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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

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