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Memorial Poem for Linda Grace Tenny Frisbie

Arnulf Esterer Markko Vineyard

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Linda Grace Tenny Frisbie

June 4, 1940 to July 12, 2015

She came in a pickup
with a one year old on the front seat
"Do you need help?"
"Sure. Come pick grapes tomorrow."

She did - long finger nails and all, a gun and knife under the seat, her chicken cooked in foil five miles on the exhaust manifold.

For Lucille they picked vines, then loaded and pressed boxes of whole bunches into juice -must for fermenting barrels

In deep blurring snow she pruned back to back with Bernie their mesh steel gloves-on tied to snapping pneumatic sheers.

Each missing vine she knew called for replacement.

So winter grafting, a nursery with spring replanting followed.

Cabernet being last,

coldest and a challenge to ripen, became her focus in the vineyard with Ali's guide to winemaking. Always tireless on her knees the Cabs' got special care. Questioning everything! she held total control of red grapes Presses held secrets only she found Each load tucked boxes to tanks. But cold crushed Reds needed her special warming touch to start From Helene, vineyard and wine, she saw, became one. Her fussy pallet could nose-out a barrel, then marry a 10-batch prize winner. Customers sometimes wondered then loved her for truth, trust, honest compassionate friendship, and outstanding memory of them. Culetta and crew developed a respect for her strong views and methods. She saved everything but knew where it was. Daily her chimney smoke signaled warmth to all With Gregg, Mario and friends, she learned and shared her help, advice and feelings. Students got the benefit of many practical and studied years.

Linda gave her life to Markko Vineyard.

She recorded each vine, and every step
from barrel to bottle to customer a living legacy in a remarkable life work.

But last and most important of all everyone in family stayed in her heart.

Daily meals together, then Sunday Brunch

Linda, all past and future generations lovingly say, "Well Done" awe 7.16.15