



# LIENERT VINEYARDS

## 2021 Cabernet Sauvignon

Captain's Log. Day 91 of harvest, 2200hours, 10/5/2023

The last fruit of a bountiful vintage has been harvested. The morale of the crew is good. Thankfully all are still in cheery spirits, refreshed by a generous daily allowance of pale ale provided by the Coopers family of Regency Park, and handfuls of killer pythons sourced from the remarkably named 'Natural Confectionary Co.'. We have set the sails for a run to the east, and a sliver of land is now appearing on the horizon as the storms abate. With mast somehow still intact, a cornucopia awaits at the Inn of the Valley courtesy of the rumbustious barkeep Master Rice.

Exhausted from weeks of endless toil caused by brother John's supreme ability to find ever more grapes to pick, a delirium grips me as I take momentary rest to cast these thoughts to paper. Sleep has eluded me often these recent weeks, but when found is rich with lucid dreams of Cabernet Sauvignon that swirl in my mind in a manner akin to the chocolate sauce that cuts its way through the top of a Cornetto. This variety intrigues me most, for it was the toil of my formal training. Cutting my teeth in vast oceans of rich cassis and herbal lifted notes born of the Coonawarra land to the south. Cigar of shape, a landscape layered red over white like a jelly slice. Quite similar to our home land, perhaps with less cigars and a few more Rothmans. The dreams blur, and I awaken to the reality of needing to get to the stunning conclusion of this tale.

Our parents' very first vineyard was planted to that magical Cabernet Sauvignon. Driven by father's belligerence and mother's eternal support (Yes John, of course). To plant vines where no vines had gone before. In the land of the pigs, surrounded on four sides by pig farming brothers – each and every one of them sceptical of this new and brave venture. Undeterred, my father planted that first vineyard by hand, then took time to sit back on the veranda of our hacienda style family home (quite in vogue at the time) atop a ridge on the Barossa's western edge to admire the genesis of a wine empire. Just enough time to witness a biblical plague of locusts descend to consume his work like hungry pilgrims on a bowl of gruel and stale bread.

The green shoots of the infant vines were ravished in a furious Acrididae chomping, and an initial foray into the viticultural world obliterated before a first harvest. But all was not lost, for 30 years later my dear brother and admiral of the vine fleet discovered a single surviving vine clinging to life under a nearby olive tree. Hope does spring eternal, and vine zero was lovingly coddled back to health. To become the master vine DNA that would support a replanting of that original acre of vineyard to father's prescribed specifications. Serendipity then allowed us to make the first barrels of Cabernet Sauvignon from the original Lienert Vineyard in 2021. Good things take time, as they should.

A wine of deep colour, with pleasing aromas of blackcurrant, cedarwood, sage, thyme and petrichor, as if the earth were turned freshly the day before. On the palate there are hints of raspberry at the front along with the to be expected blackcurrant fruits, a fine lengthy tannin finish with elegant structure that stretches the entire palate.

Time for this Captain to down tools and join the crew for some end of vintage rampaging.

