



SWALLOWTAIL FARM

All the Food that's Fit to Eat

Week of February 10th, 2010

THIS WEEKS BASKET

Salad Mix

Butterhead Lettuce

Kale Medley

Carrots

Collards

Fresh Herbs

Sprouts: *Mung Bean or Lentil*

Grapefruit

RECIPES:

Moroccan Carrot Slaw

10 medium carrots
1/3 cup mayonnaise
pinch of salt
1/4 cup sugar
heavy squeeze of grapefruit juice
1/2 cup raisins
2 teaspoons curry powder
teaspoon minced garlic, clove or green

Wash the carrots, peel and grate. In a large mixing bowl whisk together the mayonnaise, salt, sugar, grapefruit, raisins, curry powder, garlic. Add the carrots and toss to combine. Serve immediately or refrigerate for 1 hour to serve cold.

Butterhead Salad with Grapefruit Dressing

Butterhead Lettuce
Baby Arugula
Parmigiano-Reggiano cheese

DRESSING:

chopped shallots or green onions
1/2 grapefruit
1/2 lime or lemon
1 tablespoon white balsamic vinegar
2 tablespoons olive oil
Spoonful of honey
fine sea salt
freshly ground pepper
finely minced fresh rosemary

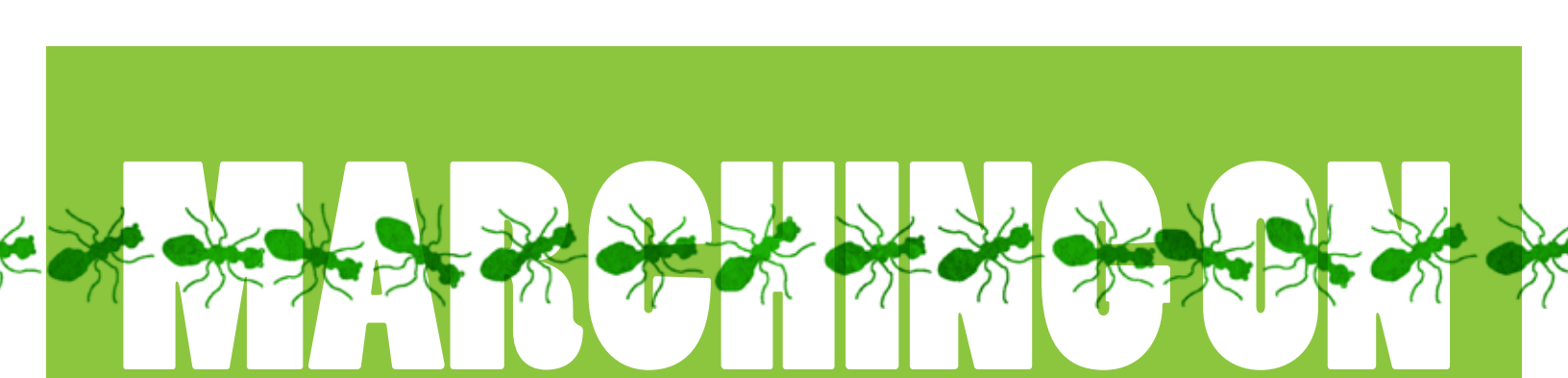
Add dressing ingredients to a bowl and squeeze in grapefruit and lime/lemon. Whisk ingredients and let sit.

Arrange baby arugula and butterhead lettuce in a salad bowl. Toss with dressing. Slice Parmesan cheese over top.

add slices of grapefruit over the top.



MARCHING ON



When the stars shine during the daylight hours, we don't feel them, for the closest among them overwhelms the rest. We dream, we imagine, but difficult as it is to acknowledge, we have limited capacities for what we can experience at once; our focus is our reality. I have been experiencing this limit in the past few weeks. It has seemed almost dreamlike in its demand for my focus on the doing of things, the living of life. Nearly too material and experiential to be real. And yet, it recalls motorcycle maintenance, or being here now, and I feel it is what it is supposed to be, and I am where I am supposed to be...

The Saturday before last, it poured rain, and we had a work party at the Garden building a greenhouse for the little ones of spring. I was at the hardware store at 7:30 in the morning, thinking what a bummer it was that the day all of these folks (Ed, Alissa, Wade, Chris, Annie, Zach, Ivor, Aaron, Mary...) were willing and able to come and help, it was going to be sopping wet. But everyone came, and we worked right through the rain, and moved a compost pile and dug posts out and put new posts in and built the frame of the greenhouse in the pouring rain. And we liked it. I think that's what our grandfolks would have said, anyway. Really though, I wouldn't trade the comraderie of it for anything.

This past Saturday, Tim coordinated a visit by the Saints for Sustainability, a student club at Santa Fe College. They all caravanned out as early as could be hoped for, and Zach set to setting them to task, though they made short work of his lists, and we ended up just in wonder at the fact that we're doing something for our living that people are willing to spend their Saturdays helping with of their own volition. Yes, of course we want to spend our own Saturdays doing this work, but when it comes down to it, so much of what I feel that I hope for in life is to be doing something meaningful, that affects the community beyond the work itself, that is a relevant contribution to the positive changing of tides and times, that accommodates the notion of true evolution of our cultural spirit, that is a symbol of our collective and cooperative striving for betterment for ourselves and one another. Something that accomplishes something good enough to want to share; that in fact must be shared to be accomplished at all. Are we so lucky to have found something like this?

Michael Pollan was on Oprah the other day, so I heard, and to me it just served as a symbolic affirmation of my suspicions that the vigor and vitality of this CSA is partly just dumb luck; an accidental miracle of timing. When else has there been a more conscientious (and mainstream!) investigation into the nature of food in any of our lifetimes?

Also, I keep feeling that when we find something that we feel not merely inspired to work toward, but literally compelled to get to work with it, maybe it's not destiny at work. Maybe it's not a calling in the traditional, personal sense. Perhaps we are merely ants marching, acting dutifully for the the hill; bees hustling for the hive. Except that we are blessed to have an acute awareness of both our individuality and our purpose. Or cursed, depending upon our take on the situation; if we feel purposeful, if our lives feel meaningful, then it is sweetness. If not, we feel a heaviness that is often unbearable. If we are vigilant, if we maintain an awareness of this responsibility, we are able sometimes to align our daily living with our sense of purpose. And here we can experience something meaningful.

This coming Saturday, the UF Organic Gardening Club is planning a visit. It will be a new moon, and a root day by the Biodynamic calendar. We'll plant some carrots and turnips and radishes and hopefully cut up seed potatoes for planting. We'll hoe and weed the roots in the field, maybe layer some compost. We'll be working hard, trying to fill the new greenhouse with spring seedlings, and the shadehouse with a final flush of greens and cool weather plants. There will be children and mothers and fathers and grandparents and students, and when we're done, we'll have a picnic.

With humble thanks to Michael Pollan and Oprah, and especially to our bee minds – may they guide us well,

Noah Shitama
Swallowtail Farmer



Always do right; this will gratify some people
and astonish the rest. - Mark Twain