



winter





Today is a cold winter day.

It's quiet. You slip into your boots and brace yourself for the chill you know is coming. You open the door to raw, delicate beauty. Snow is falling in powdery, thick flakes, blanketing your world in stillness. The intoxicating scent of evergreen and morning chill greets you, familiar and calming as you prepare for your day ahead.

You take your time walking, legs heavy as you push through snow nearly to your knees. The thought of roasted, golden squash; earthy, crimson beets; and warm, sweet yams inspires you, and you pick up your pace, leaning into the serene beauty. You feel strong and resilient, like the foods you will cook with today. As you walk, you scoop up a handful of fresh juniper berries, tiny forest gems you bury deep in your pocket for later.

You blow slow, hot breath into your cupped hands, and continue home. Snowflakes melt on your tongue, and you can almost taste the sweet maple syrup in your bucket as it gently sways in time with your footsteps. As you trudge down the driveway, cheeks flushed and eyes bright, you spot the soft glow of home—and suddenly you're hungry.

Winter foods are humble, but powerful. Hearty grains, wild game, roasted roots, and bitter greens come together in a peaceful feast for the senses. These are the foods that warm the soul and strengthen us from within, creating resilience and an appetite for earth's flavors. Slow-cooked stews, rich, simmering soups, and thick, pungent sauces fill our homes with warmth and memory, and bring comfort during the dark, quiet months.

Nature is retreating inward under layers of frost; but nature never truly rests, it simply slows, and in that slowing you're given permission to do the same. To be still. To pause. To just be.

Winter cooking is unhurried, deliberate. A slow and steady adventure, meant to nourish deeply and sustain you until the spring thaw. The fire crackles, the air heavy with the scent of roasting pork, caramelized pears, and quiet abundance, and you reminisce about how even in winter, warmth surrounds you.

A brisk walk on a snowy day. A warm hug against a cold cheek. These moments mean that no season is off-season, and the heart of winter lies within you, and in the wild and foraged food that warms your dinner tables and brings you back home, to yourself.

welcome to winter



