



Fall 2007
Volume 10, No. 1
Free



Restaurant CLOSED, DECEMBER 25 &
DECEMBER 30 - JANUARY 7.
RE-OPENING: Tuesday, JANUARY 8.

"... much of what we seek we already possess. For the harvest to take place we need to notice."

The Eyes of the Beholder ▼

by Eliot Fiks, Senior Partner

■ Today would have been the birthday of my beloved grandmother Babi. As a boy, I sat in her kitchen in Brooklyn and watched her bake her famous Viennese pastries. It is what ultimately inspired me to open the Whole in the Wall. She used to visit us every weekend, bring us chocolate cupcakes, and tell us The Story. The Story was an ongoing saga that she made up as she went along. No television show could have captivated my and my sister's attention more. To this day, I would give anything to remember the details of this magical tale.

Usually today's date would go unnoticed or perhaps be an afterthought. Today I lit the candlestick of hers that I have, and said a prayer. As I write I am wrapped in the beautiful afghan my Mom made. I've had it most of my adult life, and yet it was only a few days ago that I truly noticed the amazing details and intricacy with which it was made.

In this moment I feel warm and safe. So much has happened since our last official newsletter over a year ago: 2 devastating floods, losing all our cooks and having to work, cooking 16 hours a day for almost 6 months, and more. Then, something magically good came into my life. It made all the challenges seem small. When this new gift developed its own challenges, I became very sad.

Through it all though, I made a discovery, or more accurately, a rediscovery.

There was a place years ago I used to go to. It is not a national park and its not on any map. It is just this secret place in the forest that even back then I knew was special. For some reason I just stopped going. In my new sadness, I needed a place to be alone and renew myself. Somehow I remembered this place and returned. Only on my return did I realize how truly amazing this place was. It is a place of such beauty of sight and sound that I am often left speechless. Sometimes I laugh there, sometimes I cry, sometimes I'm in just in awe. Always I am healed there in some way.

So I would suggest to you, and to myself, that much of what we seek we already possess. For the harvest to take place we need to notice. I am humbled by how many people love me, care about me, and help me. So many dreams have been realized and so many gifts fall into my lap every day. Our blessings are many, it's the remembering them that's the hard part. So let's get to work! For this work is truly the labor of love.



Since 1980 on
Binghamton's Southside!