Week seventeen! Only one week left! Make sure to take our end season survey and let us know how we are doing. (Go online to our website for the link if you do not receive a follow up email.)

Keep in contact with us in the offseason for updates! We're on Instagram, Facebook, and Twitter.
Student Gardens Updates

October 2, 2014 (Week Seventeen)

Weekly Produce

Solo Shares
- Summer Squash (Solo only)
- Kale
- Cherry Tomatoes
- Carrots
- Leeks
- Butternut Squash
- Potatoes
- White Onions
- Asian Basil

Medium Shares
- Lettuce
- Full Shares
- Delicata Squash
- Broccoli

Farm fresh eggs delivered for $6.00 a dozen!
This week’s fruit shares receive Johnny Gold’s apples and Concord grapes!

Experiences

Carth Woodruff

When I was a boy my dad worked in an office on 16th street in NW Washington DC. We lived east of town in a sleepy Maryland community close to the Bay. As a new driver I learned my way in and out of the city via my father’s instructions. He had traveled those roads so many times that street names had been replaced with muscle memory. Most directions passed my way in food prose, as I navigated solo for the first time, between errands and work. “Take Thirteenth Street in. When you cross the Maryland border you’ll see the Jewish deli on the right. Turn then at the donut place…you know the one with the…test left”. Mind you these “landmarks” were, at best, holed in the wall along a busy street of many delis. However, in my father’s mind, only one had that great marble rye, which was exact where I turned. Directions by taste, I think we all have memories triggered by our mouth. The taste of an inland lake is distinctive for me. I’ve swallowed many mouthfuls in open water races. If I splash into any lake for just one moment and lick my lips I flash back to races of my youth. Lake Michigan invokes different flavors, when I move forward on the boat there, and take a wave over the bow splashing water on my lips, I instantly jolt them for security and find myself feeling wistful. It took me almost a year before I realized I missed the brackish salt water of the East Coast so desperately. Lips and memories are amazing.

For years my parents needed me with smiles about getting caught under our grapevines. I waded in my back in the late summer grass reaching up, picking at grapes dangling just above my face, as fresh from the vine as if in King Solomon’s glory. Oddly enough I remember that exact moment not realizing they watched from the house. And, I really did feel I was royalty. It was exactly this time of year, where we can now drive in the Michigan countryside with the air heavy with the scent of grape. Harvest started this last Sunday at the University vineyard and it’s hard not to drift back in my mind to warm Septembers in Maryland. But it’s not just the taste that draws me back. Nor was it simply the best marble rye. It was the experience. Something happens in conjunction with these fleeting moments that ties our minds close to the simplicity of a taste.

Experiences held power. My good hound, Bennett, who needs me to work many days each week, lived a fast to pleasant puppy memory. Soon after we collected him from a retired hunter in Charlottesville, VA he had an awful run in. Whilst in the midst of innocently digging up a neighbors yard he came across a hornets nest. Screaming, as if William Wallace, he ran across the lawn for protection, but not before getting stung in the rump a good number of times. His poor tail healed quickly but not the memories of the experience. To this day, if any buzzing insects enters his truck or room he turns on defense mode. Cowarding, with his head close to the wall, he daffily searches the sky for said insect. Just last night we watched him literally go to war with a fat fly in our living room. This sleepy, lazy dog turns into a super hero with the slightest sound of a buzzer.
Experiences
Continued...

In those same Virginia days, I ran the Appalachian Trail that lay just a few minutes walk from our home. My route tracked from South to North before I slipped up a fire trail and headed home. During the hot days of July the woods offered a cool refuge for such adventures. It also offered some fine hunting. Each year about that time, droves of through hikers were headed from their starting point in Georgia to Virginia on their way North. Small clusters of friends or romantic couples closely mingled together, days on end in their own silence, plodding away at the miles of trail. Every group headed in the same direction never crossing paths for all were going the same way at the same pace, except for the 210-hour runner that was sleeping up behind them unexpectedly and unannounced. The first hikers that I came across in those years nearly jounced out of their skin as I bounded mindlessly past them. Not a word, weeks of quiet, and now something was leaping over their backpacks. I became sensitive to it, realizing from the looks on their faces and the screams that I was making years off good people's lives. So, I started yelling, “on the right!” It didn’t help. I remember once a guy pushing his girlfriend into the trail as he kept deep into the trees. I never realized that hikers sucked just like moths. Oddly, this forest encounter always ended with a smile from the hiker and an expletive on how scared they were. Ah yes, hikers, Appalachian Killers, and the manner of death all going down in infamy. Talked about around campfires from Lincoln, VA to Katahdin Maine, I made a simple hike in the woods a real experience.

Nobody would be surprised that we give experiences as gifts here at our home. When in doubt of giving opportunities we divert to experiences. In a world where we need something we get a gift that becomes complex. What do you get people who honestly have all they need? As a matter of a fact, most people lament the dust collector gift that will only fill another box in another dusty closet. Lani turned 42 in August. We have a small house and no need to fill it with things that we ‘kinda’ like and we honor the power of a good experience. So, it was something new for 42. Three laps around the Chicagoland Speedway at over 160 miles an hour in the Mark NASCAR, exhilarating in a few minutes, but the experience will last forever. Nobody needs to dust it off and we don’t have to pack it up the next time we move, because it lives on. Experiences mark milestones in our lives unlike anything else.

Vegetables are good, they taste good, they make a meal beautiful and they fill our lives with wonderful health. Local organic vegetables raised by young farmers working their way through school only add to that excitement. Arriving at my office, where the basket has been dropped off, as I sat in some solom meeting, flowers in a pot and fruit aside, is an experience. Bringing them home and picking through the Easter basket of green and red with my wife every Thursday is an experience. Getting things that I never knew existed and finding that I was about to run out or something in life, is an experience. Our house will be sad this winter without our basket, but a milestone has been marked. So, if I’m humped into and asked for directions to some place in Benzie, I hope the receiver doesn’t mind if I say “When you get off campus you’ll see a farm on the left…you know the one with the…they’ve got the best…um right. Then just past the vineyard with those Concord…”

Chef John’s Colcannon Recipe

INGREDIENTS

- 3 large russet potatoes, peeled and quartered
- 2 tablespoons butter at room temperature
- 4 ounces kale, trimmed and chopped
- 1 leek, light parts only, rinsed and chopped
- 1 bunch green onions, chopped, white and green parts separated
- 2 tablespoons butter at room temperature
- Salt and ground black pepper to taste
- ¼ cup heavy whipping cream
- 2 tablespoons butter, for serving
- ¼ cup green onions to garnish

DIRECTIONS

1. Boil potatoes in a large pot of salted water until tender, about 10 minutes. Drain and transfer potatoes to a large bowl. Add 2 tablespoons butter and lightly mash the potatoes.
2. Boil kale and leeks in a large pot of water until tender, 5 to 7 minutes. Drain and transfer kale and leeks to a blender. Add white parts of the green onions and 2 more tablespoons butter, blend until smooth, scraping down sides as needed, 1 to 3 minutes.
3. Stir pureed kale mixture into the bowl of potatoes and continue to mash. Season with salt and black pepper to taste. Add cream and stir until desired texture. Top with 2 tablespoons butter and green parts of the green onions.

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