

Mosel Trip: Match the MW to the Limerick Challenge

Can you match the author to the thanking limerick below?
(Hint: Not all trip participants were scheduled for thanks.)

Trip Participants (in alphabetical order): Ed Adams MW, Richard Bampffield MW, Konstantin Baum MW, Barbara Boyle MW, Michael Doodan MW, Alison Flemming MW, David Forer MW, Richard Kershaw MW, Caro Maurer MW, Kym Milne MW, Eugene Mlynczyk MW, Andrea Pritzker MW, Stephen Skelton MW, Rod Smith MW, Madeleine Stenwreth MW, Matthew Stubbs MW, Jean-Michel Valette MW, Demetri Walters MW

Limericks (in chronological order):

The one that kicked off the soon-to-be 'tradition' on our first night together:

*On my first ever trip to the Mosel
I was underage; it really was hell
But my father took a shine
To the wines NOT from the Rhine
We found him...asleep in a barrel...in Zell*

After climbing the Scharzhofberger with Egon Müller, the baton was firmly carried forward:

*Whilst it may be early for a burger...
..or even a glass of Müller Thurgau
We're very pleased Caro has brought us here;
and Egon made it feel so dear.
We will always remember the Scharzhofberger*

Contemplating Riesling's ageing potential with wines back to 1937, one valiant MW made a personal but unsuccessful plea to stop the limerick madness:

*So to discharge my duties I gather
I must have a limerick; no blather.
I confess no pleasure it brings
To have to devise such things
A Saar Riesling...really, I'd rather*

And so it followed after a most engaging conversation- and wine-enhanced dinner courtesy of VDP producers at Dr. Loosen estate:

*We are in the land of Mann, Schiller, and Goethe;
Having eaten many a Frankfurter.
We have enjoyed this grand dinner
Complete with fine filler
And we've been truly well watered and nurtured*

Now in full swing, the limerick-y thanks continued after a hair-raising trip up and down the Mosel's steepest vineyard, the Calmont, at 60+ degrees

*A vinous, well-booted young blood,
Whilst whining and climbing in mud,
Had failed to hail
The swift monorail
And slipped off the hill with a thud*

Lunch at Franzen estate, spurred on more creativity with special reflection on an interestingly named Grosslage in Kröv:

*There was an old man from Bernkastel
Who found German wine law such a hassle.
He confused his Nacktarsch
With a Himmelreich from Graach.
So he gave up to brew beer in Newcastle*

An enamel-challenging tasting focusing on dry Riesling inspired this bit of multi-lingual thanks:

*Was ich lernte von Stefan war so fein;
Mein Weinwissen über Riesling war klein.
Yet this morning on the slope,
I could have done with a rope.
Now please just give me some more Wein*

Lastly we capped off day three with an especially inspiring dinner with four of the Mosel's young stars; to whom was offered the following thanks:

*I have the definite feeling,
For you there is no future ceiling.
Don't listen to us;
Put us back on the bus.
You are the future of Riesling!*

The next morning began with a Master Class focused on the revival of Kabinett with Johannes Selbach, enticing a full return to German (and it seems, an extra 6th line):

*Nicht mal so dünn, nicht mal so fett,
Der Winzer aus Zeltlingen war eigentlich sehr net.
Das Beste zu finden, lief er um und herum;
Bis er erklärte, "Wie war ich so dumm?"
Meine Suche ist fertig; sie ist komplett
Nichts ist besser...als Mosel Kabinett!*

Having spent a little extra time at our Kabinett meeting, we were in need to catch up time at our visit to Bernkastel with its hill-dominating view for lunch and had difficulty tolerating laggards:

*A wonderful trip to Mosel
Must include Schloss Bernkastel.
But there's one can't be seen;
Where the hell is Eugene?
Quick, for God's sake, someone shout "Schnell!"*

Calm returned during a relaxing and informative cruise past the Mosel's best vineyards with accompanying wines led by our own Frank Roeder MW:

*There was a wine master called Frank
Whose speech on terroir needed thank.
He described soil and wine;
It was so divine.
It went in my memory bank.*

Last but not least, a celebratory dinner...with kings and queens...and particular and multiple thanks to our marvelous organiser:

*There was a fair maiden named Caro
Who led her party through streets broad and narrow.
When the coach became stuck
She shouted "O ***"
That redoubtable maiden named Caro*

*There's really no getting away...
From these limericks; But what can I say...
...is this trip's been the finest,
with wines most sublimest.
Thank you Caro, Ansgar: Hurray!*

*Feinherb, Kabinett, Großes Gewächs:
Caro organizes them all with impeccable success.
So let's thank her today
With this happy display
Of MWs, journalists and great Sekts!*

In Memoriam Robin Don MW