



Patience: The good news is that Rob has lots.

You really need patience in October, when the storm clouds loom on the horizon but the grapes are still on the vine. To pick or not to pick, that is the question. "Patience" said Rob, "Patience."

So we waited. . .the bad storm clouds burst, the heavens opened and the Pinot gris drank up those tumbling raindrops, and then the sun came shining through. "Hooray!" said the Pinot gris. The birds sang sweetly, the children frolicked among the vines as we picked the plump, ripe grapes . . .And then we crushed 'em!

Patience is a perfume of orange zest and freshly sliced honeydew. Orange, tangerine, lemon drops, peach nectar - fresh juicy, vibrant fruit flavors. The wine rounds out with sweet pear, nutmeg and memories of warm sunshine moments after the storm.



OK, OK, here's the technical stuff, if you must know:

- ⦿ Wood? Would you?
- ⦿ Sugar? Uh-huh.
- ⦿ Acid? Oh yeah.
- ⦿ Alcohol? Ab-so-lute-ly!!

But the really good news is,  
about that patience thing?  
You don't need any. At all.

Not anymore.

Twist -- and pour.

Ta-da!

*Progress...*



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