

ROBERT SINSEY VINEYARDS

THREE AMIGOS VINEYARD, LOS CARNEROS, NAPA VALLEY, 2012
A PERFECT CIRCLE PINOT NOIR



- CCOF Certified Organic Vineyards
- RSV owns and farms all vineyards
- No purchased fruit, RSV planted every vine
- 100% Pinot Noir
- From the cool Three Amigos Vineyard - a stone's throw from the Napa Marina
- Heirloom selections and French clones
- Barrel aged 12 months
- 100% French oak barrels, 30% new

WINE GROWING NOTES

RSV's organically farmed Three Amigos Vineyard is a stone's throw from the Napa Marina. It is a cool, foggy, and breezy location... everything that Pinot Noir loves. The beautiful vintage of 2012 provided delicious fruit. The long growing season allowed the fruit to slowly ripen... so slowly that it was the last vineyard of Pinot Noir picked for the season. The fruit was night harvested for arrival at the cellar door bright and fresh at dawn. Fermented on feral yeast, hand punched and aged in French oak, the wine was created by only choosing the most expressive lots from the Three Amigos. It is arguably one of the most expressive Pinot Noirs produced by RSV.

WINE TASTING NOTES

A sentimental favorite, the Three Amigos was the first vineyard planted by Robert Sinskey, Sr., over 30 years ago. The wine created from this cool, southern Carneros vineyard is bright and vibrant with red cranberry and raspberry-like fruits backed by black tea and warm spice. The wine starts with a light impression yet finishes rich on the palate. This small production Pinot Noir from a great vintage is guaranteed to please now and for many years to come.

A PERFECT CIRCLE

An outreach program of RSV through the Robert M. Sinskey Foundation donates a percentage of the profits from sales of this wine to assist those who give back to the land through sustainable agricultural education, heirloom food and ways preservation and the development of renewable farm energy.

FINE WINES. ORGANIC VINES.

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Father, Son, and Pinot Noir!

I do not know if I am living my dream or my father's. Perhaps, over the years, they have become one and the same.

My father, Robert Marshall Sinskey, MD., was a force to be reckoned with. In speaking of his achievements, he made it seem as though his successes were "Gumpian" happy accidents. Somehow, he consistently found a way to plant himself in the right place at the right time and, as he put it, things just happened to unfold in his favor.

The reality was that my father had balls. He embraced risk when others would have chosen to duck and cover. Born in Baltimore in 1924, he was the youngest, and arguably the weakest, of three siblings. Asthmatic, skinny, and watched over by an overbearing mother, the odds were stacked against him that he would ever find his way out of his Baltimore neighborhood.

An over-achiever, the young Bob knew early-on that he was going to be a doctor. His father, Henry Sinskey, was the local eye, ear, nose, and throat guy who, during the depression, would care for his patients and accept barter as payment - sometimes it would be live chickens or eggs, other times it would be baked goods or services. My father learned that no matter how bad things got, doctors and their families would always eat well. He was determined to become a doctor.

Not necessarily a natural student, Bob worked hard and eschewed a social life to go to the office with his father to tend patients. Sometimes, after the patient was anesthetized, my grandfather would turn the scalpel over to my teenaged father and allow him to perform the tonsillectomies. My father graduated high school early, completed his undergrad studies in short order, and applied to the University of Maryland Medical school where his application was forthwith rejected. It seems the head of admissions was an anti-semitic who, it was later revealed, had a history of rejecting Jewish applicants.

Thinking his hopes of doctoring dashed, he joined the Navy toward the end of WWII. It was the Navy that helped him realize his dream when they sent him to Duke Medical school to specialize in diseases of the eye... Bob was looking forward to discharge and private practice, but the Navy wasn't done with him yet and sent him off to treat and study the effects of the atomic bomb on the Japanese people.

En route to Japan, he was granted a couple of weeks leave in Los Angeles. His sister was living in the city of broken dreams, married to a Hollywood producer who, at the time, was making a picture with an up and coming actress by the name of Peggy Webber. A blind date between the actress and the young doctor-sailor became a two week Hollywood romance that culminated with him asking her to come to Japan to marry him. She accepted.

Japan was quite the adventure; the newlyweds explored the stunningly beautiful, yet war ravaged, island nation while the young doctor provided aid to those suffering residual effects of exposure to the atomic bomb. One of the symptoms of exposure to radiation is the development of cataracts. This experience set the tone for the rest of Bob's life as a pioneering eye surgeon, educator, and inventor.

But the story does not end there. My father loved good food and excellent wine and his adventures teaching in all corners of the world led to his realization that the American diet would evolve to embrace foods from all cultures. With this new cuisine would come a desire for a lighter bodied red wine. "Pinot Noir was the grape of the future!" Bob declared. Then he announced that he was going to "retire" to grow and sell grapes.

His first foray into grape growing was a fifteen acre parcel in the Carneros on which he planted Pinot Noir, Chardonnay, and Merlot. We later named this vineyard "The Three Amigos Vineyard" and it has since grown to over fifty-seven acres of Pinot Noir, Pinot Blanc, Pinot Gris, and Merlot.

More than Bob's desire to popularize Pinot Noir in the New World, the Three Amigos Vineyard symbolized his attempt to bring a modern family, fragmented by divorce and mobility, together. My father hoped that by laying down roots, he could provide a center for the family - a place to gather on holidays, and a reason to be together.

Little did he know that I would embrace his dream and make it my life's mission. The 2012 vintage of Three Amigos marks 30 years since the vineyard was planted and it may be the last vintage my father will be able to enjoy... at least in this world. Dr. Sinskey was recently treated for a skin malignancy that, unfortunately, has spread. There will be no more treatment. His years of life in the sun have taken their toll - if there is a moral to this story, it is to remember to wear sunscreen!

The Three Amigos Vineyard symbolizes everything I think of my father. It was a scrappy piece of land that, through hard work and good farming, became a polished and well respected vineyard. It has informed everything we do and gives us purpose. It is the home vineyard, the source of heirloom material for other plantings and it creates deliciously complex wine... and it was the place Bob enjoyed most to spend weekends in the garden and to share good cheer with his friends and family. If you are reading this, consider yourself an extension of friends and family and raise a glass in tribute to my father, Bob Sinskey.