



Happy Friday, Farm Friends!

We're reprising a popular little ditty from 2022 -- if you've already seen it, we hope you don't mind the repeat. Perhaps you'll get another chuckle!

'Twas five days before Christmas and at Plum Granny Farm, the farmers were sleeping without an alarm.

The chores were not done, the dog was not fed, the cats were still shuttered inside the tool shed.

The garlic was peeping up out of the ground, but farmers to tend it were not to be found.

The celery was snug in a low winter hoop while the kale braved the freezes and tried not to droop.

When what to their tired bleary eyes did appear but a fuzzy dog head with two floppy ears. Her teeth how they sparkled, her nose freshly chilled, pushed under the covers to give them a thrill.

They sprang up in a flash, and threw on their clothes, and ran for the coffee, escaping the nose.

"We'll be late for market!" Cheryl said in dismay, turning around and looking at Ray.

"But we won't be at market, so don't let it trouble you. This is December and TGIW."*

***Thank Goodness It's Winter!** And as of 4:21 a.m. on Saturday, indeed it will be Winter! We hope you are cozy and warm as we head into the fullness of the Holiday Season. Wishing you a Merry Yule, Happy Hanukkah, Merry Christmas, Heri Za Kwanzaa, and all the best for a Happy and Healthy New Year!

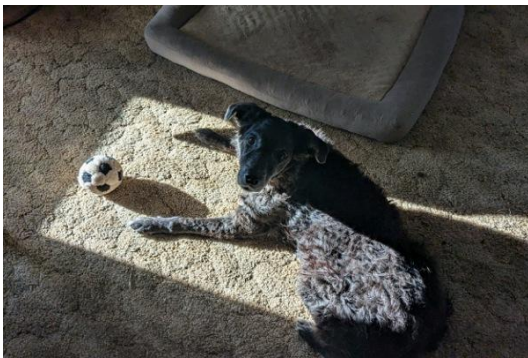
We are grateful for your support throughout the year!

Your farmers,

Cheryl, Ray and Jonny



And all of the 4-footed Creatures here at Plum Granny Farm...



Gesti



Detroit



RingBob



BB



Cara



Mia



Barney



Dusty



Tuxie



P.S. We're taking some time off to rest and recover, so this is our last newsletter until January 3, 2025.

