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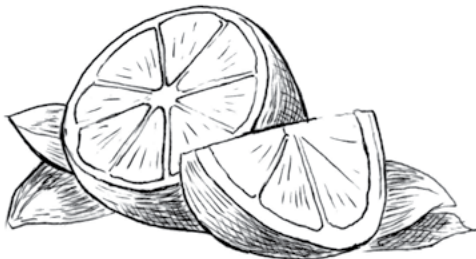
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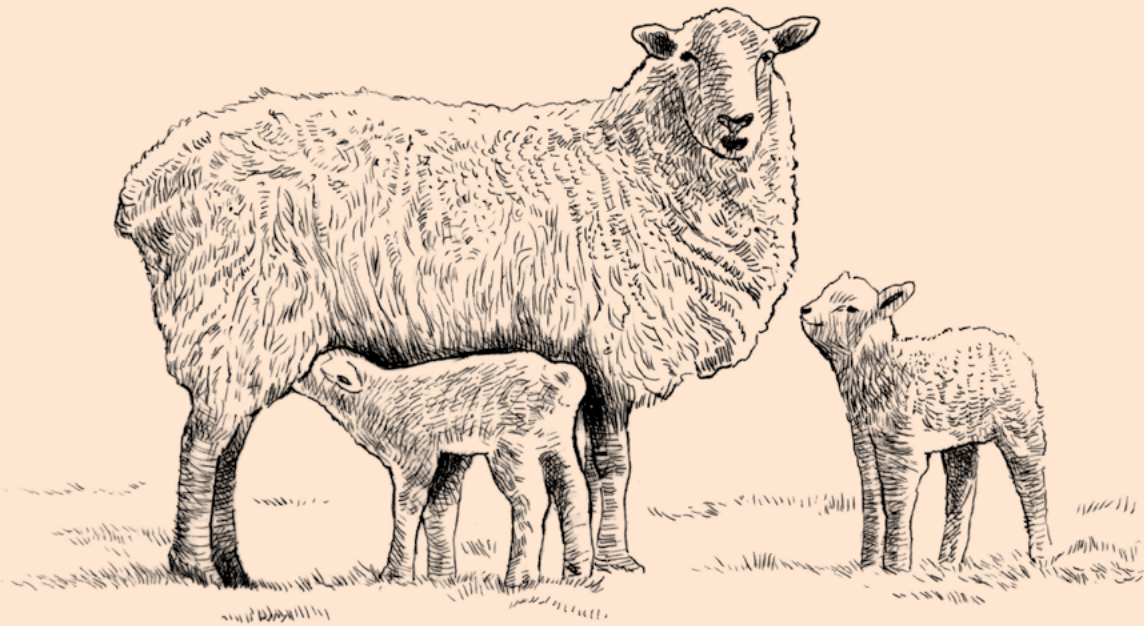
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Hemmed in by cornfields

and emerald grasses blowing in the wind, dusty two-lane roads wind and weave across the land with reckless abandon and little memory of the property lines that once defined their curves. Here and there they reach a small town, sleepy and bucolic – a timeless refuge from the modern world and the megacities that seem to have dominated the cultural focus across the globe in recent years.

Spring



SPRING

Life slowly returns on the farm.

As late February turns to early March, the daffodils begin to make their annual march from the frozen ground toward the warmth of the sun. Green shoots peek through, the first sign that spring will soon come. As the days gradually get longer, the crocuses join in. Color and life peppering the sleeping land.

For those with an especially thrifty green thumb, seeds are started in a humidity-laden greenhouse bought at the local Rural King or Tractor Supply Company, which stand out against the snow-covered land during the inevitable early-spring snowstorm. It is important to remember this is the most unexpected of seasons: some years the march of the daffodils begins in mid-February, some years it's days after the start of March. The best-made plans are often for naught as early growth and the hope of a warm spring is lost to an unexpected freeze.

Once spring comes to life, though, it becomes a symphony of colors as the bulbs, bushes, and trees join the triumphant march. The garden slowly warms as the fallow ground is broken and dried by the sun. Rows are marked; seeds for radish, snow peas, kale, and other root vegetables are sown, in hopes of garden-fresh dinners in the months to come.

In the house, the winter gives way to fresh daffodils, jonquils, and flowers and branches brought into the house, eggs dyed for Easter, and lettuce, radish, green onion, spinach, and kale brought in from the garden. A good spring clean and the home is ready for future guests; the swings rehung on the porch and in the yard. The feeling of life at the farm has truly returned.



“WE’RE CONSTANTLY LOOKING FOR WAYS TO GROW, AND IN SPRING WE START TO SEE THAT WORK TAKE ROOT ... SPRING ALLOWS US TO RECONNECT WITH THE COMMUNITY IN A BIGGER WAY.”

Lauren Palmer





I [tree] FOR YOU

PIN

Lonesome Pine Home

Texas



“I have this feeling deep in my bones that my town has the potential to be something great and I want to be a part of that,” says Hemphill native and resident Samuel Melton. In 2017 Samuel bought a dilapidated 1920 men’s clothing store on the square of this small east Texas town. He first established his shop, Lonesome Pine Home, in a rented space on the opposite side of the town square, before moving in after extension renovations.

“I moved from the big city [Dallas] with \$100 in my account back to my hometown to start a shop that may or may have not worked. I believe firmly in doing the dreams you have before it’s too late, and that’s what I’m doing now,” explains Samuel. His

vision for the store is the perfect mix of old meets new, with exposed plaster walls and a focal wall of old tin ceiling tiles that greets you as you walk in. “I grew up in this life of antiques and vintage, it is in my blood,” says Samuel. “I watched my parents hunt for those treasures all around the South as a kid. I grew into finding what I loved, which is furniture and things that have their own stories.”

Samuel’s largest project in this small town has been remodeling his great grandparents’ little house near the Sabine National Forest. “It has been an act of love to my heritage.” Old paneling has been replaced with large planks of 12-inch wood from his grandfather’s furniture store. The kitchen is lined



IN BOTTLES





A Southern Supper

Waltons Creek, Kentucky



A generation or two ago, community dinners were common. Today, though, they seem to have fallen by the way of black-and-white television or the rotary phone. I'd often seen photos from old gatherings here on the farm at my great-great-grandmother's house across the highway from mine. There were dozens of family members there, an endless number of dishes, all homemade, and it was all out in front of her house. As a kid I would dream of what it must have been like to attend a dinner like that ... I dreamed of one day hosting one on my own front lawn.

My friend Terri and I had been hosting events and workshops at my house for a couple of years when we decided it was time to bring this dream to life. We would host a dinner on the grounds at my house, every-

one and anyone could come – they just had to bring a salad, side, or starter. We'd provide the sweet tea, fried chicken and the desserts. Our only rule was no talk of religion or politics at the table; we wanted it to truly feel like a place where anyone was welcome.

That first year we had friends come from near and far, a mix of 50 people, some coming from New York, Tennessee, and Georgia, and many coming from just down the street. Our second year we had nearly a hundred gather under the old oak tree between my house and barn. Folks from New York, Florida, Oregon, and Texas all came to be a part of our rural community. It is funny how in many ways these rural places know no strangers and everyone is welcome as long as you're willing to take part.



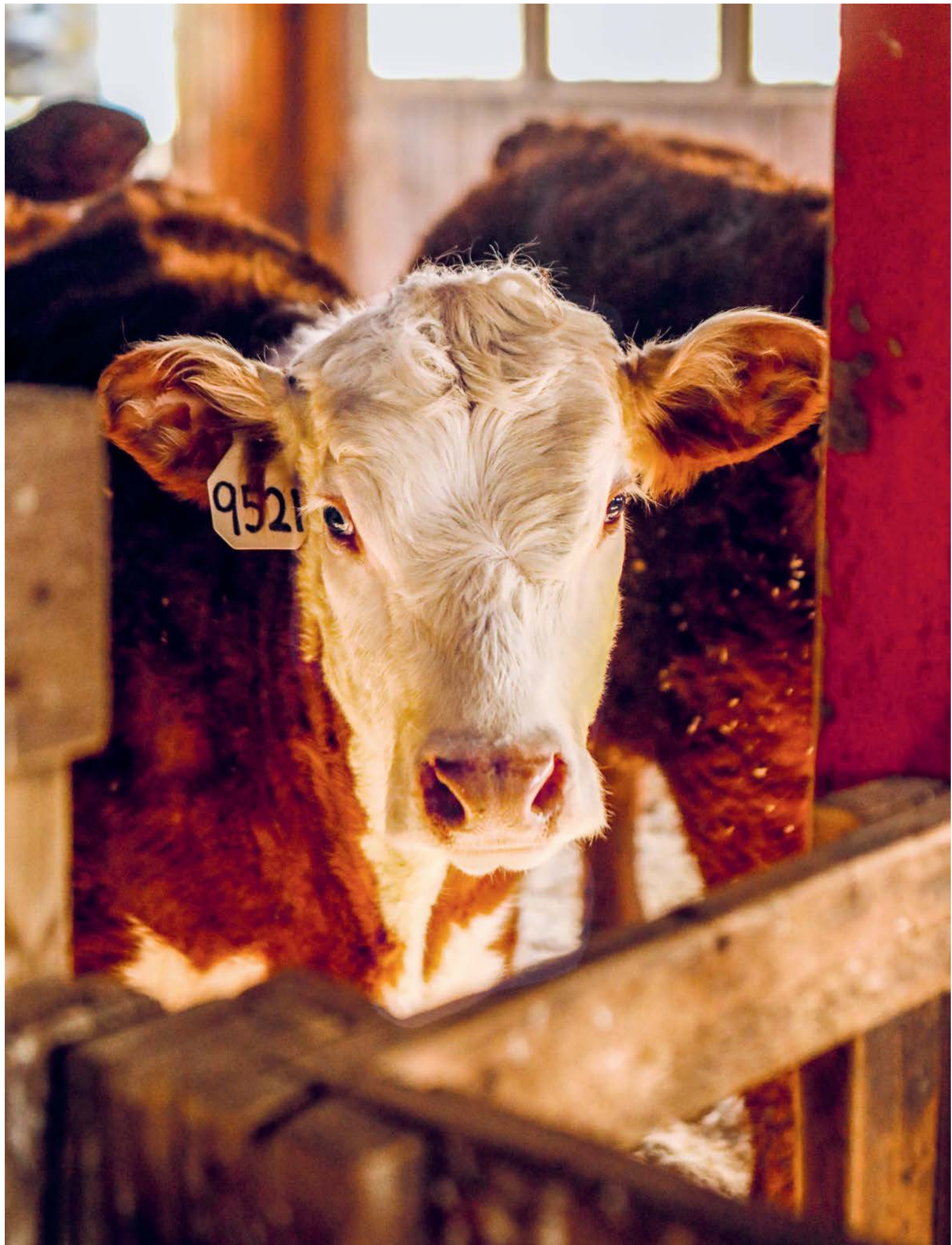










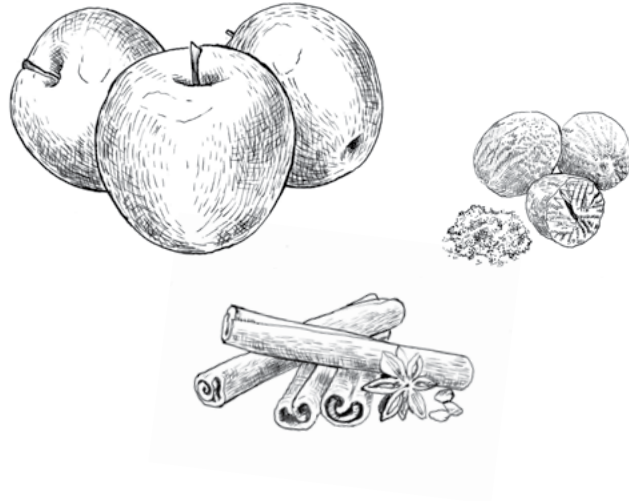




Cast-iron Skillet Apple Pie

INGREDIENTS

½ cup (110g) butter
 1 cup (210g) brown sugar
 2 pie crusts
 4 cups (480g) Granny Smith apples,
 peeled and sliced
 ½ cup (100g) sugar
 cinnamon and nutmeg, to taste



It absolutely isn't fall until the first apple pie is made. When you are baking, the house even smells of the season. This is truly a simple dessert that will always please.

1. Preheat oven to 350°F (180°C).
2. While preheating, add butter and brown sugar to a 9-inch (23cm) cast-iron skillet and place it in oven to heat. Remove once the butter has melted.
3. Place one of the pie crusts in the skillet.
4. In a bowl, mix together the apples, sugar, and spices. Fill the crust with this mix and top with the second crust.
5. Bake for 20–25 minutes and serve warm.