

Burnt Hill Winery...About Burnt Hill Farm...The Food...Thoughts on hunting...Heading Back to Wisconsin...

All, Ciara and I went to dinner at Burnt Hill Winery (www.burnthill.farm) It was a special event that she had been planning on since she knew that I would be visiting. Just the two of us, as Pablo was occupied with work. It was an opportunity for us to reminisce about our history, talk about the present, and explore plans in the future.

About Burnt Hill Farm...

There's a reason that I provided their website in the first paragraph this column. I will never do the place justice within the a word picture that I might create. So, I encourage the APT Group to explore the website.

The farm is 117 acres with 35 of them under cultivation. In addition to crops, all organic, there are honeybees, long-wool sheep, and woodland hogs. [Note: The woodland hog should not be confused with the everyday hog. They are aggressive and tend to escape, to the chagrin of neighboring farmers.] Please visit the website.

The Food...

All organic. Flavors that were exquisite. Presentation delightful. The staff is very welcoming. Our server, Chelsea, works there on the weekends. Otherwise, she is a principal at a D.C. middle-school. Prior to that she was an FBI agent, dealing with some very serious organized criminal activity. A very interesting person, who also happened to be qualified for a Smith & Wesson 9mm. That's quite a pistol. I prefer my Smith & Wesson 38 caliber revolver (2-inch barrel and nickel plated. On the strap it is engraved Detroit Police Department. I don't carry it, though I am licensed to do so. Hope no one is shocked by this revelation. I hunt, too. Pheasant & deer. Also, trap shoot.)

Thoughts on hunting...

I do not believe in trophy hunting. People who seek to kill an animal to simply to boast the fact that they "bagged one" repel me. On the other hand, hunting for food make sense. When I am out hunting for deer or pheasant, I am always with my family from the Ho-Chunk Nation. We are there to put food on the table. We also enjoy each other.

Some people are very opposed the idea of hunting. I recall an incident that I may have mentioned before in the column. I was in a restaurant in Madison, WI when a woman I knew noted that I had a Smith & Wesson patch on the jacket that I was wearing. As I walked past her table she reacted to it by asking me how I could be so cruel as to hunt.

This was an opportunity for me to test my skill being tactful. (Not my most highly developed skill.) I pointed to her plate, the steak that she was enjoying, and asked, “Are you under the impression that the steak that you are enjoying was a volunteer?”

She responded with, “That’s different.”

I thanked her for skillfully illustrating a distinction without a difference. And I was on my way.

Heading back to Wisconsin...

Time spent with Ciara is a treat beyond description. It has been that way ever since she was 4 years old. She has been a very good influence on me. There are times that I am certain she knows me better than I know myself. (During this visit she has made it clear that I don’t drink enough water.) In addition, she has motivated me to get a bird feeder; we will be going to the bird feeder store tomorrow. I’ll put it up when I get back to Black River Falls. It will be Ken’s All You Can Eat Spot.

Ciara enriches my life. I am very lucky.

First yawn...

Until tomorrow...

Ken

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