

Letters from MRFY

"Baseball hasn't forgotten me. I go to a lot of old-timers games and I haven't lost a thing. I sit in the bullpen and let people throw things at me. Just like old times." Bob Uecker

I remember being a 7-year-old kid in Pontiac, Michigan, and going to see the Detroit Tigers play in 1977. This was around the time of some of the classic names of Tiger lore: "The Byrd" Mark Fidrych, Alan Trammell, "Sweet" Lou Whitaker, Lance Parrish, Ron LeFlore and Jack Morris. Both times that I saw them play, they played the Milwaukee Brewers (irony, I know). I remember watching Rusty Staub dig a low pitch out of the dirt and park in in the upper deck. He connected with a solid crack of the bat and people immediately rose to their feet and, with it, a slow low roar that built from nothingness into a deafening storm of cheering. What amazed is the fact that the actions of one man could bring so many to their feet in unison. It was togetherness and teamwork. It was impressive.

Tiger Stadium has long since been torn down and with it the memories, the countless spilled beers, bits of relish and mustard from hot dogs wrapped in tin foil and of course, my childhood. Good times that are remembered fondly.

Fast forward 46 years and I find myself on the other side of the pond (Lake Michigan) and cheering for the Milwaukee Brewers from another piece of hallowed ground; the MRF. We too have the ambiance of stale beer, spilled bits of ketchup and mustard, as well as occasional cheering and laughter that goes along with a day at the dump. Friends are reunited, stories are shared, tickets are punched, and all we are missing are a vendor throwing hot dogs and the roar of the crowd. (I'll see what I can do about lunchtime at the MRF.)

We are officially in the busy season. The dumpsters are filling up in a 'quick-like fashion" due to belated spring cleaning. The Island Closet is in full swing and there are some early donations that are raising eyebrows – including an adult Winnie the Pooh onesie (WHAT??? No Wayyyy) Needless to say, it went home with some adoring person.

The weather is shifting from "too hot too soon" to something that is frequently described as "Where is my sweater and let's turn on the heat" weather. Mr. Michael Haben is an amazing asset to the MRF Crew. He is "Haulmesiter Supreme"! He is running bales of plastic to Eagle River as this is being written and will be doing two trips tomorrow to get us back to even. When you pop into the MRF, give him a big Thank You!

We are also finally rolling out the Compost Program!! After a very generous anonymous donation (Thank You!!!), we will be distributing some very beautiful green buckets (complete with a NEAT-O sticker). Participants can bring food scraps in on Saturdays and dump them into a barrel, which we will store in a secure location, occasionally rotating it until the end of the year, when we will donate or raffle compost off to some lucky individual. This is a trial program and, depending on community response, we may expand it next year.

The biggest reminder is NO MEAT!! Fruits, veggies, breads, eggshells, coffee grounds only. If you end up adding a bit of Aunt Mildred Summertime Jell-O Surprise; complete with cottage cheese and grapes cut in half, I won't tell; but NO meat. Super grateful to divert more material out of the waste stream and into soil revitalization.

AS always be MRF-Tastic!
Martin A. Curry
Recycling Supervisor

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