

Issue Number 9 – August 2016



Greetings!

Our life's path is full of surprises—challenging moments that give us the opportunity to change the path that we are on. We realize that we are not the center of the universe. This vulnerability is the source of power to transform. The warrior spirit emerges when we feel backed into a corner and have to rely on our own intuition to make a decision. This experience can feel like you are alone and fragile. Welcoming vulnerability into your body, mind and spirit will align you with the universe and the unlimited source of internal power will be yours. The decision or direction will be clear and you will take the first steps to live the highest version of

yourself. Make yourself the top priority and all relationships will improve and life will flow gracefully. A dedication to love oneself is a dedication to love all of those around you.

"The period of greatest gain in knowledge and experience is the most difficult period in one's life."

~Dalai Lama



As a child I never really felt like I fit in. Instead of sports, my passions were music and cooking. Then I started drinking at the age of 16, and for the first time I belonged. Thanks in part to the fog of alcohol, I got through high school and college but never found out who I really was. This pattern continued as I began my cooking career. Most food and beverage people work long hours and drink after work. I learned a lot, had a lot of fun, and met lots of great people. I thought all was well. In September 1994, my girlfriend and I went camping at Mt. Yohna in Georgia. After Julie went to the tent, I stayed up and sat by the fire drinking sake. Twenty minutes later I walked out on a rock bluff to look at the stars. I remember slipping on a mossy log or rock and falling. And falling. Smashing down hard head first. With blood pouring down my face, I screamed for Julie.

As I struggled to climb back up the rock, Julie climbed down as far she could. I reached up and felt like I could touch her but we were still ten feet apart. I held on until my body ached and I had no choice but to let go. I landed on a small outcropping of rock, about as wide as a phone book, where I was able to finally stand up. Julie lowered a gallon of water on a rope. I think this saved my life. I drank the entire gallon and remember feeling guilty for littering as I threw the empty jug down. Hours later, when the sun came out, I could see the tops of huge pine trees fifty feet below.

Finally help arrived: a volunteer fireman repelled down and strapped me to a gurney. When we reached our camp I proudly told Julie to gather our stuff because we were going home. The next five days I was in a coma at the North East Medical

Center in Gainesville, Georgia. I had surgery to reconstruct the broken bones of my face. My right forearm was swollen so badly that the surgeon could not operate despite the six broken bones in my wrist and twenty breaks of the radius. On the fifth day, the surgeon finally performed a miracle surgery to avoid amputation. Two days later I was back in surgery to repair the painful detached muscle in my shoulder. It was a month before I could be released to a live-in rehabilitation center. The depressing thoughts of being stuck there and living a dependent life were almost overwhelming, but I worked hard and did everything the doctors and therapists asked me to do.

I was sent home after a month, then it took another three months for me to finally return to work-eventually working up to Sous Chef of a large catering operation. I worked six days per week -very long hours each day-for a year and a half. One day I remember very distinctly thinking, "There has to be more to life than this." When my shift was over, I went home and did some old school research-searching the phone book for a Tai Chi class like I had seen on television. Blind faith. This was 1997.

I went each Saturday for a year. I never missed a class. All of my colleagues at work knew that I did not drink alcohol and practiced Tai Chi moves on break. One day a couple of friends invited me to a yoga class. Before class, people were standing on their heads, some with their legs in unnatural places, others balancing on their hands. I said to the teacher, "Hey dude, I can't do any of this, do you want me to leave?" He told me to follow along and just do the best that I could. I found out later this was an Ashtanga level 3-4 class. So much for an easy entry to a yogic life! I went each week for six months. Then moved to California to attend the California Sushi Academy and found Bryan Kest and Max Strom. I struck gold. I have never stopped practicing because yoga gives me all that I was missing in life and so much more that I did not know was available to me. All that is dear to me is only possible because I quit drinking and started practicing yoga. Simple.

~Brian Delaney



**Upcoming
Events**

Garden Highlight



"Bhakti on The Mat"
with Sean Johnson
August 20th
from 3-5:30pm
\$45.00

**"Kirtan" with the Wild
Lotus Band**
August 20th
from 7-9pm
\$20.00

"Check Your Head"
A Deep Breathing &
Mediation Workshop
with Brian Delaney
September 17th
from 2-4pm
\$20.00

**Elevate Upstate - A
Holistic & Wellness
Festival**
September 24th, 25th
Seneca, SC
Free

**"Gratitude
Celebration"**
VLY's Anniversary
Party
October 8th
from 6-10pm
FREE

**"Inner Axis" with
Max Strom**



Homemade Dill Pickles

INGREDIENTS

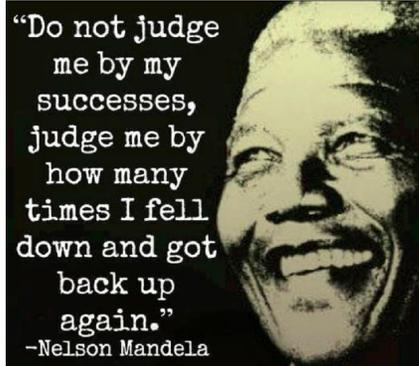
- o 7 wide-mouth quart jars, lids & rings
- o fresh dill, heads & several inches of stems shaken free of bugs
- o cucumber, washed, scrubbed
- o 1 garlic clove (or more
BRINE
- o 8 1/2 cups water
- o 2 1/4 cups white vinegar
- o 1/2 cup pickling salt

DIRECTIONS

1. GET ALL OF THIS GOING BEFORE FILLING THE JARS.
2. Wash 7 quart jars in hot, soapy water (or dishwasher), rinse and fill with hot water; set aside.
3. Fill canning kettle half-full with hottest tap water; set on burner over high heat.
4. In a medium saucepan, fit lids and rings together, cover with water, bring to a simmer.
5. In a large saucepan, bring water, vinegar and salt to boil; turn off the heat; set aside.
6. FILL JARS: place a layer of dill at the bottom of each jar, along with one garlic clove (if used), then TIGHTLY load the cukes into the jar to the NECK of the jar (depending on size you may get two nice layers with a few small cukes in the top--)--squeeze cukes into the jar tightly--uniform size helps; add a few TINY spriglets of dill at the top, too,

**co-hosting with
Greenville Yoga**
November 4-6th
*(Purchase tickets at
greenvilleyoga.com)*

And I Quote...



and another garlic clove if desired.

7. Once jars are loaded, pour in the brine leaving half-inch head space in each jar.

DIRECTIONS

1. Add lid and ring to each jar, tightening evenly.
2. Place jars into canner with water **JUST** to the necks of the jars.
3. Bring water **ALMOST** to a boil (about 15 minutes--depending on how fast it heats up).
4. Remove jars, set on a dish towel on the kitchen counter, cover with another dish towel & let cool.
5. Check for seal (indented lid), label jars or lids, store in cool dark cellar or cupboard.

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