



SWALLOWTAIL FARM

All the Food that's Fit to Eat

Week of November 25th, 2009

THIS WEEKS BASKET



Sweet Potatoes
Salad Mix
Arugula
Baby Turnips
Lettuce
Mixed Herbs
Mustard Greens
Radishes
Jalapeno Peppers
Lemons
Tangerines



RECIPES:

Pumpkin Seed Encrusted Tofu

24oz firm tofu (or meat of your choice),
cut into 8 rectangles
6 tbs cornstarch
4 large egg whites
1 cup panko (Japanese bread crumbs)
1 cup shelled pumpkin seeds
1/4 cup salt
2 tbs sugar
1 tbs Hungarian sweet paprika
1 tsp garlic powder
1 tsp onion powder

Stack several layers of paper towels on work surface. Arrange tofu on towels; drain 30 minutes, patting tops dry occasionally.

Whisk cornstarch and egg whites in shallow dish until cornstarch dissolves.

Grind panko and pumpkin seeds in mini processor; pour crumb mixture into another shallow dish. Mix salt, sugar, paprika, garlic powder, and onion powder in small bowl.

Working with 1 piece at a time, sprinkle tofu on both sides with salt mixture. Dip tofu into egg-white mixture, then crumb mixture to coat on all sides. Place on rimmed baking sheet.

Add enough oil to another large skillet to reach depth of 3/4 inch. Heat oil to 350°F. Fry tofu, 4 pieces at a time, until golden brown and crisp, 3 to 4 minutes per side. Transfer fried tofu to baking sheet in oven to keep warm.

Pickled Radishes

8 small radishes,
(sliced or quartered)
1/4 cup white wine vinegar
1/4 tsp sea salt

Mix radishes, white wine vinegar, and 1/4 teaspoon coarse salt in small bowl. Cover; chill overnight. Serve over a salad, add to your favorite sandwich, or eat them whole!

Sautéed Radishes

Melt 1/4 cup butter in skillet, add 1lb quartered radishes. Cook, stirring constantly, until tender but still crisp, about 5 minutes. Add lemon juice, salt & pepper, and serve.



"The succulence of sautéed whole radishes will make you wonder why we don't cook these feisty little roots more often"

- FARMER JOHN PETERSON



THANKSGIVING PRAYERS

Earth who gives to us this food,
Sun who makes it ripe and good,
Dearest Earth and dearest Sun,
Our loving thanks for all you've done.
Blessings on the meal

Blessings on the blossom
Blessings on the fruit
Blessings on the leaf and stem
Blessings on the root

So, I have been giving thanks for the past three weeks, and realize suddenly that this fits. There is so much to be grateful for at this point in my life, I could hardly begin to enumerate. For that I am grateful also...

There is a lady who lives out in the woods east of east Gainesville, out beyond the outskirts, in the lake country, where the sandhills kindle rosemary and scrub pine, and the deer walk soundlessly in sugar sand. There is a little driveway called Honeysuckle Lane, which takes you meandering through fairy circles of deer moss and drops you gently into a potent garden by a little lake. The dwelling is like a beeswax candle, earthy and practical. There's a piano on the porch that I play when I visit, and a sour orange tree watching patiently over the front stoop. You walk right into the kitchen, straight to the heart, upon entering the door, and there is always food cooking, and more food and fresh-baked bread on the butcher block table in the middle of the room; the heart of hearts, the holy of holies. She pours lemongrass and kava tea, and feeds me, and she asks how the garlic is growing. I visit less often now that I'm out here on the farm, but she's with me more and more, because she was my very first gardening teacher. Thanks to you, Gloria.

There is another lady, who lives among grandfather live oaks and a grandmother magnolia, and a mama of a maple, in a little nook in town. She's busy a lot of the time and pouring her big beautiful heart into her work, meeting people often, but if you're lucky, you'll find fresh-baked bread on her cutting board too. She is someone who feels like the back of your hand when you speak with her, because her eyes sparkle and her mischief only makes the alchemy more magical. It doesn't undermine the sweetness that hangs like

a halo over her beautiful smile. She will teach you things, she will make you laugh like a child, and you can learn how to be a child again in her presence, and in the presence of her children. Sometimes, if the time is right, the primeval impulse to dance takes hold of her, and you had better watch out. She'll have you dancing too. There was a day in my life, one of the best so far, when I was in a gorge, in a river, and she was there, and we played like otters. And a day in the woods, with her swollen belly, and she held the sublime expression of a doe, teaching me to breathe. And nights over tea, when the whole wide world was only right where we were, sitting, breathing and talking a little about a lot. And a day by the creek, at sunrise, when we just knew our hopes, our dreams, with wide open eyes full of unknowing and wonder, and a little bean in your sister's arms, and the only feeling I had was supreme love. When we threw tobacco on the ground, and prayed for rain, our prayers were answered. You brought it with your pure heart. You have nurtured him with your pure being. And then you taught me grace by bringing him a sister. If I know humility, it is because of you, if I know generosity, your heart has been my greatest teacher; and above all, it is through our friendship that I know love, truly and deeply. To my good good friend, my deepest thanks.

May you all know the blessings of friendship and love this Thanksgiving.

With peace,

Noah Shitama
Swallowtail Farmer

Shared by you:

“Jeanne, my friend from Switzerland, was delighted with the basket filled with such lovingly tended produce. Such a beautiful pumpkin squash! I smile remembering it now.”

“I dove into our first ST crate, and started enjoying the bounty immediately: radishes, yum!!! Thanks to you, and your wonderful helpers for your hard work, and your dedication to something you (obviously) strongly believe in!”