

# HOME GROWN

*by Tammie and English*



Grown on misty cliffs, near a mysterious ocean, where the fog is cold, and the nights are perplexing, and the terroir is confusing, and the women are complicated but the men love them anyway, and the elves dance under the blah de bah de blah . . . . .

Ok, no hogwash: we created Home Grown Farms because we wanted an everyday table wine with some soul. We felt an obligation to rescue the American week-night wine from its castration-by-corporation and bring it back to the farm. It's SO HAPPY here!! You should see the smile on its face and the trot in its boots. . . And now that it has rolled around in the the sweet hay awhile, we're ready to share it with you: weeknight wine with a little mud on its shoes.

Family-style, folks. The wine equivalent of a warm blanket or a deep belly laugh. Because things are just better when they're Home Grown. After all . . .even Elvis went on the air in a shirt that his mother made . . .