

PAGE SPRINGS CELLARS WINE CLUB

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heard it on the **GLOMSKI** **GRAPEVINE**

IN THIS ISSUE

The Family Behind Page Springs

by *Eric Glomski*
Founder & Director of Winegrowing

It's the time of year when we sharpen our tools and brace for the cold, the wind, the rain, and sometimes snow. We get up earlier each day as the light allows, following the tilt of our planet, and begin the year's winemaking process of pruning. I'm at Colibri right now. There's a feel, a vibe and a texture to this place that I absolutely love. In character with the season, it's been windy, cold at night, but often sunny and pleasant in the daytime. Gayle and I sat out on the porch last night sipping on a drink in total, deafening silence. I mean...it's almost bizarre how beautifully quiet it is here. (I think we forget what quiet is...) The slightly waning moon was hidden by dense clouds (although it had risen full and brightly the night before), and we could barely see our hands in front of our faces in the pitch dark. What a luxury! Dark Skies! These things sustain me. And, what a luxury and support structure my family has been all these years at Page Springs. It has also sustained me.

I just finished reading all the articles for this newsletter. I wanted to wait so I could write something that would lend context to them all - pull them together and maybe clarify or explain any of the assumptions my parents, brother, wife, children or friends may have had in telling their stories. As expected, each article and writing style aligned with the personalities I know so well. It even dawned on me, that if I didn't explain some things, you might now even know

who each of these people are and how they fit in...

I'll start by explaining our family structure. It's certainly not average or normal, but these days, what is? Regarding our immediate family, Gayle Glomski is my wife, or, as I like to say, I am her husband (you would know why I say this if you knew her!). We met over 22 years ago and were both single parents at the time. We raised four kids that were very much ours. But for clarification: Gayle has two birth children (from her previous marriage), Zoe and Lilly Diehl who are now 25 and 27 years old. Zoe lives in Flagstaff and Lilly lives in Scottsdale. For my part, I have

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Gayle and Eric in Poppies - Ute Mountains, AZ

It was 20 years ago today
Our families joined together to play
We've been going in and out of style
But we're guaranteed to raise a smile
So may I introduce to you
The folks you've known for all these years
Page Springs Cellars' Family Heart Club Clan

Short Stories for the Curious:

by Gayle Glomski

This prompt has made me think about what it was like for our kids to grow up on a vineyard. It sounds really romantic but I don't think they felt the same way at the time. Before the winery was under construction, and we lived in the neighborhood, we visited the property often and spent full days playing hide and seek in the tall grasses where the vines now stand, swam and played games in the creek with our dog Mira, and had picnics and dodgeball games. Those were the days.

At the checkout counter in Sedona, our daughter, about 5 years old, told the lady in front of us who was buying wine, that she should really be buying her dad's wine. The woman asked me questions, eventually visited Page Springs Cellars and became a Wine Club Member. We ended up paying our daughter (maybe \$1 for her solicitations, LOL).

When the winery opened to the public and the kids grew a little more, they started to join in actual winemaking. The kids put on bathing suits, (bodies disinfected) jumped into a bin picking out small green berries that were not ripe enough to make good wine. Our daughter would hang out with Kris Pothier (now Co-Owner of Chateau Tumbleweed) in the tasting room trying to sell people Petite Syrah because they both loved saying 'Petite Syrah'.

As the kids got more involved in school, they decided that going to school and being with friends was much more exciting than picking grapes. Their wardrobes consisted of Page Springs Cellars T-shirts, and some of them wore them inside out because it was against school rules to wear shirts soliciting alcohol. When our son got in trouble at school, we brought him to the winery on school days to move rocks in hopes he would appreciate and want to go to school. One of the teachers (Bob Wentsch - also club member) liked that idea and hoped we would take on other

kids. Our daughter with her great palate, challenged herself in her first 5-ton fermentor 'dig out' and was really proud of her hard physical workout as most adults would scoff at the difficult task.

I'm often asked the question, when were these vines planted? This question forces me to reflect on memories to create an approximate equation. During a club member event we were putting cartons on the newly planted vines and insulating them with dried grasses. Our 4 kids were helping and when the task was done Eric started pouring wines. The kids were ready to go home. Our kids were just old enough to hike down the steep hill, jump across a large notch in the creek, and walk through the vineyard to the house. When we got home hours later, we learned that our daughter didn't make the jump across the creek, hit her knee on a rock and needed medical attention. I remember she was in middle school, so around 12 years old, so equation:
2024-12 years = vines 12 years old.



The Glomski & Diehl Kids in the Vineyard - the grade school years.

And the kids grew older, some decided to continue to rely on the winery for teenage jobs before they were allowed to legally work. One of our sons worked on our vineyard crew and eventually wanted to learn more about business. He started as a tasting room host to learn

about customer service and became an assistant to our financial manager for a summer. He ended up with a finance degree from NAU and is currently working as a successful wealth management advisor in Scottsdale.

Our daughter has been actively volunteering with the Vin de Filles project since its inception both in the vineyard and the cellar. She has worked here-and-there in the vineyard throughout her life, but from what I understand, doesn't ever want to work officially at the winery, and doesn't want 'family privileges' given to her. She wants to earn it on her own. Oddly enough, after her degree at ASU, she's been gravitating towards seed gathering, being in the nursery, and planting. She's been working at the Arboretum in Flagstaff and taking on contractual seasonal work mostly focusing on plants.

The third kid never got pulled into our scene after the play days. She joined the army as fast as she could after high school and we're proud of her dedication in supporting our country and other countries. She's been working high-end security jobs and currently keeping children safe at a Jewish school in Arizona. Recently, she's started to bring friends to visit the winery and comments on how she under appreciated the place growing up. Getting out of the city and finding fresh air is her medicine.

And you wonder what happened to the kid who moved rocks? He is still helping us by stepping in when we are short-handed. He steps in to save the day. Whether washing dishes in the kitchen, working with the vines or digging ditches to help our sustainability program, he's always willing to help out with a big grin. Now, he's found a passion that allows flexibility to help us but gives himself individuality. He is highlighting the magic of gems by artistically wrapping them in wire, allowing people to connect to and wear them. Full circle- his art is being sold in the tasting room.

Looking back, I think the kids had slightly bitter feelings about living far from town and friends, and that the winery could interrupt playtimes. I believe, now, looking back, they all appreciate what the vineyard, the winery, and the creek gave to us and how Page Springs Cellars still continues to unite our family. I think this was always Eric's goal for Page Springs Cellars. Creating a space for other families and friends to gather and celebrate every day for what it is, both the bitter and sweet times. Thank you Club Members for supporting us for 20+ years and being an extension of our family. Yes - Kool in the Gang, We Are Family

Glomski Grapevine

Continued from page 1

one adopted son, Joshua Glomski who is 28 and living in Sedona, and one birth son (from my first marriage) Joseph Glomski who is about to turn 25 and lives in Scottsdale. Josh and Joe are half-brothers. Gayle and I don't have any grandchildren yet, and we're glad our kids aren't rushing anything.

In the next generation up, my mother, Donna Glomski is "married" to my step-father Rod Young, and they migrate between New England and Arizona seasonally. My birth father, Terry Glomski (who is the only one who didn't write an article for this issue), moved from Chicago and now lives in the Phoenix area. He is the majority owner and general manager of Arizona Stronghold (Gayle and I sold our interest in Stronghold several years ago to focus on PSC). Additionally, I asked Rod to see if a close friend of his Bob Berg, who was a startup partner in PSC, would also write an article because he was an early "family" member. He agreed.

Now that you have the lay of the family land, I'd love to share some quick classic memories and some of the thoughts that reoccur in my mind relative to family these days.

Something that Rod and Bob were very gracious about in their articles was the process of teaching me the "business" side of the business. In my memory, I kicked and screamed a bit more than they let on (thanks guys). Like a lot of young visionaries, I was an idealist. It was about my quest, my art, and all that money stuff co-opted the beauty of my dream. I am so glad they put up with me. It took time and a lot of mostly 😊 patient coaching from Rod, but I gradually came to see how important it was to balance sound financial planning and management with the creative and artistic side of our business. In fact, I think it's a much bigger challenge to balance these two worlds than to just be an "artist" or a financial "numbers" geek. In the wine industry, if you just focus on the art, you're probably going to fail as a business due to mismanagement. If you just focus on the business you're probably going to fail because there is no soul to your effort, and you're not going to attract and keep people engaged in an incredibly competitive market.

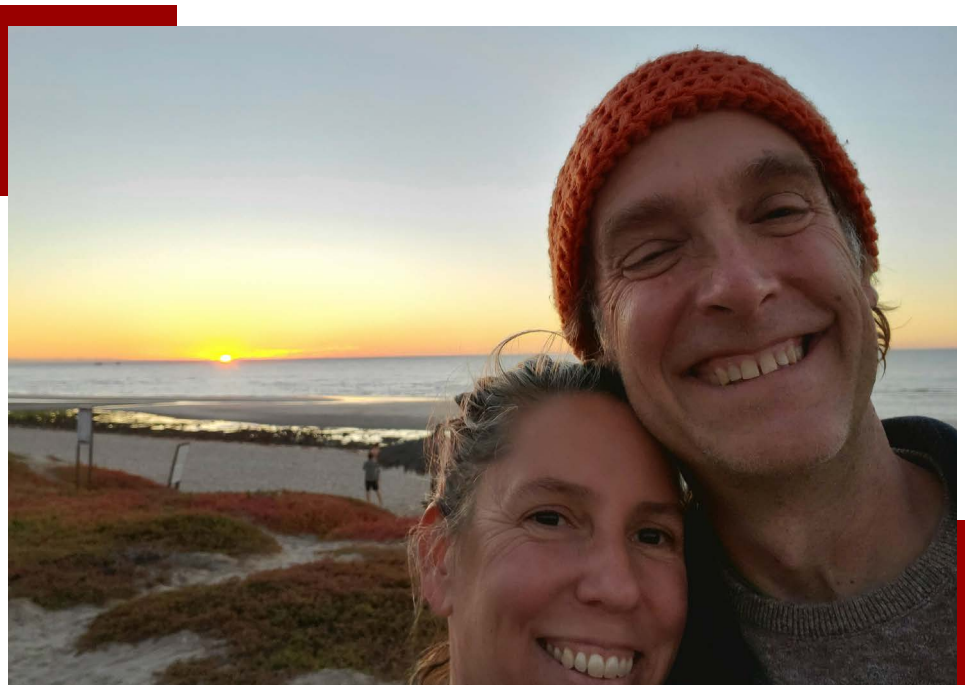
Another subject that someone in my seat constantly thinks about is succession. When I have traveled to places like France, Italy, Spain or Germany, I constantly come across vineyards and wineries that have been managed for generations by the same family. Young winemakers and vineyard managers stand on the shoulders of several generations of forefathers and mothers who have built, refined, and then re-refined their processes over centuries. This blows my mind! I can only imagine how much knowledge and nuance has been communicated socially and interpersonally, in both words and in practice over decades and even centuries.

As our kids have grown up, I have watched them over time, paying attention to each of their unique skills and interests. Our oldest Josh loves the outdoors, is creative, and has a natural knack working with his hands. It's no mystery that he is the one, to this day, that continues to work in the vineyard. He is also VERY engaged in his own art and jewelry business, and I am not sure he would ever want the responsibility of managing the scale and complexity of our vineyards. Our youngest daughter, Zoe, is also very artistic and has a GREAT palate. She cooks and tastes and smells like a seasoned pro. She has a keen eye for social justice and conservation issues (which I relate to deeply). She would make an awesome winemaker with real grit and soul. She also hates being in the limelight and basically doesn't drink... Our youngest, Joe, is extremely motivated, charismatic and is very interested in

business and finance. He lives in Scottsdale and works as a wealth manager in an area that is much richer culturally than... well...Cornville...and is filled with many more people his age. He could be a great GM and frontman, but I currently sense, on top of the cultural issues, that he (and all the other kids, for that matter) have watched Gayle and I work so hard over the years that he would never want to pursue this lifestyle. Our eldest daughter went in the military after high school and now works in security at an Israeli school in Scottsdale. I could be wrong, but she has never expressed the faintest interest in this business (which, of course, is fine).

Because I know it is likely that our kids will read this newsletter, especially since they wrote articles for it and want to see their words in print, I have to qualify my statements: While it would be cool to see a family member take over the business, I have never expected it. In addition to never expecting it, I am not attached to the idea. As so many of you know, all you want for your family is for them to be happy. Yes, you want them to challenge themselves, grow as beings, and experience all the trials and wonders of life - but really you just want them to find peace and contentment.

My family is diverse and amazing. Gayle has been incredibly resilient and inspiring as she has grown through these years. My parents have been incredibly supportive (especially my mother!) and the kids all survived. Not bad.

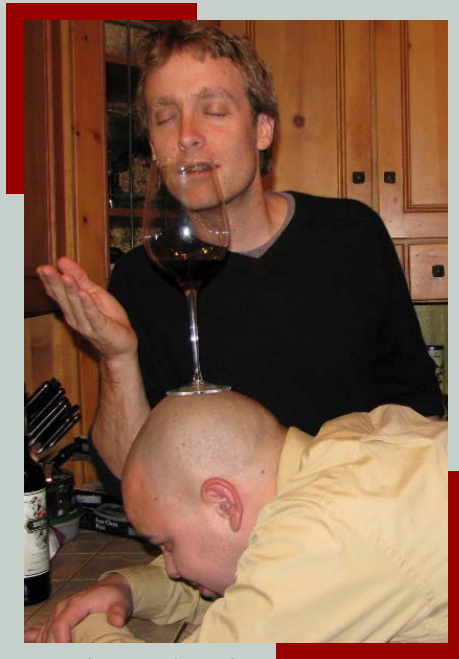


Eric and Gayle at the Sea of Cortez

TWO DECADES AGO

by Donna Glomski (Eric's Mother)

It is hard to believe that Page Springs Cellars existed as an empty field with a massive bull and two horses taking up residence, alongside dilapidated buildings infested with insects and rotted wood. We all worried about the bull attacking when a horse was the one to be the aggressor. Maybe a premonition of the many unsuspected challenges that would need to be mitigated for success? The first tour of Eric's visionary location held great promise not to mention grueling work. We looked at a few other properties and only one stands out in my mind. It was in the now House Mountain area. The real estate agent drove her 4-wheel drive vehicle, but a huge washed-out gully made it impossible to traverse the remainder of the acreage. She ended up having to back up to a more suitable turn-around. All paled in comparison to the parcel that Eric had his eye on for years: rushing water, gentle slopes, glorious sunrises and sunsets from apricot to peach to indigo; what a veritable banquet of beauty! A lot of magic and perseverance transformed his vision into what it is today.



Eric taking a ethereal whiff of a job well done.

FIRE, who said FIRE? It can destroy or create. In Arizona, "fire" is a much-dreaded word, but serendipitously fire became our friend when facing frost in the tender vines. All hands available



Donna & Rod celebrating New Years 2011 at Dove Mountain.

were tasked with keeping controlled fires going throughout the night in old trash cans. Not too large that the vines would be harmed yet not too small that the frost would damage young growth. Debris from floods that encircled the property fueled the fires which were placed at intervals between the rows and the vines. Hot concoctions to eat and drink bubbled away in the casita to restore energy and warmth for body and soul. When the first little ray of sunlight peaked over the horizon a cheer went up as if our team had just won the Super Bowl. In a way this was MUCH bigger. The Super Bowl victory fades after the year but the vineyard will be a continuum that reaps accolades for years to come.

Some of my memories seem surreal when looking back. Try to picture enlisting Rod and I for affixing labels to the bottles using primitive means i.e. glue sticks. Each was done by hand with an effort to align them perfectly straight. I can guarantee that some must have gone on crooked as the monotony of the task cramped fingers and crossed eyes. Ditto for the first hand-waxing of the cork tops. The mini-Fry Daddy did the trick for melting wax, but it took a special wrist twist to create an attractive swirled seal. Not too deep and not too short. It would be intriguing if anyone still has a commemorative bottle from that first production? Please share a photo with us if you do.

If you were one of the inaugural members you might remember our special pair of visiting royal peacocks. They paid sporadic visits for the first few years and always attracted attention. Strutting on the stone wall and fluffing their plumage for all to admire. Did you know that Ancients believed they were gift from the gods because of their beautiful plumage? And folklore has it that people guided by peacock spirit animals are creative, intelligent, and have the desire to make the world a better place. I do think that has been accomplished by our extraordinary leader. I am forever in awe of Eric's numerous abilities and fortitude.



One of the two visiting royal peacocks 20 years ago.



by Rod Young (Eric's Stepfather)

I grew up in the Midwest and spent my professional career running my own consulting business with four partners doing economic analysis and forecasting in the international pulp and paper industry. Given that background, I frequently am asked how I got involved in the wine business, especially in Arizona. My answer is always that I didn't invest in the wine business; I invested in my stepson, Eric Glomski. I had a strong feeling that anything Eric was passionate about would turn out to be a success. That was one of my best forecasts!

My professional background came in handy during the early days of PSC. Eric had many talents, but he had never run a multi-faceted, relatively large, business. I helped introduce him to budgeting and forecasting, which was necessary to provide guideposts for the development of the operation. If memory serves me correctly, which is getting to be more of a problem for a 70-year-old, my first 5-year forecast for the business was viewed as wildly optimistic. As it turned out, it was woefully conservative. Eric and our wonderful finance person, Penny, have now built a formidable budgeting process that goes well beyond what we had at the inception of the business.

Participating in the development of the budgeting process allowed me to gain a detailed understanding of the wine business, in general. I also started to learn quite a bit about the Arizona industry, in particular. In 2006, there was a concerted effort by Arizona wholesalers to derail the small farm winery legislation that allowed direct sales of wine to consumers and retailers instead of going through the wholesalers as middlemen. Eric asked me to put together an economic analysis of small wine producers in Arizona, based on being required to sell through wholesalers. It wasn't a pretty picture. Eric and I presented the results to a meeting with the major Arizona wholesalers, and it helped to quell their fervor because they

didn't want to be seen as undermining a promising rural industry. That promise has been realized, with the number of wineries in Arizona swelling from 27 in 2006 to 156 last year.

I also started to learn a lot more about wine being part of the PSC family. I had already been exposed to wine through my consulting work. It is interesting to note that many parts of the world have thriving forest and wine industries. I had visited clients in many countries where I was able to drink local wines, including Austria, France, Germany, Italy, Portugal, Spain, Argentina, Chile, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. Now, I was able to explore wines in much more detail. I was invited to tastings at the PSC winery which were held at 9am. No tooth brushing was allowed before the tastings. What turned out to be my plebian tasting ability was subject to good-natured ribbing by the other participants. My favorite was Cab Pfeffer, which was derided as not a serious variety, and I couldn't stand Petite Sirah, which was favored by most of the other tasters.

The breadth of wines made at PSC was an eye opener for me. I had always been open to trying different wines, but I just didn't know how many grape varieties were out there. Malvasia Bianca was a pleasant discovery, with its wildly floral nose followed by a delightful dry finish. Arizona Grenache was an interesting take on this variety which I had tasted in southern France and Spain, but was not excited about the deep, dark expression of this grape produced in those regions. The light-colored Grenache in Arizona, although still nicely tannic, was much more to my liking, with its bright raspberry taste. I don't know how many grape varieties have been processed at PSC over the last 20 years, but I do know that

I have tasted most of them. Most I liked, some I didn't. Through it all, I followed the PSC tag line, Trust Your Palate.

The vineyard side of the Page Springs journey has been a real learning experience, mainly through the college of hard knocks. We thought we were being smart by planting the home vineyard along Oak Creek. However, we quickly discovered that the cold air in the valley settled along the river, resulting in the vines getting frosted nearly every year. After several replants of different varieties, our hope is that the Clairette Blanche and Cinsault now accounting for most of the vines will be able to weather the conditions. The new vineyards that we have planted at Dos Padres and House Mountain are on the slopes leading down to Oak Creek and these vineyards are much less frost prone since the cold air filters down to the river. Live and learn.

When I started telling friends and people that I met through my consulting work about our Arizona vineyards and winery, the knee jerk response was, "You can't grow grapes in Arizona, the heat and the dry conditions won't allow it!" I have had to patiently explain that it's all about elevation in this state, whose lowest point is 72 feet along the Colorado River, rising to a high of 12,637 feet at Mount Humphreys. You can't grow good wine grapes in Phoenix at 1,088 feet but you can grow excellent wine grapes at 3,500-5,500 feet, which is the elevation range for Arizona vineyards. We had the opportunity several years ago to visit the Mendoza region of Argentina which is well known for vineyards planted primarily to Malbec and Chardonnay, at the same elevation

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Rod, Eric's stepdad, about to embark on a Cross Country Canoe Trip.

2007 CRUSH AT PSC

by Ian Glomski (Eric's Brother)

It's been a while since I've dropped some words for the Page Springs Cellars newsletter, so this feels rather refreshing! I imagine only a few of you all have met me because I live on the other side of the country in Charlottesville, Virginia; home of our Founding Father Thomas Jefferson. However, once upon a time I spent almost three months (the entire crush season!) living in Jerome and putting in long hours at the Page Springs Cellars winery and vineyards.



Ian Glomski pressing Damson Plum Gin.

It's a strange, though fruitful, habit of mine to take off a number of months after I quit a job before I start the next one. I figure that the process of negotiating my new work contract will be one of my last opportunities to call the shots for a long time, so I should make the best of it. Past multi-month "sabbaticals" have landed me in Southeast Asia, Japan, the Greek Islands, or crisscrossing the country on the back of my motorcycle. This time around, as I finished up my research fellowship in France and negotiated my transition to a professorship at the University of Virginia, I knew it was perhaps the last time for a decade or two that I'd have the opportunity to spend significant time not focused on my core career, while at the same time I had a growing interest in learning more about our family business, Page Springs Cellars. After a brief chat with Eric, I bought tickets for Arizona, packed my belongings, and made my way down to work Crush 2007.



Ian Glomski outside of Annapurna Basecamp, Nepal

I had heard horror stories about how grueling harvest season was, but I was young(ish) and naïve enough to give it a try. Honestly, I just worked as a grunt, doing jobs that needed to be done that didn't take all that much experience or knowledge, though there were a couple of times that my laboratory experience came in handy. I learned a lot and made plenty of (luckily mostly inconsequential) mistakes. I learned how to drive freight trucks. During that era Page Springs Cellars brought in quite a bit of fruit from other states, so I brought back tons and tons of grapes from California and even Colorado. I clearly recall hitting a sudden stop light with a full load of grapes in the back of the truck, slamming the brakes, expecting to stop as I had earlier in the day with an empty truck, but not being able to stop in time with all of the additional weight. My only choice was to roll with it, getting lucky with traffic, and blowing the light... but receiving my very first photographic moving



Ian captaining and snoozing on the south side of Cuba.

violation. *Lesson learned.* Another lesson I learned was to respect carbon dioxide. Many of the red wines at Page Springs Cellars are fermented on the skins. During fermentation the solids form a cap above the fermenting juice that needs to be pushed back down into the liquid with a wand on a regular basis to keep it from drying out and growing unwanted microbes. Under that cap carbon dioxide builds up and when you press it down with the wand a huge belch of gas is released, usually straight into the face of the newbie. Carbon dioxide isn't poisonous *per se*, but if you fill your lungs with pure carbon dioxide instead of nice oxygen rich air, you can get dizzy and black out. Being a trained microbiologist and scientist, I knew all of this. Nonetheless, upon day one of my punch down responsibly I immediately starting enthusiastically smelling all of those wonderful aromas wafting from the fresh wine (as all dedicated winos are tempted to do!), and then quickly had to grab the nearest pole to steady myself with some fresh air as the world tilted on its side. *Lesson learned.*



Ian drinking Rum.

I've had the great fortune to have seen Page Springs Cellars grow over the years, and even more fortunate to have a couple of bottles of the 2007 vintage with my fingerprints on them. I don't know the next I'll be able to devote some labor to Page Springs Cellars again, or if my aging body could take the hardship, but it's always nice to have a fantasy percolating in the back of my head that someday I might again be an official cellar rat. 'Til then... Ian Glomski

GROWING UP IN THE WINE BIZ

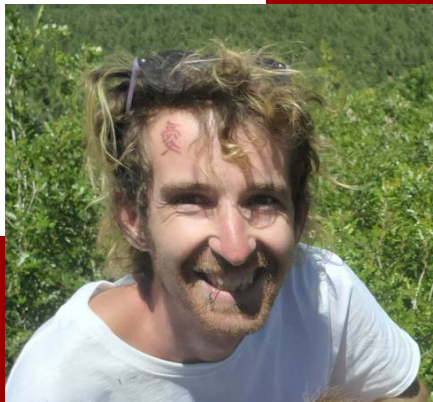
by Joshua Glomski (Eric's Son)

Growing up in the wine business has influenced my life in many ways from a child all the way to the grown man I am now. When I was younger, the first thought I had about the whole career was, "Wow, this is a lot of work!" My Dad was always away from home. Granted he was an "only" parent doing his best to take care of two young boys growing up in Santa Cruz, California. At that age I wasn't really too involved with wine, except for being brought to my dad's work. I remember seeing my dad zip around on a big ol' machine I now know as a forklift. I thought that was pretty cool.

My life really started to become involved in the whole industry when we moved to Arizona. My Dad met my Mom, Gayle and her two children Zoe and Lilly. We eventually all moved in together way out in nature in an old house along a creek, down a bumpy dirt road in Echo Canyon (just a few miles from Page Springs Cellars). Here my Dad worked for a guy named John Marcus who owned a Vineyard and Winery down in the Canyon where we were living. Here we lived at the vineyard and could walk to the winery.

I started seeing more of the business from an outside perspective. I watched the rows of grapes grow green every year and bear fruit. I got to see big shiny metal tanks and wooden barrels holding the grape "juice". Tractors too! After a couple of years, we moved again. My Dad decided to start his own winery and vineyard in Cornville involving all branches of our family. Now I got to see it all from an insider's perspective. Daily, I saw all the hard work and got exposed to the process of making wine by picking grapes (anything to skip a day of school right?) and watching the machine destem them prior to being dumped into the big white bins.

Being a growing adolescent, I was strong and was contracted to help (for free of course). I did punch downs to mix the grapes with the juice during the process of fermentation, and I worked the bottling line (this I got paid for) putting the foils on the bottle after they were filled with wine and had been corked.



As a teenager I decided public schooling wasn't for me, so at sixteen I got my GED and started working on the vineyard crew full-time. At this time, we were just starting to plant our vineyards across from the Winery at Dos Padres and upstream at House Mountain. I learned quite a few things doing this job such as how important it was to have a work ethic and the value of teamwork. Although boy! I'll tell you what - it was some hard work! I tell people it felt more like prospecting for rocks than installing a vineyard! Haha! In no time we went from planting to training those same vines. I learned I really like taking care of things and watching and helping them grow.

Now, being an adult, I often think back on all I've done, what it means to me, and how it affects other people. I have learned a lot from this process and I am ever so grateful for having been involved in and to work in the wine business - I am pruning at Colibri right now! Here are a few core values I've learned reflecting and being in the moment with all this. I learned if we take care of the land, the land takes care of us. What I do with my hands to make a positive difference for myself, the Earth, and other people, is a good thing. I like to think about how the grapes I have helped plant and pick impact and inspire so many different people in all sorts of great ways. Knowing all of this helps me rest easy in my mind and sleep well at the end of every blessed day.

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in a landscape nearly identical to Arizona. Nobody questions the ability of producers to make great wine from that region.

I also tell people that, contrary to their concerns about heat and dryness, our biggest problems with weather are cold and wet. We can largely deal with hot and dry by irrigating the vineyards with drip systems that keep our water usage to a level well below those of most other crops, especially relative to revenue. However, it is almost impossible to overcome a late frost when the vines are fully leafed, such as the one that we had on Memorial Day a few years ago. With respect to wet, the monsoon can extend through the wine grape harvest period in Arizona. We have techniques that can offset much of the deleterious effects of a modest monsoon, but a severe season results in lower quality grapes despite our best efforts.



Great-grandpa Rod

The 20 years since Eric first showed us the property he wanted to buy for the winery and home vineyard that had three buildings and a pasture with a bull and two horses have been full of stories. The rock walls that wind through the vineyard were all built with stones from ripping the pasture to be able to plant the vines. An organic effort to control insects in the vineyard involved purchasing chickens, ducks, and geese to eat the insects. Unfortunately, the chickens pecked each other to death, the ducks were eaten by racoons and the geese were eaten by mountain lions. One night a car landed in the parking lot after swerving off Page Springs Road. Luckily, the car remained upright but the driver could not get out of the lot because the gates were locked. When our wine-maker arrived in the morning and unlocked the gate, the driver shot out the gate. One of the sheriffs from the YCSO found the car in a body shop that day and tracked down the driver. His excuse was that he swerved to avoid a Javelina. The sheriff told us that Javelinas frequently get blamed for accidents. Never a dull moment at PSC!

Growing up at the Winery

by Lilly Diehl (Gayle's Daughter)

The winery wasn't always one of my favorite places to be. When I was just a kid living in a pink house on Sunshine Lane in Sedona, living less than ten minutes away from my two best friends, the news that we were moving 30 minutes outside of Sedona frustrated me greatly.

Back in the early 2000s there really wasn't much of a winery at all, just a few ancient wood buildings with a stream running through the middle. Despite the lack of anything obvious to do, my siblings and I always kept each other entertained by eating blackberries, driving golf carts around, hanging out down by the creek, and of course waging small wars with plastic guns (with biodegradable munitions of course).

As time went on the winery developed and each time I return it seems somehow even larger than when I was a kid. With all the growth and the additions of new vineyards, PSC still hasn't even begun to spoil the natural beauty in the area. Rather, it has added to it by creating a soft almost rustic spot to stop and take in all the verdant wonder of Page Springs Road and Oak Creek.

I managed to make great childhood memories even so far away from the city and my friends thanks to Page Springs



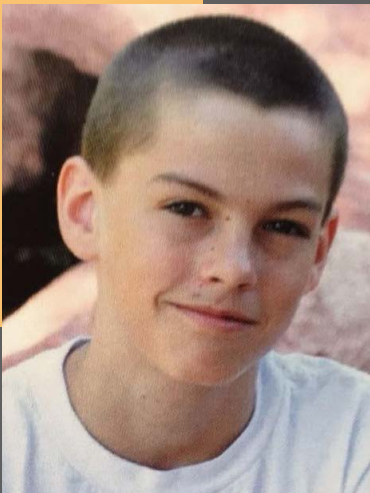
Fall at PSC back in the day.

Cellars and now I find it to be a great getaway when the city life I wanted so badly as a child gets overwhelming as it often does.

OUR PERSONAL PLAYGROUND

by Joseph Glomski (Eric's Son)

It was a warm morning in Cornville, Arizona, with a slight breeze drifting through the canopies of the trees lining the creek. The vines sat in the sun, absorbing every bit of water dispensed to them by the drip lines. An aura of peace and tranquility radiated from this oasis, nestled in the perfect micro-environment of the dry desert land. This place was Page Spring Cellars—a place where core memories were shaped and molded, not only for me but also for my loved ones.

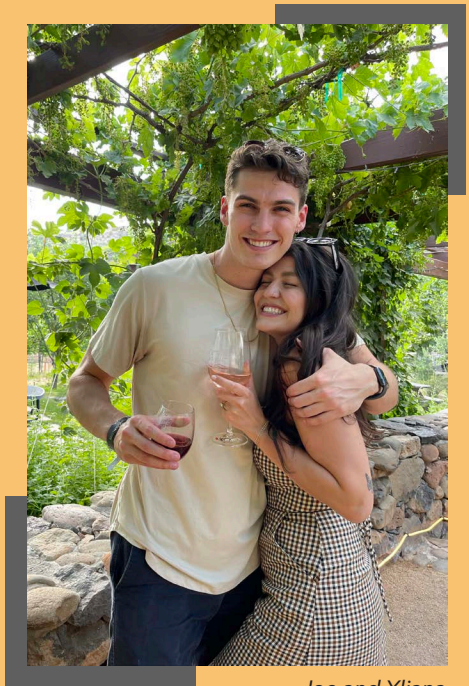


Joe at age 8.

We ventured past the white barn doors that everyone has come to know and love, crossed the little bridge, and passed through the trellis, thick with vines. I looked over to my left, and there was my dad with a towel slung over his shoulder, smiling back at me. I was just a little kid named Joe Glomski, who couldn't be happier knowing that my whole family was going for a creek day.

As we jumped into the water, skipped stones, raced each other up the stream, and competed to balance on the rock in the middle of the rapids, little Joe had no idea just how valuable these times would be to him. Years began to fly by, and times changed, but Page Springs Cellars remained constant. It was more than just a place; it was a conduit for transformation in all our lives. It gave me the gift of a work ethic, from manual labor in the vineyards to an internship reinforcing my education in college, and unforgettable memories with my family and friends.

I have had the opportunity to share this place with many special people throughout my life. A couple of years ago, I shared the piece of my heart that is Page Spring Cellars with my fiancée, Yliana.



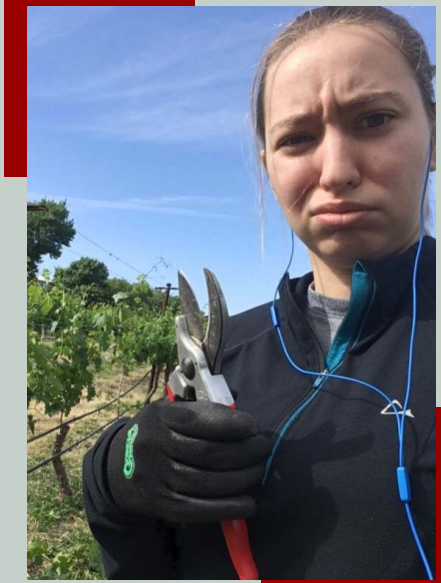
Joe and Yliana

She took that part of my heart into her hands and willingly allowed it to sink into her own. Page Springs Cellars has become our place, where we have created many new memories and have deepened our connection with one another. Through Page Springs Cellars, she can peer into my soul and see the little kid who grew up there, seeing where I used to jump into the water, where I used to play - understanding how Page Springs was and always will be our personal playground.

ZOE TALES

by Zoe Diehl (Gayle's Daughter)

The Broken Knee



I have a million and one tiny stories about growing up in the winery so it's hard to choose just one to fill up a whole page with. I thought I might use this space to discuss the beauty of music as it connects to the wine industry and how working here exposes you to a wide range of genres and styles which often reflect the people you meet. Instead, I am going to tell you about breaking my knee as a young - barely teenager.

It all started on Dos Padres Vineyard. My brothers and I had all been wrangled into helping plant and tube the young vines by our parents. After countless hours the job was done, and the older volunteers decided to sit in a circle and drink, which to a group of teenagers was not the most exciting activity to stand on a hill and watch. We decided that the four of us could hike back to the winery ourselves by bushwhacking down the mountain. The only problem with this plan is that the creek is directly in the way of getting back, and there are few to no crossing points in the winter that do not involve swimming. We decided the best route would be to jump the "rapids gap".

Upon reaching the rapids, my siblings immediately started joking that one of them should get to the other side to catch me as I have broken many bones in my lifetime and the rapids were high and the only rock to jump to was wet and slippery with algae. I immediately ran, jumped, and overshot completely, falling waist-deep into the winter water and bashing my knee on the way down. In response to the cold, I shot back up and bashed my knee in the other direction. We all laughed and hiked the rest of the way up the cold numbing my knee. An hour later it was the size of an orange and I required crutches for my first day of 7th grade.



If you encounter wine snobs, confuse them by using this move.

Song, Place and People

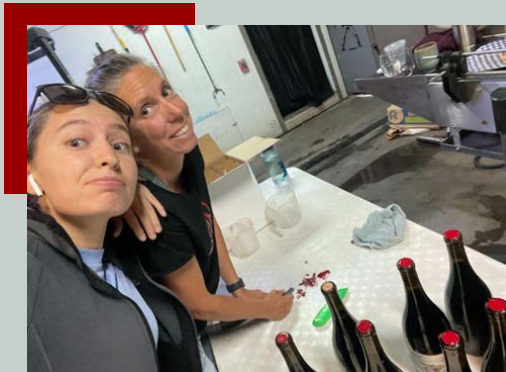
I have found in my life that I attach certain songs to certain places. For instance, Marigold by Jelani Aryeh is the song of the Wyoming grass plains. Where We Are by The Lumineers is the hills of Catalina Island and Something in the Water by Brooke Fraser is the dirt road next to the Flagstaff Arboretum. I don't think you can exist in the outdoor industry without having some attachment to music and I have so many songs that belong to so many places. The winery is full of songs for me, I think in part because I grew up there, and also because you meet so many people from different places who carry their own favorite songs with them. No Roots



by Alice Merton was digging up the baby Teroldego from the nurse for replanting. Here Comes the Sun by George Harrison is the stage where the huge old ash tree used to stand, and Josephina by City Folk is the stretch of creek that runs between the little dam and the rapids.



Zoe and Mom pruning VDF Syrah 525.



Zoe and Mom waxing Vin de Filles.



The Vin de Filles project crew are such a mishmash of songs it would be hard to pick one... It might span from a joking Livin' on a Prayer by Bon Jovi to Toes by the Glass Animals. Really, it might be whatever is stuck in one person's head that day, they carry into the field with them, and suddenly it's everyone's song. The cellar bottling line is ear-pounding metal accompanied by the clinking of glass. Music, places, and people are all connected - and the vineyard is a wonderful meeting place of all three.

PAGE SPRINGS STARTUP

A Non-Family Member's Perspective

by Bob Berg - Early Business Shareholder

Back in 2003, Rod, a business partner and very good friend of mine asked me if I would be interested in investing in a vineyard and winery in Sedona Arizona that Donna's son Eric was trying to start-up. At first, I was quite skeptical because I didn't drink wine, I knew nothing about the either of these businesses and Arizona seemed like a strange place to put a vineyard or a winery. But Rod convinced me that Eric had a solid understanding of all aspects of producing wine and Arizona's climate was excellent for growing grapes (especially red grapes). But, most importantly, I had a strong respect for Rod's business sense (and I knew where he lived). Through my investment, I was asked to be a founding member and only non-family member of the Page Springs LLC board of directors and served on the board from 2003 to 2007.

Needless to say, I had to take a crash course in growing grapes, procuring grapes if you didn't have enough to cover your production needs, and, of course, making wine. Add to this the inherent complexity of these businesses. Eric proved to be the perfect teacher and he patiently answered my most basic (dumb) questions at the early board meetings. He arranged a field trip for the board of directors to Napa Valley during the early startup phase of the business. We visited several boutique wineries and met with the owners to get a first-hand understanding of their operations and the issues they faced at startup and under normal operations. And, of course we had to taste their wine. During this field trip, the board attended a seminar on the nuances of vineyard and winery business accounting put on by UC Davis which linked my language (business) to both the vineyard and wine making businesses. I went from knowing that there were red wines and white wines and that they were made from grapes to a solid understanding of the vineyard and wine making businesses in a relatively short period of time.

You can point to several key elements behind the PSC & PSV success, but none are more important than Eric's passion for making wine and high level of energy. Ultimately, his passion and energy translated into excellent wine and a rapidly growing fan club of which I was a member. I was not the only one on a crash learning course during the early years of these companies. While it was clear that Eric had a strong foundation in vineyard development and wine making, he was relatively new to the non-wine production aspects of business. Members of the board had broad based business experience and provided solid support in the business aspects of running PSC. Board meetings were engaging and rarely contentious with a vast majority of decisions made with unanimous consent. Eric was a quick learner and it was very exciting to watch PSC & PSV grow into thriving businesses and to watch Eric grow into a very successful and tested general business manager.

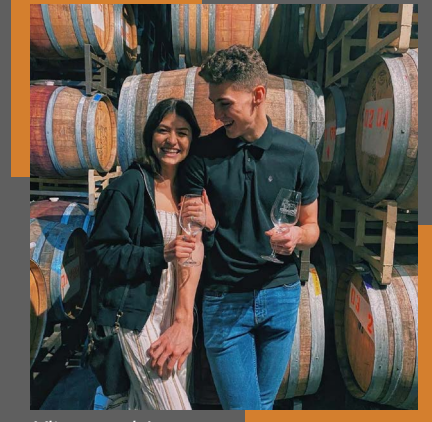
I resigned from the board and sold my interests in 2007. At that time, it was clear Page Springs had become a successful ongoing business and Eric and the family members on the board started to look for other opportunities to expand. In retrospect, my time on the Page Springs board of directors was exciting, educational, and intellectually rewarding. And I am grateful to have the opportunity to have served on the board.

Epilogue

I still don't drink wine but my wife has a solid understanding and taste for good wine through exposure to Page Springs. And Rod taught my daughter that there were more wine options than the dry dark red wine that I introduced her to. Both of them constantly remind me that life is too short to drink crappy wine. Thanks Eric and Rod!

Embracing the Charms of Page Springs Cellars

by Yliana Kolosseus



Yliana and Joe

I wanted to take a moment to share with you a little slice of my life that holds a lot of meaning – Page Springs Cellars.

It all started a few months into dating Joe when his dad reached out and asked if we'd be up for helping pour wines at this event called "Gruel and Grog." It was our first time meeting his family, and as someone originally from New Mexico, I was completely taken aback by the beauty of Arizona's wineries.

The event itself was held in the barrel room due to Covid, but let me tell you, it was nothing short of magical. Picture twinkling lights, candles flickering everywhere, and the delicious aroma of soup filling the air. I couldn't help but imagine how perfect it would be to have my rehearsal dinner there someday.

Over the years, Page Springs Cellars has become a significant part of our story. We celebrated Joe's 2021 college graduation there when traditional ceremonies weren't possible, and we toasted to my own graduation in 2022. Beyond milestones, it's also been the backdrop for countless cozy family nights in the members' lounge.

Here's a little fun fact: Page Springs Cellars is where we first said "I love you" to each other. Needless to say, it holds a special place in our hearts beyond just being a winery.

In essence, Page Springs Cellars is where good wine, delicious food, and cherished memories converge.

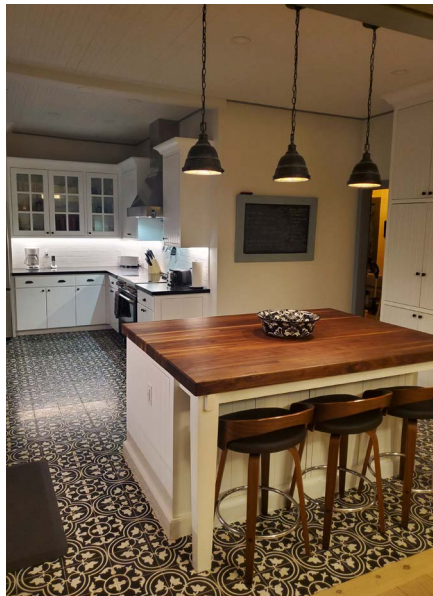
Cheers, Yliana (soon to be) Glomski

THE COLIBRI HOUSE

An Amazing Mountain Retreat

by Eric Glomski

Colibri is, in a way, my second home. For over a decade, I have been traveling down there, enduring a five-and-a-half-hour drive that forces me to pass through two major cities, often during rush hour. I can't quite explain the magnetic pull this place has on me... It might be the stunning Chiricahua Mountains which remind me of being deep in Mexico. Or maybe it's the old growth sycamore, hackberries, and alligator junipers on the land, coupled with the stunning hikes nearby in the town of Portal. It could also be that the vineyard makes my favorite wines in the world- yes, the world. Quite possibly, the allure lies in the feeling that this place remains wild and untouched, hidden away from the deadlines and pressures of the world. And then, of course, there's the house!

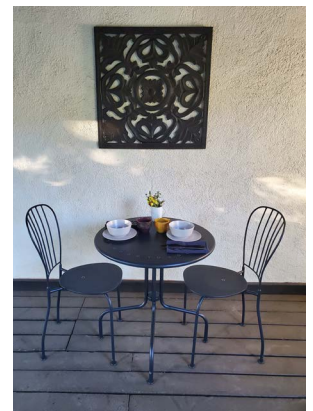


Views of the Colibri Vineyard



Gayle and I, along with our parents and kids, often visit for both work and play here. A few months back, we decided to share this unique place with others. While the Colibri House is now available on AirBnB, you can also rent it directly from PSC and eschew the additional fees. If you're interested in renting from PSC, feel free to reach out by email to gayle@pagespringscellars.com. Maybe our paths will cross down there!

The area was once privatized by small scale mining back at the turn of the early 1900's and the mine manager lived in a fairly prodigious house just up the canyon from Colibri's current location. Local legend has it that when the mine went bust, the manager cut up the house, put it on a trailer and skids, and dragged it down the valley to erect it where it stands today. Structural signs of the cuts still exist today and can be seen in the central hallway. The high, beadboard ceilings (and sometimes walls), soft pine and fir floors, stained glass windows, interior wood and glass French doors, hip roof and the huge porch all harken back to another era. This place has character; it has soul.



in this RELEASE

Quarter 2

Recommended Drinking Windows

Prima:

2022 Bruzzi Vidal Blanc Pick 2: **2024 - 2029**

2022 Colibri Roussanne: **2024 - 2029**

2022 La Serrana: **2024 - 2026**

Friends:

2022 El Serrano: **2025 - 2031**

2022 House Mountain Grenache: **2024 - 2029**

2022 Santa Margarita Pinot Noir Clone 777: **2024 - 2029**

Family:

2022 Dos Padres Barbera: **2025 - 2030**

2022 El Serrano: **2025 - 2031**

2022 House Mountain Grenache: **2024 - 2029**

2022 Pillsbury Mourvèdre: **2024 - 2029**

Cellar Door:

2022 Anonymous: **2025 - 2029**

2022 CDP: **2024 - 2030**

2022 Cochise Grenache: **2024 - 2028**

2022 Colibri Grenache Pick 2: **2024 - 2030**

2022 Colibri Syrah Clone 174: **2025 - 2031**

2022 El Serrano: **2025 - 2031**

Inner Circle:

2019 Colibri Petit Verdot: **2023 - 2028**

2020 House Mountain Syrah Clone 525 Co-Ferment: **2023 - 2028**

2022 Colibri Grenache Pick 2: **2024 - 2030**

2022 Dos Padres Barbera: **2025 - 2030**

2022 El Serrano: **2025 - 2031**

2022 Santa Margarita Pinot Noir Clone 777: **2024 - 2029**



PageSpringsCellars.com