

July 2023



Hello Everyone,

Here we are on the homestretch of summer, looking forward to another vintage on the horizon. On the heels of an incredibly wet winter and a surprisingly cool spring and early summer here on the West side of Paso Robles we are experiencing our first real heat of the year. We've got a ways to go, but so far things are looking really good and we are pretty excited to see how the rest of the growing season shapes up. At the winery, construction is well under way giving us a little more space for our production, as well as introducing a dedicated space to showcase some library selections. The new plantings are looking fantastic and we can't wait to see them come into production over the next couple of years. We recently sat down and went through the wines for this fall's release and were blown away. We hope these manage to find a spot in the lineup for your holiday festivities this winter.

On the home front, things are getting real! Viquel and I recently celebrated our 20th wedding anniversary. We are mere weeks away from dropping Reece off at College! Gage is now driving, going into his junior year in high school and is officially the tallest member of our family. It feels like one of those movies where you snap out of a daydream only to find a decade has gone by. Even good changes are still changes and as excited, proud and grateful as we are, the nostalgia that they trigger are quite the emotional rollercoaster.



While we have managed to squeeze in a variety of family summer vacations over the years, we've always had a soft spot for a good old fashioned road trip. This year we opted to ride the wave of nostalgia and took the boys on a similar route to the very first road trip Viquel and I took together before we moved down to Paso Robles 23 years ago. This took us up through the majesty of the Coastal Redwoods of Northern California and off the beaten path to the surreal Fern Canyon north of Arcata. We then ventured northeast to Southern Oregon for adventures on the Rouge River and waterfall exploration and whitewater rafting on the stunning North Umpqua. We continued on to Crater Lake, the deepest lake in the United States, for a little Polar Bear plunge on Gage's 16th birthday. Finally, we headed south to enjoy a bit of the theatre arts at the renowned Ashland Oregon Shakespeare Festival before we made the long journey back home. This was a fantastic road trip and while I won't ramble on forever, it's funny how simple things can shape our perspective, so bear with me as I share a little story from one of our stops.

We pulled up to the Ranger Kiosk at the entrance to Crater Lake National Park to pay the entrance fee and asked the *delightful* attendant if the lone trail that makes its way from the rim down to the water was open. "You mean the one that's 70 flights of stairs that we have to make multiple rescues from every year?" she replied. "Yup, it's open." We responded with a quick check on the water temperature to which she replied, "30 degrees, next" and waved us along. In typical Hawley road trip fashion this did not manage to deter us, simply up our resolve! Although Reece, who views hiking as a form of torture, did chime in with a quick reminder that we are complete idiots! 15 minutes later we pulled into the trailhead parking lot which was full of adventuresome families ranging from 8 to 80 years old. Seriously, 80, but more on that later. It's not like we were going to be chased by bears so I know there is no actual reasoning behind this, but I suddenly felt more confident that if someone was going to need to be rescued it wouldn't be me! Anyway, we set out toward the trailhead and got an incredible view of the lake. The pockets of snow still decorating the rim of the crater as a backdrop against the impossibly blue water was absolutely stunning. Down we went. Turns out, it is about a 700 foot drop over a mile or so and it's not actually stairs, but rather a bunch of switchbacks and really isn't that bad.



Phase two, the plunge. So I'm not the biggest fan of cold water and it was Gage's birthday after all, so he was nominated to get the party started! Oh and if he chickened out, we were all off the hook. No such luck, he was stoked! Within minutes of our arrival at the water's edge, he was out swimming around wondering what was taking the rest of us so long! True to our words, one by one we followed his lead and took the plunge. Breathtakingly cold yes, but luckily more like the low 50's rather than the 30 degree forecast we had received. We swam around for a couple minutes and eagerly made our exit, except for Gage. He swam around until I insisted he get out before he was as blue as the lake. As Gage paddled back to the shore, Reece noticed an older couple that had settled in not too far from us. The gentleman was struggling to work his way down the slick rocks and into the water. Unsolicited

and without hesitation, Reece immediately sprang into action and ran over to help. I turned to see what he was doing and beaming with pride, followed suit. With Reece on one arm and me on the other, we helped him down into the water as he informed us that someday he'd have to slow down, but not yet, since he was only 80! We helped him back onto dry land as he shared stories of his adventures over the years, but not in a "those were the days" sort of tone, but more of a "that was awesome, what's next" kind of energy. We dried off and began the steep trek back up to the rim.

As Viquel and I stopped to "take photos" (a.k.a. catch our breath!), the boys proceeded to race to the top and I suddenly realized that it wasn't the heat and altitude giving me a bit of tunnel vision but rather the nostalgic head lock I'd been in, dreading the changes on the very near horizon. I'd been successfully avoiding looking forward by spending so much time fondly looking backward. The reality is that when we drop Reece off for college and when Gage drives himself to school for the first time this fall, they are going to be fine! I'm their dad so of course I'm going to reminisce about them being these adorably goofy little kids, but in real time they've become capable considerate young men, with growing confidence and self-awareness and an eagerness to embrace the life unfolding in front of them. Viquel and I have managed to create a pretty legit highlight reel over the last 20 plus years, but I'm grateful for these little reminders that this is a work in progress and there are countless installments yet to be made. So, now as I indulge in my sentimental strolls down memory lane, I'll be sure to find comfort rather than refuge, because yes that was awesome, but I'm pretty excited to see what's next.



Thank you for indulging me and for all of your continuing support. We hope you enjoy the rest of your summer and look forward to seeing many of you over the coming months. Once again we have included our suggested aging chart for those with Torrin wines hiding out in you cellars. Please enjoy a bottle with family and friends and keep an eye out for information on our upcoming fall release.

Sincerely,

The Hawley Family and Team Torrin