

Weekly Newsletter

Welcome to Our Weekly Digest

Moving Forward No matter What.
A fantastic Journey of Hope and Healing.



by [Eric Morin](#) on September 04, 2021

Welcome to All!!!

A lot has happened in the last 8 months. A dramatic event unfolded as it was discovered that a tumor the size of a duck's egg was growing in the left occipital lobe of my brain.

It didn't happen all of a sudden, but was probably in the making for many years. Now it was there, growing incognito, in a seemingly comfortable place for it, while creating some scary cognitive issues for me.

Shortly after Christmas 2020, my wife, Yadira, told me that while I was driving, the car was moving dangerously to the right. I then remembered that while hiking in Brooksville, I was constantly banging into trees with my right shoulder. My friends thought I was drunk, which was not the case, but I was feeling quite weird. I thought I might be having problems with my vision.

Next I became aware of difficulties with memory. On one occasion, while trying to record an introduction video for our Composting Class, I was for a moment unable to recall my own name; I would constantly stop in the middle of a sentence as I struggled to remember what I wanted to say.

The craziest moment was when I realized that I was no longer able to read, which was extremely scary. My thinking was weird, as was my eyesight, and now I couldn't read or recognize numbers. All the letters seemed strange to me, as though I was gazing upon foreign symbols, say Chinese or Herbraic. Words didn't make any sense to my brain. Now I didn't need anymore signals, I felt there were some potentially deep problems at hand.

A great friend of my wife and I recommended that we go to Tampa General Hospital because of their excellent neurology department. At the emergency room, everyone acted in a very nice and compassionate way, which went beyond what I expected.

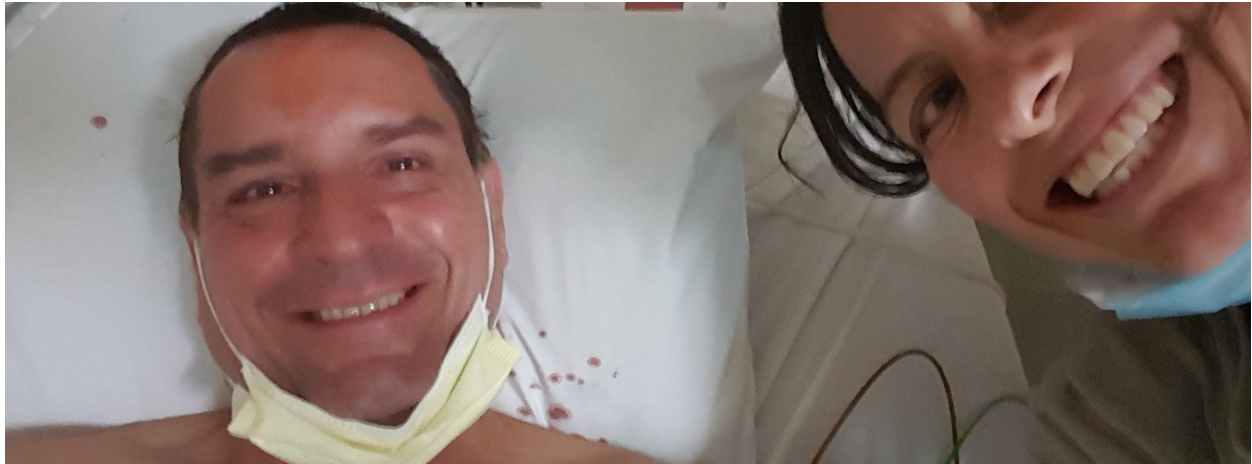
After some discussion, they ran some scans on me. The doctor came back with a brain surgeon. Oh my God, I thought to myself, it is serious!

Dr. Hayman and Dr. Pipper looked at me gravely and told me that I had a mass in a part of my brain, which explains the issues I was experiencing. This mass had to be removed immediately.

The room started to spin around me. I was in a maelstrom, a whirlpool of mixed emotions: incredulity coupled with the desire to find a solution. I felt alone, lost; but a huge part of me was screaming for help. I said: "Ok, let's do this!"

They immediately connected me to IVs and a monitoring machine, and gave me some corticosteroid to reduce the inflammation in my brain, which made me feel so much better. I knew I was in good hands, and felt what appeared to be genuine compassion, which helped start the healing process. I was confident that God was with me.

I was prepped for surgery for two days and on Wednesday, January 27th, I was put under anesthesia and underwent 4 hour brain surgery. I emerged from the operation in what felt to me the skin of a new man.



This picture was taken just a few moments after I came out of surgery. There was no bed available in the ICU, so I was to wait in the post operation room; they did allow my wife to visit. I was feeling so good, primarily due to the fact that the pressure in my head was gone. I was instantly uplifted, felt a new wave of bursting energy and thinking sparkling all around me. I was reborn.

It was as though I had been touched by the grace of God. I really felt his presence, which was intensified by all the prayers we received from friends and family. I would like to give a great thank you in order to express the gratitude I feel for all the friends who sent us good thoughts and prayers. Believe me, I am now convinced that prayers work, and I was there to live it at a scale I didn't know was possible. I am so grateful to all of you for making this miracle happen. That was it, I was safe.

Then came the results from the laboratory. Dr. Hayman, the best brain surgeon in the world, told me that he was pretty sure that all of the tumor had been removed. Unfortunately, the tumor was cancerous. It is a brain cancer called glioblastoma, which is extremely aggressive with a chance of recurrence close to 100% and a very short life expectancy.

I remember that day. It was super sunny outside and I had a windowed hospital room, which was great. I thought deeply at this time, and in many directions. I ultimately decided to believe in the diagnosis but not in the prognosis. This cancer just doesn't know what I am made of, and I will show it that I am one tough mother fucker!

That day I told my wife that it was important for me to not be swept away by self pity. I immediately thought it best to take this challenge head on, to work through it to the best of our abilities. I decided to surrender to life and accept everything the universe sent my way. To experience things to the fullest, in pure acceptance and with no expectation. To simply live with purpose. To do good work!

It has for a long time been our purpose to start our own permaculture project, to grow food within community in a dynamic, sustainable way while providing education to those with a similar desire. To this end we have travelled through South America and ultimately Florida. Yadira and I agreed that despite this great challenge we are facing, we will continue the search and to work toward this purpose; to actualize this project of sustainable living, moving forward no matter what.

At the time of my diagnosis, my wife and I were living and volunteering on a great farm and permaculture project in Brooksville. We were ultimately given greater responsibility and had conversations with farm managers about the possibility of staying as managing partners, assisting in building a community around the permaculture school. Unfortunately, there were disagreements about how this would unfold, and we concluded that it was time for us to find a space within which our intentions could be actualized in a smoother manner. And so, after just 14 days of being released from the hospital, we began our search for a new home.

While on the hunt for a rental space, our friend, Jennifer, who we call Zen Jen, accepted us into her quaint cottage in Dade City. At this time, I was getting ready to go through 6 weeks of radiation and 7 ½ months of chemo, and so a great space with a great friend provided us with solid support during uncertain times. We stayed with Jen for some time. I started treatment and Yadi and I worked on ideas for our project while searching for a place in the countryside. In doing so, we came to love Dade city, and hoped to find a space of our own in the area.

One day, right after submitting an application to rent a mobile home in San Antonio, FL, we drove by a place with a sign which read: Aquaponic Research Center. I was immediately excited. For years we had been growing green leaf vegetables using hydroponics in our Miami 10th floor apartment which overlooked the sea. And so I was pleasantly surprised to find an aquaponic research center in the middle of the countryside. I asked Yadira to turn in so that we could check the center out. As we made our way down the driveway, we saw an older gentleman standing toward the back of the main structure. He was there, possibly thinking to himself that we must be lost or something. After introductions, Hans explained to us that the center had been closed for about 5 years and that due to Covid, he had not been able to relaunch the operations.

We shared some of our story, described what we were going through. I told him about the treatments I had to undergo, and that I was hoping to find a place in the area much like his where I could relax and heal. I emphasized that when I saw the sign to the center, I was immediately intrigued and wanted to learn more about the place.

It is in moments such as these that one knows that God allows for miracles. He told us that he had a house on this magnificent property in which we could move into. And, if we wished, we could prepare a plan in order to establish, at the center, through permaculture principles, gardening operations, chicken management and classes about composting, natural farming, sustainability and other relevant topics.

I couldn't believe what was happening. We were coming from uncertainty about where we would be living to a 10 acre property with a purpose and something to work on. Hans also offered to teach us about aquaponics and give us all the support necessary to prepare and relaunch the operation of Morning Star Fishermen. Hans explained that at the same time that we were asking God for a place for us and our project, he was asking God to send a couple to help him and his wife with their project and to care for the property. And all we did was turn into a driveway, let alone after having already turned in an application for a rental. Isn't it crazy? We are all so grateful to God!

The purpose of this newsletter is to invite you to join our journey as we heal and together build this fascinating aquaponics center and permaculture school. In our short time here, and despite the monthly chemo interruption, we have started in a positive way. I am sure that you will find interesting and be intrigued by Hans's adventure stories and acute knowledge of aquaponics.

Hans established this place about 25 years ago and has been developing in tremendous fashion the field of aquafarming. Unfortunately, the site has been closed for 5-6 years. Hans, despite being 80 years old, is in extremely good shape for his age, and has been able to keep the property in great condition, all by himself, which on 10 acres is no small feat.

You will be able to follow my wife, Yadira, as she develops the yoga studio and fitness training facility which will be part of our activities during the spiritual retreats which we will host. She is in charge of public relations and is the acting director of communications. Yadira wears many hats, the most demanding of which is to help me with the gardening. Thank you, my Love!

So please, be part of our adventures by subscribing to this newsletter and following us on Facebook and Instagram.

Thank you!,

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