



Nutrition For the Love of Vegetables

Vegetables. Oh how I have come to love them. Their unique personalities are exquisite!

Consider the onion, for example. How wonderfully engaging the onion is! He literally makes me cry every time I meet him! If I don't cut an onion once a day, I feel like I've missed out.

How about spinach. Even though spinach swelters to a puddle when cooked, can't we appreciate the reason behind this? Spinach is thin-skinned! We all have those days where our skin is meek, and the wind seems to knock our very spirits down. Such are your spirits, oh Spinach! Meek and humble and tender. I will honor you by not even chewing you!



And broccoli, you bonsai tree! How did you make it into my kitchen? You look like the descendant of a miniature Acacia tree! Is the African Savanna your homeland? If so, I will help your spirit to go there in our post-breakfast meditation! Come, I will show you, and your best friend too, the purple cabbage, who is quite the perfectionist, wouldn't you say? She tries on over twenty layers before presenting herself in her final beauty!

If only we greeted vegetables appropriately, I think we would have their image framed over our bedroom door. Why? To remind us, upon passing under them every day, of their power over us; to be the harbinger of a good night sleep when eaten regularly, but also to confine us to our beds in sickness and despair should we neglect them!

Oh, what a power vegetables have, and all in silence. Silent from their germination all the way to their consumption. Silent, like any golden treasure must be.

But listen! They have a profound story to tell. They've soaked up quite an amount of sunlight in their season. We would be wise to listen to what they have to say after all that. We'd be wise to unlock their photon messages with the key of our digestive juices! After all, *IS there any other WAY?*