



“Eating is an Agricultural Act.”

- Wendell Berry

In Your

Box

Pie Pumpkin – All smaller edible varieties; Baby pam, New England Pie and Winter luxury

Rutabaga- the key ingredient in beef stew

Kale

Carrots

Tomatoes

Leeks

Garlic

Celeriac – see the backside for how to love this

Winter Radishes

Next Week's best Guess: greens, onions, carrots, radishes, salad mix, sweet potatoes, parsnips, tomatoes, Rutabaga

Pizza specials of the week – Bluegreen

Veggie – onions, blue cheese, kale, peppers, basil pesto, **Marghie the Pig –** Basil Pesto, Bacon, Heirloom tomatoes, Fresh Mozz, **Fall Feast:** Squash Sauce, Canadian bacon, spinach blue cheese

News from the Farm

Welcome to Week 19! Still no frost!?!? I'm rolling with it but it's a little freaky. I picked my last field tomatoes on 10/10 and my last cherry tomatoes for preservation yesterday 10/11. The latest day ever. I keep putting off the tomato hoop house renovation as the spinach waits patiently in flats and the tomatoes keep producing. Though they did slow down a bit with the fall chill.

Last week I was reading a food blog by Dan Nosowitz called the AWL from December of 2014. He was writing about Winter Radishes and in describing the Black Radishes he gave a very frank but very helpful description. Much of the blog was harsh. He said it was too much in most dishes you would traditionally put winter radishes in and maybe the hardest single ingredient he works with. “But, one way I've used it that worked came from my own heritage. The Ashkenazic Jews, connoisseurs of shitty root vegetables and fatty cuts of meat, have figured out a way to use this donkey of the vegetable world in a way that makes total sense; treat it like horseradish.” I grow the black radish because I love diversity of crops and diversity of variety. It is good for CSA and for health. I also grow it for its aesthetic beauty. Starkly black on the outside and pure white on the inside. It is really one of the most stunning things I raise, though I wrestle with eating it myself. Though profane his insight was liberating to me. That bit of advice allowed me to stop trying to praise the black radish for something it wasn't and love it for what it was. The first way I'm using it will be for a fall pizza I love called Horse On Pig. It features Ham slathered in a horse radish aioli. I'll substitute black radish and do a side by side. It is way easier to harvest. Last year I had to get the horseradish with my skidsteer. Though I'll have to change the name. What do you think?: Donkey on Pig **Have a delicious week- Tony, Riley, Ted and Maple**

Farm to Table Recipes Gleaned By Your Farmer

Roasted Radishes and Root Vegetables with Rosemary and Mustard from oneotacoop.com 1

pound mixed radishes and other young root vegetables: radishes (any variety), parsnips, carrots, new potatoes, 1 Tbsp butter, melted 2 Tbsp olive oil, A few good sized sprigs of fresh rosemary, 1 ½ tsp minced, the rest cut in, Kosher salt, ½ tsp onion seeds, ½ tsp mustard seeds, 3 Tbsp white wine, 2 Tbsp water, 1 tsp prepared coarse grain mustard, ½ tsp kosher salt, or to taste, Black pepper, to taste, 2" sprigs

Directions: Preheat oven to 400 degrees. Scrub radishes and other root vegetables. Peel, if necessary. If your vegetables are small, leave them whole, but if any are really large, cut them into 1, 2, or 3" pieces so that everything is approximately the same size. Mix melted butter and olive oil. Mix 1 T. of butter and olive oil mixture with minced rosemary, and save the remaining olive oil and butter mixture for the dressing. Toss the vegetables with rosemary, butter, and olive oil mixture. Place vegetables, along with 2" rosemary sprigs, on a baking pan and sprinkle lightly with kosher salt. Bake them, turning occasionally, for anywhere between 20 and 40 minutes, until they are soft and have begun to brown, but are not dried out. Remove from oven. While vegetables are cooking, make your dressing. In a small frying pan or saucepan, over medium heat, warm 1 tsp. reserved butter/olive oil for a minute or so, then add onion seeds and mustard seeds. After about 30 seconds, when they begin to pop, add white wine and water. Turn heat to low, and cook until most of the liquid has evaporated. Scrape this, with any liquid and butter/oil still in the pan, into the remaining butter/ olive oil mixture. Whisk in prepared mustard. Add salt and pepper, sparingly, to taste, keeping in mind that you've already salted the vegetables. To serve, arrange roasted radishes and other vegetables on a plate and pour dressing over top of them. Garnish with more fresh rosemary, if you like

Ode to Celeriac
Constance Firosz

Succulent ruby tomato, lush and heavy
with the promise of pleasures to come,
Eggplants, peppers hot and sweet, milky ears
of yellow corn,
A tender fan of lettuce leaf,
Peas packed neatly in translucent pods.
I bite a melon, sun trapped in webbed rind and
Juice runs down my chin.
In the summer heat,
I do not so much eat as
Succumb.
Dinner is a seduction
Of Color, Passion, and firm moist flesh,
Each bite always the first,
Reckless and unthinking.

Too soon the earth lean away from the sun and
At the first rumor of frost,
My summer love shudders and is
Gone without a word
Alone now, I am besieged by
bulldozer blasts of artic air which
Pound the walls of the house and
Rattle the windows
Like a skelton
Dancing in a tree.
I wrap my arms around my ribs and
Rock and rock and rock and
Weep for summer lost.

It is then and unlovely knob, gnarled and lumpy
Surrounded by its aura of tiny roots, fine as any
Baby's hair,
Patiently remembers itself to me.
Simple in its Quaker gray and brown,
Unassuming steady, and
Clear.
Promising only to be,
The twisted leathery skin hides the,
Sweetness locked within;
An enchanted toad,
Spellbound waiting for release.

And so I light the fire, sharpen my knives, and,
in the
Winter's gloom, I work the kitchen magic.
Loneliess and dark are
shut out and obscured by steamy windows as
I peel and boil and mash with potatoes and
garlic –
Celeriac.

Heaped upon my plate, sprinkled with the bite
of strong
black pepper,
A little of golden butter courses down
And puddles beneath my fork;
I am filled and sated,
Humbled by the grace and generosity of my
Steadfast friend.

Summer will come again
And I will be foolish.
But when my fickle summer lovers abandon me
Once more,
Always there will be the solace of the faithful
the true,
The root-
Celeriac.