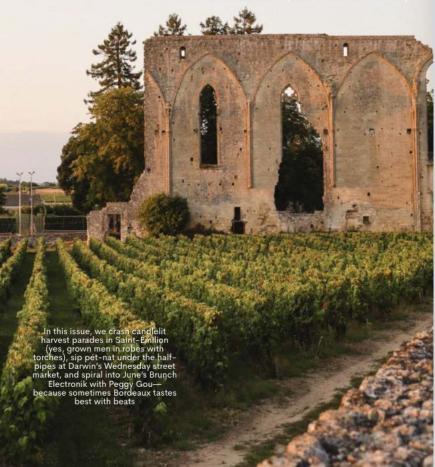
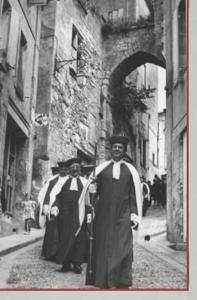
### This Week's "Pour Decisions" Package

## BORDEAUX

The wine world's capital, cracked wide open





Start your night at a tucked-away wine bar just steps from the Monolithic Church of Saint-Emilion — a cathedral literally carved out of limestone in the 12th century. No big deal, it's one of the largest underground churches in Europe, and the courtyard above it becomes the glowing heart of the Jurade procession.

Grab a glass from t'Envers du Décor, the town's go-to for natural pours and local legends, or wander into Bar a Vin Saint-Emilion for a curated list of Grand Crus by the glass. Order something bold — Merlot, obviously — and sip slowly as golden hour spills across the stones.

Because once the bells start ringing, the whole town shifts. Velvet-robed marchers appear, music echoes through the alleyways, and suddenly Saint-Emilion feels like an open-air stage. A light show bathes the village walls, casting shadows that dance with the movement of the crowd. And just when you think it's winding down — boom — fireworkstight up the sky behind the bell tower.

It's dramatic. It's cinematic. And with a good pour in hand, it's the kind of night you'll never forget.

### SAINT-ÉMILION'S JURADE FESTIVAL

There are wine festivals... and then there's this.

Once a year, the perfectly preserved village of Saint-Émilion
— with its ivy-covered walls and cobblestone drama —
turns into something out of a medieval fever dream. Picture
this: men in crimson robes (yes, actual robes) marching
through the streets by torchlight, blessing the grape harvest
like they're casting a spell. The Jurade Harvest Festival isn't
just a celebration — it's a ritual

The Jurade de Saint-Émilion dates back to 1199 — that's not a typo. Founded by the king of England (because, yes, the English used to own this bit of France), it was a brotherhood created to regulate and honor the region's wines. Today? It's less regulatory, more theatrical. Think: Hogwarts meets

Bordeaux.

What Actually Happens?

At sunset, the town lights up — literally. Lanterns glow. Church bells ring. The Jurade, decked out in wine-red velvet and gold chains, parades through the narrow streets, blessing the vintage to come. You follow the sound of chanting and candlelight until you're in the heart of Saint-Émilion, sipping Merlot with hundreds of other wide-eyed visitors wondering what century they just steeped into.



# THIS WEEK'S "POUR DECISIONS" PACKAGE

## BORDEAUX







### CHATEAU VALRION 2018

### POMEROL

"VELVET, BUT IN LIQUID FORM"

THIS SAINT-ÉMILION GRAND CRU IS SERVING
LOW-TANNIN LUXURY WITH JUST ENOUGH
GRIP TO KEEP THINGS INTERESTING. THINK
WARM PLUM CRUMBLE, ESPRESSO DUST,
AND THAT PERFECT BALANCE BETWEEN
INDULGENT AND GROUNDED IT'S PLUSH
WITHOUT BEING FLASHY — THE KIND OF
WINE THAT MAKES YOU LOOK LIKE YOU
REALLY THOUGHT ABOUT THE PAIRING (EVEN
IF YOU DIDNT).

SERVE IT AT: A ROOFTOP SUNSET, OR ON THE FLOOR WITH SNACKS AND A BLANKET

TASTES LIKE: RIPE CHERRIES, SPICE BOX, YOUR WEEKEND PLANS EVOLVING

PAIRS WITH AGED GOUDA, CONFIT ANYTHING, YOUR MOST DRAMATIC PLAYLIST

## L ESPIRIT DE CHAVELIER 2019

#### PESSAC-LÉOGNAN

REFINED, BUT KNOWS HOW TO PARTY.

THIS ISN'T YOUR AVERAGE SECOND LABEL —
IT'S MORE LIKE THE EFFORTLESSLY COOL

SIBLING WHO SKIPPED THE BUSINESS DEGREE
AND STILL ENDED UP KILLING IT, EXPECT
LAYERS OF DARK BERRIES, CEDAR SMOKE,
AND THAT EARTHY BORDEAUX UNDERTONE
THAT MAKES YOU PAUSE MID-SIP. THE OAK'S
SUBTLE, THE ACID'S TIGHT, AND THE FINISH?

SERVE IT AT: A DINNER PARTY WHERE SOMEONE BROUGHT HOMEMADE SOURDOUGH

TASTES LIKE BLACKCURRANT, COCOA, FOREST FLOOR

PAIRS WITH MUSHROOM RISOTTO, ROAST DUCK, UNPLANNED DEEP CONVOS

