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When I lived in Berkeley, I often went to the farmer's market on Tuesday afternoons. One of the many nice aspects was the fiddlers filling the air with pleasant sounds. Another one was that the produce being sold had been picked either early that morning or the day before. It was so fresh it tasted better than what I could buy in the grocery and it cost less.

However, what was most striking about the farmer's market was the pace of the farmers selling their harvest. The hectic rushing around by the shoppers contrasted with the calm of the sellers standing behind the tables in their booths.

As the buyers were anxiously waiting for their change so they could move on, the sellers slowly returned change one dollar bill at a time. They also talked at a slow pace. It was almost as if they were moving in slow motion. The fast pace of the shoppers did not in the least spur them to greater haste. I remember it made me think that a couple of months in the country would probably do me some good.

This week I had the opportunity for the first time in a long time to attend a local farmer's market, the Broad Ripple Farmer's Market that takes place behind Broad Ripple High School. It was a beautiful sunny day with temperatures in the low 70s. The sky was blue with a few puffy white clouds floating by and there was a slight breeze. Walking around I smelled fresh baked bread and cakes. I could see all different colors of produce – rich red tomatoes, juicy orange cantaloupe, bright yellow squash, and deep green zucchini. A young man added music with his harmonica.

Because of the large turnout and sales, the farmers and other retailers seemed happy. Also they must appreciate being able to meet and talk to all the different people who are excited to have their produce and grateful for their labor. The people buying the fresh produce also seemed delighted. It was a win-win situation. I thought to myself, this must be what *olam habah* (the world to come) is like.

After I bought everything I wanted and was walking back to my car, I ran into an acquaintance I hadn't seen for about a year. Greetings were exchanged and our conversation gravitated to the topic of eating healthily. He said he had a garden but he was coming to the market because nothing he planted was ready yet.

He then told me about a trip he took to India for two weeks for a yoga retreat and a class that he had taken on the subject of Ayurveda and healthy eating. I had become aware of Ayurveda in the early 1980s after studying about it mostly from books. It is a natural healing system originating in India several thousand

years ago. I am far from an expert on it but to briefly describe one aspect, Ayurveda focuses on the use of herbs, massage, diet, exercise, and meditation among other methods to help maintain or restore the body back to a proper balance and health.

My friend said that at the end of the class a student raised her hand and commented that the teacher had taught the class all kinds of recommendations for a healthy diet. Then she asked, “If there were only one piece of advice that you could share with the class that would be the most helpful, what would it be?”

[This reminded me of the story where a man asked Hillel if he could teach him all of the Torah while standing on one foot. Hillel responded, “Do not do unto others what you would not want done to yourself. The rest is commentary, now go and study.”]

I started thinking about all of the different dietary recommendations that I had learned from Ayurveda. I remembered that the diet is made up mostly of fruits and vegetables, some dairy products, very few animal products and several dishes like brown rice and *dahl*, which is made from yellow split peas and curry spices. I thought about little remedies for conditions such as insomnia – drink a warm cup of milk with a dash of nutmeg; headache – rub the temples with sesame oil.

Then I thought about how our society flip-flops about a product like coffee. One day it is considered a very healthy drink. The next day a scientific study proves it causes some health problems and the following day that study is contradicted and it is again considered healthy. After that I was really curious to hear what the one suggestion was.

“What was the one piece of advice the teacher gave that would help one maintain or bring about a state of good physical health?” I asked my friend.

His response: “Forgive everyone unconditionally.”

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