

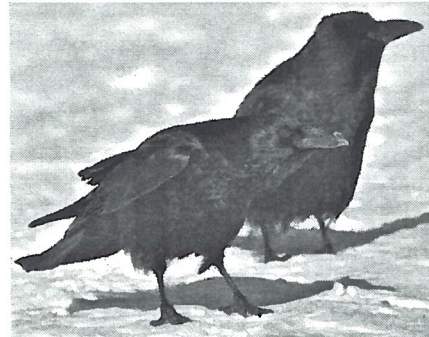
Letters from MRFY - The Others  
April 2024

As most of you know, we started a compost project here at the MRF last year. During our freshman outing, we had a mixed degree of success. Community involvement was fantastic, and we received kudos from families and friends at the simplicity of it all.

“I can’t believe how much food waste I create!”

“I only have to come to the dump once every week and a half now.”

“My garbage stinks less!”



But for every action is an equal and opposite reaction. With a reduction in some “people” visitors comes an increase in...The Others. At just around 2:30 pm on any given Monday, Wednesday or Saturday, the crows sit in the red pines that border the field around MRF, waiting for some doddering attendant to make his way to the gate to close for the day. They watch with intense eyes and the occasional cackles of laughter. I will often respond with some sly boots comment, my favorite being “Don’t do to me what you did to Tippiie Hedren,” at which point my overactive imagination kicks into high gear and I see myself running down the MRF driveway screaming my head off, being chased by a thousand crows hell bent on destruction. By the time I get into the office, they have landed on the edge of the compost barrel and are already sorting through the mish mash of old potatoes, veggie scraps and bread, looking for the juiciest morsels. They don’t even fly away when I walk past and moments like this are special: to see the iridescent sheen of blues and purples and greens of their feathers glint in the afternoon light, while being watched with piercing black eyes...it is magical.



At night, the action continues with the nightly visits of *procyon lotor* aka trash panda that comes on stealthy cat feet. When I was a kid, I raised some pet raccoons: Jackson and Rascus. Two peas in a pod. Something about watching raccoons eat with their soft flexible noses and cute tiny little hands is endearing. When I arrive to the MRF in the mornings, there are no signs of the raccoons, only a small trail of feet, empty dog food cans licked clean, and errant

scraps of paper strewn about. Here at the MRF, we are working to reduce pests. Locking up our food scraps and grease are part of the process as is constant cleaning of the compactor spaces to prevent the “Juicy Lucy Effect” from all these bags leaking out. And soon...Makwa will wake up and then the party begins. But that is a story for another time.

The compost from last year’s pilot project will be rotated when the weather dries up a bit and distributed to the community garden, the school garden, and some to the MRF as well for our gardening demonstration. If all proceeds according to plan, we will also have some available for our customers. Drop off your new compost, fill up with some old compost, and give those flowers a nice pick me up with nutrients and vitamins!!

Be MRFtastic!

RECEIVED

APR 8 2024

Initial: dg