

BRETT'S TALES FROM THE PAST  
NO. 1

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During the harvest of 2004 I had slow to ripen  
Roussanne in the Yakima Valley that needed  
sampling to finally schedule a picking date.

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Denise assigned me the pleasure of taking care of  
our one year old daughter, Olivia. I loaded up the  
big red Ford F350 truck and headed out from Walla  
Walla. Olivia loved the "big red truck" because  
she could sit in the back up high and see all  
around.

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We arrived at the vineyard, unloaded Olivia from  
the car seat and let her walk around a bit. She  
wiggled into the backpack and after several squats  
and reverse deadlifts on my part we loaded up and  
launched down the vineyard rows. I would  
randomly grab Roussanne berries for my sample  
bag. For Olivia, I selected the most beautiful  
grapes, squeezed the seeds out, handed the grapes  
back behind my head for slender one-year-old  
hands to grasp and shove into her mouth. Every  
time I heard in the background "YUM!".

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That was our life in the 2000's, care for young  
ladies, make and sell wine when we could and  
somehow make it all work out.

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Now that Roussanne Gobbler is a beautiful woman  
studying Geology at Western Washington  
University.

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