New York City

--yes, yes, I found one, Jack. I wouldn't have asked you to trek into the city if I hadn't.

You got lucky, I found it at an estate sale in Midland Park.

The collection itself was nothing amazing, but he did have one of your bottles.

Thank you, Patrick.

One of these days, my friend, you're going to have to tell me why this particular bottle from your own winery--

--is so special.
May I see it?

Of course.

I remember bottling this. The rains weren’t good that year, and we had a much smaller crop. I had no idea how precious it would become.

What do I owe you?

You owe me nothing, Jack. Except an explanation.

Someday, Patrick, I promise--

--just not today.
Aeternum Winery
Jeffersonville, New York

I do so love it when we get the party girl crowd in.

Other people might savor their wine—enjoy it. But no, they chug it like it’s party-flavored Gatorade.

I wonder what they are “celebrating”.

Me. It’s me.
I apologize. Sometimes I accidentally slip into my native sarcasm.

No, you apparently slip into truth. It’s fine. These philistines really do have no idea how to enjoy this wine.

But you’ll have to forgive them. They’re teachers.

You handle a room full of delinquents for a week and then watch how your alcohol intake goes up.

But how is this party for you if you’re here and they’re there?

You technically, I’m their party excuse.

And what do you need your mind taken off of?

They offered to take me out, get my mind off some things... so they had a reason to guzzle some wine and get their groove on.

If you’re going to ask that, pour me another glass.
Darren, I'm sorry I'm late. I was--

I know full well what you were doing, Jack. And I understand, as always.

Thank you. Go, take your break and a little extra, I'll take over.

But if you would take this downstairs on your way? And Darren--

As careful as can be. As always.

Thank you again.

Jack, you should talk to our guest here. Maybe you can figure out why she's hiding out here at the bar.

Hello, there. I'm Jack. Jack Cadell. I own this place.

Hi Jack, I'm Megan Howe. I'm drinking this place.

Drink all you like. We'll make more.

I'll bet you will. Let's see if I can guess.

Your friends suggested coming out to take your mind off something, but it's still on, isn't it?
Wow, you’re pretty perceptive.

Well, I’ve owned this place for a while now. Yours is not the first case of this I’ve encountered.

It’s— it’s my mother.

The last few years she’s been a little scattered. But after Dad died, she had a lot more to keep track of, too. It seemed natural.

Then one day she called me from our old house wondering why there were other people living in it. A house we moved out of in 1987.

So what is it?

Oh, no. I’m sorry.

I moved closer last year to help out, but it got to be too much for me. I had to put her in an assisted living facility.

So that’s what’s on my mind: what’s left of hers.
That's a tough beat. One of my 'Nam buddies had that. It's like losing them by inches.

That's pretty accurate. She seems to like the new place, and she's getting along okay, I guess, but I still feel like I've failed her, and that I'm losing her.

So, after a month of me being--

--and I quote--

"bleaker than an Emily Dickinson poem"

--my fellow teachers convinced me to come out for a night of food and wine. Mostly wine.

At least you can still joke.

You have to. And it's okay if they need me to be their excuse to cut loose. Not all of us need to be downers.

Though it is ironic that those English teachers missed the irony of drinking to forget my mom has Alzheimer's.

I'll can just sit here and talk to interesting older men who own wineries. I'll be fine.

I have no doubt.
Watch your step. The stairs here are a little uneven.

Just how old are they?

The upstairs was largely rebuilt after the fire in 1863. But the cellar, that’s been here forever.

We’ve replaced this door a couple of times, too. But behind it—that’s where the heart of this place is.

That’s a big door.

It’s a big cellar.

The stairs? About 150 years.

But the handrails are only thirty. OSHA made us put those in.
Megan, may I present you the complete history of the Aeternum Winery in convenient bottle form.

We've got bottles from the entire history of the winery--

This is amazing!

I want to live here.

I know the feeling. Blessedly, I do live here.

We keep at least a few from every year. Some years have more, some have less. But it's a pretty good representation.

It's certainly my heaven.

I'm pretty sure this is what heaven looks like.

Go ahead, pick a year!

Oh, no. I couldn't. It's--

--on the house. Pick a year. Or should I?
--even a few from during Prohibition. We were one of the wineries that had a dispensation to make church wine during that time.

You never saw so many people claim to be clergy.

You're a history teacher, right? I bet you watched Downton Abbey, too, didn't you? You seem like the PBS period drama type.

Really, you don't have to.

I want to. Wine, like history, is meant to be shared.

So how about a bottle from thereabouts? Say, a 1916 Pinot?

I did. I loved Mr. Bates.

Who didn't?
This is so generous of you. This bottle must be priceless.

Close. We don’t sell many of the bottles in the collection. They’re all special occasion. Like this one.

Trust me, this will take your mind off all your problems.

Ah, this one has aged well. They don’t all do that.

Dark, fruity taste. A little bit of leather and oak on the nose. Still very light.

It’s like drinking history.

1916. The cusp of the Roaring Twenties, the Titanic... Can you imagine what that was like?

Well, you’re about to find out.

Because you’re now back in 1916.
What are you talking about?

You drink the wine, you go back in time. That's the way this works. This winery is enchanted.

Oh, great, you've lost it. My mom is at a nice place, maybe--

Megan, I'm serious--

Okay, look, I don't know what you're doing here. You seem like a sweet old man—or seemed—but I'd better just go.

Eeeek!

What... happened?

I tried to warn you. You're back in 1916.

But my clothes--

The clothes switch. That's part of the magic. Hairstyles, too.

Thanks for the drink and--

You shouldn't go out there yet.
Megan, I've taken people on these trips before and if I'd said "Come downstairs with me to my time traveling wine cellar" you never would have come here. It's easier to just do it.

So you kidnapped me?

I took you on a joyride. It's perfectly safe. But, if you want, we can go back into the cellar and in about an hour we'll be back where we started from. We didn't drink too much.

Or, we can go upstairs and see what we can see. History's up there. Real living history.

I still don't know that I believe you, but maybe... maybe I should just take a look?

That's the spirit! Come on, let's go to a party.

Back the way we came, I take it?

Hey, what happened to those railings?

I told you, those were put in in the eighties. That's seventy some years from now.

So, Megan Howe, let me introduce you to the remaining moments of 1916--
It’s New Year’s Eve! Because, if you’re going to go somewhere to take your mind off things, there might as well be a party, right?

Good lord! This is incredible!

Could we get two glasses of champagne, please? On Justin’s tab.

Justin?

You can’t bring anything back with you, including money. So the winery has a tab for us travellers. Justin Time.

I still don’t know that I believe this. Is this really real?

Have a drink. Take a look around. It’s real.

It really is, isn’t it?

Could we get that empty bottle, too?