



# SWALLOWTAIL FARM

All the Food that's Fit to Eat

Week of June 16th, 2010

## THIS WEEKS BASKET

- Golden Queen Sweet Corn
- White Quennebec Potatoes
- Red Pontiac Potatoes
- Sun Gold (Cherry) Tomatoes
- San Marzano (Roma) Tomatoes
- Belstar (Slicing) Tomatoes
- Flame (Gold) Tomatoes
- Japanese Eggplant
- Cucumbers
- Sweet Peppers
- Spaghetti Squash
- Elephant Garlic
- Peaches
- Flowers

All of our love and thanks!



## RECIPES:

### Stuffed Acorn Squash

- 1 tablespoons brown sugar
- 1 tablespoon butter, melted
- 1 large acorn squash, halved and seeded
- 2 tablespoons olive oil
- 2 cloves garlic, chopped
- 1 small green pepper, finely chopped
- 3 green onions, chopped
- 1 yellow squash, cut into thin slices
- 2 roma tomatoes, cut into thin slices
- 1 cup garbanzo beans, drained
- 1/2 cup raisins
- 1 1/2 tablespoons ground cumin
- salt and pepper to taste
- 1 cup uncooked couscous
- 1/2 cup fresh basil, chopped

Preheat oven to 350 degrees.  
 Arrange squash halves cut side down on a baking sheet. Bake 30 minutes, or until tender. Dissolve the sugar in the melted butter. Brush squash with the butter mixture, and keep squash warm while preparing the stuffing.  
 Heat the olive oil in a skillet over medium heat. Stir in the garlic, pepper, and squash, cook 5 minutes. Mix in the garbanzo beans, raisins and green onions. Season with cumin, salt, and pepper, and continue to cook and stir until vegetables are tender.  
 Pour water or broth into the skillet, and mix in the couscous. Cover skillet, and turn off heat. Allow couscous to absorb liquid for 5 minutes. Stuff squash halves with the skillet mixture to serve. Top with fresh basil and roma tomato slices.

As human beings, our greatness lies not so much in being able to remake the world - that is the myth of the atomic age - as in being able to remake ourselves.

-Mohandas Gandhi



WHEN THE DEW IS GOSSAMER in the infinite spool of morning cobweb, there is a stillness to the air that is dispelled by the morning sun. Life exults at the promise of another day, eyeing redemption with hope. Birdsong lifts the dreaming veil, and the sun peels back the layers of night to reveal the old world renewed...

In the heat of this wicked June, nothing is spared the indignity of wilting. The squash wilts, pleating its leaves to accommodate the discomfort. The potatoes have withdrawn their ambition safely away into the ground. The corn is peaking, showing milk in its plump kernels; supplication to the earth mother. And still its leaves are humbled, brought closer to the earth by the daily drought of midday sun. Simply and gorgeously, the plants speak a visual language in order to facilitate naked symbolism; sunflowers, spaghetti squash and sweet corn are all sun-hued; golden in ripeness.

So it's time to pause. The time is right. This heat is not meant to be one's adversary. It is too heavy of a cloak to do battle in. Resistance is a sweaty mess. Instead, we are reminded of the limits of our energy; we arrive at exhaustion, in a hazy dream state of confused purpose and a sensation of disoriented swimming. The air is thick and hot.

I'm having difficulty writing these thoughts. I think it's because I'm sad to end the weekly

get-together at the market, sad to quit providing a means toward healthful eating for all of your tables, sad to say goodbye for a while. At the same time, there is no sweeter feeling than finishing something truly beautiful. We can let it rest, give it new shape, address its challenges, give it refreshment from a repetitive existence, give it renewed purpose and invigorated charisma. It's time to strengthen this endeavor. To consider its weak points and heal them with proper consideration, care, strategy. We grow and heal in sleep, bodily. We must rest to regenerate.

I am so grateful in this moment to be able to consider this a rest. For that implies that we will be resuming what we have been doing. It has worked! Bless it, for all our naïve courage, our stupid gumption, our irreverent ambition. For the unfounded faith you all placed in our vision. For the support- material, spiritual and otherwise- Rick and Jane have so graciously bestowed. For the snail-paced, evolution-scaled shift in consciousness that has, through some miraculous, epiphanic revelation (and Michael Pollan), gifted our endeavor with perfect timing, here and now. And for Zach's utter resolve and dedication to something so voraciously demanding of our time and energy. For all of these things, I give thanks and am utterly humbled with gratitude.

In hopes to see you all again come November, when summer is a memory and the air is bright and crisp once more.

All my blessings,

**Noah Shitama**  
Swallowtail Farmer

*A Prayer for Courage*

I wanted to write a small word about the oil spill in the gulf of Mexico. It is my highest hope that we are blessed with the insight to truly consider the symbolism and potential that are emerging from this cataclysm. It is my deepest prayer that we use this moment as an opportunity to consider authentically and sincerely what our relationship to oil has become for us, and how we can honor ourselves and our children and our children's children and our mother earth by having the courage to evolve beyond the place we've found ourselves. May we have the courage to ask ourselves and one another, "How do we do this?"

Let's just sit with this question for now, for the answers are all around us. We only have to look.