



Notes from the vineyard

Amanda Conkol

Here we are – the beginning of summer. For many, this summer will be filled with parties, graduations and weddings and for many hosts and hostesses; we are looking for something different to serve at our parties. Sure, we can continue to just serve wine but after running around preparing for the party, sometimes wine just doesn't cut it. What does one do in an extreme case like this?? Turn to Sangria of course.

Sangria, or wine punch, is a great way to entertain large groups or just cool off by the pool. All you need is a punch bowl, some wine, some fruit, a carbonated drink and another liqueur. Sangria is sold in bottles today but homemade Sangria tends to be a lot more exciting and you have the option to add/subtract as much wine as you want. Also, my favorite part of making Sangria is that you can make the usual version with red wine or you can experiment with white wine (which is called Sangria Blanca). If you did a search on Sangria recipes, you would be overwhelmed with responses. This is why I like Sangria, there is no "one" recipe so you get to make your own as you go.

For those of you that are need a quick easy recipe, let me give you a couple here.

Sangria

1 pint each of raspberries, strawberries, blueberries
1 bottle of Candlelight Winery's Cabernet Franc
3 tablespoons of Grand Marnier
2 tablespoons of sugar
1 can Sprite or 7-Up

Wash fruit and cut strawberries into thin slices. Add all ingredients

except for the Sprite into a large pitcher or punch bowl. Stir well and refrigerate for a few hours (you can also let it sit overnight). Just before serving, add the Sprite and ice cubes. Serves 3 – 6 people.

Sangria Blanca (White Sangria)

1 each peach, nectarine, strawberry
1 bottle of Candlelight Winery's Chardonnay
1/2 cup of fruit Brandy
1 cup of fruit juice
1 can of Sprite or 7-Up

Wash fruit and cut into thin slices. Add all ingredients except for the Sprite into a large pitcher or punch bowl. Stir well and refrigerate for a few hours (you can also let it sit overnight). Just before serving, add the Sprite and ice cubes. Serves 3 – 6 people.

If you don't have time to run out to the winery to pick up one of our wines, here are some tips on selecting another wine.

- Use very fruity red or white wine such as Reisling, Pinot Grigio, Syrah, Zinfandel.

- Make the fruit count. Fresh fruit is preferred but you can easily use frozen or canned.

- Be sure to add a touch of fruity liqueur to the mix.

- Make sure the Sangria is ice-cold when you serve it.

Amanda is the Co-Owner of Candlelight Winery located at 11325 Center Road, Garrettsville. For more information on events or wine lists from the winery, please visit www.candlelightwinery.com or call 330.527.4118.

"This Means War"

Anyone who enjoys basketball and wants to compete for bragging rights, likes to bid on and win great prizes or simply wants to help out a young mother battle breast cancer is invited to attend the inaugural Beth Ann Vanek "This Means War" 3-on-3 Basketball Tournament on July 16th.

In January, doctors diagnosed Vanek, then 30, with Triple Negative Breast Cancer, a rare and aggressive disease that has few targeted treatments and a poor prognosis. Vanek underwent surgery on January 26 and now receives weekly chemotherapy treatments that she hopes to complete a week before the tournament.

Vanek is a hospice case manager at Robinson Memorial Hospital in Ravenna and previously cared for patients who battled cancer. Due to the rarity of her cancer, Vanek has already exhausted her sick leave. Proceeds from this tournament will help defray expenses not covered by insurance and lost wages.

This tournament is open to anyone between the ages of 10 and 50 and will be held on Saturday, July 16th at Champion High School in Warren. Games will begin at 8 a.m. There will also be free throw, 3-point and half court shootouts. The cost is \$65 per team and there are discounts available for some youth teams.

The Chinese auction drawing will take place at 3:15 p.m. Items available at the auction include everything from jewelry and the popular Mische bag to gift cards and high performance auto parts. Winners do not need to be present.

Registration runs through June 30th and for additional information or to make a donation you can contact Ken Moy at (330) 307-7871.



Puppy Tails

Mialie T. Szymanski

*As the moon goes to bed,
the sun comes up
And here we meet a sleepy pup,
Who was walking through
G-ville one bright sunny day,
Then saw The Villager
and decided to stay.*

WOOO WEEEE! Summer was officially HOT! Doodle Dog's long pink tongue hung almost to the ground as he panted his way up the steamy concrete sidewalk, fuzzy waves of mist making a humid haze above the street. As he trotted along, his floppy ears swung rhythmically with his steps, as though they were keeping time in an impromptu accompaniment.

Hot dog, hot dog on the hot walk, hot walk. Hot paws, hot paws on the hot path, hot path.

Doodle Dog could certainly go for a nice cold lick of water, but all the cool, clear puddles for splashing in were dried up now and even the mud puddles that were so good for rolling in were full of nothing but long cracks of a dusty crater parched from the heat of the sun.

Though Doodle Dog had gone this route many times before, it seemed as though this time it was taking much, much longer to get where he was going. The sidewalk stretched out even farther before him with every step and pretty soon Doodle Dog figured he would start seeing mirages. No matter how long the journey seemed, Doodle Dog knew the best way to get to his destination was to keep putting one paw in front of the other, and that's exactly what he did. Or tried to do, at least.

Hot dog, hot dog on the hot walk, hot walk. Hot paws, hot paws on the hot path, hot path.

His long pink tongue hung lower and his floppy ears swung slower as Doodle Dog kept going, step by step, paw by paw, sidewalk square by sidewalk square. The only other alternative was to walk in the road, but that wasn't very safe with all the fast, fast cars. Besides, the black pavement would be hotter than the concrete and Doodle Dog didn't want inky, sticky asphalt

melting between his claws. Ick!

A small flock of sparrows flew right by Doodle Dog, their tiny wings fluttering quickly as they went past and making a breeze ever so brief. Still, that felt quite nice. Ahhhh. Though it looked so very far away, Doodle Dog could see where the sidewalk ends and the meadow begins and he was determined not to give up until he made it to his destination up ahead and around the bend. Growing ever so tired, he turned the corner to go around the last building blocking his way, but stopped suddenly as he heard splashing sounds and waves crashing against the solid stone. He wasn't anywhere near the river, so what could be making that noise? Certainly, the hot little dog was beginning to hear things that didn't exist, but he always thought mirages could only be seen and not heard. Hmmm. The only thing to do was to keep going and find out what awaited him around the corner. The hot, and now quite curious, little dog did exactly that.

As Doodle Dog trekked to the other side of the building, his mind wondering what possibilities were waiting for him, a strip of lush green separating the sidewalk from the road came into view. It was the first grass the little puppy had seen since he started through town this morning. All the other patches had been dried to a crisp brown like the dehydrated mud puddles. Doodle Dog immediately moved over to the cushy path to give his weary paws a rest.

Cool paws, cool paws on the cool grass, cool grass.

Ahhh, much better. With the new trail under foot, er paw, a refreshed Doodle Dog plodded on with purpose, propelled by his doggie determination and, yes, his flat out continuing curiosity for what was ahead. Soon, not only did he hear the splashing of waves, but the delighted shrieks of little voices joined in on the melodious air current. There, in the middle of a side street closed off to traffic, an open fire hydrant gushed gallons and gallons of cool, clear water over the land, the grass, and the bare toes of excited children jumping around in the ankle-high makeshift tides. Doodle Dog wasn't about to hesitate at this opportunity for fun and friends and, of course, immediately joined in the splashing!

In the middle of all the new fun, Doodle Dog certainly didn't forget about his intended plan for the day, and there would be plenty of time to visit the meadow later, but every once in a while taking a moment to explore a friendly detour can lead to a delightful and, in the floppy-eared puppy's case, a pawsitively perfect surprise!

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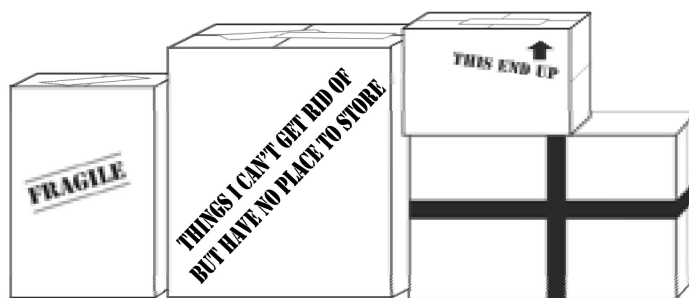
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