



SWALLOWTAIL FARM

All the Food that's Fit to Eat

Week of June 2nd, 2010

THIS WEEKS BASKET

Crookneck Squash
Red Pontiac Potatoes
Sun Gold Tomatoes
Cucumbers
Zucchini
Carrots
Garlic
Scallions
Basil
Flowers!

RECIPES:

Cucumber Pickles

6-8 pickling cucumbers
Dry fresh dill
2 cloves fresh Garlic
Dry mix pickling spices, or combine equal parts dry ginger, coriander, mustard seed, allspice, and bay leaf
1 red or green pepper
Salt
Vinegar

Soak pickling cucumbers 3-4 hours. Crumble dill with 2 tablespoons of pickling spices, 1/3 of one red pepper. Add fresh garlic, 1 1/2 tablespoons of salt, 1/2 cup vinegar. Stir together with 3/4 cup of water. Cover ingredients with water in a glass dish enough to cover cucumbers. Leave 2-3 days. cover jar with cheese cloth or linen to keep any flying critters out but so the pickles can breathe.

Green Onion Tomato Cucumber Salad

1 long Japanese cucumber, peeled and sliced thin
2 tomatoes, sliced thick
1 bunch green onions mild sweet onion, sliced very thin
1 tbsp. fresh dill
2 tbsp. oil
1 tbsp. white wine vinegar or lemon juice
2 tsp. sugar
1/2 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. white pepper
Parsley

Layer cucumber and tomato slices in glass serving dish. Combine remaining ingredients, except parsley. Pour over salad. Chill 2 hours before serving. Garnish with parsley.



Vegetables are a must on a diet. I suggest carrot cake, zucchini bread, and pumpkin pie.

-Jim Davis

It's hot.

The songbirds have just about pushed the last little ones over the edges of their spring nests. The strangely wet May has brought the corn on to lofty heights, and the millet is greening the rusty earth. We have begun planting sweet potato slips from the sprouts of last year's remainders. We have also been planting Seminole pumpkin seeds with wicked mischief here and there, in full knowledge of the awesome consequence. These vines are no joke, no gardener's plaything. They are greedy for space, and will take what's given and then take more. The watermelons are a week away from sweet red ripeness, and the eggplant is beginning to thrive in the solar glare.

The bamboo in the field has become a sort of sea of perches for all the birds now. Bluebirds, mockingbirds, cardinals, wrens, jays, crows, hawks, doves... they're all out there with us, flying in the understory of the avian flightpath traced by their grander cousins: great blue herons, snowy egrets, an occasional kite, and even a pileated woodpecker today. They are our attendant pest control, and a sweet chorus to boot.

Time is relentless in its passage. Tayeko clocked her 4th revolution round the sun on Saturday. It feels unreal that we will have the space to pause and reflect, to gain the panoramic advantage of retrospection, and soon! How many times Zach has wistfully uttered, "Next year..." this season. How many times have we discovered the inefficiencies of first-time experience! Only the long view, the gaze from above, gives us the generous gift of full disclosure; of our brilliance and our folly too. When we can sit down and consider what has taken place in this garden these past seven and a half months; how many people it has nourished, how many seeds it has sprouted and grown to fruition, we will I'm sure be overwhelmed with gratitude. For now, we our hearts and hands remain steadfast in the dirt, gritty and prayerful.

Bluebirds and nightshades for all,

Noah Shitama

Swallowtail Farmer

