



David was born in Erie, Pennsylvania during the end close of the steel mill era. He skipped stones in the creek and generally worked hard in school. One day, when he was 10, he decided that he would become a winemaker. Nobody is sure where this idea got started but a humble “ode to the Concord grape” was fashioned at this time. The mess was cleaned up and some years passed.

David later found himself in school at the Medical College of Virginia training to become a doctor. Chateau Lafitte still had not written him. What was amiss? He met his wife to be, Katharine, and they were married after the usual type of romantic love story. Then, one day, he shared his dream of agricultural glory. Katharine encouraged his vision (some say delusion) and they relocated to California where David completed his degree in Viticulture and Enology at the University of California at Davis. This is when the Robert Mondavi Winery took notice and David worked in their viticulture research department for a bit. Adventures were had, friends were made. The wines were great! Lafitte finally offered an internship, with one catch; Katharine could not come along. A decision had to be made...

David and Katharine headed west from California in search of experience in the Margaret River region of West Australia. This is roughly one day and 14 hours different from the time zone where David first made wine. Adventures were had, friends were made. The wines were great! David and Katharine eventually remembered their home in California. The beautiful Napa Valley beckoned. Katharine became a successful pastry chef at the fantastic Gordon's of Yountville. David became the winemaker at the S. Anderson Champagne Caves in Yountville. They toiled for years perfecting their craft until...

David remembered something about wine being made in France one day and thought that it might be appropriate to celebrate this fact with Katharine during her birthday. Paris seemed like a good place to start and so there they went. Once again, the world opened up to them as they realized that the Parisians had some especially good ideas. After more adventures, David and Katharine once again returned home to the Napa Valley. This time there was a seed that would germinate into a pebble that would sparkle into a rainbow of an idea. (This is how unpredictable life can be, they realized.) David convinced Katharine that much happiness and adventure lay in store if they were to combine their talents in the wine business.

And he was right. Although she is usually right. Not that he's wrong. It's just that she's right. Usually.