

Harpo is a Spirit

Harpo is a Spirit, a Tribute to the Smoothy Inventor January 27, 1917-May 6, 2006.

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In the world of the french fry, Harpo upheld the integrity of the whole potato. Instead of coke, he offered carrot juice. Instead of prepackaged food, he never cut an apple until he saw the white of the eye of the hungry traveller.

Harpo said he was here for his health. That's why he called it Harpo's Health House by the Sea. Whenever he felt he was losing it he closed down the store. Whenever the sun was shining, he knew for his own good he had to be out in it. As a result, some never found the door open, yet for others, Harpo glanced at them and felt instantly healthy, bathed in their love--to them the door was never closed. There were just two things some said they had to do in San Diego. One was see the zoo. The other see Harpos.

There were days he would not serve customers, but that did not mean he would not serve a friend. He might do things bad for business, but everything good for friendship. When Harpo served his friends, he was not as concerned with income as he was outcome. "Without a family, there is no Harpo," he often said.

Some said Harpo's was a place for crazy lovers. Others just said Harpo was crazy. Psychologists marveled that we lived in a society that allowed such a nut to run free and do as he pleased. Yet there were those who saw Harpo for what he was, a Master Food Maestro trying to complete a good meal.

When Harpo gave food a special touch, it was a special touch. He believed he had the power to bring the best out of the food he served, and his belief was so strong, it was imparted to the food itself.

If the earth had goofed a bit, or man had been rough with it, Harpo gave food back the nutrients it cried for. As for tears, they were tears of joy shed by those who shared his table--for they too felt the power.

There was never any question, that the day's of Harpo on Mission Beach's Ventura Palce were numbered. If he went on too much longer he would have been arrested for some new kind of law called "practicing real food without a license." He turned more people on to better health than the county public health department, and had helped more people of of their beds with better nutrition than doctors at the largest mental health clinic. He got his ripe banana message to more little kids than the best kindergarten teacher.

On a warm summer day, more than 500 passed his little beachfront store and his white bench he called his "office". Of these, he could stop

348 with his loud boisterousness. Twenty bought something, fifteen got food for free, fifty got screamed at for smoking, twenty-five for drinking soft drinks, twenty got uplifted from problems their mind's held, twenty-five praised for their radiant beauty, thirty-five for exercising. Twelve came in and learned something about healthy food preparation for the first time and saw the largest papaya ever. Eight came back later and became part of the Harpo Family, and the rest, in one way or another, got little health seeds planted in their heads.

If the business of America is business, Harpo affected the economy of the nation. He hurt retail sales on certain days by giving away more dinners than he sold, causing people to keep money out of circulation. He was the cause of empty seats in dentist's offices with his "no white sugar" policy. He saved the federal government thousands of dollars in welfare because his "graduates," once workless, always got jobs. He had an effect on bible sales, bringing them up two points in the Dow Jones. He was the most cantankerous disciple Jesus ever had.

In ten years in Mission Beach, he never took a paycheck, never once a salary. He seldom bought clothes, and most things he got were given to him, and given away by him.

When the universe figured it was time for Harpo to move on it whispered a little message to his landlady who accommodated the powers above by not renewing his lease. Two weeks before the first drawn out end, more than fifty bodies helped carry out over twenty tons of restaurant equipment from the tiny store. Valued at \$15,000, much of it was given away to friends.

Yet Harpo was still vibrant and said he'd be happy leaving as he came in, not owing anyone. Two weeks before the end he had no where to go, yet knew there was a place for him in God's mansion. To the very end, Harpo was Harpo, the made restauranter, the food guru, the street psychiatrist, the proprietor of the food chapel, the incredible blender of pineapples, strawberries, and other fresh fruits into the drink he had invented and named years before--the Smoothy.

As he walked away as unexpectedly as the way he had come ten years before, someone said, "Oh Harpo, he'll be back someday." The mailman said, "You can't get rid of Harpo!" as he shuffled off.

Hundreds upon hundreds who felt his loss knew Harpo's Health House by the Sea belonged somewhere in the category with wildlife refuges, and that Harpo was some kind of undefined endangered species.

In Truth, Harpo was more than a man. He took his name at an early age in life when he heard Angels in Heaven playing their harps. Harpo was a spirit, the spirit that governed food consciousness to the ninth degree.

In a box of fifty avocados he could lift it and tell if was one pound off. He could cut a carrot ten ways and have it taste differently in each cut. Harpo was a way of doing health and living.

Whenever people held ideas about better health and living, wherever whole, pure, and natural foods were praised, the spirit of Harpo would be present.

Wherever people praised God for beautiful food, The spirit of Harpo would be there or anywhere anyone raised their cup of smoothy, and said, "Gee, that was good!"

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