

GETTING READY  
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I am up on the Earthwork Farm helping to get ready for the Harvest Gathering this weekend. Margaret is back home minding things. As part of a two-man kitchen crew I am in charge of feeding all the volunteers breakfast, lunch and dinner. Working with me is David Loup, a friend of mine for over 50 years. He drove down from the UP to help out and hang out. David is a professional chef, so he is a great help.

We are doing three meals a day, so it is an all-day job keeping up with the cooking and doing the dishes, shopping, etc. And folks are hungry because a lot of work goes into getting the farm ready for an event like this. Cement is being poured, electric services installed, stages built or finished, signs made, and you name it. It is busy, busy, busy.

And these folks are hungry when I clang the dinner bell and send out the message on the walkie-talkie that one of the meals is ready. They come pouring and drifting in. And they love the food, not because I am a good cook so much as because they are really hungry.

I have posted before about the Harvest Gathering, this special end-of-the-summer event for musicians, almost 90 bands! There are 90 bands, three stages, and all manner of workshops, plus tents for kids and much more. My good friend Lama Karma will be here soon and he will give workshops on dharma and meditation. It will be good. And it's not too late for you to come. Here are the details.

<http://www.earthworkharvestgathering.com/>

Food will include pasties made in the UP and brought down fresh. Much more. Hope to see some of you there.

Meanwhile with the days leading up to the event, it is all about community. Everyone is here to help. We have a lot of work to do and after that we have each other to catch up with or get to know. It is kind of like a dream, which reminds me of this poem I wrote some time ago, which some of you may appreciate:

FROM a DREAM

I have gone to paint the sunrise in the sky,  
To feel the cool of night warm into day,  
The flowers from the ground call up to me,  
The self I think I am is hard to see.

Michael