Field Notes- at Twin Farms



Day 1

3pm: We arrived as the sun was dropping, trees tracing long shadows in the snow. Kyle took us to the cottage (Perch, fishing-themed), lit the fireplace. A knock on the door: a nice Oregon pinot noir and some local cheddar. Head already beginning to clear.

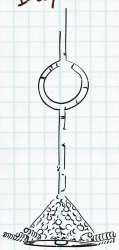
6:30pm: Crossed the covered bridge to the main house for cocktails, then dinner by a roaring fireplace. No menus (kitchen knows our dos and don'ts), just courses arriving, with wine pairings, six in all. What I remember: tangy butter, ricotta gnudi, pheasant breast. Best of all, no check to sign, no decisions to make.



9pm: Back to soak in HUGE copper tub. Lavender & sandalwood bath oil. Can see the stars through the window. So dark, so quiet. Will sleep well tonight.



Day 2



8:30am: Slept in and peeked out the window: Snow! Quick breakfast (omelette, fruit, multigrain toast) to fuel up before hitting the slopes.

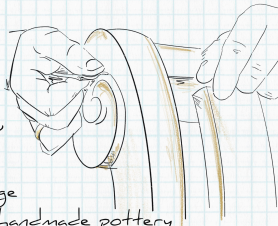
11:30am: Activities director Alex — a sweetheart, impossible to wear him out — brought us uphill by snowmobile six times so we could try every run. Loved having the slopes entirely to ourselves. (Mental note: Buy a mountain!)

2pm: S'mores on the back porch, then tomato soup for lunch (Hey, it's vacation.) Après ski at Twigg's Pub with billiards & beers. Founder Twigg came from Hawaii, collected art (I spotted a Twombly over the fireplace). Bartender spoke reverently of Twigg (d.2016), said his spirit is everywhere. Hospitable, gregarious, kind.



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Day 3

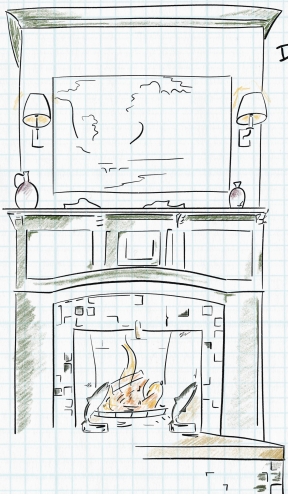


7am: Gray and chilly — back to bed! "Knock & drop" arrived on the dot at 8am: coffee, pastries, NY Times. Read it cover to cover.

10am: Finally emerged to explore Woodstock. Village charmingly stuck in time: Gillingham's general store, handmade pottery and furniture at ShackletonThomas. "You can find the soul of anything hand-crafted in its imperfection"- Miranda (co-owner, makes the pottery)

2pm: Sledding back at Twin Farms. Uphill in the Sherpa with Alex, fly back down on toboggans. Again! Again! So fun — felt like kids again.

6pm: Drinks in the Barn Room. Manhattan was made perfectly — but didn't help with that diabolical Stave puzzle! Chef's Table dinner in the kitchen: apple parsnip soup, crab with dashi, pork chop with carrot puree. Watched Chef Nathan & team prep and plate all — like front row at the ballet.



Day 4

8am: Final breakfast, went all out: eggs, bacon, lemon soufflé pancakes. Went snowshoeing to burn it all off. Crunching of the snow drowned out all other noise. Meditative — a Frost poem come to life. "The woods are lovely, dark, and deep."

10am: Warming back up by fire in the cottage. Not quite ready to leave. Massage booked in an hour (not that I need it — so relaxed). Then a big juicy burger at Twigg's before hitting the road. Twin Farms is starting to feel like home. I'll miss that the most.