

Hoquiam Farmer's Market News - Labor Day Edition

Local News

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As always, late summer brings a veritable cascade of fabulous food! In ancient times our ancestors realized that they needed to amplify their intake of fresh food in order to exist through the harsh days of winter. Well, Have we ever got the healthy food for you to stock up on! As I write this to you, Gary is unloading his truck with fresh picked corn, peaches, and pears direct from Wenatchee. Gary is our favorite provider of exquisite fruit & corn. He has a place in Humptulips, which is the only reason he is able to bring such great stuff over to us and keep the price affordable. Red Globe Peaches \$2.00 per lb Star Crimson Pears \$1.25 per lb Bi-color Corn .60 per ear We also have oodles of lovely Carrots, picked this morning- \$2.39 per bunch, new crop of Red Potatoes- \$1.49 per lb. Gorgeous Organic Tomatoes; field ripened Romas and big fat round Tomatoes, \$1.59 per lb. Tender Lettuce, delicate and delicious- \$3.00 per lg. Bag Leeks! \$1.59 per lb.

Did I mention that we have Zucchini??? Oh, yes, we have Zucchini! .99 per lb, but the big boys are a mere .99 each! Perfect for making and freezing mega loaves of Zucchini Bread! Fresh stalks of Dill for making your pickles- \$2.99 per lg. Bunch Ginger Gold Organic Apples, just in, just picked- \$1.89 per lb. 4 kinds of Potatoes, 3 varieties of Onions, Yams, Beets, Garlic (5 kinds!), Broccoli, Summer Squash (almost as much as the zucchini!), Cucumber, Basil, and---- Drum roll please---- Chanterelle Mushrooms!!!!!!!!!!!! The Chanterelles are coming on strong right now and we have buckets and boxes of them! \$12.00 per lb., but if you mention seeing this email or our Facebook post, you can have them for \$10.00 per lb. Please stop for a moment when you visit the market and admire our two new improvements; the marvelous, luscious new Barn Red color of our building and the new fence enclosure around the covered porch. The fencing will save us countless hours of hauling produce and products inside, only be hauled out again the next morning. While I pride myself on being strong, there's a limit to how many 50 pound boxes a woman should have to tote around in one day. Labor Day weekend promises to be exceptionally gorgeous. Stop by the market for your fruit, veggies, pies, bread, sausages, and our happy smiles! Here are my meandering thoughts on the end of summer! Labor Day weekend is the warning bell, the 'last call' announcement that summer is drawing to a close. From now on every single moment of sunshine is doubly precious and must not be squandered. If we have another day when the temperature is hovering around 80 degrees and your work can be postponed, go play! I have great admiration for people who play well. Growing up into a responsible adult too often results in discarding playtime. When you were a child no one had to teach you how to play. Give a child a stick and some dirt, they'll figure out how to have a fantastic time. It boggles my mind to see stores packed with boxes and packages of neon bright plastic toys. Here is a simple truth; the more toys you have, the less you value any toys. This truth holds for both children and adults. Playtime wasn't structured when I was growing up. There weren't carpool or play dates to manage our playtime schedules. Summer hours evaporated in a blissful haze of rolling in the grass, playing dress-up, reading, riding bikes, discussing issues of the moment with my doll- just playing. Experts are quick to point out the value of developing motor skills and cognitive function- the child only knows that playing is the path to happiness. Adults lose sight of the path as life becomes serious and we have to make our own peanut butter and jam

sandwiches. There are hard things to do, like work and relationships and putting a roof over your head- stuff that matters. But never, ever forget to play. At the end of my life will anyone criticize me because I spent an extra afternoon walking in the woods? Will I get a demerit for laughing myself silly while enjoying a long lunch with a dear friend? A few years ago my husband and I were practicing our playing skills on the upper Wishkah River. It was a particularly warm summer day, so of course we waded into the river to cool off. We stood there, knee deep in that pure crystal clear water, grinning from ear to ear. The trees rustled lightly with the kiss of a breeze, dappled sunshine transformed the surface of the water into a shimmering palette of luscious colors. Neither of us moved, knowing that perfection never lasts long. Then a splashing sound caused us to turn. A group of River Otters came tumbling down a little waterfall, letting out chirps of joy, twisting and turning, romping and playing, diving and tagging each other. It was unrestrained and exuberant, with no consciousness of anything except the completeness of the moment. We knew that we were being given a rare gift and dared not move or breathe. At last one otter surfaced directly in front of us (I'm sure that he had just tickled his sister). His startled eyes caught us beaming at him, but the spell had been broken. If this is the last memory that I ever have in life, I will be content. I long to be able to abandon myself to play in the same way that the otters did on that summer day. I want to be one of the otters and learn to live so completely in the moment that nothing else matters. Children and animals know the secret. It requires an effort for me to keep play a top priority, but I'm teachable. The world is filled with more magical summer days, and Autumn is my next most favorite time of year. Barbara Bennett Parsons, otter at heart, manager of the Hoquiam Farmers Market by day. 538-9747, call to have us hold items for you!