

The inspiration

‘I need a different drink to help my wellbeing. Something healthy, to make me glow.’

This was my aunt talking. Slowly putting down my cup of coffee (decaffeinated of course) I watched her scrubbing furiously at the coffee stains in her best cup.

‘But you’ve tried those special teas, the ones that claim to make you glow; the organic ‘Happy Me’ ones, the organic apple and cinnamon and the green teas. Didn’t you feel the benefit of them?’

‘No.... well maybe at first. But it wasn’t sustainable, and I went back to my old ways; you know, lots of coffee, black tea and non herbal.’

With that my aunt sighed, dried the last of the supper things, sighed again and went to sit down in her favourite armchair.

Later, as I made her a cup of her favourite herbal tea, a three minty flavour, I thought about what she had said. A well being tea? Did she need such a tea? I searched through her tea cupboard. There were all different sorts, packets opened with various teas, coffees too, displaying different blends ; Kenya, Italian, French, Brazilian, she had at some point tried them all.

But for well being? Swiping through my mobile, I saw that Petal, the yoga teacher, was extolling well being through holistic ideas and healthy choices including drinks. In fact, her friend Clover had thousands of likes on her YouTube page, again extolling the virtues of special drinks that enhanced well being.

One such drink caught my eye. It claimed to be nutrient dense, boost energy, detoxify as a health tonic and, above all, was just the drink to help with well being.

‘I’ve found you a drink that could help. It’s new and it does wonders according to the blurb about it. It’s very much an old hippy drink; you know Aunt, when you were a young girl in the 70’s.’

‘Oh, really dear? Will it make me see things?’

‘Not that sort of drink Aunt. I’ve ordered the ingredients on Amazon. All we need to add is either lemon juice or plain water. Should be here tomorrow.’

Next morning saw both my aunt and myself staring hopefully at the packet that had arrived in the post. It was a large box, covered in bright green paper, with dark green words written in large capitals: GREEN GRASS. Inside were several layers of grass, wheat grass, that glistened in the morning light.

‘It’s very yellowly green, isn’t it?’ commented my aunt. ‘Is it ok, or is it off?’

Carefully lifting the sheet of instructions, I quickly ascertained that this was in fact the wonder drink I had ordered; well it would be once I made it up. To make sure of its well being virtue, I put two heaped tablespoons in a cup, followed by both lemon juice and

hot water. As I stirred it, the liquid became a deep, dark green. A strong, newly cut grass smell emitted from the cup.

‘It says to leave for about three to four minutes Aunt. Then to drink slowly looking at a serene scene to get the full benefit of this tea.’

My aunt took the cup and wandered to the patio doors so that she could look out onto the garden. The cup steamed as she waited for it to cool a little.

As she raised it to her lips she sniffed, looked at the drink, sniffed again and then drank it down in one.

‘Urg,’ she cried, ‘it’s awful! Tastes like drinking the lawn. I can’t drink this again.’ And then she rushed to the sink to rinse out her mouth.

The yellowly wheat grass found itself in the compost bin, the large green box recycled.

A week later, my aunt phoned me at work. Her well being was just fine now she said; no more healthy drinks of any sort. She had started a new regime, shinrin-yoku or ‘forest bathing’ the Japanese way, with her friend, for their well being; then coffee and cake afterwards.

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