

Chapter 1 : Full text of "Grandma tales and others"

*Grandma Tales and Others [Will Vawter] on calendrierdelascience.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. This is a pre historical reproduction that was curated for quality. Quality assurance was conducted on each of these books in an attempt to remove books with imperfections introduced by the digitization process.*

I met a lot of winemakers and winery reps and tasted plenty of good wine. I have to think carefully about bringing on new suppliers, given the effort and up-front costs. But sometimes at shows you meet a winemaker and realize that you really like him or her, and you really like the wine, and your customers will, too. She has a hectare vineyard, and makes wine in Cessenon sur Orb, a small village near Saint-Chinian in the Languedoc. Her grandparents purchased plots of land when they got married, selling their grapes to the local cooperative winery. Her father, Jean-Pierre, initially became an electrical engineer, but he decided to take over farming from his parents, also continuing to sell grapes to the cooperative. Marion wanted to make her own wine, and so studied winemaking at university in Montpellier. She also began the process of organic certification right away. It was, and remains, particularly important to her, but she was happy to find out that her father felt the same way about it. After all, the real work of organic production happens in the vineyard, and Jean-Pierre is still the grape grower. Marion told me that Jean-Pierre has a real love of learning, and continues to study new environmentally-friendly farming techniques, even now in his 60s. His grape production had been practically organic for years, so it took no convincing to get him to agree. His first vintage was , a year after her first production. The fingerprint on it is from her younger brother, Antoine, who picked up a bottle of one of her first wines and inadvertently left his thumbprint on it. She decided to put the thumbprint on all her labels. The family vineyard produced only red wine grapes when Marion graduated, so she started making red wine. Her first vintage, in , produced a total of 2, bottles of various reds. She still makes one of those first blends today. In this case, it worked out as both. Marion decided his thumbprint was his seal of approval for the wine, so she now uses the fingerprint on her labels. She jokes that year-old Antoine joined the family business at that moment, whether he wanted to or not. He recently started doing marketing work for the winery. The Saint-Chinian wines all have interesting names. Profonde Gratitude means just what it sounds like in English. Marion chose the name because the wine is similar to the Vin du Garage she helped her father make when she was a child. She is, she says, still profoundly grateful to be doing something she loves and be part of a family business. Marion named it Petit Bonheur , which means little delight. It is that; fresh, light fruit flavors, with a beautiful color and aroma. She and Jean-Pierre decided they wanted to make a white wine. But life then was hard and so was the work — her grandmother Jeanne put her foot down, and even began to cry when her husband wanted to spend what was for them a vast sum of money on new land when things were already so difficult. Marion and Jean-Pierre decided to buy the land her grandmother had been so upset about. And also to tell that family story through the wine by calling it Les Larmes de Jeanne. No one will ever guess there are potato chips in there! Her Potato Chip Tortilla, a quick version of the traditional Basque tortilla omelet with potatoes, is delicious and easy to make. The recipe calls for 3. I asked Dorie for permission to reprint the recipe here and she graciously agreed. The recipe calls for a two-step cooking procedure, first in a skillet on the stove to set the sides, then under the broiler to cook the top. The sides of the top of the tortilla around the pan should also be set. Then, when you put it under the broiler, take it out before the top browns. It will continue to cook for a couple of minutes and will have a perfect texture. The finished tortilla, ready to serve. It pairs well with practically any wine.

Chapter 2 : Grandma tales and others - CORE

*Grandma tales and others [Adelia Pope. from old catalog Branham] on calendrierdelascience.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. This reproduction was printed from a digital file created at the Library of Congress as part of an extensive scanning effort started with a generous donation from the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation.*

See other formats PS Moon put her baby stars to bed. Busy fingers swiftly flying, As the needle bright is plying. AVilling feet on errands going. Tender Shepherd safely guiding, All the lambs from danger hiding. She brought both joy and sunshine, Entwined with many a yell, But she failed to bring her card, So we Called Her Nell. Old Time, so swiftly fleeting, Soon took this babe away; And left a busy school girl, Whose birthday comes today. May life be hi led with blessings " From good deeds done, we pray " For our happy little maid, Who counts Nine Years Today. Tell me, why do you keep Such wme secrets, sweet, Behind clear eyes of azure hue? While we long to fathom the mystery, And read a page of child history. Wise little maid of half-past three. What knowledge fills 3- our mind so pure? Brought from above our hearts to allure To purer thoughts: Wee, sweet mother of half-past three. May guardian angels watch over thee" Dear little maid of half -past three. ONE morning, on the nnrserly fioor, Transpired a dreadful scene! When animals began to ponr From cages, red and green. The elephant of calico, And chocolate mice of brown, AVere racing madly to and fro; It Jnite upset this town. A roly-poly woolen dog- That wobbled off to hide " Stepped on a plaster-paris frog, AVho then began to chide. The green glass turtle, Avith a lurch, Retired into its shell; A stuffed poll-parrot from her perch, Sent forth a mighty yell! A canton flannel polar bear, Glared at the camel tall. They formed the most ungainly pair That added to this squall. The mettlesome white hobby-horse, Ran off in reckless haste, Nor stopped to feel the least remorse. But onward quickly paced. Each one then tried with all his might. To Juell this awful strife; They wished to end the naughty fight, With which the air was rife. Fnl conscious of their war-like charms, They marched, with haughty stride, To rat-tat-tat of rubber drums" With flashing tinsel sword To aid their deadly wooden guns " Sweet peace they soon restored. Fireflies light their evening lamyjs; Katydids are chiding " Down among their mossy camps, Daisy -buds are hiding. Goldie locks and curls of brown " Lads and lassies, all go Tripping off to Bedford Town " On the river by-low. He iiiaked Mose stay there, too! HE was born, this prmois Christ-Child. For He came with Christmas blessings, Joy, good will, sweet peace to know; " All came with this bonny baby. Who was born so long ago. Joyful hosts of baby aDgels, Came to greet their tiny King; And they made the air of heaven, AVith their glad hosannas ring. He must do the work He came for, Live a perfect life below; Teaching man the way to heaven. And with "ood seed all earth sow. As our children count the presents, " Loving hands have made for them. Do they think of that first Christmas, And the Gift from Bethlehem? Lessons never were her joys" Not long ago. Have you met this little girl. Does she keep things in a whirl, Do you know? In the land of sweet lullaby. No day more perfect " no task half so sweet, As guiding the footsteps of toddling feet. Ah, me; life seems weary and long, When viewed from across a small grassy mound, In place of the once cradle song. But God has covered with blanket of green. Tiny feet wearied, by earthly hand led, Have strayed where angels in shining paths tread. The dear little hands have slipped from my hold, And reached for the Shepherd above; Who lifted my lamb to the safe Upper-Eold, Encircled by infinite love. A grieving mother, toward the Hills of lod. Will follow the pathway her baby trod. Chipmuck s livin clo st. If they shine with purpose, steadfast and true. The date was sweet iiiidsn miner day" When fairies weave their spell; In a tangled, old-time orchard, This carnival was held. There merry children long ago. Beside the winding branch; As it glided by, serenely, Toward ocean wide, perchance. The trees had each one promised To send a delegate; And the guests, thus highly honored. Accept with much elate. A Spy from way up North, they say. Came hastening down to greet The amber beauty, Bell Flower- In loveliness complete. So filled with haughty pride is she- Somewhat inclined to gloat. NoAv other fruit, more up-to-date, For honors with them vie. The program of the hour began AYhen all the guests had come, i That insipid fop, Ben Davis, Had kept them waiting some. But the speckled little Greenings, Tried, in their cheerful way, To smooth the ruffled feelings, And have a happy day. Toward the bars the lowing Jerseys, Are slowly drawing near; Whose bells chime on the evening air With tinkle soft

and clear. THE sun beams down in bright approval. The many bright lights of her signals, " To the vessels far out at sea. The shadow of rugged reefs, climbing Athwart the sand dunes, shining white. While low, sweet songs of the sea are heard ; - Composed by Omnipotent hand. He layeth the depth in His storehouse. While enroute to Nodway Town, and lo! These happy preparations recall the days of yore, When other merry children were deep in Christmas lore. Over-hanging rafters, decked with airy cobweb strands, " Hung "twixt rows of drying herbs, gathered by thrifty hands, " Caught sparkles from the hrelight" made pictures on the wall. When winds were whistling fiercely, sweet comfort twilight brings; Then hearken to the music " the tune the chimney sings. The child is gone," alas, we are nearing middle age. And in His love abiding, there are no doubts, no fears. For the coming of the Christ-Child " gift of God complete," Brings peace for every treasure we lay at His dear feet.

Chapter 3 : Granny | Define Granny at calendrierdelascience.com

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