

## Vintage 2022

In May of 2022 my newly grafted vineyard looked like January, literally no sign of life. But I kept saying to myself: *nature bats last, so you should never think you know how this is going to end.* Finally in June there were signs of life. By July not only was there life but there was FRUIT! Even then it was not at all clear that the season would give us the time and the grace to get this most improbable crop to ripeness. We were a solid month behind what was already a very late start for Oregon.

By late October, if you just need a *few more weeks* to get ripe, you may as well wish for a Pegacorn (Oh come ON, Pegasus + Unicorn = Pegacorn) to pick you up from school and fly you to a land made of candy where all your stuffies can talk. But that didn't stop me from telling those grapes how awesome they were going to be and how we would make a fort, and stay up all night, and sing songs and play hide and seek in the dark for Halloween. I mean, I was trying to steel myself, to *be realistic*, which involved rescheduling most of my November commitments because it's not IMPOSSIBLE to harvest grapes (for wine) on Thanksgiving.

But where blends the lighter and the darker halves of the year, Pegacorns take flight. As the last days of October blustered Novemberward, we found the dawn later, much colder, broodier, breezes whispering *'tick tock, tick tock,'* and with sharp snips and light feet we found the fruit. The tiny postage stamp of Hope Well was graced with a season's end that no bird, no rain, no calamity could find purchase in.

~ Mimi



## HOPE WELL 2022 IMPROBABLE ROSÉ NOIR Eola-Amity Hills

Harvested October 24, 2022  
80% Pinot noir, 20% Chenin blanc  
100% organically farmed

Not inoculated

Aged in French oak barrique,  
No new wood, just twice and third-filled barrels

Alcohol 13.5%, pH 3.42, TA 5.5 g/L

155 six-bottle cases produced

Bottled VALENTINES DAY 2023 ❤️

We had three boxes. Two red, one white. Two Pinot, one Chenin. Given how little we had, we tucked into one fermenter, layering the Chenin in between tiers of Pinot noir, lightly treaded. After four days, we went to the press and gently squeezed out four neutral barrels worth of currant-colored juice. The aromas were stunning from day one, and by February the most improbable union was ready, a love letter to the future of Hope Well, 930 bottles corked under the approving gaze of St. Valentine.

Mimi Casteel  
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*Human. Nature. Hope Well*