

Greg Boeger reflects on grape growing and winemaking

By Mike Dunne, Sacramento Bee

Just east of Placerville, where narrow and windy Carson Road starts to scale Apple Hill, a vista not of orchards but of vineyards suddenly opens to the north.

It's a landscape that could have been painted by Grandma Moses, or maybe Thomas Kinkade, all light, color and order – rows of lush vines rippling across the hills, a scattering of weathered outbuildings, a few equally old pear trees, a brook coursing through it all.

This is the home of Boeger Winery, which for 46 years has been a model of industry and imagination, creating vintage after vintage of wines notable for their lucidity and equilibrium.

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