

PALM BEACH

ILLUSTRATED®

ANNUAL FOOD ISSUE



MUTHA OF THE YEAR

THE ART OF BALANCING BUSINESS, PHILANTHROPY, AND MOTHERHOOD

MUTHA FOUNDER HOPE SMITH WITH CHILDREN HENDRIX, ZURI, LEGEND, AND ZYA

A BITE OF HOME

PALM BEACH CHEFS TAKE NEW YORK CITY

HAVING IT ALL

GOOD NATURE

SEASON'S EATINGS

EVEN IN THE SUMMER, TROPICAL FRUITS AND HOMEGROWN PRODUCE ABOUND IN THE SUNSHINE STATE

BY TAMMY FENDER

The ability to nourish the body, mind, and spirit with locally grown fruits and vegetables is yet another perk of living in paradise. As a holistic practitioner, I am always aware of just how nutrient-rich and beneficial foods like avocado and citrus can be. Yet, they also offer an unquantifiable connection to the land that enriches us in mysterious ways every day.



While my lifestyle is very simple, if you judged me only by my garden, you might take me for a maximalist. We've planted star fruit, papaya, Jamaican strawberries, dragon fruit, bananas, and Barbados cherry trees, and we dote on our elderberry, neem, noni fruit, and moringa trees. The limes and lemons are plentiful, as are the coconuts and pineapples. These trees have become like friends over the years, and our family observes how the fruits bloom and swell with anticipation.



One can never have too many mangoes for smoothies, salsas, salads, and the like. During the peak summer season, everyone in my family probably eats an average of three mangoes a day just like that—neat. What we don't freeze or consume immediately, we tote to the local post office, where our wider community shares their overflowing baskets. With good fortune like this, we have enough abundance to welcome the cottontails and

other neighborhood wildlife without ever begrudging them a share in our harvest.

It's also such a blessing to connect with other nearby gardeners and farmers, who grow everything we don't, from pick-your-own strawberries to fresh cacao pods. Gratitude Garden Farm in Loxahatchee has my favorite mushrooms, including the golden oyster and king trumpet. Year after year, we drive out west to harvest fresh lychees (in

season from May through July) at Salajai Farm, and we make our way to Miami for soursop, sapodilla, and mamey and black sapote, which tastes just like chocolate pudding.

When I eat from the bounty of the land, I feel alive. My senses are heightened: the colors, tastes, and aromas of sweet ripeness are amplified. To take a bite is like falling into a deep meditation. But most of all, I feel full of gratitude and the kind of satisfaction that feeds the soul. <<

