gazing with disgust at me for invading their morning feast. Chipmunks scurry with the last mouthful of “god knows what” and hide until the end of the day. It’s almost as if (gasp), the rest of the day depends on how we start our day. Good Days are possible because of oatmeal. (How’s that Wilford?)



July flew by in a hurry. Dave, Evan and I have powered through our days with routine and fanfare. We packaged and hauled tires. Boxes have been filling pretty quickly due to the increase in traffic on the island as our community comes to the realization that summer is fast fading. The Island Closet is a bustling cavalcade of visitors looking for the latest fashion from yesterday. I am still plowing ahead with our Tier 2 salvage permit and waiting on some guidance from the lads at the DNR on application protocol.

Dave made his first haul of cardboard to Ladysmith and the fine folks at DUNN Paper as well as handling the bulk of the baling chores on the open days; sometimes baling three bales of material in one afternoon!! He is the Balemeister Supreme!! Great job, Dave!!

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WE have also started a new pilot program. A guest dropped off an extra box of...(get ready) MILK BONE DOG BISCUITS!! We already have people treats but now we are expanding into Doggo Treats. Participants have to ask permission and then Milk Bones are dispensed to slobber and a wild feral look in their eyes. Owners are overly excited and we now have new allies and fans here at the MRF! New Motto pending approval: "Every day is a Dog Day here at the MRF!"

Beyond that, it's business as usual. We would anticipate a slight drop off in traffic in the coming weeks. I mentioned this to my daughter Inara; "Three and a half weeks until school!!" The look I got dropped the temperature in the immediate area by a few degrees.

As always: Have a MRF-tastic Day!

**Martin A. Curry
Recycling Supervisor**