

Hoquiam Farmer's Market News - Spooner-ful Edition

Local News

Posted by: Anonymous

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Have you noticed the new paint gradually transforming the Hoquiam Farmers Market building? The Barn Red color is quite a change from the dull putty color of the past. As with any major project, it created a cascade of other repairs- the place has never looked so good! Our Organic Produce delivery arrived this morning and I'm still not quite sure where I'll find room for all of it! The eastern Washington fruit is finally ripening; Peaches, Apricots, and Plums are here, with much more to come for the rest of this month. If you are interested in cases of fruit for canning, let me know. I can order it and give you a box price. If you are willing to go with Non-Organic fruit, the price is considerably less.

The Spooner Raspberry season is winding down, next week may be the last of the raspberries. Friday morning is the beginning of Blueberry season, and we can make a fabulous offer for you Blueberry fiends who can't get enough of this berry! A twenty pound box of Blueberries for \$60.00- now that's a deal! The offer is good for orders only, be sure and let us know if you want a box. The flats and half flats will be the same price as Raspberries; \$19.50 and \$12.00. These berries are coming to us from the Black River Blues Blueberry Farm. We have a full range of great Garlic this week- petite heads all the way to enormous elephant garlic the size of a softball! Green Beans are especially good right now, priced at only \$2.89 for certified Organic. Your favorite yellow Crookneck Squash makes a delectable stir fry, especially if you add some of Ruth's Zucchini, Pat's Sugar Snap Peas, and of course, garlic. Toss in some of Anthony's sausage and you have a meal fit for a Food Network star. Pickling Cucumbers can also be ordered by the box- with the caveat that these are not certified Organic. I won't put them out on the tables due to that, but will special order them and sneak them into your car. Don't tell anyone. Dill is also here, only \$2.99 for a large bunch. Gary has been promising to bring corn over from Wenatchee any day now, I'll keep you posted. We went on vacation last week- lucky you, here is my report on the perfect week! Once each year we make The Great Escape. The anticipation of shedding our dependence upon modern civilization is the bait that sees me through stress-filled days. As the time of our departure grows near, my well-worn checklist becomes committed to memory. The basics have long since been set aside in bear proof containers, and the ugly but serviceable old van has been checked out by the dependable team at our favorite service department, who deem it drivable for yet another year. Then there are the treats that I stockpile for this trip. Special books, a pretty vase, and always- my recent issues of Victoria magazine. I have the last three issues set aside, ready for each page to be savored. I love good magazines, so why is it that so many are set aside for this particular time? Here is my stack of Mary Jane's Farm, Smithsonian Magazine, Cooks Illustrated, and Mother Earth News, all untouched, all dearly loved, all of them filled with such great articles that I refuse to allow them to be quickly skimmed and then cast aside. These are magazines which define my everyday life. All the more reason to hoard them for a time when life slows to a pace that was normal one hundred years ago. Once we arrive, I put a few in my backpack and hike to the river. The spot called 'Ranger Hole' sits perched above the Duckabush River, where dragonflies make elegant sweeping turns above the churning waters. The river here is forced into a deep chasm, the damp canyon walls dotted

with delicate Maidenhair fern, Vine Maple, Ocean Spray, stunted Cedars, and Faerie Bells. Here it is that I find complete serenity. Out come the hoarded magazines and I am free to absorb the wisdom of other women who are consciously striving to achieve a well crafted life. It seems that the key lies in simplicity and embracing the opportunities that exist right in front of us. Then there are the treats that I stockpile for this trip. Special books, a pretty vase, and always- my recent issues of Victoria magazine. I have the last three issues set aside, ready for each page to be savored. I love good magazines, so why is it that so many are set aside for this particular time? Here is my stack of Mary Jane's Farm, Smithsonian Magazine, Cooks Illustrated, and Mother Earth News, all untouched, all dearly loved, all of them filled with such great articles that I refuse to allow them to be quickly skimmed and then cast aside. These are magazines which define my everyday life. All the more reason to hoard them for a time when life slows to a pace that was normal one hundred years ago. Once we arrive, I put a few in my backpack and hike to the river. The spot called "Ranger Hole" sits perched above the Duckabush River, where dragonflies make elegant sweeping turns above the churning waters. The river here is forced into a deep chasm, the damp canyon walls dotted with delicate Maidenhair fern, Vine Maple, Ocean Spray, stunted Cedars, and Faerie Bells. Here it is that I find complete serenity. Out come the hoarded magazines and I am free to absorb the wisdom of other women who are consciously striving to achieve a well crafted life. It seems that the key lies in simplicity and embracing the opportunities that exist right in front of us. Then there are the treats that I stockpile for this trip. Special books, a pretty vase, and always- my recent issues of Victoria magazine. I have the last three issues set aside, ready for each page to be savored. I love good magazines, so why is it that so many are set aside for this particular time? Here is my stack of Mary Jane's Farm, Smithsonian Magazine, Cooks Illustrated, and Mother Earth News, all untouched, all dearly loved, all of them filled with such great articles that I refuse to allow them to be quickly skimmed and then cast aside. These are magazines which define my everyday life. All the more reason to hoard them for a time when life slows to a pace that was normal one hundred years ago. Once we arrive, I put a few in my backpack and hike to the river. The spot called "Ranger Hole" sits perched above the Duckabush River, where dragonflies make elegant sweeping turns above the churning waters. The river here is forced into a deep chasm, the damp canyon walls dotted with delicate Maidenhair fern, Vine Maple, Ocean Spray, stunted Cedars, and Faerie Bells. Here it is that I find complete serenity. Out come the hoarded magazines and I am free to absorb the wisdom of other women who are consciously striving to achieve a well crafted life. It seems that the key lies in simplicity and embracing the opportunities that exist right in front of us. Back at the log cabin I look around, marveling for the umpteenth time that a family of four once lived in this tiny place. There are ancient journals that give glimpses into their lives; water was hauled over the river trail, salmon and deer provided the foundation of the meals, the vegetable garden and orchard were necessities. Visitors were scarce, trips to a town even more rare. The cabin still echoes with the laughter and love of the families who have lived here. As I prepare dinner in the dimming light I feel the sisterly presence of the other women who hauled water and wood for the ones they loved. In this tiny cabin every inch of space had to be put to good use. My bouquet of wildflowers is too large, it sits outside my kitchen window where I can still be refreshed by its opulent beauty. A plump floral soup tureen was left by another visitor, and a paper thin antique teacup. Little treasures that bring joy far in excess of their value. In this setting one china teacup becomes a beacon of beauty. At home I have many lovely teacups, their intrinsic beauty lost in the jumble of far too many possessions. So I fantasize about what few things I would bring if I move to a remote mountain log cabin. I would need lots of books, a hooked rug that my grandmother made, a well-used teapot from Scotland- could I possibly find room for the piano? My filled canning jars would decorate the open shelves instead of being relegated to a cupboard in the basement. Pretty writing paper and a good supply of my favorite pens- email isn't available here. Quilts lovingly crafted from dresses that my

mother once wore, the painting that my father made for his mother. Good sturdy boots and work gloves would zoom to high priority, but clothing would be severely limited. When we return home I will keep these memories close to my heart. I will marvel at the hot water that flows from the tap, the golden light that fills the room at the flick of a switch. I'll try to not pay attention to the clock so much, we'll invite friends over for dinner even if the yard hasn't been mowed, and all of us will cherish the peace of a soft summer evening. I will give thanks for the abundance that surrounds us each and every day of our lives. Barbara Bennett Parsons, manager of the Hoquiam Farmers Market, where old fashioned values are cherished. Call us for special orders, 538-9747. Deidra is back from vacation too, ready to make summer easy for you- call her at 538-5880!