



Black Dog Farm

Mound City, KS

Est. 2016

Welcome to Black Dog Farm

Sometimes you just know. It's a feeling, not quite explainable, somewhat existential and clearly not steeped in logic or examination that drives us to make decisions in minutes when reason tells us to slow down and contemplate the enormity of the opportunity. So was the thought process regarding our decision to buy Black Dog Farm.



Family

"In every conceivable manner, family is the link to our past and bridge to our future."

Alex Haley





Friends

"Many people will walk in and out of your life but only true friends will leave footprints in your heart."

Eleanor Roosevelt





Landscapes

"I love to think of nature as an unlimited broadcasting station, through which God speaks to us every hour, if we will only tune in."

George Washington Carver





Fences

"I have learned that success is to be measured not so much by the position that one has reached in life as by the obstacles which he has had to overcome while trying to succeed."

Booker T. Washington





Spaces

Every family needs a home base, a place where everyone gathers, where holidays are shared, experiences are fondly remembered, and children form their own memories that will last their lifetime.





Community

"This world of ours... must avoid becoming a community of dreadful fear and hate, and be, instead, a proud confederation of mutual trust and respect."

Dwight D. Eisenhower





Celebrate

"Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, but by the moments that take our breath away."

Maya Angelou





This is why we bought the place

Sometimes you just know. It's a feeling, not quite explainable, somewhat existential and clearly not steeped in logic or examination that drives us to make decisions in minutes when reason tells us to slow down and contemplate. Is it possible to be captivated by the perfectly mirrored reflection of cedar and spruce trees on the still surface of a farm pond? Can one form a bond with the land's contours similar to a bird's association with a branch or a fish's need for water?

Your mind starts racing just contemplating the possibilities. There will be fish fry's with friends, family getting together for holiday gatherings, sharing stories, recipes and pictures that are sure to be both posted online and seared into everyone's long-term memory.

Most come with the city as their measure of community and leave wanting to come back for another day of doing not much at all. We always look toward the sky and watch hawks in amazement in their ability to manage the wind, we place deer on a pedestal because of their grace and family orientation and get excited even when we catch the smallest of fish. We breathe the clean air, walk a freshly cut path, hold hands with the dragonflies and find our version of a higher power in a wide-open cathedral with family and friends always in our sanctuary.



In Search of the Ordinary

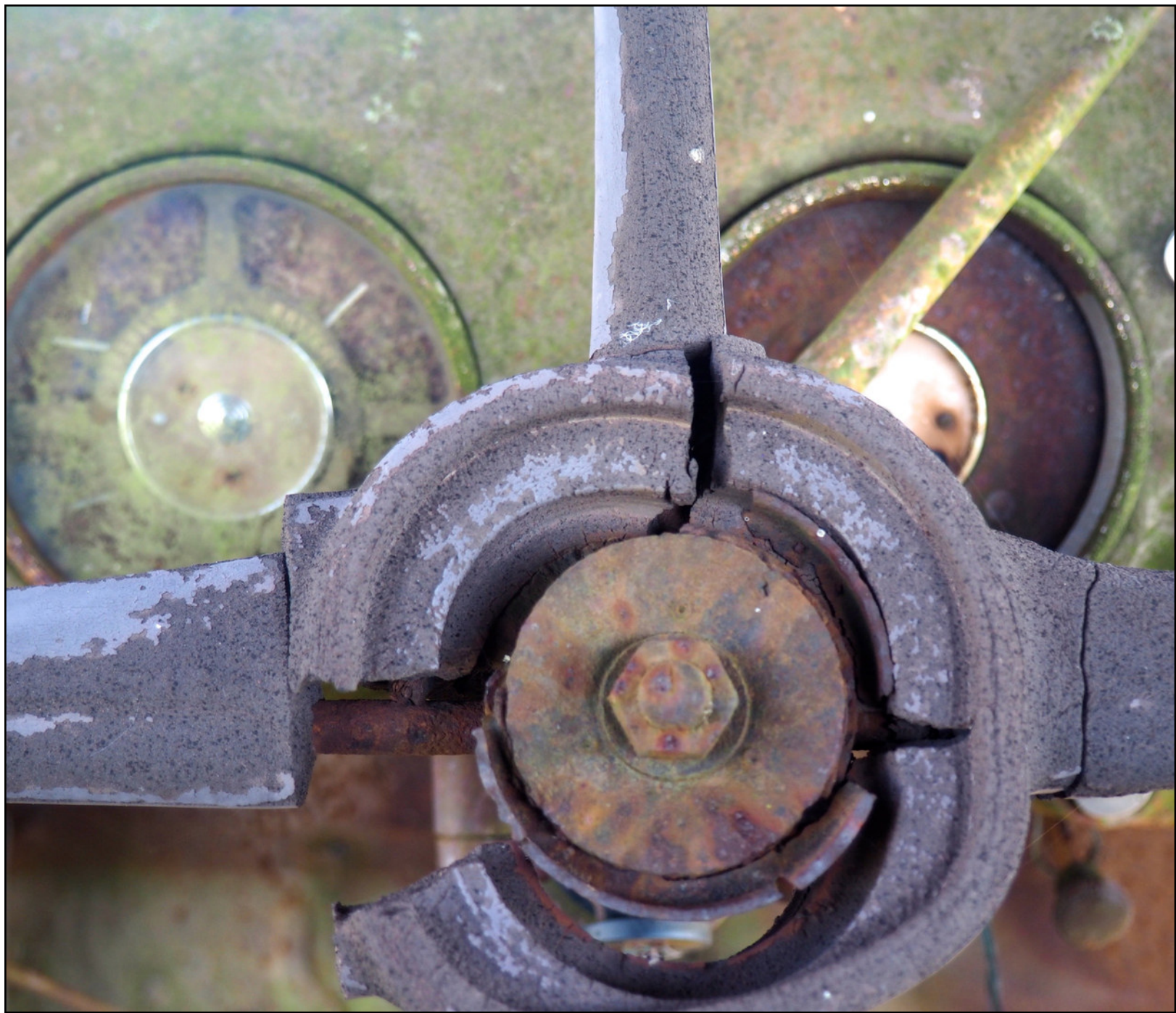
As I walk the matted path to the back pond whose banks were recently cleared of decades of unbridled shrub, I'm greeted by the sounds of a group of ducks taking flight, fearful of my approach finding perceived protection from eventual elevation and the incessant honking emanating from the flock as they maneuver into formation.

Black Dog Farm seems to be directly in the glide path of migrating waterfowl as they make their way back from their winter habitat. Dozens of tight formations all making the same unique sound seem to be always present on the horizon and a welcome distraction from the demands of the day.

With any amount of time and attention, you begin to understand that during your search for the ordinary you find the everyday beauty of the extraordinary. The soaring hawk, the loping heron, the angular bobcat and the inquisitive skunk are all ordinary animals doing ordinary things.

These activities provide the extraordinary framework for that which makes us whole, appreciative of our surroundings, holds us in awe of an animal's ability and beckons us back for another walk and most importantly make us appreciative of the orchestration of the natural order of the ordinary.





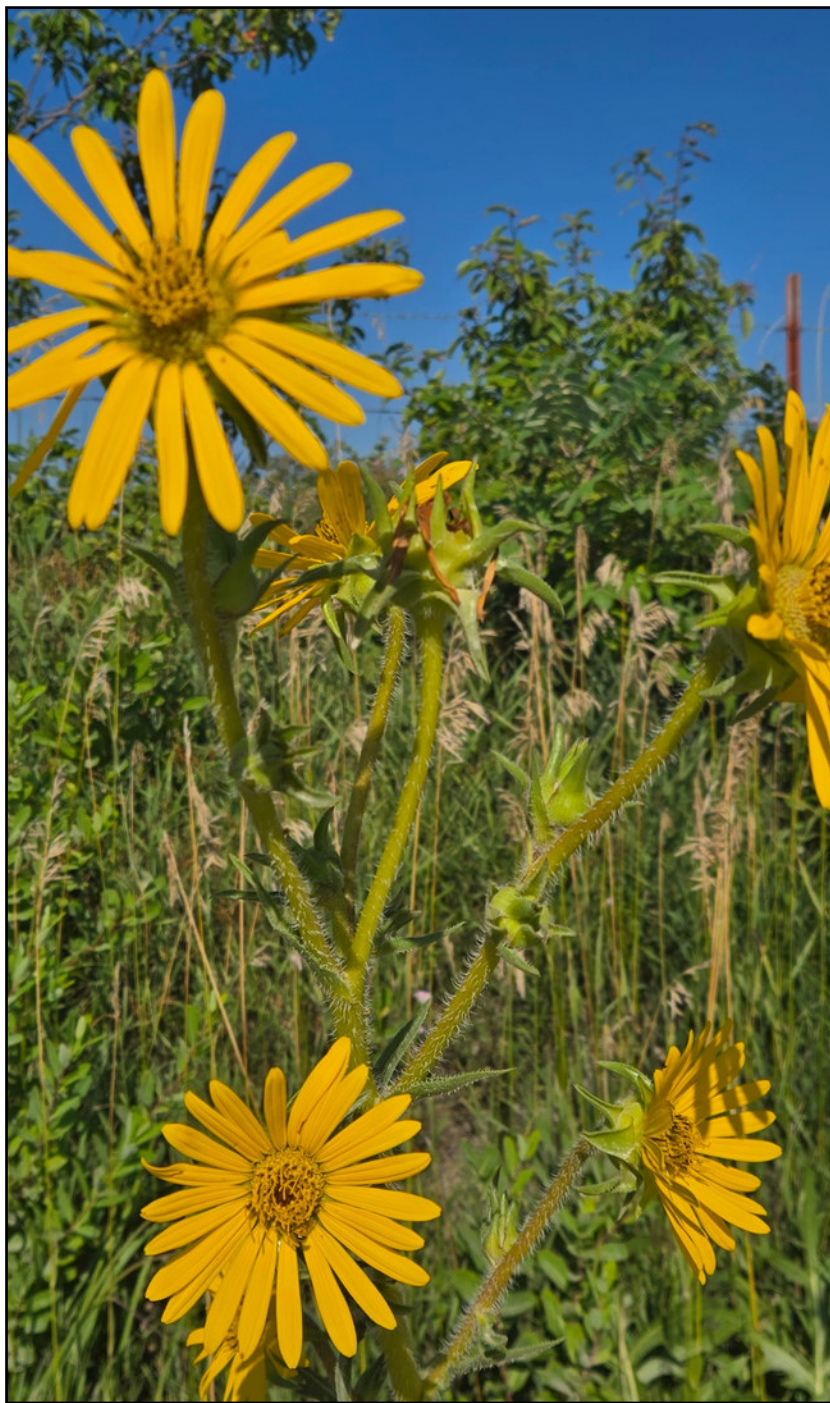
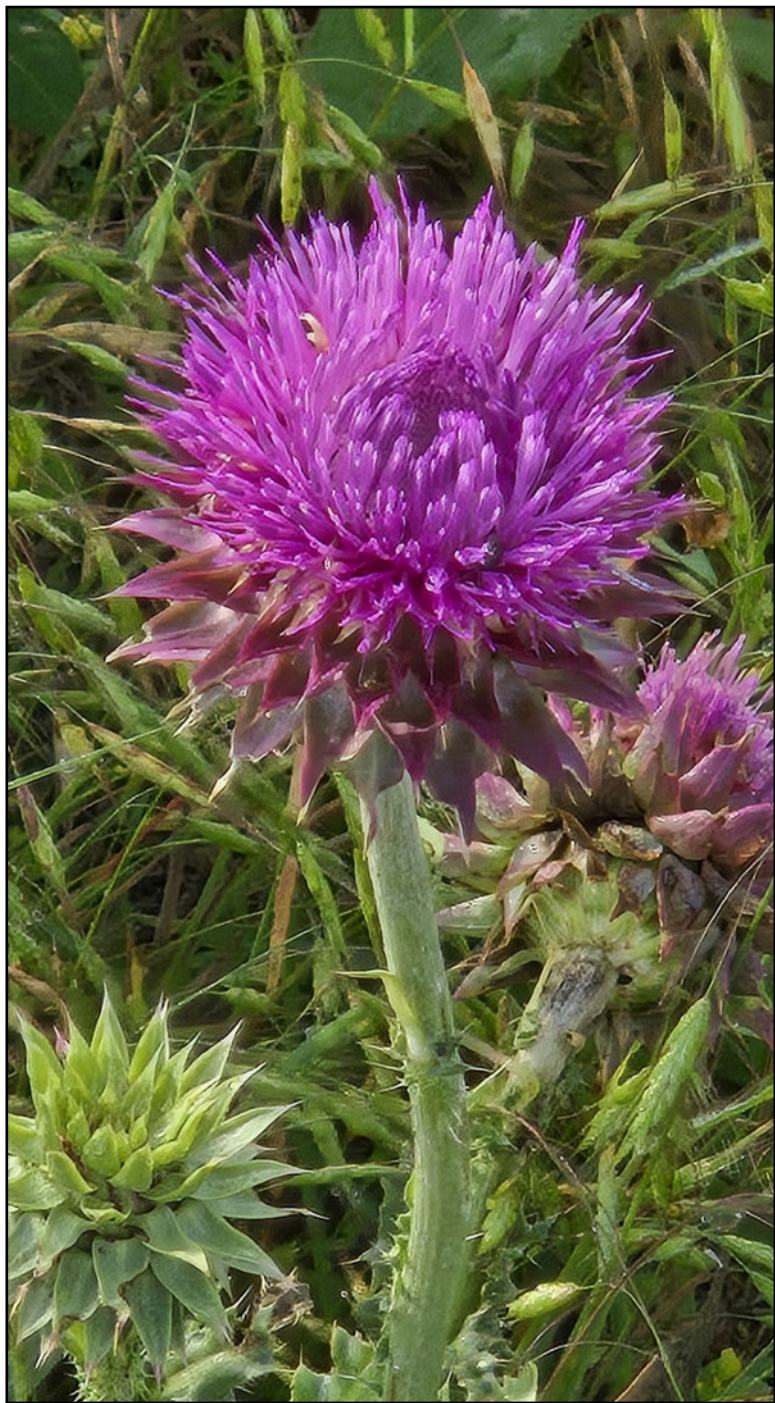
























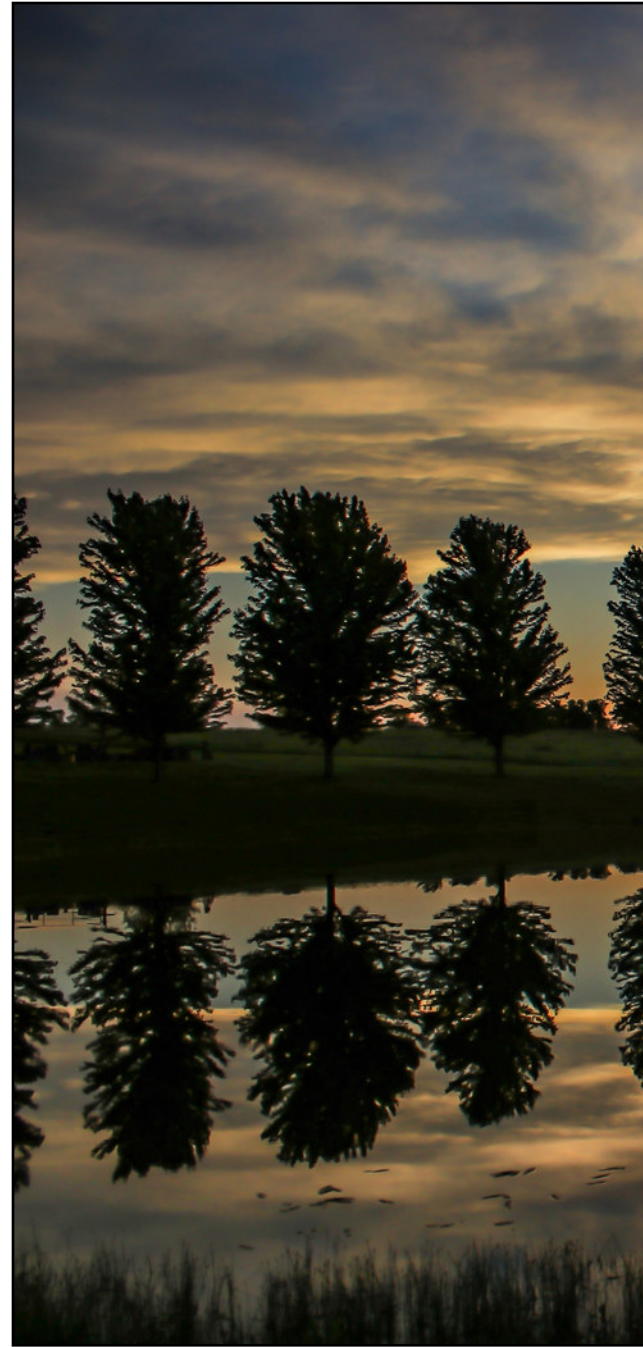


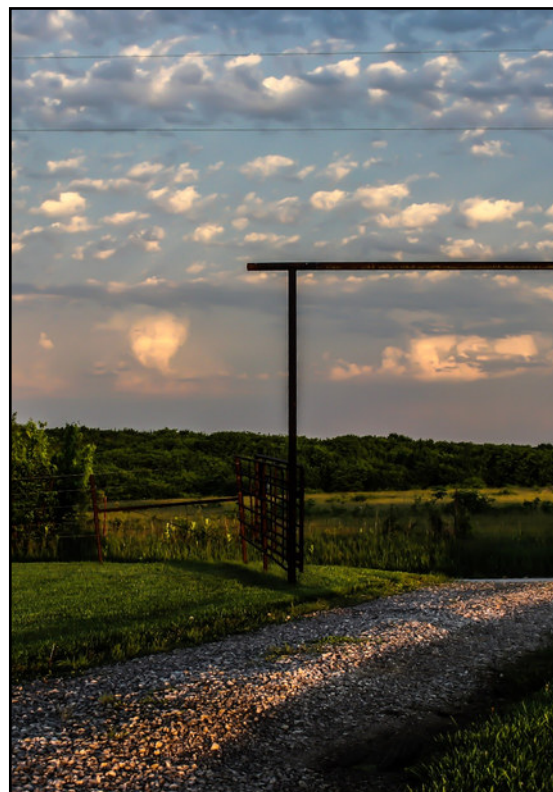
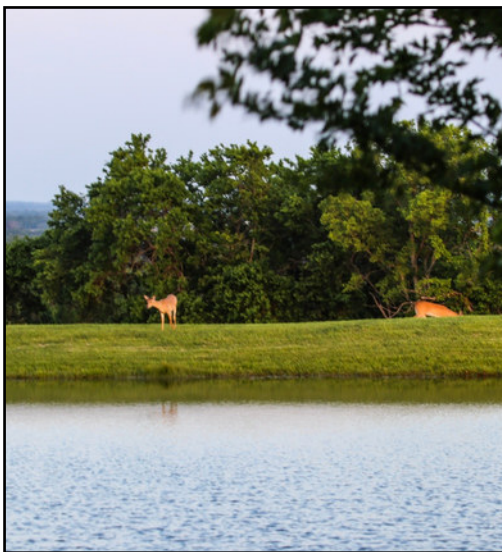




Guest Artist

Steve Azorsky









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