

PAGE SPRINGS CELLARS WINE CLUB

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

IN THIS ISSUE

PAGE

Glomski Grapevine	1,2,3 & 6
Wine Club Word	2
From The Vineyard	3
Notes from the Cellar	4
Tasting Room & Bistro	5
Marketing	6
Tours	7
Events	7
In This Release	8

What Goes on Behind the Curtain *Some Honest Thoughts on the History of Page Springs*

by Eric Glomski
Founder & Director of Winegrowing

“It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of light, it was the season of darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair.”

If you went through high school in the United States, you probably know this quote – at least the very beginning. One of the greatest, if not greatest, Victorian authors (and social critics), Charles Dickens was known to be cuttngly direct and gifted at insight into the human condition. For me, the sad thing was reading this at an age where the vast majority of the deeper meaning was well beyond my capacity (I know I’m not the sharpest tack in the group, but I am not the dullest either...so I assume this might be true for many others). But that first line is so often quoted and strikes me as a great metaphor for the past two decades of PSC and my life. (The completion of 2023, BTW, marks the closing of our 20th year of being open 365 days a year – or 7,300 days!

Growing grapes and making wine is a beautiful, deep, rich process laden with present and historic meaning. With every passing year, new archaeological research finds the roots of winemaking earlier and earlier in human history. We have been doing this for at least 8,000 years. 8000

years! And for each glass we drink, for every fancy pairing meal enjoyed and all the philosophic thoughts and conversations that spring eternal from the effects of the “god” molecule, at minimum, countless hours of raw labor have been levied. Furthermore, in this day and age, wine (commercial wine at least) is not made in tiny batches just for the home. Wine is the product of a process and business that is incredibly diverse and complex. If we are to add the “business” side of this world into the conversation regarding labor, we might also talk about Page Springs as the nexus of agriculture, process engineering, biology, chemistry, hospitality, the culinary arts, marketing, politics, finance and financial management

Continued on page 2



The original planting crew.

Glomski Grapevine

Continued from page 1

as well as sociology and politics to name just a few of this discussion's facets.

So many people are drawn to this world by the history and romance of wine but know nothing of the true struggles involved in this complex web of creation. Why? At minimum, it's because the vast majority of marketing and PR people believe that the only way to sell a story is with rose colored glasses. This is not a sentiment I share. For me, beauty is found in the truth. Value is rooted in reality. In the end, and the beginning, the essence of what we do rests soundly in authenticity. All great things are somewhat balanced with or at least punctuated by struggle. (I remember writing an article way back in the day

where I quoted Lewis Burwell in saying "Pain is weakness leaving the body."). Grape growing, winemaking and building a business from scratch are no exceptions. So...in the spirit of Dickens and Burwell, here are some quick, choice cuts of best of times and worst of times from my Page Springs history (in a balanced, one down and one up format).

Did you know that escrow took 14 months for the original property that the winery sits on? We fell out of escrow two times as someone else bid against us and tried to force us out. This guy even threatened to kill our real estate agent who almost brought charges against him (it was unclear as to what his motives really were, but he claimed to be buying the land with "movie industry" money and wanted to install permanent movie sets on the property for Hollywood...!) It was bizarre and demoralizing.

When we planted the original Estate Vineyard (which we now call the Home Vineyard) over 50 people came out to volunteer from the ages of newborn to 80+. Our first couple Inner Circle Members, Bill Fanning (aka the Mule from Mules Mistake and my first Assistant Winemaker) and Jim Sauve (one of my best friends and the guy who built our winemaking lab for us) were in attendance. Rod Snapp from Javelina Leap and his wife Cindy helped plant vines. Local schoolteachers, early employees (Craig Martinsen, now a viticulture instructor at Yavapai College and Anita Howson, the previous nanny for my two sons when I lived in California and worked at David Bruce), a couple guys from NASA, a cowboy from Gold Canyon, a doctor from Germany with her newborn child, and every one of my four children were all there. We planted the original 3 1/2 acres in 3 days and

Continued on page 3

A WORD FROM OUR MEMBERS

We are relatively new to the wine scene, though we started forty years ago with a bota bag of lambrusco on the ski slopes of Idaho and only on rare occasions had a glass over the next several decades. Ten years ago, our son started working in the wine industry (First for an importer and wine bar owner in Tucson and then Total Wine) and we restarted enjoying wine because of the tastings, the classes offered, and we could help our son with his homework.

We describe ourselves as wine explorers. We understand and appreciate that each bottle has a unique story starting with soil, grape, weather, time of harvest, crush, ferment, barrel, bottle, and time in the bottle. When we visit a new vineyard, we ask to know the story behind the label because it adds context to what we're tasting and strengthens our emotional attachment to the vineyard.

Our membership with Page Springs started in 2017; it was soon after a foodie friend took us for a member's flight. (Barbara took care of us in the tasting room). We later enjoyed a winery tour (with Lauren) visiting the crush pad, the cellar, and our first barrel tasting. We purposefully timed our vineyard tour during harvest to experience the excitement of the season. I was looking forward to the cellar visit and hoped I could "punch down", but the timing didn't work out. Seeing the must in the tank, I saw an opportunity to capture our observation of the birth of a new wine and hoped eventually we would taste the matured fruit of that labor in the tasting room. One day, it happened. We saw Colibri Mourvedre Pick 3 on the



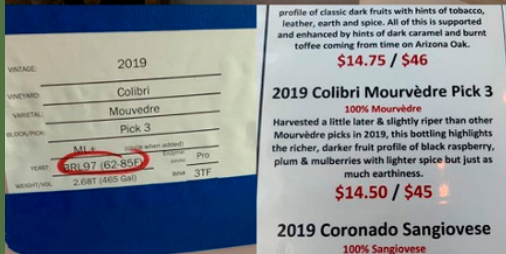
The Wolfe Family, on a winery tour at Page Springs Cellars.

menu and I sifted through pictures of the vineyard tour and voilà a stem to stemware collage of the journey. Well done PSC Team!

We love what you're doing at PSC. Keep going.

Cheers,

Jim & Judy Wolfe



Touring the cellar during 2019 Harvest and later discovering Colibri Mourvedre on the Tasting Room menu.

FROM THE VINEYARD

Vineyard Growth

by Anthony Averbeck,
Vineyard Manager

This January marks my 12th year with Page Springs Vineyards. How much has changed. When I arrived, the planting at Dos Padres (at the time it was called Rhone Vineyard) and House Mountain had been completed. There were rows and rows of young vines, each vine protected by a milk carton. There were no posts or trellis wires and the irrigation line laid flat on the ground with rebar to keep it in line. The first big project I was involved with was putting up the perimeter fence at Dos Padres. Then we had to pound in hundreds and hundreds of t-posts into the ground. After that, we set end posts on both sides of each row, and lastly, ran trellis wires. The weeds were wild, and the first harvest picker walked around with buckets collecting what fruit they could find.

Now, the vineyard crew picks grapes into picking bins, and those full bins are collected, dumped into half ton bins,

and empty pick bins are placed ahead of the crew. The half ton bins will make their way to the cellar, in a beautiful clockwork process. We are now more effective at harvest. Weeds are managed and our berms are clean. Just this year, we finally had the time and crew to remove large rocks from our fields. Our irrigation program has vastly improved. In the beginning it was all an educated guess based on look and vine growth. Now we have soil moisture sensors to allow us to keep up with watering and also make sure we are not over watering. Our fungus control programs have improved. We have improved our processes on knowing when and what to apply to the vines to prevent mildew and/or rot. This coming season we will begin to spread our house made fertilizer, which is exciting. I feel in terms of vineyard foundation, we've dialed it in. Every year, however, we are learning something new. Always with the aim to bring in the best grapes possible. Great grapes make incredible wine...so as you can imagine...it's a pretty strong incentive. :)



Steve Thursby,
harvesting young Syrah
grapes at Dos Padres
Vineyard.



Steve Thursby, training young vines at
Dos Padres.

Glomski Grapevine

Continued from page 2

celebrated with a potluck and cheap beer (free from our friends at Oak Creek Brewing). Somewhere...I'll have to dig deep, there is a picture from the end of this day where everyone put their dirty hands together in a central circle, and we took an amazing photo that was around the winery for years (it might have been a Polaroid or 35mm film shot...). It was beautiful.

At the same time, we were building the original winery building. The first vintage was fermented in the small barn that is now the administrative building and shipping and receiving. We ran the recently purchased, used press and grape de-stemmer as well as the lighting (provided by Maynard Keenan) with an old diesel generator that I had bought for \$500 (later sold for \$1500 because it was such a classic, reliable beast as well as a collector's item). When the original block retaining wall was constructed (which holds up the whole hill between the first and "cellar" story of the winery (the blocks of which can be seen behind the bottling line, stainless tank room and east, uphill barrel room wall) the contractor cut corners and did not create "weep" holes at the bottom of the wall and did not "vibrate" the grout (cement) that was pumped into the blocks. The weep holes at the bottom let you know the grout made it to the bottom and completely filled the wall and vibration is done with a long wand device that is inserted into the holes in the block to help the grout settle and prevent voids. Since neither of these things were done, the wall failed, and we had to sue the contractor (with all the money we didn't have...). It set us back in time and dollars and was incredibly stressful. This local contractor told all his friends that we "didn't pay our bills" and we had to struggle through rebuilding our unjustifiably damaged reputation. (He went out of business soon thereafter.) It just plain sucked.

A few years later Craig Martinsen, our Vineyard Manager, and I were on our way back from the Willcox area towing a piece of heavy equipment on a large trailer behind our original winery truck, a dark green, used Ford F-350 with 200k miles on it. As we passed through central Tucson on I-10 where some construction was taking place, an 18-wheeler swerved from one lane to another as he was cut off by a car that

Continued on page 6

NOTES FROM THE CELLAR

by Corey Turnbull, Head Winemaker

I could write a novel based on the memories and experiences I have had over the last 17 ½ years here at Page Springs Cellars. I have been roaming around these grounds for almost 40% of my life. There have been trials and tribulations, peaks and valleys, disasters averted, and challenges met. It would not be the truth to say it was a smooth ride... that I was lucky to not run into any potholes along the way. But such is life, and I honestly wouldn't trade mine with anyone. The one constant element for all these experiences has been, without a doubt, our wine. (Though on few occasions, it also served as an eraser of memories, but I don't remember those, so I will leave them out.)

It was the summer of 2006, when my waist size was a little smaller and my hairline was a little fuller and not peppered with the "grays", that I first met Eric Glomski at a restaurant I worked at in uptown Sedona. We seemed to hit it off and ended up meeting at an old watering hole later that evening. To be honest, I had my trepidations about Arizona wines at the time and did not think they could be that good (Unfortunately, still a viewpoint that many hold to this day), and I told him so during our conversation. Looking back, I can't believe how naïve I was to be thinking that, but aren't most 25-year-old cocky kids? We all have to grow up eventually and are just too ignorant to realize when we do. Anyways, Eric invited me back to his winery the following day to "prove me wrong". Eric, like myself, is a fairly competitive person. I am not going to admit openly that he changed my mind on Arizona wines (because that would be admitting defeat!), but I ended up not leaving for almost 2 decades so... you decide who prevailed on that argument. I would have never thought back then, while walking on the property for the first time, that it was going to end up being a place that I call home.

A "wine" memory I have is of one particular evening over 10 years ago. Eric walked into the PSC Tasting Room in the early evening, after a long day (I was the manager of the room back then, one of many hats I have worn here) and asked if I wanted to come up to his house and pull a cork on a bottle of wine with him. It was also "one of those days" for me so I happily said yes. We spend 20 minutes rifling through his small walk-in cellar trying to agree on what to drink. Burgundy? "Too rustic, needs food." California Pinot? "Need something bigger." Petite Sirah? "Too big."

Then he said it... "I have got some older Bordeaux, no first growths. How about this... 1989 Chateau Angelus from Saint Emilion?"



1989 Chateau Angelus from Saint Emilion.

I admit that most of my wine experience and palate at that time was built around Champagnes and big-name producers found in the new world that produced

bombastic, high-alcohol, over the top Rhone style wines from California and Australia, Napa Cabs, etc. (Reflectively, it seemed like my palate needed some growing up to do as well!) Eric had much more knowledge about the old world than I did at the time, but my recollection is that both of us were not familiar with Angelus then. I can positively tell you; we are now.

What proceeded that evening was the most singular greatest wine experience of my life and to date has been the best wine that both of us have ever tasted. For two hours, it constantly changed in the glass. Jumping around from fresh blackberries, cedar, Cuban tobacco to cassis liquor, asphalt, truffle, and forest floor yumminess. If you are nerds like us when it comes to wines, to experience one so great is almost like a religious experience. Upon the first sip, the clouds parted, and a trumpet sounded... We were even taking pictures of the dancing reflected light from his kitchen as it passed through the wine on his countertop, creating swirling flames of crimson and orange. Like I said... nerds. Every other wine I have had since has been found wanting when compared to that random bottle we luckily chose. I am sure that even if I bought another bottle of that magical stuff (I probably won't since its well over \$500 dollars now), it would never sing like it did that night. It was a perfect wine, at the perfect time to drink it, that created a perfect memory.

We are in the business of growing, producing, and selling Arizona wine. While it is true, I also find this definition to be relatively simple and almost sterile. Wine is so much more! If you look a little deeper... what we do also allows us to be a part of people's lives and part of their memories. I cannot convey enough what a privilege that is and thank you for giving us the opportunity.

TASTING ROOM & BISTRO

by John Williams, Tasting Room Manager

Reflecting on the path that brought me to Page Springs Cellars, it's like some cosmic joke or unseen puppet master had a field day steering me to Cornville, AZ. Near misses, random moments, and fateful conversations paved my weird road to PSC.

Like any wild journey, there's always a catalyst. Picture this: fresh out of college with an economics degree, I dive head-first into the financial abyss of Morgan Stanley. Two and a half years later, my mother passes away from cancer, and suddenly, I'm slapped with an existential crisis. What am I doing, shackled to a desk? The call for something more became deafening, and I took the plunge.

I ditched most of my stuff and spent the next couple of years traveling seasonally between Ohio and Hawaii, picking up odd jobs on off-grid family farms and slinging drinks at music venues. Agriculture became my jam, a stark contrast to the soulless keystrokes at my desk. But after a few seasons in Hawaii, that nagging feeling returned. There had to be more out there. Hawaii practically throws seeds at you, and landscaping was a non-stop war against the jungle. I needed a change.

Enter, Arizona. The plan? Try my hand at something new: working with animals. Arriving in Arizona, pumped for shearing season on an alpaca farm, and plot twist! The farm reneges on the job and housing. What now? Desperate, I hit the internet



John Williams in the AZ mountains.

and stumbled upon an unexpected gig at Bruzzi Vineyard in Young, AZ.

Arizona wine? I didn't even know that was a thing. Jobless and homeless, my meager belongings crammed into my car, I drove down a winding 13 miles of dirt road into the Tonto National Forest, stumbling upon one of the most stunning valleys I had ever seen. As time passed, I fell in love with the remote beauty, vineyard life, and surprising taste of Arizona Wine. I was hooked.

I worked a spring season at Bruzzi in 2017, went back to Ohio, saved some cash, and returned in 2019 to dive into vineyard life full-time. During the pruning season of

2019, fate knocked again. A man joins us in the field, working hands raw and aching. Turns out, he's from another winery. We hit it off amidst the agony of pruning, bonded by the timeless ritual of conversation and cultivation. This man was none other than Eric Glomski.

Our chance meeting was another twist in my journey, ultimately leading me to Page Springs, working the vineyard, and eventually landing me in the role of Tasting Room Manager today. I couldn't have orchestrated this chaos if I tried. Looking back on leaving my office job, the alpaca farm fiasco, and bonding with Eric in the field - it all feels serendipitous. Like some unseen force nudged and pulled, and all I had to do was roll with it. Could I have planned this weird progression? Hell no. Would I have it any other way? Absolutely not. All I can do is just keep riding this cosmic wave that propels me forward.

Fast forward to present day, the current end of my journey, though it continues on...and here's the final twist. I am overseeing the production of a weekly series of wine pairing dinners! And they are damn good too. (We're calling them Sip & Crave. Compliments to our Head Chef Holly Palmer and Winemaking Team for the food and wine pairings.) Here's the part where you can join me on this crazy ride: we're doing the damn thing every Thursday night, through the first Thursday of February. Just hop on our website to buy tickets. Or don't, but you'd be missing out. Either way, keep riding that wave...



An incredible double rainbow over Bruzzi Vineyard, Young, AZ.

Glomski Grapevine

Continued from page 3

had lost control. We were in the lane he swerved into... He didn't look to see that we were right on his side (maybe we were in his blind spot) and he crushed our truck and trailer into the cement construction rails on our left. Amidst a 50 or so car pileup, we ground to a crunching halt as we were sandwiched between this massive truck and the cement that kept us from oncoming traffic on the other side of the highway. My right leg had been crushed a bit from the knee down by the door and I had to climb out through the broken windshield. (Now you might think this is only a story about strife and struggle again...but...). In the end, our truck was obviously totaled, the equipment and trailer survived, but most importantly, our insurance paid for the rental of the only truck available, which was a relatively new, commercial grade F-550

from a local rental company in Tucson. Amazingly, this company declared bankruptcy while we were renting, and offered us this \$75k truck (and another F-550 worth even more than we bought for Arizona Stronghold) for \$20k! The insurance paid for most of it. We use this F550 to this day and it still only has about 60k on it. Quite an upgrade from our beat-to-sh**, 200k F-350!

There are a hundred or more stories I could share from both sides of the

coin...but space just won't permit it. If any one thing is true, nothing of value comes for free. I don't care if you win the lottery or are given a fortune by your grandparents, it comes at an unforeseen price. In the normal world, rewards come from hard work, perseverance and courage. The victories (and I certainly consider PSC one) are only sweet because they were earned, and the struggles gave contrast to their glow. Thanks for being here with us all. All the Best, Eric.



Can you guess where this picture was taken?

by Brandi Corley, Marketing Director

How many times have you looked back on an experience, considered how long ago it was and completely underestimated the amount of time that has passed? For example, when asked when I first came upon PSC, I'll instinctively answer with "umm, maybe 5 - 6 years ago." And then I'll have to do some actual math, think about how old my kids are... wait did I have kids at that time...COVID hadn't happened yet, right...was that before or after [insert major life event], etc? It goes on like this for a minute in my head before I come to the answer and feel a little shocked. It was almost 13 years ago (circa 2011) that I was given the opportunity to be a part of the PSC team. There were some breaks in there because KIDS, but I've always felt a certain pull here, a connection.

For some insight, I'm not from the Verde Valley. In fact, when I met my now husband (who grew up here) and he said he's from Cornville, Arizona, I said you're full of sh*t - there's no town called that. Well, we all know, he wasn't lying. After I moved here, sight unseen, I wasn't initially taken. You see, I'm a Kansas girl who's used to lush prairie lands, epic unobstructed views (read: flat), and no fear of randomly stepping on a cactus. However, time did its thing and showed me all the special things about this area, this desert, this winery.



The magnificent Brandi in the majestic Red Rocks of Sedona.

But sometimes, time is a bitch; it makes me feel old, it makes me cry when I see how fast my kids are growing, it makes me question decisions I've made, it makes me go through all the what-ifs. But it also helps me to see the special things in life and if I pay attention, it helps steer me towards the connections I crave and that are important to me. Which is why I'm at Page Springs Cellars, writing this article! One of these days I'll have to

write down how I came to reconnect with Eric (a story he's not even fully aware of) so you all can share in the "that's weird!" reaction with me. For now, I'll leave you with this short passage I wrote in 2014 (as the Marketing Assistant at PSC) about Cornville. I think it aged well.

"As you take the turn onto Page Springs Road in Cornville, AZ, whether you are coming from Sedona (the home of the infamous Red Rocks) or you just got off the busy roadway that is Interstate 17, it becomes hard to imagine that you will find anything growing other than desert shrubs. The landscape rolls along as you pass cactus after cactus with no hint of water to be seen. Didn't somebody say there was a growing wine industry in this region? You continue along your route and the road starts to dip down just slightly as you make your way into more promising terrain. Tucked away houses and ranches, the biggest Cottonwood trees you've ever seen and you are pretty sure you just saw a Bald Eagle! Welcome to the heart of Northern Arizona wine country, Cornville, Arizona. Now, don't let the name fool you, there will be no one asking you to help shuck corn. The name Cornville, according to many, was a case of miscommunication. It is said that the name was intended to be Cohnville, named after early settlers, but that when the name was submitted to the government they misread and nobody cared to correct it. Cornville it was and Cornville it remains."

TOURS

by Amy Rankin, Tours Manager

Everyone has their own unique history with wine. That first moment, first smell, first taste, first shared bottle with our love, or interaction with that awesome juice. I love all these juicy bits! Since we're on the topic of history, I'd like to share mine with you!

I have a history with wine that goes beyond my generation. My family always had a hobby of distilling and wine making. From my Great Grandpa with his bourbon (140 proof and clear), my Grand Fathers dandelion wine, to my father's cherry wine and brandy. As a little girl growing up on a farm in Wisconsin, my older brother and I would climb up into the cherry tree and pick the fruit for my dad. We would then go down into the basement and watch it all ferment and giggle when Dad spit wine from the siphon. Later these vats of fermenting cherries would serve me well as a teenager with an empty soda bottle (if you know what I mean).

Learning about and appreciating wine throughout my life...has led me here! To this place, Page Springs Cellars, that is oozing with history! Just like the old homesteader's history of the property, or Eric's roots working at Echo Canyon Vineyard up the road- which is historically the first commercial vineyard in

the Verde Valley. Have you seen our (Page Springs Cellars) historic first Syrah plantings? Or, do you know about the piece of Arizona history that is currently growing in our nurseries?! All this information is shared with you on the amazing TOURS that we have created to showcase not only History, Wine, and Knowledge, but a connection to this place, as our wines show that connection, in each bottle, and we want to share it with you!

We offer Estate Tours, Cellar Tours, Eco Tours, Vineyard Tours, Proposal Tours, and Private Tour options!

Got 30 extra minutes on the weekends? We run our Cellar Tour during the 4:00pm time slot through the end of February on Friday, Saturday, and Sundays. Get inside the cellar on a cloudy January day, talk winemaking style, Barrel aging, and our philosophy on it all, while tasting through some really great wines! Including the infamous ATOLLA...a wine that is only available on a tour. Yep, we have been holding out on you, until now. Taste it on a tour, and of course, members discounts apply!



OFFSITE EVENTS

by Elina Zavala, Offsite Events Manager

I will always remember the very first time I came to Page Springs. It was in 2006. I was going to ASU, studying theatre, and was working at a restaurant/wine bar in downtown Tempe called "Café Boa on Mill." This was how I fell in love with wine and began my journey into the world of Arizona wine. I had no idea that Arizona had vineyards, or contained the climate to create the complex and robust characteristics of our wines that I've come to love so much today. I remember taking a trip out to Cornville with a friend. We sat on the creek deck and enjoyed a glass of our Familia Rojo. While looking over the creek, enjoying the cool breeze, the music of the water running over the rocks, and the balanced taste of the wine, I felt so content and grateful to simply be in the moment. I had no idea, nearly 13 years later...I would return to this exact spot after having lived abroad, having had so many adventures, and would make some new memories near this creek. I still love our Vino de la Familia Rojo for this reason!

In other news...with my little growing family, I've found it best to pass on the torch of Offsite Events Manager. Stevy Woolf is stepping into the role, as she has already done an amazing job in months passed.

Don't miss out on the next wine festival on January 27th - 28th. The [Arizona Wine Festival at Heritage Square in Phoenix](#). See you all there!

The original planting of the Home Vineyard and the great flood of 2004.



in this RELEASE

Quarter 1

Recommended Drinking Windows

Prima:

2022 Colibri Counoise Blanc de Noir: **NOW - 2025**

2022 Dos Condados: **NOW - 2026**

2022 Dos Padres Roussanne: **NOW - 2026**

Friends:

2022 Pillsbury Petite Sirah: **2024 - 2029**

2022 Vino de la Familio Rojo: **2024 - 2028**

2022 Echo Canyon Sangiovese: **2024 - 2029**

Family:

2022 Mules Mistake: **NOW - 2026**

2021 El Serrano: **2021 - 2030**

2022 Santa Margarita Pinot Noir Clone 667: **2024 - 2029**

2022 Colibri Syrah: **2024 - 2029**

2022 Pillsbury Shiraz: **2024 - 2030**

Cellar Door:

2022 Colibri Syrah 99: **2025 - 2031**

2022 Santa Margarita Pinot Noir Clone 667: **2024 - 2029**

2022 Mules Mistake: **NOW - 2026**

2022 Dos Padres Syrah 470 Pick 2: **2024 - 2030**

2021 House Mountain Syrah 471: **2024 - 2028**

2022 Pillsbury Shiraz: **2024 - 2030**

Inner Circle:

2019 Coronado Cabernet: **2023 - 2027**

2021 Santa Margarita Petit Verdot: **2024 - 2030**

2022 Echo Canyon Sangiovese: **2024 - 2029**

2021 House Mountain Syrah 525 Barrel Ferment: **2024 - 2028**

2022 Colibri Syrah: **2024 - 2029**

2022 Pillsbury Petit Sirah: **2024 - 2029**

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