

Letters from MRFY- August is NIGH

For this past month, there has been a still in the morning MRF air that is beautiful. Before the arrival of the first car or the first casual conversation that is the hallmark of recycling and waste disposal here at our little facility, there has been the arrival of simple beauty. I put on the days coffee and step outside the office door and the morning sun greets me, brushed with a deeper orange because of the Canadian wildfires. It peeks from behind the trees and hangs like a morning yolk, tinged with haze. At the other end of the lot, down by the dem con, our resident bear trods cautiously into the clearing, nose sniffing and ear perked to the slightest break in the morning stillness. More than once I have stood under our little drive through and sat perfectly still, watching their purposeful and comical movements. There is something in the demolition bin that has piqued its interest and is worth a gaze or two; maybe a half-eaten sandwich left by a local contractor; maybe a donut. After a few minutes, a I give a big shout out "Makwa-Manitou!! (Bear Spirit) you have to GO!!" There is a sudden freeze in motion and slight head turn. The shuffling of my feet across the uneven gravel is enough to make them turn and lumber into the thicket; donuts or sandwiches will have to wait. The morning crows leave their evening perch and if it wasn't for my presence would be sitting on the edge of the compactor picking through the rubbish. Instead, they fly off in the direction of the airport in search of adventure and shiny things; not unlike us.

Beauty lives where you look for it. Nature will always carve out a niche if given an opportunity, but it doesn't ask for permission, it simply pushes on with its primary objective to live and thrive, to be wild and free; not unlike us. August is nigh and with it comes the final push to be a little wilder and a little freer before the constraints of jobs and school and responsibility pen us into a routine that feels more restrictive, more predictable. Maybe less wild. The temperatures rise and for some the patience of "island nice" may wear a little thin around August 17th but we work hard, we play hard and with it comes the gratitude of a summer well spent with friends and family.

MRF-Land is moving along smoothly. Michael has been powering on with baling and trucking and we are working on cleaning up some of the extraneous fridges and clutter. The compost program is a HUGE success. We have collected 300 gallons of compost in our barrels. It has been a relatively smooth process save for the pitter patter of little raccoon feet that appear overnight on the barrels. Don't forget to presort. Sliced turkey still not recyclable.

Be MRF-Tastic

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Recycling Supervisor
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