



We do solemnly declare we will not waste food

An environmentally conscious couple who served wedding guests surplus food say they have been 'overwhelmed' with messages of support since their story went viral.

Kayley and Joe Tilston (above) fed 280 friends and family food that would have otherwise gone to waste after tying the knot at Victoria Hall in Saltaire, Yorkshire. The £5 per head banquet included canapés, fish, salads and barbecued meats.

'We just wanted to raise awareness of food waste among our guests, but the event sparked a national conversation,' says Joe, 35.

The feast was provided by The Real Junk Food Project, an organisation that sources surplus food before redistributing it to schools, community groups and 'pay as you feel' cafés.

Since launching in Wakefield in 2013, it has put 5,000 tonnes of food to good use – the equivalent of almost 12 million meals.

'None of it was past its sell-by date,' adds Joe. 'It was excess stock from local businesses. We told our guests after they'd started eating it. They all cheered when they realised all of this beautiful food could easily have been wasted.'

Daniel Tapper



TUCKING IN Wedding guests enjoyed a feast saved from landfill



MY WEEK

Alvin Hall



'You never move forward when dragging ghosts'

A long-time friend has decided to downsize her business and become a consultant in the same sector. She's following in the steps of another, newer friend who made the same decision a couple of years ago. During my conversations with each of them, I have been struck by the stark differences in their perspectives and emotional relationships with not only their pasts, but the futures they hope to achieve.

My more recent friend created a spreadsheet to determine how much money she needed (*not* wanted) every month to cover her expenses. She decided that if she could bring in this amount every month in the first year or so, she would feel successful. Importantly, she took a fresh approach with her clients, even ones she had worked with before. She wanted them to feel her excitement about her new start.

My other friend, the one I've known longer, wanted to recapture the joy that had stimulated her when she had started her business nearly 30 years ago. This sounded positive. However, she invariably lapsed, recalling old deals that had fallen through, clients who had not followed her advice, and people who had not returned calls or emails. The unresolved emotions of her past reared up, clouding her future planning.

Reinventing one's career, whether by choice or force, is full of challenges. One of the biggest is making sure that your clients see the wiser, freshly motivated you. You want them to feel an energising radiance when you walk into a meeting or room. My newer friend seems to know this intuitively. In contrast, my other friend's words and tone suggested she wanted acknowledgement for all aspects of her past – the

good and bad. By referencing and talking about the negatives, it's clear she is still battling those ghosts.

I am struggling during our talks to help my friend embrace her new future with wholehearted positivity. She sometimes responds by saying, a bit accusingly, that I'm good at putting a 'spin' on things. I don't see this as spin, but a turn she needs to take: my friend must put those past disappointments, perceived slights, that latent anger to rest. They are already distracting her thinking and her planning. I wonder, how can I help her see this insight, hear this truth – one that I have learned and live by: you never move forward when dragging ghosts.

THE WRITER WHO SPOKE TO MY HEART

The first time I read Toni Morrison's *The Bluest Eye* was one of those rare times in a book that I heard the voices, cadences, word choices and truths of the people in the small southern, segregated community I grew up in. Without my being fully aware, the book grabbed a part of me at my core as a black person.

I never met Morrison, but her death feels personal to me, like a private force that incanted protective truths and wisdoms has disappeared. I have been reminded of a rule my parents enforced. If something really bad happened away from home, we talked it through, dealt with it on the front porch. We were never permitted to walk into my parents' house with any of 'that crazy outside stuff' within us.

In one of the obituaries of Morrison, I came across an edited excerpt from *Beloved*. 'Anybody white could take your whole self for anything that came to mind. Not just work, kill, or maim you, but dirty you,' she adds. 'Dirty you so bad you couldn't like yourself anymore. Dirty you so bad you forgot who you were and couldn't think it up.'

My parents understood this and sought to protect all seven children to keep us in touch with our values, our self-worth. My heart fills up because it worked. I didn't understand why until I read those words by Morrison.