



Recipe of the Week

Quinoa and Braising Mix Pie

-adapted from *Wellcommons weblogs Linda Cottin's blog*

1/4 cup olive oil	1 tsp ground nutmeg and 1 tsp ground pepper
1 medium onion, diced	4 farm fresh eggs
1 pound greens, rinsed*	1/4 cup milk (dairy-free alternatives work well too)
1 cup cooked quinoa	1 uncooked pie crust

Heat oil in skillet and sauté onion until translucent. Stir in rinsed braising mix and cook until mix is reduced to at least half its original size, but leaves still maintain their shape. Stir in cooked quinoa and heat through. Stir in nutmeg and pepper. Spread mix into prepared pie crust. In separate bowl, whisk eggs and milk together. Pour egg mixture over greens and quinoa. Bake at 350 degrees for thirty minutes, until eggs are set and crust is golden brown. Serve warm as a main dish or a side dish..

Any combination of greens work. Try using the braising mix in your shares together with about half of the bunch of kale. You can adjust the quantities by adding more greens or more quinoa or more eggs. Or substitute a different seed or grain for the quinoa. You can also add shredded cheddar cheese (or gruyere for a different flavor). The quantities are not exact—that's what makes a recipe like this so great.

I'm not very good at making pie crusts. Several years ago I discovered frozen Wholly Wholesome piecrusts. They come in several varieties. I've used both the whole wheat and the spelt crusts, both of which are quite good. They come in a package of two, so I usually make two pies and either double the recipe, or make two different fillings for them. Try a savory and a sweet pie, for a main (or side dish) AND dessert!

(Continued from page 1)

make the best listeners with their big steady earnest brown eyes. His eyes were what did him in, though. He must have scratched himself on an unsavory object trying to get a fly out of his face and scratched his cornea. The eye became infected and was lost. The stress of the injury and not being able to run about and eat grass was just too much for him and he didn't get better, he got worse. On rainy days I miss rushing him out of the field and into the barn and how grumpy he would be the whole way there with his ears plastered back. I miss being able to talk to someone who wouldn't judge me, wouldn't tell my secrets, and was always happy to see me.

I can't even begin to explain what my special kitty Skittle meant to me, and rest in peace doesn't even cover it because I don't even know what to wish for her in kitty heaven. More than anything I wish that either she were still here or I was up there with her (kitty heaven's probably more fun than human heaven).

There are of course kitties and a doggy and lots of other animals left in our lives and things aren't all that different here on the farm—lots of new people and endeavors have begun but that has always been an evolving thing here. It's crazy how much you feel the absence of something or someone. After this semester I will begin to put my two starfish back together and pick up the weird little pieces and make one starfish again and we'll see where the little guy goes and what it sees and who it meets. Anyway, I hope you enjoy your veggies this week—they're one thing that hasn't and won't change about the farm any time soon—quality delicious yummys packed in a box (partially by yours truly this week) and delivered close to you to enjoy. Don't forget to share it and your love with your fuzzy friends because they aren't around for too long and they love us all too much. *(Rachel is Farmer Margie's daughter and a 4th year Printmaking art student at SUNY Purchase in New York)*

Tidbits **Going out of town?** Please make arrangements for someone to pick up your share. If you must abandon it that week, please let your site host know so they can find a home for it before it spoils.

Find past newsletters online! Go to www.beeheavenfarm.com, click on CSA, then Newsletters Archive. Use the search box to search 11+ years of information on crops & recipes.

Share your recipes! Email your recipes to: recipes@beeheavenfarm.com

Visit our **blogs:** www.redlandrambles.com, and www.beeheavenfarm.wordpress.com. In those blogs, you'll find links to other interesting CSA member blogs. Tell us about yours, so we can include it.



Farm Musings

by Rachel Pikarsky

Being away at college is weird. It means that I miss physically experiencing a lot of really important things here on the farm. Physically, but not mentally. It's like living two separate lives that sometimes come together but mostly just continue happening even when I am gone from each place. I once told someone that I felt like a starfish and like someone had chopped off one of my legs and sent it to New York when I went away for college and it had grown this whole other starfish that went on and did things and saw things up there and the rest of my starfish self just grew another leg and went on living down here and did things and saw things. It's hard to be in two places at once—in fact it's impossible—and it always feels so strange when I come back home and everything is the same yet different. As I approach my final semester as a student in the currently snowy tundra of Purchase, New York, I look out from my living room window here in sunny, abnormally hot South Florida and think about some of the things that have changed on the farm over the past few years.

The thing that sticks out the most to me is the absence of some close members of the family.

"He taught us the art of unqualified love. How to give it, how to accept it. Where there is that, most other pieces fall into place." In this particular quote by the author of *Marley and Me*, he's talking about a yellow Lab, which is the first absence I felt sharply when returning home for a break. Actually, I didn't feel it, I heard it. It was so quiet on the farm without Sunny. We had always spent so much time yelling, cursing, and grumbling about his incessant yapping. I would have to remind myself that while watching the Evening News I didn't have to turn the volume all the way up, and

that I could walk to the sliding glass door with food in my hand and not expect a barrage of noise, or that I could walk through the back yard and not get muddy paw prints all over my body (he was a bit of a jumper too)—and it was so weird because all of those unsavory things were what I missed.

Sometime later, our beloved Durian followed. But he didn't go out very peacefully. He was attacked. You may remember reading Marian's Redland Rambles blog post about coyotes infiltrating South Florida and a fat grey cat's picture—he became the poster child for this news. You see, coyotes kill in a very specific way. Duri had trotted past Death's sly teeth one too many times. Duri had arrived in a box, haphazardly thrown over the fence. He was so sacred that he had made quite a mess of things, so when we exposed his sweet grey face, he was a VERY smelly kitty. You know how you see some people and you think they're going to sound one way, but when they open their mouth they sound completely different? Well, Duri was like that—he had the softest little mew of a voice to go with his chunky self. Now, I know some of you have just started looking into tropical fruits and veggies. If you are familiar with Durian's name-sake perhaps this is unnecessary to explain, but for the virgins among you, Durian is a large, spiky, Asian fruit whose insides are custardy and delicious. Unfortunately, as evidenced by the fact that they are forbidden to carry on board mass transit in Singapore, Durian fruit is hideously aromatic. Hence our sweet, smelly kitty: Durian.

Another of our many Labrador Retrievers was next—Smart Cookie. She was part of our first ever litter of puppies.

I remember helping her dam, Coral, give birth to her. I basically grew up with Cookie. I would dress her up in different outfits—my favorite was cat detective (goggles, a scarf, sunglasses, socks, and a cat guide book). She was always so kind and gentle with me, never reprimanding me even when her outfits got to be a bit much. By the time I was in my sophomore year of college she was a sweet old lady with many an offspring and a beautiful lineage. Full of energy to the end, she protected the backyard—especially from hot air balloons that sometimes fly over the farm making weird noises. She hated those things and could hear them from miles away. Even when they were just a speck on the horizon, she would start with the barking. We'd go outside to see what was going on, having to remind ourselves to look up: and there it would be, a towering fire-breathing dragon of rainbow colors apparently hell-bent on destroying the farm, Cookie, her family, and everything.

"When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes." The next passing has been the hardest in a long while for me, in fact I haven't experienced such deep sadness since my last horse, Lucky Star, died. For many of you guys this is old news but for me it still stings fresh every single day. Bali was a silly horse. He was a Thoroughbred Percheron mix—that's big, powerful, and nonstop energy in case you don't know. He was a freak—afraid of everything—he even spooked at a butterfly once while I was riding. He was really easy to talk to because horses



It's rich, "organic", down-to-earth, user-friendly, and nourishing!

Featured Items

Braising Mix A spicy mix of arugula, mustards, mild pei tsai, curly red kale, and turnip green thinning, this versatile mix can be used in a variety of ways. Braise it with garlic and olive oil. Use it as a topping for pasta. Juice it—but watch out—the spicy mustards will lend a big kick to your juice. Cooking it tones down that spiciness a LOT. It's equally good sautéed, stir-fried, blanched, steamed or mixed into stews and soups. If you like the kick, eat it as a salad, as is or with some lettuce added in. Put it in a quiche

Avocados Avocado season is virtually over, but you can still find some of the lesser-known varieties, such as the Booth 3 avocados in the share. These avocados tend to be smaller and a bit gnarly, having hung around (literally) on the trees for several months, slowly growing to maturity. Since they're not sprayed with any pesticides or fungicides, they will show scars and blemishes. Still, it's good eating, for soon there will be none until late June.



Family Share



Mediterranean Share
Baba Ghanoush

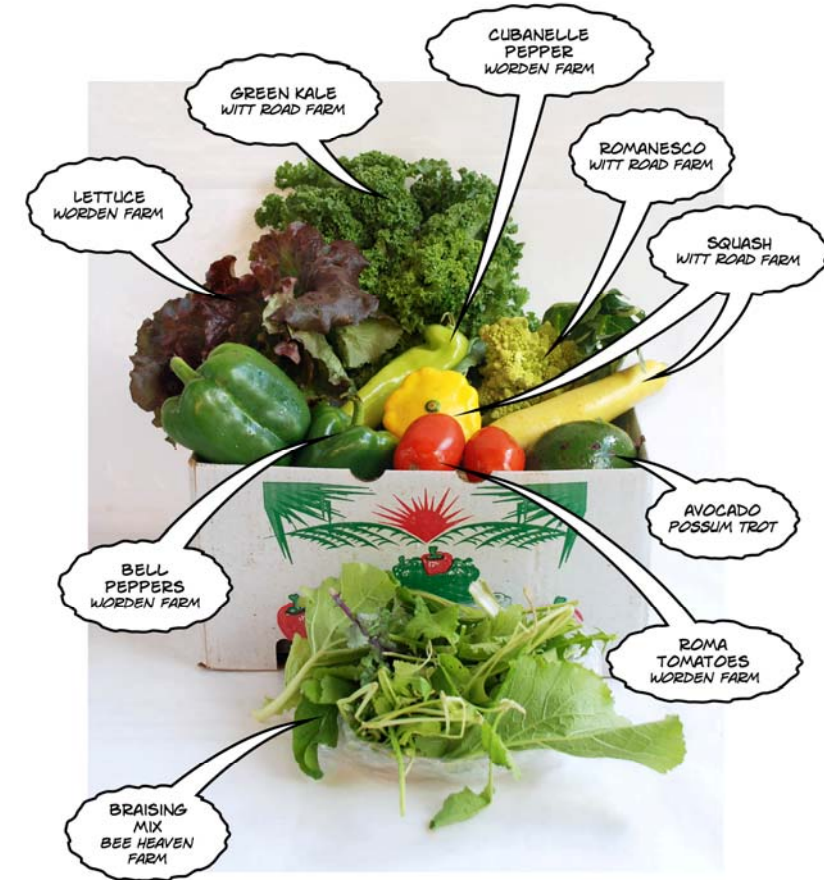


Cheese Share

About the shares... There are two sizes of box, labeled FAMILY & SMALL. Please make sure you've taken the correct size, and take ONLY what belongs to you. Options and special orders have YOUR NAME on them.

Would you like to know more about any share item, including more tips and recipes? We have all 11 past seasons on line in our newsletter archive. Our handy search function lets you enter any search term and finds all mentions of it in the archive. Just use this link to start your search: <http://tinyurl.com/bqu214f> or go to our website at beeheavenfarm.com and click on the link provided.

Have you created a simple or fancy recipe using the ingredients in your share box? Share it with your fellow CSA members! Email it to recipes@beeheavenfarm.com, and if you have a picture, by all means send it along. We may include it next time those items appear in a share.



Small Share

What does it look like? Every week, we include pictures to help you identify everything in your shares, especially those strange things you never saw before!...

Welcome, Trial Share members! We hope you enjoy your shares, and choose to continue weekly until the end of the season (April 19-20).