

# *There is no ache on Heaven or Earth that can't be solved with an old fashioned bird broth*

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BITE



I prefer to roast a chicken with garlic and lemon and then break the chunks into a standard vegetable broth. Add a teensy bit of the chicken fat to the final creation and voila! It's the culinary version of a wheat bag and those boots made of doonas.

Of course, there are those among you who've mastered the art of mind over matter. For you, winter is just something that happens to other people. While they're busy determining at what point it becomes acceptable to leave the house covered in an insulating layer of lard, you're content with nothing but a cardigan and a jaunty hat to protect you from the elements.

In that case, why not head south to McLaren Vale to enjoy the annual Sea and Vines Festival happening on the June long weekend?

recently. The delightful folk at Shottesbrooke Vineyards, being made aware somehow of my passionate and enduring love affair with a drop of the crushed grape variety, were kind enough to have me sample some of their 2009 reds.

There are perhaps few things more enjoyable than a bawdy shiraz taken in front of the boob tube, particularly alongside a sinister crime show. (My new favourite leading man is Gary Sinise, but I admit to having a soft spot for Detective Stabler. I imagine he's more of a scotch fellow, but he'd share a shiraz with me at dinner because that's the kind of man he is.)

Late last year, Shottesbrooke teamed up with the The Currant Shed to provide a double whammy of deliciousness with Emily Dowie – former front of house manager for Port

If you're anything like me, you've spent the better part of the last two months meticulously assessing how you can conduct your entire life from the comfort of the bedroom.

With temperatures outside replicating the glacial freeze of North America's hardest Inuit, one cannot help but spend a significant amount of time contemplating the environmental impact of a constantly employed electric blanket. Another option is to simply spend the entire winter mainlining home-cooked soup.

As my third cousin twice removed Rosalinde (formerly Brian) used to say: "There is no ache on Heaven or Earth that can't be solved with an old fashioned bird broth."

Of course, old fashioned to dear Rosalinde meant marinating the unlucky hen for three days in two parts gin, one part whiskey (the whiskey was for Rosalinde) but this is entirely optional.

**|| Even though it might have started off as a product of circumstance and necessity in the various countries of these regions, the stew has risen far above its humble origins. ||**

I can think of no better time than the start of fierce winter to enjoy gourmet delights, world-class wines and live music in 'gorgeous Mediterranean-style surroundings'.

But then again, wine has been known to warm my soul once or twice throughout the years and so you shall no doubt find me there. I'll be the one in the corner, wearing a sleeping bag jacket and one of those novelty beer hats with a straw so that my hands need never leave the cozy burrows of my pockets.

Speaking of wine, I had the very good fortune of sampling some delicious tipples

Willunga's Star of Greece – taking the reins with partner Hamish Maguire.

So if you're in the market for a rustic country lunch – and let's face it, if you're anything like me you're always in the market for that – trundle down to The Currant Shed and order yourself up a blue swimmer crab risotto. I like to take my cardboard cutout Stabler with me, but everyone's different.

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