

The

Quarantine



These Unprecedented Times

Issue No. 4 - Its about Food

May 9, 2020

Hello Friend!

After two full months of quarantine, I am thankful that we still have food and all the glorious comfort it offers. This issue is an expression of gratitude for caloric abundance and celebration of the opportunities food affords. I seized the opportunity to share garden abundance by playing tomato supplier to the neighborhood this week.

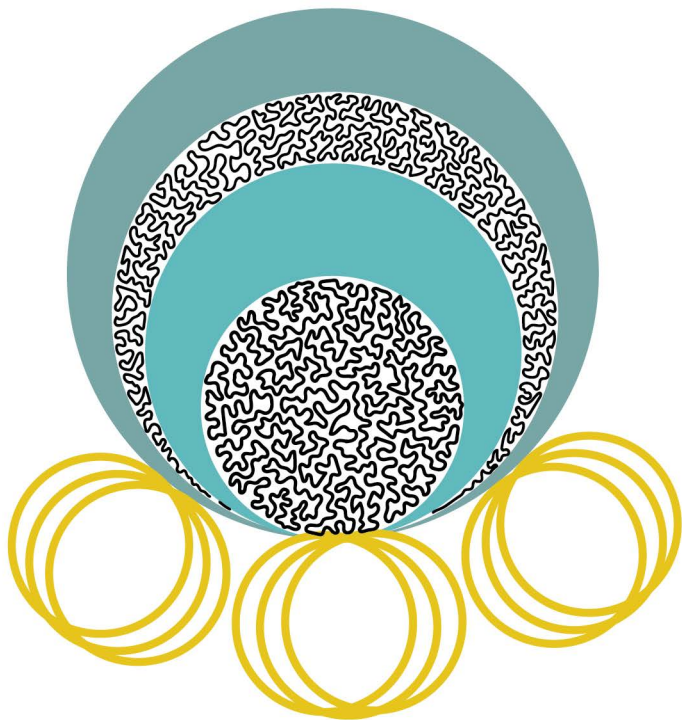
You'll also see food opportunities taken in Bethany Garrison's poem, "Honey", that uses food as a jumping-off point to explore experience of place, community, and permanence - all things very pertinent to our collective life.

I hope that you are finding a measure of abundance in your lives right now and are finding ways to share in it with others. Another hope for this time is to come out more appreciative of the connections we've made, lost, and the ones we can still open to. Food is a great tool for coming together - even when we're isolated.

Love,



Your Quarantine Queen



"I might be getting tired of squiggles"

**New Foods We've made
(since Quarantine began)**

Homemade Cheez-its

Sourdough pizza crust

Galette (Date, Pistachio, Honey,
Ricotta)

Homemade Poptart

Crackers

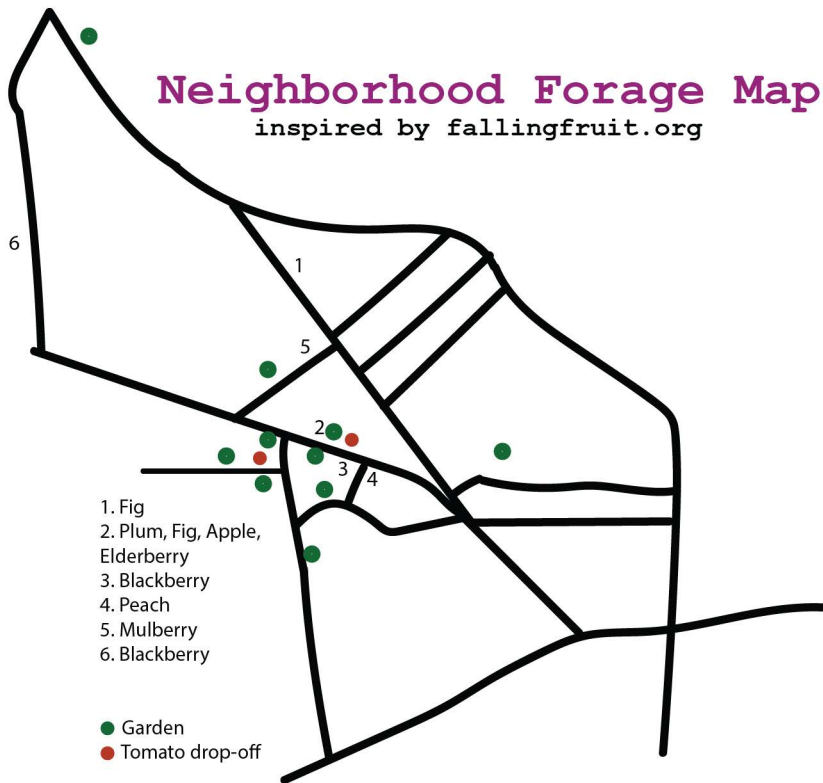
Salad Dressing

Rosemary Pesto

Bread Pudding

Neighborhood Forage Map

inspired by fallingfruit.org



Honey

Bethany Garrison

There was a man who used to sell honey on the roadside between two small mountain towns, the kinds with only two stop lights and one grocery each, those beautiful towns, and everyone knew this man outside of Macon County selling gold in Mason jars around the Savannah river, cars rolling twenty miles through the rhododendron under power lines hanging so low amongst the sad, split trees that you wondered if there was any electricity at all, but Honey Man always stood tall in front of a rickety cart, his mother's, tartan cloth over its oak, a smile under that white stache, thick and rough like his hands, like the snow piled on the side of the road, waiting to melt, waiting for spring, watching over the Blue Ridge, where I stood today in the wildlife viewing area, the local woman's words in my head: there was a man who used to sell honey on the roadside.

Garden Update



Everything is growing profusely. The brassicas are all flowering, berries are still green, but plump. Peanuts have sprouted. Harvesting greens, herbs, our first peas, turnips, and a spring bouquet!



The most beautiful loaf that
we've achieved thus far



The
End.