

AGAPORIA

NATURAL IMMERSIONS

The year of a farm estate

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THE NINE IMMERSIONS

NINE WAYS INTO A FARM ESTATE

01 The Regenerative Source

Two hectares under permaculture and a century of olives. A crop to pick in every month, with new oil in November.

02 The Vital Breath

An hour of guided breathing among the trees. Far enough in, nobody is breathing and the breath keeps going.

03 Botanical Ancestry

Distilling on the Etruscan slopes. Roses and thyme in June, immortelle from the dry ground, lavender when July turns. Everything comes in before the sun.

04 Land Harvest

The oak woods and two dogs. Four truffle seasons cover every month but May and September. In May the salad comes off the field edges.

05 Vino Vivo

A day in the rows with the vignerons, and their cellar afterwards. Vendemmia starts in September, sometimes August, and the whole valley is up before light and eating late.

06 Equine Resonance

Ninety minutes of groundwork with the horseman. A horse cannot be charmed. The answer is accurate and arrives without judgement.

07 Equine Journeys

A whole day in the saddle, further out than a day on foot. Spring and early autumn, while the clay holds a hoof.

08 Land and Trails

Out of the terrace door after breakfast. You can see where you will be at noon from where you are standing.

09 Sunset Atelier

The west ridge, a campfire and a telescope. The galaxy overhead from June, with the dark lanes showing to the naked eye.

Some of the nine are there in any week of the year. Others have a short season. The pages that follow say which, and when.

THE ESTATE

YOUR TERRACE DOOR

You wake with the birds and lie there thirty minutes for the quiet. Half a metre of hemp and lime over reclaimed stone holds the night's cold in the room long after the August sun has hit the valley.

Open the terrace door and you are standing on the land. Nobody has raked the ground for you. The first thing to cross might be a hare.

Our gardeners walk the beds early and the chefs cook what they carry in. Nature is writing the menu. Some evenings you will want the long table with locals, growers and land stewards down both sides of it. Other evenings you will take your own terrace, a salad of wild greens, and the light going off Montepulciano.

The wine cellar is cut into the hill. On the hottest day you taste wine in the sixteen-degree vault, leaving the summer behind the heavy oak door.

Or go up to the Sunset Atelier, where the valley falls away on three sides and you get more stars than you have had in years.

Ninety minutes on foot takes you round the whole estate. Everything after this page starts at your doorstep.

THE DAILY PRACTICE

NOTHING TO BOOK

The estate lives each morning, afternoon and evening in slow motion. From your arrival that pace is yours as well. The nine immersions have their seasons. The daily practices run through a year on our farm estate.

The first is mindfulness. Sunrise on the wooden deck in July, beside the fire in January. Yoga one day, meditation the next, and an hour of breathing closes the cycle.

The second is the afternoon outside, with the land stewards. Hands in the beds, boots in the rewilded sixteen, and the research team telling you why they work the way they do.

The third is the evening walk under the oaks, without a route, and no exact plan. Or join the long table: what the garden offered this morning, shared with locals who walked up for dinner and know every field you can see from the terrace.

Enjoy all three or experience one. Your daily practice might turn out to be the rarest thing your stay gives you.

This is the part of your stay you will miss first.





FEBRUARY INTO APRIL

THE GREEN MONTHS

These hills are green from the autumn rain until May. The marzuolo truffle stays under the oaks until mid-April. What the dogs turn up smells of garlic and is shaved raw over hot eggs at lunch.

Wild asparagus comes up along the field edges in the last week of February, no thicker than a bootlace. Nettle, borage and wild chicory follow, cooked down in olive oil and served with pecorino.

Spring starts in March. You breathe in a wood coming back into leaf, then walk out onto the sixteen hectares where the horses live loose. Coming over is theirs to decide. One probably does, another follows, and they stand close enough that you feel their heat and hear them breathing. The rest of the day stops mattering for a long while.

April offers the biodiversity baseline. We walk the ground and write down every species, and what comes back is the figure every year after has to answer. Stay with us in any month and the sample bags go round after breakfast.

The number you help find is the number we publish.

AT THEIR BEST IN THESE WEEKS

Land Harvest · The Regenerative Source · Equine Resonance · The Vital Breath

MAY INTO JUNE

THE CUTTING WEEKS

You are out at six with the dew on your sleeves, and you work the beds until eight. Broad beans, peas, courgettes with the flowers on, and the first tomatoes once June turns, carried in to the kitchen that cooks your harvest for The Regenerative Table.

Come in June and you are picking roses at first light. The scent stays in the petal while the flower is cool and leaves as soon as the sun arrives. The night's flowers go straight to the still. Immortelle and thyme come off the dry slopes in the same weeks. The thyme is cut at half bloom. The immortelle is cut lower down, because the stem carries oil too.

Distillation happens in copper. Steam rises through the cuttings, the oil leaves the plant, and floats clear of the water at the other end. The label names the hillside and your day out in the fields. A year later the bottle opens on that morning.

The ground has gone firm and the afternoons are still cool enough to ride out. A horse takes you past where a walk would turn back, and the electric bikes have the ridges now the clay has dried hard.

No engine. No noise. You, and Nature on every side.

AT THEIR BEST IN THESE WEEKS

Botanical Ancestry · The Regenerative Source · Equine Journeys · Land and Trails





JULY INTO AUGUST

ELEVEN TO FIVE BELONGS TO THE CICADAS

A cicada spends four years underground and a few weeks in the open. The male buckles a pair of ribbed drums on his abdomen and is gone by September.

The best hour is six in the morning, when the oak wood smells strongest in the first two hours of light, and that is when you walk in and breathe.

The afternoon goes underground to the sixteen-degree cellar, where a vertical of one wine across several years is one season after another. The early evening belongs to the trails, with bare clay in the Crete Senesi, wheat and cypress in the Val d'Orcia.

Once the sun is behind the far ridge you get twenty minutes of colour that turns the pale clay pink. The galaxy is up from June to September, and twice a week a picnic climbs to the Sunset Atelier.

The cicadas stop at dusk. From the ridge you can hear the horses.

AT THEIR BEST IN THESE WEEKS

Land and Trails · Sunset Atelier · Vino Vivo · The Vital Breath

SEPTEMBER INTO OCTOBER

EVERYTHING AT ONCE

September is closed for truffles across Tuscany. Regional law gives the oak woods a month of ecological rest. The first weeks belong to the Vendemmia.

This is the best riding period of the year. The heat has gone out of the afternoon, and the clay is firm underfoot. You ride out through the picking and stop at villages holding their grape festivals.

In October the white truffle opens, and the dogs go back to the oaks. Come out of the woods with a handful of porcini and the afternoon is decided: you, the chefs and The Regenerative Table.

The garden turns, the aubergines come off, the pumpkins come in, and the cavolo nero starts, which the first frost only improves. The ribollita that carries the winter begins with what you cut in early autumn.

You go home with a jar you filled yourself. A head of fennel and the last peppers, put up sott'olio with the team: vinegar first, then the oil, then the jars into boiling water.

Two months when Tuscany gives everything at once.

AT THEIR BEST IN THESE WEEKS

Land Harvest · The Regenerative Source · Equine Journeys · Land and Trails





NOVEMBER INTO DECEMBER

SAFFRON AND NEW OIL

Saffron comes up at the end of October, and every crocus has to come off before it opens. Three red stigmas inside, pulled out between finger and thumb. A hundred and fifty make a gram.

Florence, Genoa and Venice valued saffron at the weight of gold. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the trade was the making of San Gimignano.

The olives come in at invaiatura, the days when the fruit turns from green to violet. That turn is the balance point: the oil has gone into the fruit, the polyphenols are at their highest, and the aromatics have arrived.

The DOP allows three days between the tree and the mill. Ours go the same day, and you drink it standing up in the mill, on bread, before the bite goes out of it.

San Giovanni d'Asso holds its white truffle market on two weekends in November, across the Crete Senesi. From the fifteenth the black winter truffle comes in and runs to March.

The people behind the tables are the ones who found them.

AT THEIR BEST IN THESE WEEKS

Land Harvest · The Regenerative Source · Botanical Ancestry

JANUARY INTO FEBRUARY

ORION AND A FIREPLACE

Fifteen hours of darkness at the solstice. The man who keeps the telescope walks up to the ridge with you, and the first thing he shows you needs no telescope at all: a fuzzy patch in Orion's sword. A place where stars are being made, thirteen hundred light years away.

The ground is resting, the beds are bare, and the valley is as quiet as the estate.

Three rooms here have no purpose but sitting down. January is when you find out what they are for: a chair, a fire, an afternoon nobody interrupts, and a book finished in one sitting. The hour of breathing moves in here too, six a minute with the land behind the glass.

Out on the sixteen hectares it is the horseman, the horse and you. Nothing on the hillside moves but the three of you. You will feel awake.

The marzuolo truffle opens on the fifteenth of January and the dogs are out again.

The quietest weeks of the year.

AT THEIR BEST IN THESE WEEKS

Sunset Atelier · Land Harvest · Equine Resonance



HOME

NOT ONE OF US WORKS OUT OF SIGHT

You will have our first names before your bags are up. We are a handful of people, and this is our home. Not one of us works out of sight.

The land steward who walked you into the rows sits down at the long table beside you. The next morning, you find yourself back in the garden, asking what goes in next week.

The horseman stands beside you in the rewilded zone and keeps what happens there between the two of you.

In the trees your breath coach listens more than he talks. He is there all week. Share a few moments together, and The Vital Breath becomes yours.

Our vigneron friends take you out between vines they have farmed biodynamically for years. Back at Zabella their names are on the labels. You will meet them again at The Regenerative Table, explaining why their wine belongs with pappa al pomodoro.

The oak woods, the rewilded hectares and the farmed ground are surveyed by the same research team that brings you along. What you find is counted in with the season.

And the two dogs are the two dogs. One is better in the wet. Both have opinions.

Nobody here is a guest. We all belong to this estate.



YOUR STAY

WHAT IT LEAVES BEHIND

One line holds the whole estate: this ground gains life every year. Nature Asset Value is how we measure these seventy hectares, season by season.

Walk into the rewilded sixteen hectares and you are looking at what this hillside has done since nobody worked it.

What you help find goes into the record: the biodiversity figures, set against the April 2026 baseline. Your Personal Impact Report waits for you on departure.

A world in which Nature has standing is coming. Written into law, the way our own rights are.

Agaporia is one hillside working towards that future. Every stay that leaves more life behind brings such a world closer.

A fixed four per cent of room revenue goes to the restoration of land and ocean, and to the prosperity of children.

AGAPORIA

NATURE IS OUR ORIGIN. WE NEVER LEFT IT.

Opening summer 2028

RESERVATIONS AND ENQUIRIES

reservations@agaporia.com
+39 347 255 8552
Località Orsina, Montefollonico (SI), Toscana
www.agaporia.com