

#MYLOCALFLAVORMOMENT

by **CULLEN CURTISS**

Around the turn of the 20th century, the dawn of the phrase “A picture is worth a thousand words” suggested a more persuasive way to tell a story. Not easy counsel to heed in the absence of today’s sexy, convenient capturing devices and powerful sharing venues! However, over the last 100 years, this practice has matured. But has it also devolved? Has the credo of yesteryear morphed into the cautionary tale of today? Now, we hastily snap and share with utter abandon and declare the story told. It’s just so darn fun to freeze the moment in a picture, post it, and experience hits of pride as the Likes add up. But are we really capturing the moment, telling the whole story?

We, at Local Flavor Magazine, ask ourselves these questions every day because we endeavor to tell the whole story of a taste of life in New Mexico through images AND words. But for fun, we reversed the century-old phrase (words only!) and posed a sweet challenge to our readers. In 50 words or fewer, capture a *#mylocalflavormoment*, a testament to what it means to live in New Mexico, a mental picture of a taste of life here in the 47th state. Thank you, dear readers, for your story-full words. We get the picture!

I’m grateful to be New Mexican when I step out on the porch on a summer night and feel the cool winds rolling down the Sangres. Just breathing is sweet, air scented with pinion and juniper. The Milky Way is luminous and stars brilliant against our fine dark sky. –Bette

I was sitting in The Range on Menaul, enjoying huevos rancheros verdes, wearing my grey Stetson with the beaded headband, and reading Norman Zollinger’s «Passage to Quivira» when I realized this land is now my querida, a place I bonded to while it absorbed me as I adopted its especial flavors. –Cliff

Golden hour on a September evening at the Frank Ortiz Dog Park. For me, there’s no better way to enjoy that magical time in Santa Fe between summer and fall than by running through fields of yellow tickseed with my best friends. –Lily

Sliding down on my skis, between the trees, in the desert warmth of the sun, as I follow my daughter and her best friend after a heavy night of snow on the Santa Fe Ski Basin. –Jennifer

Cozy table under the giant mural of an old blue pickup, wild abstractions all around it. Hum of friendly conversation, overlay of Latin music. The waitress rumbas over, toting margaritas with prickly pear and lime. Veg rellenos: green chile, corn, piñon, side of warm pinto beans... home. –Boo

We took freshly picked Amalia hops, grown at our hop yard, to Bob Haggerty, brewmaster at Steel Bender Brewery. He immediately put them into a cask of Sparkfitter Amber and a cask of Compa Los Ranchos Lager. When they were ready two weeks later, they were phenomenal and were gone by the end of the day. Beer brewed in Los Ranchos, wet hopped with native New Mexico hops that were grown in Los Ranchos! -Tom

I felt the privilege of raising adventurous, mountain kids when our family finally got to the top of the south boundary trail and looked out over the Taos valley, with a summer storm forming overhead. -Barbara

It was here that we learned to imagine. We were coyotes, snarling at each other, yipping at cats. We were helicopter leaves, spinning down from the maple trees. I loved dinners most, with everyone gathered, watching through the window as the setting desert sun lit the evening rain on fire. -Gabrielle

I drove out West from Florida over seven years ago looking for big skies and a change of pace. I found so much more than that. I can't picture myself outside of these mountains and I know that a piece of my heart will always belong to Santa Fe. -Cav

Huevos rancheros, over medium with Christmas, beans, and potatoes - extra crispy please. -Jenn

Cocktail parties at homes tucked away on the rolling mesas of Santa Fe, outdoor weddings nestled in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains at Hyde Memorial State Park surrounded by yellow kissed Autumn Aspens, & at Bonanza Creek Ranch, welcoming guests from all over the World to a Chuck Wagon BBQ. - Walter