



To escape further persecution on the mainland, Pinot embarked on the first attempt ever made by his kind...swim the Saratoga Passage to peaceful pastures on Whidbey Island. The day came. The seas were calm and the weather suitable for the journey.

Passengers on the Mukilteo/Clinton ferry heard the captain announce an interesting site on the starboard side of the vessel. "Passengers, if you care to look to the north, you'll see a never-before-seen sight... a sheep swimming the passage."

Exhausted, Pinot climbed onto the beaches near Sandy Hook. Binoculars in hand, the ferry passengers applauded the sheep's accomplishment.

After a day's rest, Pinot climbed the hill to higher ground in search of a friendly pasture to live the rest of his life in peace. He was drawn to a valley off Maxwellton Road where he discovered not only green lush pastures, but a vineyard. When he discovered that this property also grew Pinot Noir grapes, he knew he was home. And to think...they even named the grapes after him! It was destiny.