Hello Fresh Food Fans,

My husband and I have been on the road this week on a short staycation that took us north to Bar Harbor, then west to Newry and back east over route 26.

When I was growing up, my parents relied on AAA triptiks (remember those?) leafing their way through the booklet that would take our loaded station wagon from Pittsburgh to Maine. GPS has changed car travel in so many ways. Yes, we worry that kids won't be able to read maps, but it allows a co-pilot much more time to look out the window.



What I notice are the farms. The presence of wild blueberry stands along route 3 reminds me to notice the scrubby barrens that allow this sweet crop to thrive.
Heading west across route 2, we pass fields of corn growing tall in the rich soil next to riverbeds.



Traveling across our beautiful state leaves me with a renewed appreciation for the patchwork of farms and farmers that feed us. In Rumford we stopped at Marden's in search of a mattress. We didn't find one, but out in the parking lot, I scored a half dozen ears of corn and a quart of pickles from a farmer selling out of his truck in the parking lot.

The Yarmouth Farmers Market is simply a larger version of this traditional exchange between grower and neighbor. It is a relationship based on trust.

Thanks for yours,

Amy