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- JOHN ODELL, WordsOfWords.com



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AUGUST 2018 ISSUE DEADLINES

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Friday, July 20th

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Tuesday, July 24th



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Gretchen Cruden is a National Board Certified Teacher with a graduate certificate in Mind, Brain and Teaching from Johns Hopkins University.

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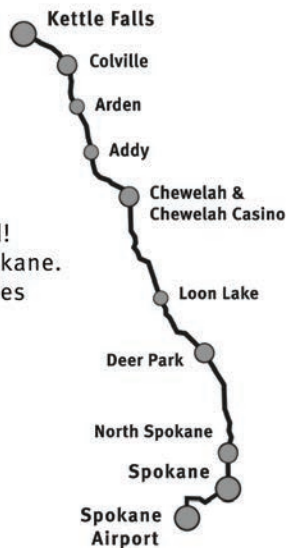


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Something We Can Fix

By Christine Wilson

Again, but not for the last time, I offer up one of my all-time-favorite quotes:

"There is a light in this world; a healing spirit more powerful than any darkness we may encounter. We sometimes lose sight of this force when there is suffering and too much pain, and then, suddenly, the spirit will emerge among the lives of ordinary people who hear the call and answer in extraordinary ways."

~ Mother Teresa: *The Legacy*, Richard Attenborough

Since I'm in the mood for repetition, let me once again share the story of how I came to write this column. I had been on an elliptical machine, staring out a fitness center window in oxygen debt, mindlessly watching the comings and goings at the bank across the street.

A vintage car pulled up and stopped in the parking lot. I could see a bit of the heads of two people in the front seats. Slowly, really slowly it seemed to me, the driver worked to push open his door. It was not an easy task for this elderly gentleman and he got my attention as he struggled his way out of the car.

Icy November weather added to his difficulties, especially since he wasn't really dressed for the conditions and he did not seem strong enough to climb over the curb, much less maneuver his way into the bank. However, he succeeded in lifting his legs up onto the sidewalk and continued his slippery expedition toward the door. My heart was racing as I rooted for him to accomplish his journey. The door. Yikes! It looked formidable

and I was worried for him.

Another car pulled up and a woman got out of the car with her 8- or 9-year-old son. What a relief, I thought; he would get some help.

The mother spotted the older man, at which point she quickly pushed her son along the sidewalk and through the door, leaving the man to continue his solo walk. Whoa! What had just happened? Here was a perfect chance to help another human being and to teach a child how to be kind, and instead she showed him how to speed up so he wouldn't have to take the time to help.

Eventually, the man made it to the door. He needed both arms to pull it open, but succeeded and went into the bank. I was running hard on the elliptical by then, just to burn off the stress hormones.

After a few minutes, the bank door opened from the inside and a banker came out, also not dressed for winter. He was sporting slippery-looking banker shoes, a short-sleeved shirt and a clipboard. Alongside him was the

gentleman for whom I by that time had developed an attachment. The banker came over to the passenger side of the car and opened the door. He knelt down and seemed to be talking to the passenger. A clipboard and pen disappeared into the car, and then reemerged, gripped by a gnarly little hand. He took the clipboard, shook that hand, and returned to the bank. By then the driver had returned to his place and then the car left the parking lot.

I spent the next few hours going back and forth between being furious with that mother and being charmed by the banker. My sometimes cynical husband said I should make sure the banker wasn't foreclosing on their house before I got too adoring.

I had to know, so I talked to the banker who had gone out into the cold. He stated that there were a lot of customers who needed that kind of help. He did what he could to make banking easier for them.

So I had a dilemma. Did I want to live my life



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Random Acts of Community

collecting stories of despicable behavior, feeling constantly grumpy and miserable? I would not be wrong to find the mother's behavior appalling. The real problem would be if I decided to collect those stories and angrily hang on to them. As the author David Neiwert says: "We lose our humanity incrementally, in small acts of meanness," and complaining about all the misdeeds I witness could become its own incremental meanness of spirit.

The more appealing option would be to celebrate stories of kindness, random or otherwise, that show the extraordinariness of ordinary people and create an incremental awareness of hopefulness. That had always been my favorite focus anyway, and there are plenty of such stories. "Random Acts of Community" was launched.

There are always going to be acts of cruelty, selfishness and greed, and they vary in intensity. I am not a fan of ignoring them or pretending the world is perfect. I also don't think we need to wait for chances to do big acts of kindness. It's the little moments of choice that are my current focus.

A woman in the car in front of me at the bank drive-through finished her transaction and tossed garbage out into the bushes before she drove off. I pulled up, sent my banking into the magic tube, and got out of the car to retrieve her mess. The woman in the next lane rolled her window down so she could say how shocked she had been about that act of selfishness and we cheerily commiserated about it.

The choice for me is clear. In that instance, it helped to have another person who shared my values, but beyond that, I wanted to clean up her mess and move on with my day. It was something literally in front of me that I could fix.

At the end of a weekend retreat, a man stopped at a store for dinner fixings. In the car, he'd been thinking about how he was going to use what he had learned to be a kinder person. He found himself in a long, slow grocery line. The clerk was talking to a baby being held by an older woman. He immediately forgot his intention and went straight to internally steaming about the hold-up. Then he remembered that plan of his. He told the clerk it was a darling baby and she said it was hers. Her husband had died and her mother brought him in during her shift so she could see him.

Recently, having forgotten about that story, I stood impatiently in line at a local store, listening to an elderly man who had already paid for his groceries but was continuing his elaborate storytelling directed at the calm-looking cashier. I guessed he had limited human contact and that helped my bigger self regain control.

While I was standing there, another older gentleman came in and handed the cashier a

set of keys he had found on the ground outside. He was well past the sprinting stage of his life and it would have taken something out of him to return to the store, but return he did. That clerk's patience and that man's key rescue are also not on the grand scale of saving the world but I was heartened by them.

My favorite Bible verse is still Ezekiel 16:49: "The true sin of Sodom was greed, prosperous ease, and inhospitality to strangers." Most of us

don't get a chance to solve world-scale problems but on a daily basis we can witness goodness or act with that goodness ourselves. We can be that ordinary person who picks up someone else's garbage, focuses on the sweetness of a baby, and delights when an older person takes the time to walk back into a store with lost keys.

Christine Wilson is a psychotherapist in private practice in Colville and can be reached at christineallenewilson@gmail.com or 509-690-0715.



The poster for China Bend Winery features a yellow background with a red border. At the top, a yellow banner with black text reads "China Bend Winery". Below the banner, the text "The Healthiest Wine on the Planet" is written in red. To the left of the text is an illustration of a green wine bottle with a label that says "CHINA BEND" and a glass of red wine. In the background, there is a blue and green globe. To the right of the globe, the text "Visitors Welcome", "Winery Tasting Room", "Open Daily Noon - 5:00", "Closed Sundays", and "Bed & Breakfast at the Winery" is written in black. Below this, the text "Like no other Winery you have ever visited!" is written in red, followed by "Summer Party" in large red letters, and "Saturday July 7 ~ Noon to Dark" in black. At the bottom, there are three red circles: the left one says "Dance", the middle one says "Live Music" with a list of performers: "The Planetary Refugees", "Rockin Robin Ellis", and "Zenith of Gypsy Moon Belly Dancers"; the right one says "Hot". At the very bottom, a yellow box with a black border contains the address "3751 Vineyard Way - Kettle Falls, WA", the location "On the Northport-Flat Creek Road Along Lake Roosevelt", and the phone number and website "(800)700-6123 ~ www.chinabend.com".

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To Live an Untamed Life

By Dr. Barry Bacon, MD

I sat in the darkened cabin of a DC-10. We were approaching the Mediterranean Sea, on my way back from a lightning trip to Africa. I was watching a mindless movie, something about hobbits and dwarves fighting orcs and wizards. Suddenly a woman screamed. I struggled to connect the woman's scream with the plot of the movie. Then she screamed again, and I realized that the sound was coming from across the aisle on the plane.

She was in a great deal of agony. I jumped to my feet to see if I could help her.

I have previously responded to a number of emergencies on planes. A man with a heart attack on a return flight from Malawi. (In that case, I directed the pilot to make an emergency landing in Vienna to save the man's life.) A woman who was hyperventilating. A man with profound hypoglycemia who had forgotten to eat before he came on the plane. Every episode is eventful and unique.

In this present case, the woman was writhing uncontrollably, and the left side of her body was spasming as though in a seizure. The passengers in the seats ahead of her cleared out to make room for me to lean over and talk with her. I explained that I was a doctor. The woman replied that she was a nurse practitioner.

I quizzed her a bit more about her circumstances and her medical history. She never had a seizure or anything like this before. First trip to Ethiopia. Traveled from Missouri with some friends to help with a medical mission, sort of on a whim, sort of a chance to find herself, see the world differently, find something of significance to do. I smiled.

I rummaged through the medical pack that the airline provided. It's always fascinating to try to comprehend the mind of whoever puts these together. In this case, there were a number of empty slots where medicines should have been stocked. I looked for anything with which

I could treat seizures, or severe muscle spasms. I managed to find a small vial of diazepam, or Valium, and asked her for permission to inject this. The woman was miserable and agreed.

She told me that she was on a couple of blood pressure medicines, one of which was a water pill that sort of sucks the potassium and magnesium out of you and leaves your muscles vulnerable to severe cramping. I asked if her diet had significantly changed since she was in Ethiopia. "Yes," she replied. I asked if she had eaten any fruits or vegetables. "No, they didn't have any. Only bread, rice, pasta, I didn't dare

lack of hope, vacant stares of starving masses, but all the Americans had to give was trinkets compared to what was needed.

But her eyes were opened. She saw what was really needed. It wasn't simply medicines; what was wrong couldn't be cured by pills. Agricultural development. Water conservation. Access to basic primary care. Education. Hope. I nodded. She understood.

I told her of my years in Africa, regaled her with stories of saving lives, of failures, the things that I have learned, the vision I was developing. She was intrigued. Her muscle

spasms were calming, and she began to relax.

I spoke to her of the invitation we had just received to visit the new Minister of Health for Ethiopia, a nation of 107 million people. He had heard of our proposal through a physician practicing in the U.S. who follows our progress. I had traveled 14,000 miles round-trip to spend 17 hours in the country, and now I was on my way home again, having achieved the one object of my

trip: to meet, shake hands, and tell the story of our dream to create a medical school in a remote corner of Ethiopia, by the South Sudan border, with the express intent of transforming health outcomes, in part by inviting South Sudanese refugees and local Ethiopians to apply for the chance to become excellent physicians, and thus to be part of their own solution.

The Minister of Health, the regional governor, the regional education and health secretaries, the mayor and the president of the university – all are on board. This is a unique vision for healthcare transformation, unlike anything that I am aware of anywhere in the world. But it wasn't mine. It is the dream of a friend by the name of Gatbel, one of the lost boys of South Sudan. He dreams of building a medical school there. I am just the spark, the connector, finding like-minded partners who want to see this



George Brooks, Rosetta Davis of Hope Street, with Andrew Morrison (right) of strawbale.com.

eat the meat. It was really bad." Hmm. Likely this was the cause. She wasn't consuming anything that had potassium and magnesium to a significant degree. "But I did drink lots of water," she added.

We hunted around and found some orange juice, dried apricots, tomato juice and a muscle relaxer that someone donated.

To draw her mind away from her plight and help her to relax, I asked her about her trip. Why did she come? What was she doing and what did she hope to accomplish? She told me of the terrible living conditions she had seen in the remote highlands where her team had traveled. One hundred percent of children growth-stunted. Every pregnant woman malnourished. Gaunt cattle, starving children, land crowding, fertile soil washing away, plenty of rain but no slowing of the runoff, lack of vision,

happen. This important meeting with the Minister of Health will move the project forward considerably.

My patient on the airplane was intrigued. Having never experienced anything like this, her mind was still trying to wrap itself around what she had witnessed.

Such trips, I have found, have a varied effect on people. Some are invigorated and vow to return over and over for the rest of their lives. Others are overwhelmed, shocked, depressed, and they can't make sense of the world outside of our North American borders, so they crawl into a spiritual cave for a time and try to figure out, sometimes unsuccessfully, what to do with this newfound knowledge of the world and how it works.

My experience has been that it does no good to push people to do things that to them are so unsettling. Some of us are suited for such a life, while others are not. Some long for a quiet, tamed, civilized life of comforts and spas and manicures. I do not understand this choice, but I accept it. Some of us embrace a different life, a raw, perilous, unfettered and untamed journey to the jagged edges of existence.

It is in such places that your soul screams. It is a land of a thousand questions – why? Why is it like this? How can the world be this way? It is a life that, despite the questions, embraces the plight of humanity as it is, a life that recognizes a calling to change what can be changed, to laugh often, to weep as you work, to love always. It is a life that is beyond belief. Such a life is its own reward.

I just met someone who is living such a life. His name is Andrew Morrison, and his website, strawbalehouse.com, tells the story of a man who invests himself in giving back to communities all over the country, teaching hundreds of people the simple technology of creating a beautiful dwelling made of straw bales. He champions tiny homes as well.

A few representatives from Hope Street, our Colville-based project to provide tiny homes for the homeless, had a chance to interview him and pick his brain about homelessness and hope and the insanity of the way things are.

To know that such people exist in this world restores my faith. Andrew lives on a boat in Mexico, and he lives out his life's mission by spending huge chunks of every year finding

joy in helping people to create shelter. I want to invite him to teach us what he knows, connect us to at-risk youth who need jobs, build tiny homes and tiny cottages that are affordable ... but that's a story for another time.

Suffice it to say for now that this untamed, radical life of service, one that finds its greatest joy not in sitting on a sunset beach listening to the lapping waves as the dolphins play (although I've got to admit, that's pretty nice), but rather finds its highest joy in grasping the broken messy world that we live in, counts the cost, understands the risks, and dives in anyway.

By the way, how did my up-in-the-air patient fare? She made it back home safe and sound, thanks to one vial of Valium, a muscle relaxer, several generous glasses of fruit juice, four dried apricots, and a handful of stories from Africa to soothe her spirit.

Barry Bacon is a physician who has lived and practiced family medicine in Colville for 27 years. He now works in small rural hospitals in Washington state, teaches family medicine, and works on health disparities in the U.S. and Africa.

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Love Charms, Jinxes and the Power

By Eileen Delehanty Pearkes

Each year, a succession of blooms rolls like a scented wave through the natural landscapes of North Columbia Country. From early avalanche lilies to spunky balsam-root sunflowers and on to late spring's common thimbleberry, wild places are littered with beauty that has been around for a very long time.

Unlike garden blooms, which must be tended and sometimes protected against unexpected weather, the indigenous blossoms, no matter how delicate, are also tough as nails. They are timed precisely to the unique seasonal calendar of the upper Columbia's mountain terrain. Within a wide spectrum of natural weather conditions, they show great resilience and persistence.

So it is with the bog orchids (*Plantathera/Habenaria*), the largest group of indigenous orchids in British Columbia. True to their common name, these delicate and elegant spikes of flower prefer spongy, wet habitat, but they bear little resemblance to the hot-house

variety. In some cases, a roadside ditch will work just fine. I have long beloved the bog orchid, for its relative rarity, for its heady scent, and for something I can only describe as its most particular charm.

Turns out, the plant's charm has long and deep connections to this region's mountain culture.

Interior Salish tribes throughout the inland Northwest treat all the plants growing in their world with respect and reverence. Stories and legends refer to plants in their original spiritual states and describe how they transformed into the form we know them in today. Black tree lichen was once Coyote Hair; clematis formed the braids of a maiden owl. And so it is that the Sinixt-Salish word for the many-blossomed spikes of bog orchid translates into English as "a bunch of people," people who eventually became flowers gathered together on a plant stem.

Associated with their spiritual value, plants

in the tribal world also hold magical and supernatural properties. They can be protective against ghosts and bad spirits (juniper and rose) or offer a good luck charm (Canby's lovage or red columbine). Elders Martin Louie and Selina Timoyakin explained to researchers in the 1970s that the bog orchid could be used to jinx people, but only if the proper spells were known. According to the ethnobotanist Nancy Turner, Interior Salish tribes once used the bog orchid widely as a good luck or love charm.

The flower's incantations appear to have worked thoroughly well on me. I've searched for the bog orchid for hours in the woods. I've also stopped dead in my tracks to wonder at its somewhat secretive arrival. Recently, on a dark and rainy night driving south from Kaslo, B.C., the orchid's particular charms, glowing with profusion in my headlights, drew me to pull abruptly to the side of the road. Squishing through the newly saturated bog, I allowed myself to pick a handful of spikes.

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the Border of Plants

The magical scent gave me company the rest of the way home and they lasted for days on my kitchen counter.

I'm not sure what drives my floral preferences. All I do know is that plants, and more specifically flowers, often speak to me. They call out from roadsides, wooded paths, creek edges and hollows. No matter how tiny or far away, certain of them seem to make me notice them, of that much I am sure. From an evolutionary basis, flowers have apparently evolved quite fantastical shapes, colors and scents to attract pollinators. It makes sense that their beauty would attract a person or that person's spirit as well. It might also indicate that I am part flying insect.

The researcher William Elmendorf, who interviewed Sinixt and Spokane tribal members in the 1930s, writes of a plant he identifies as a sort of "milkweed" with fuzzy, sticky grey-green leaves shaped like a rat's tail and covered with white spines. This plant, he was told by an elder, was used as a charm to keep newlyweds together. Two of the leaves were stuck together, parched and then powdered. The wife or the husband might keep the powder in a small bag, although, Elmendorf was told, "usually it's the woman who has to look out for these things."

The use of small buckskin bags to hold such plant power was once widespread in North Columbia Country. Plants or roots would be dried, powdered or otherwise prepared and stuffed into these containers, to be worn around necks, in belts or somewhere less visible. I once knew a Salish woman who kept a vial of sunflower pollen in her necklace bag. These secret charms are to prevent bad luck or create good fortune. They could also be used to enchant or jinx someone. At the simplest and most positive level, they focused thoughts, reminding an individual to take particular care, or to wish the very best for someone else.

A walk in the woods can slip easily into gratitude, appreciation and mystery. It can help us focus on what is good, what is harmonious and beautiful. Part of the mystery is the way flowering plants return year after year, to remind us of the role that silent beauty and steadiness play in a landscape's character.

Eileen Delehanty Pearkes lives in Nelson, B.C. Her recent book on the Columbia River Treaty, A River Captured, was recently released by Rocky Mountain Books. For more of her explorations of the western landscape, visit www.edpearkes.com.



Ospreys and Eagles

By Jack Nisbet

For people who live near the Canadian/U.S. border and happen to take in media articles from both sides of the border about the current Columbia River Treaty negotiations, the words often seem to be discussing entirely different watercourses. One Columbia flows south of the international border, another north. One pulses through the vast expanse of our region, another dribbles along as a sadly reduced series of lakes. One glitters with electrical money, another with flashing salmon; one bustles with industry and political advantage, another includes modern tribal presence as a moral and practical compass. One Columbia lives in a hazy, romanticized past, while another needs to come alive with common sense and cooperation for any hope of a future.

Perhaps a way to get some perspective on these different viewpoints is to separate humans from the equation and focus on two native bird species with overlapping interests that have coexisted along the river over a geologic span of time.

John Keast Lord was a naturalist for the British

team of the original International Boundary Survey who studied our stretch of the Columbia in the late 1850s and early 1860s. He passed two winters at Fort Colville, traveled in all seasons, and shot a collection of birds for study skins that would make a modern park ranger wince.

Lord saw the American osprey, or fish hawk, "on nearly every river and lake from the coast to the west slope of the Rocky Mountains," and killed one near Kettle Falls. He noted how ospreys in the interior always built their nests at the very summit of a tall snag. He found each nest "a most conspicuous object that can be seen from a long distance," and used them as landmarks to orient himself on the river. The naturalist also remarked on how, at the end of the season, all ospreys abandoned the region to winter in warmer climates.

Lord encountered bald eagles even more frequently than he did ospreys, considering them "the most abundant of the falcon tribe" along the river, most commonly seen "seated on

the loftiest tree or rocky pinnacle and soaring or circling round, screaming like a tortured demon." He loved to watch them hunt along the big waterways, stooping with their talons just like their smaller osprey cousins. "It is a curious sight to watch an eagle plunge into the water, seize a heavy salmon, and rise with it without any apparent difficulty." He wrote that the bald eagles retired to remote hills to build their nests, which they often placed on a side limb rather than a broken top. Old hunters told him that the eagle pairs faithfully returned to the same tree year after year, just as with the osprey, always adding more sticks to create an ever-increasing tangle of limbs.

Curiously, bald eagles usually fledged only a single chick per season, while ospreys often fledged two or three from a clutch. The eagles' winter behavior also puzzled John Lord: "As the cold becomes intense, they sit three and four on the limb of a pine-tree, all their craft and courage gone, blinking and drowsy as an owl in daytime. Why birds so powerfully winged should prefer to remain where the winters are sufficiently intense to freeze them to death, rather than go southward, is a mystery I am unable to explain."

Lord noted that, while ospreys survived solely by diving for fish, bald eagles indulged in a much broader diet, feasting on spawned-out salmon along the shoreline, sharing dead deer with turkey vultures, and chasing ducks across open water.

Since the naturalist was often hunting ducks himself for both collection and the stewpot, this sometimes brought him into conflict with eagles, and he described an instance when a bald eagle dexterously stole a fat mallard immediately after he had shot it. Lord, who was known to exaggerate occasionally, complained that, "Numberless ducks have been lost to me this way."

A quick browse through YouTube shows that such thievery is a habit bald eagles also employ in their relationship with ospreys. The larger bird waits until the more nimble osprey has taken a fish, then dives at the smaller bird's back until it drops its prey. Occasionally, when the robbery is executed to perfection, the eagle plucks the writhing fish out of midair and flies away with a free meal.

John Lord never recorded this kind of aggressive behavior between the two raptors on the Columbia, and the numbers of both species dropped precipitously after he departed from the scene. For years, settlers shot and poisoned all hawks as a matter of course, and the pesticide

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DDT extirpated many North American populations of both birds after World War II.

With the banning of DDT in the early 1970s, ospreys and eagles slowly began spreading back to their former habitats across the continent. For scientists, this provided an opportunity to study the complexity of their interactions. Not surprisingly, each individual situation turned out to tell a slightly different story.

Ospreys occupied one California reservoir for several years without any eagles present. During that time the osprey numbers increased in direct proportion to the limits of available prey. Their nests tended to be plentiful, and fledgling success rates high. The first returning bald eagle scattered the established order with aggressive behavior. Osprey fledgling success rate declined and several established nests were abandoned. A bald eagle pair claimed one of the abandoned nests and resumed their ancient ritual of piling up more dead sticks, season after season.

In one Florida salt marsh, where local geography and expanding human development restricted the birds' territories, tension between resident ospreys and bald eagles seemed to increase. Eagles would hover above hunting osprey, threatening them with powerful dives.

Across one extensive Nova Scotia marshland, where there was plenty of space and prey, eagles also dove on osprey. Actual fish robbing was most often carried out by mature adult eagles,

but it was not a very common behavior: osprey lost fewer fish to bald eagle harassment than to accidental drops. Eagles were observed to prey on eels as they entered an inlet; ospreys never deviated from their diet of fish.

Altogether, these and other studies seem to show that if there is adequate prey and plenty of room, eagles and osprey can share space in spite of prickly relationships. The two birds have certainly managed to coexist around wetlands for much longer than any human can imagine.

The Columbia River that John Lord experienced a century-and-a-half ago was a very different place from what we see today.

At the nexus of Kettle Falls, its waters roared with spray and sound, drowning out conversations half a mile away. A slower snowmelt from the Rocky Mountains made for violent rapids and a swift current that did not peak until late June or July. The chinook salmon that arrived at about that time were exhausted after weeks of fasting and almost 700 miles of swimming upstream.

Most of the fish that made it as far as the falls would have been too large for any osprey (which weigh around three pounds) and most eagles (which tip the scales at six or seven pounds). But salmon carcasses that drifted ashore, as well as lamprey eels slowly working their way up rocks, would have served just fine as bald eagle food. Osprey could have stooped for whitefish that

were just the right size. Both birds could have taken the suckers that gathered in shallow eddies.

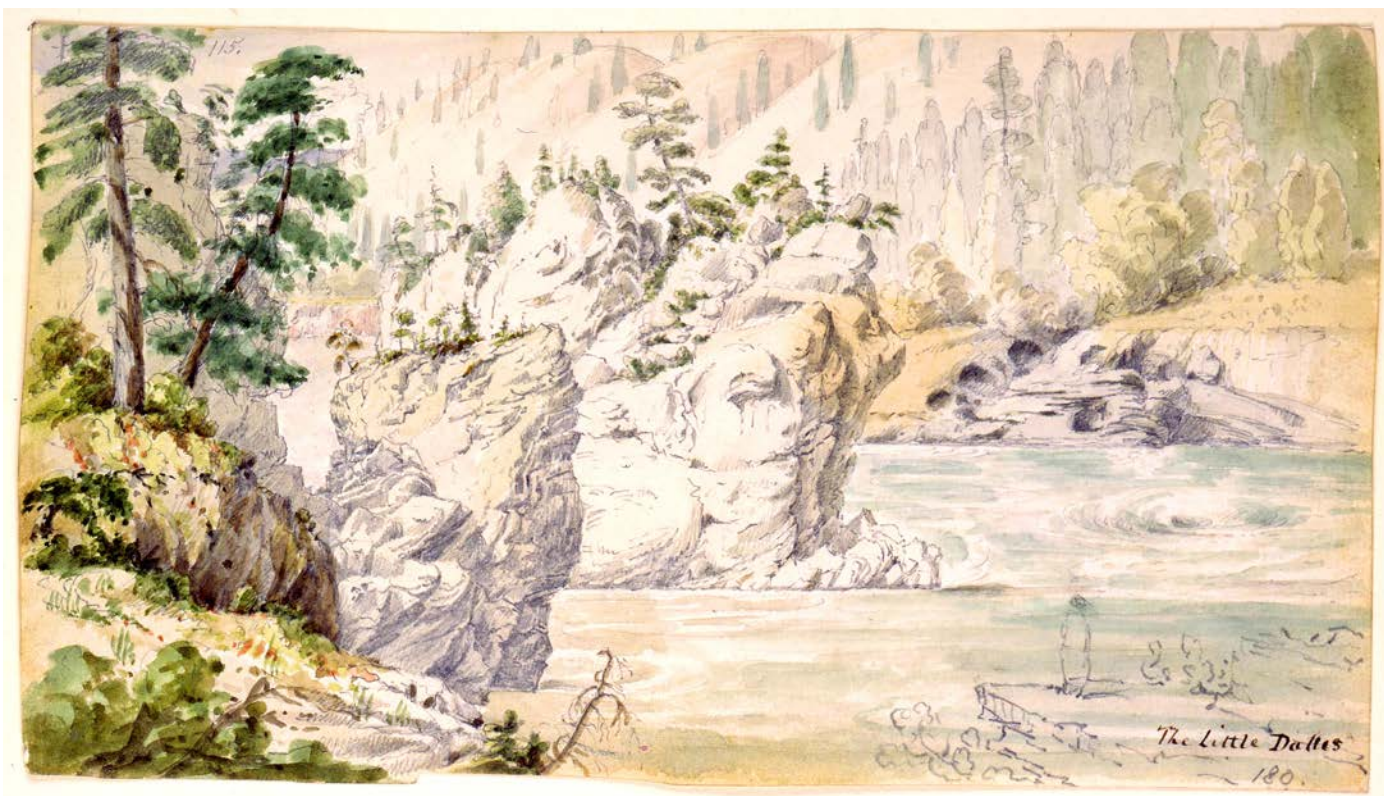
Since John Lord departed from the scene, dams, development and human-introduced fish species have altered this equation from the perspective of the birds. Both raptors have obviously adjusted to the changes, however, because many steel and wooden transmission lines above the old Kettle Falls are decorated with massive stick nests. Each spring, two or three osprey chicks crane their heads up from several of them, ignoring plastic owls meant to deter such activities. Adult ospreys wheel around the bluffs above Lake Roosevelt with sharp whistles. Up and downstream, the piercing screams of the bald eagle keep the ospreys well aware of their presence.

When things get tight, conflict arises. Adaptations take place. Balance, always a tenuous thing, becomes skewed and wobbles unpredictably. When some sort of new balance is achieved, it never looks exactly like the one that came before.

No one can put the river back like it was. But responsible stewards should be able to listen to the voices that know the river best and consider the Columbia with the care it deserves.

Thanks to Jules Evens of Avocet Research for his long-term work on ospreys.

Jack Nisbet's next book, The Dreamer and the Doctor, will be available this fall from Sasquatch Books.



Little Dalles, Paul Kane, 1847. Courtesy Royal Ontario Museum.



A Path to Great Wildlife Experience

By Joanie Christian

I am often asked, “How do you get so lucky in seeing so much wildlife?”

The answer is that I go looking for wildlife. A lot.

I spend a good chunk of my spare time in pursuit of the privilege of observing critters of all kinds in their habitats, and hopefully capturing an amazing image in the process. Sometimes I am successful. Sometimes I’m not. But I go just the same, and enjoy every minute of it. Each image that I share represents a very small percentage of the time I am out and about, sometimes just 30 seconds after several hours outdoors.

For me, it really is about more than getting “the shot.” It’s about connection, discovery, wonder, and remembering that I am a part of a much bigger picture.

Even if you’re not a photographer, I would say that a day in the natural world is a day well spent. Nature is good medicine. While it won’t necessarily resolve the needs of significant mental health issues that are more complex, studies are increasingly showing that immersion in nature can be healing and have a therapeutic effect. It helps to balance out the “other stuff.” And I think there is a lot of “other stuff” these days, so time in nature may be more important than ever.

This region is ripe for exploring, and there is much to see in terms of geography and the wildlife that cohabits with us here. I have traveled to many parts of the country and I always come back with an appreciation for what we have right out our back door. It is a truly unique, diverse and beautiful place.

Through my adventures, I’ve learned tricks to spot and photograph wildlife that I am happy to share.

Time of day is an important one. The magic hour after sunrise and before sunset not only provides wonderful lighting, but it is when many animal species are feeding. I see and photograph wildlife at other times of the day, but am consistently successful in the early morning and evening.

Take advantage of seasonal opportunities. In spring, babies can be seen all over the region. Nest building and nesting behavior is fascinating. Observing eggs hatching and seeing little ones grow and fledge is a wonderful thing. Fawns are amongst the cutest babies on the planet, in my opinion. Tundra and sometimes trumpeter swans can be seen during their early spring migration in the region. Once in a blue moon, a migrating white pelican can be seen. While biking in Stevens County, a friend recently spotted a fox kit running ahead of her on the road. In certain waterfowl species, hatchlings ride on the parents’ back for their first few days after hatching, an incredible thing to witness. The circle of life is never more apparent than in

spring with the many types of animal babies.

In the winter, I often see more wildlife after a fresh snowfall. Sometimes wildlife is easier to spot when everything is white. And the newly-fallen snow is beautiful in a photograph. Many area lakes are home to otters, and they can be seen cavorting on the ice and playfully sliding down snowbanks when the lakes have frozen over. They make holes in the ice and then pop their heads up through the holes, or bring a newly caught fish up onto the ice to eat.

With few exceptions, I use telephoto lenses to photograph wildlife, which helps me zoom in close to the subject without getting too close to change their behavior, and provides greater safety for me. Though many of my images look like I am up close and personal to an animal, thanks to telephoto lenses and cropping, I’m actually a considerable distance away.

The higher the megapixels that a camera has, the more area you can crop from an image and still have the image be sharp and non-pixelated. Good telephotos can be very expensive, but invest in the best lenses you can afford. Teleconverters are an economical option if the lens length you desire is out of your price range.

Successful cropping requires a sharp image to start with, so learn the focusing options on your camera to help you achieve sharp focus in different conditions. Use an *f* stop of *f* 7 or higher, if possible, to ensure that more of the subject is in focus. For animals, it is most important that the eyes are in focus. Animals can have unpredictable movement, so a shutter speed of 1/500th of a second is good to get a clear shot, and even faster for flying birds. I use 1/2000th of a second for flying birds if lighting allows.

There is currently a great deal of debate in the photography world about ethical photography of wildlife. Minimizing disturbance to the animal and avoiding actions that could produce a change in the animals’ behavior are encouraged. An example would be to not feed an animal to get a photo. There is a common saying: “A fed bear is a dead bear.” In this case, a bear that is fed ends up habituated to humans, becomes a problem bear, and then needs to be relocated or killed.

This is an extreme example, but there are many other things that we do that can impact an animal’s success in the wild. As an example, getting too close to nesting loons can affect their ability to successfully reproduce. I have made this mistake, not realizing the impact I was having on what I was photographing. Try to avoid scaring birds off their nests, as their eggs are vulnerable to temperature changes and predators.

As I’ve learned and become more aware of the vulnerabilities of

animals I photograph, I've adapted my approach as well as invested in longer lenses.

Another consideration is YOUR safety. Maintaining a safe distance between you and a potentially dangerous animal is important. Don't underestimate them. Animals will often give different types of warnings if you're getting too close – laying ears back, lifting tail, raising fur on their back, snorting, prancing, and stomping can all be signs that they are likely to attack.

Bears, wolves and cougars come to mind as being dangerous, but seemingly docile animals such as moose, bison and deer are statistically more dangerous. According to the U.S. Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, the humble deer is the most deadly. The incidence of deaths in the U.S. due to deer is 25 times that from sharks, bears, snakes, cougars, alligators and wolves *combined*. Most of these are due to accidents, but the number of deaths and injuries from deer attacks are much higher than you might expect. All animals are protective of their young, so be even more cautious when they are with their little ones.

If you are interested in spotting or photographing particular kinds of animals, first learn more about them. What, when and where do they eat? What topography or habitat do they prefer? When do they

breed and what are their breeding behaviors? What is the incubation period, and where do they have their young? What are their migratory or winter patterns? Become a student of the animal, and you will have more success finding and photographing them.

Once you do find them, watch their behavior, which will help you learn to anticipate when to get a good image. For example, I photograph a lot of bald eagles. I often find them near road kill. While I don't find that to be a particularly attractive thing to photograph, if I focus on the bird and then be patient and sit tight, it will eventually fly off. That's when I get my shot.

Not all nature photography requires being in the wilderness. Some of my favorite photographs have been taken from my yard. Waxwings eating berries from the tree. A newborn fawn curled up when the momma was off foraging.

There are wonders all around us in this beautiful, beautiful part of the world, wonders that bring me peace and remind me of one of my favorite poems, "The Peace of Wild Things," by Wendell Berry.

May you find the wonder and peace of wild things.

Joanie Christian, a freelance nature photographer, has lived in NE WA for 40+ years. View her work at joaniechristianphotography.com and follow her paddling adventures at stillwaterpaddling.com.



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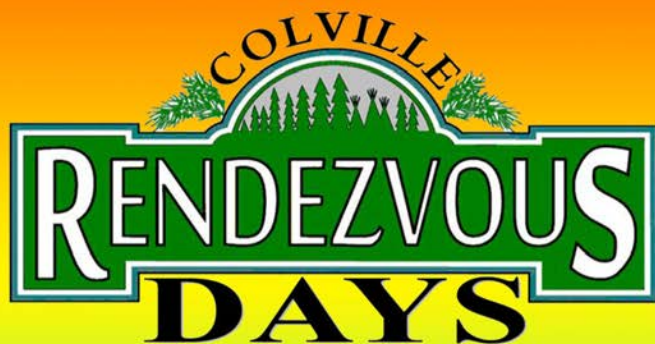
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Dances With Rats

By Loren Cruden

As members of the writers group headed out to their cars after one of our Sunday sessions, a few lingered to watch the finches, chickadees and nuthatches landing on my feeder. “We never get tired of it, do we?” one of the group finally commented. “Watching our wildlife.”

Recently, I read a book by Michael McCarthy, who lives in England and is a journalist. *The Moth Snowstorm* is his second book. In the U.K., “twitcher” is the slang term for a bird watcher. McCarthy is a twitcher – and butterfly enthusiast (“flutterer”?) – and writes about nature. *The Moth Snowstorm* makes no bones about our planet-wide environmental crisis, but focuses mainly on McCarthy’s personal experiences of awe and joy in the natural world.

Several things pertinent to North Columbian sensibilities struck me while reading the book. First, even if wildlife here is thinning out, McCarthy has a lot less wildlife around than we do. Second, he seems a little shy about coming out and admitting to his moments of awe and joy. As though admission might undermine his credibility as a professional Nature writer. As though he might be discounted as a nerdish anorak, a mere ... twitcher.

Reticence about strong feelings seems less evident over here. American enthusiasm for the big outdoors always has had an element of muscularity to it, especially out west. There’s the whole Mountain Man thing, and John Muir packing cast-iron frying pans up and down the California backcountry, and Edward Abbey’s take-no-prisoners paeans to wilderness. And, while there are contentious face-offs between resource extractors and protectors of the natural world, people on both sides seem comfortable talking about extraordinary things they’ve encountered outdoors.

Recent scientific discoveries – that people heal faster after surgery if their hospital room has a window view of nature; that stroking a furry animal lowers blood pressure; that strolling among trees relieves stress – seem no-brainers. But McCarthy points out that more than half the planet’s human population now lives in cities. After reading that, I had to go outside and therapeutically contemplate the wild turkeys in the field for a while.

McCarthy’s hope is that, if enough people awake to the innate human propensity to feel love for the natural world, we’ll collectively act with due urgency to preserve it.

This is an admirable hope, as far as hopes go, but does not take into account another human propensity: to compartmentalize.

We’re perfectly capable of destroying nature while loving it.

On the mountain up by Orient where I used to live, humans were a minority species in the habitat. This had an impact on my perspective. For a while, when snakes and pack rats moved into the walls, I was a minority species even in my own house. A situation not lacking in drama, strong feelings and (due to the rodents) strong smells. Nonetheless, living alone in the presence of the mountain’s many different life-forms was instructive and absorbing. And it allowed me to see my own nature in new ways. As though reflected in a tree mirror, a grouse mirror, a bear mirror and so on, including a snake-in-the-wall mirror.

The saturation in non-human beings also had the knock-on effect of making trips to town daunting – all those *people!* All that *merchandise!* But it became clear that, whether in town or on the mountain, we are all, whatever our species, just trying to make a go of life as best we can. Or, as Norman MacLean would have it, “Eventually, all things merge into one, and a river runs through it.”

My river, which used to be the Kettle and is now the Columbia, extends connectivity up and downstream, beyond view but not beyond attention. Like listening to wind-carried voices. Or to the spring clamor of wild geese returning up the valley, heard before they are seen. Weather, too, journeys up the valley from elsewhere, massing about the hills as though staging for a berserk charge. The sun sets behind those same hills, releasing heartbreaking colors like a bugler’s last call, burnishing the coats of the deer browsing in the field. Bats swoop in, night falls, moonlight glimmers on the river.

I remember sitting on a ferny hillside one autumn night in Michigan with my husband and our cat, Taj. We could hear the rippling stream at the base of the slope, and the mink squabbling over salmon that had spawned and died there. We heard cricket song and the rustle of a porcupine, smelled the harsh tang of the bracken. Even when things are specific, identified, familiar, there is a great mystery present in the “allness” felt in those receptive moments, infusing the myriad with a coherence of life, death, renewal.

During my house interval with snakes, pack rats and mice in the walls, however, I didn’t gracefully experience all things merging into one. I felt overrun. The wall snakes – two racers and a bull snake – were unnerving, and the rodents made me crazy. I pounded on walls,

pried boards off, climbed up and down ladders caulking minuscule openings, suffered sleep deprivation and scrambled around on the roof searching for ingresses. One midnight I was outside, barefoot, up on a ladder in my nightie, reinforcing the metal screening over a roof peak’s vent.

The cat and I lay in bed at night listening to rodents gnawing and scrabbling – some of the noise no doubt due to mice being pursued around the wall cavities by snakes.

It was not restful. I’m perfectly happy with snakes and rodents in their outdoor habitats. But not in mine. They surely feel the same about me, which is at least a branch of mutuality.

Eventually, both racers emerged from the walls, indoors. I captured and freed one I discovered draped over a portrait of my grandfather. The cat caught and killed the other, which made me cry. With assistance, I captured and released the bull snake and expelled the rodents. One pack rat, when released, leaped onto my shoulder, which made me shriek. Finally the house got quiet again. “Oneness” resettled over consciousness like dew on grass. Until I went out to the car one morning and found that a pack rat had built a nest of hood insulation in the engine compartment. Love’s road to unity is not without its potholes.

Loren Cruden writes fiction, nonfiction, and poetry, available at Meyers Falls Market in Kettle Falls and www.LorenBooks.com, and provides Home Pet Care in the north Stevens County area.

EAVESDROPS

What people have written about the north Columbia region

“...on Wednesday, August 2 [1881], we began crossing the Columbia by ferryboat...just below the mouth of the Kettle River, shown by its Indian name, Ne-hoi-al-pit-kwa, on the maps.... Here we experienced our first, and long continued, annoyance from mosquitos.... The startling whirr of the rattlesnake, that accompanied us along the trail had less terror than the well-known hum of this troublesome insect’s wing....”

~ Report of an expedition from Fort Colville to Puget Sound, by Henry H. Pierce, 1883

Time Is the Thing With Feathers

By Tina Tolliver Matney

Perhaps you've read Emily Dickinson's poem "Hope Is the Thing With Feathers." While it's always been one of my favorite poems I found myself just yesterday composing a new version in my head. It goes something like this:

*Time is the thing with feathers
That lives in the pen outside.
It eats a lot and poops even more
Never says thanks afore it glides
Off into the wild blue yonder.*

This poem is the glaringly obvious reason I will never be chosen as the state Poet Laureate. But hopefully you get my point. Every time a raptor is released I imagine each graceful flap of the wing is symbolic of the time and energy it took to get it healthy enough to be set free.

But it's not just the raptors that fly away with my time. My phone rings incessantly during this early summer season. Because this is the time of the year when so many well-meaning

people find and "rescue" baby animals or raptors. Babies are everywhere right now. Cute little fuzzy babies and bare naked ugly babies and everything in between.

After so many years of wildlife and raptor rescue you would think I would be used to the annual summer onslaught of phone calls and messages, but I'm not. And while some days I have no problem at all finding the humor in a situation or truly appreciating the compassion that most people have for wildlife, there are other times I don't hesitate to call in law enforcement to right a tragic wrong caused by a human. But I can happily say that those times have become rare and I would like to think it is because our organization has worked hard to educate the public and encourage responsible interactions with wildlife.

Encounters with wildlife should be experienced from a distance. If you find yourself face-to-face with an adorable little bear cub in the huckleberry patch, it most likely isn't going to end well. The cub will be fine. You will not.

I remember going picking with my dad one summer when I was a kid. We sat in the Jeep for nearly an hour waiting for the bear to leave. She didn't leave. "Dad, can we just go to another spot? There's only plastic and canvas between her and me." I was referring the handmade "cover" he had constructed for his beloved 1953 Willys Jeep. His solution was for me to keep watch while he got out on his side and left the plastic/canvas door open so he could pick berries and dive back in if she moved or got "agitated." "What do you mean agitated?!" I asked him. "She'll look over here and stomp her feet if she is concerned. Tell me if she does that. And remember ... she can smell fear." I think he winked when he said that. Pretty sure that's the last time I went berry picking in the plastic and canvas covered Jeep with my dad.

Fawn season is the busiest of all seasons for a wildlife rehabilitator. We don't accept fawns here at the center unless they are brought directly from a Fish & Wildlife Officer or other law enforcement. Education is key to keeping human hands off of baby deer. Mama deer leave their fawns for long stretches (up to 8 hours). Often people who encounter a fawn think that it's been abandoned or that the mother has been killed because they see no sign of the mother for long periods of time. That is generally just because the mother doesn't want to be seen.

Fawns are often born right in our own backyards. It's where the doe feels safe ... or maybe it's just where the stage 10 contractions take hold and she has no choice. Either way, it can be an issue if the backyard is also accessible to your dogs or neighbor dogs. This is a good example



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of a “humans/pets vs. wildlife” conflict. The best thing to do for the wild animal is to make sure dogs and humans are kept away for a few days. A few days is what it takes for a fawn to find the strength to keep up with its mama. But those first few days are spent sleeping just like many newborn babies do.

Access to and from the yard can also be an issue. Deer caught up in fencing is an awful and traumatic thing that no one wants to witness, and it often ends tragically.

Touching a fawn will not cause its mother to reject it. What it does do, however, is introduce human scent, which then makes it more prone to predator attack. If a fawn needs to be moved from a yard or a field, it is best to put on gloves and be quick about it. I won't say the mother won't come charging out of nowhere and leave you screaming and running for your life, but most likely, if she's nearby, she'll just stomp her feet and snort a little. But still ... hurry it up.

Owlets and young hawks grow quickly and often they are mistaken for sick or injured simply because they are on the ground. In most cases they are just at that awkward stage of development when they have enough feathers to fly but they haven't quite found their wings. Raptors generally reach their full body weight and have started to feather by 8 weeks of age.

There is a window of time in their upbringing when they and their parents can become rather aggressive toward humans and our pets. The young ones are just hungry and they don't care if it's your pinky toe or your poodle they see. They might dive for anything they see moving. The parents become a little more aggressive, diving at dogs or people, simply trying to protect their young. My advice is to just stay clear of any nest area until the babies have fledged and flown away.

They are voracious eaters and their parents are kept busy and often go hungry themselves while they work all day or all night long to keep



their young ones fed and healthy.

We receive owlets nearly every year. Often they are the innocent victims when a chainsaw or a windstorm takes their nest tree right out from under them. Quick thinking and a little ingenuity can save those young ones by simply hanging a laundry basket, milk crate or even a wooden box up in a nearby tree. This saves those babies and their parents from the trauma of being separated and ensures the young ones will stay wild.

We do everything possible to keep young raptors from imprinting on us, but sometimes the mosquito hoods and leather gauntlets just aren't enough to fool them. Sometimes they wind up equating humans with food and then things turn weird at family reunions when an owl or a hawk swoops out of a nearby pine tree and grabs a chicken leg from the roasting pan that someone's sweet little blue-haired auntie has set out on the picnic table. I'm not sure if that's ever really happened but I don't want to ever be the rehabber that releases that kind of bird ... again.

The very first great horned owlet I raised was that kind of bird. He didn't swoop out of

the tree and land on a chicken leg, though. He chose my bare thigh instead, as I stood there regretting wearing shorts and flip-flops. I learned a lot from that owlet. I hope I released him deep enough in the woods that he never had the opportunity to visit a family reunion.

Raising raptors or any baby wildlife is very tricky business. We aren't here to make pets; we're here to get these creatures back into the wild where they belong. And we do our best to make sure they stay wild while they are in our care. That mission can start with you. If you are concerned for any wild bird or animal always call us first. Don't pick it up. Don't feed it. And for goodness sake, don't try to make a pet out of it. That never ends well. Call us first; you'll save us both a lot of time.

Kettle River Raptor Center is here 24/7 and can be reached by calling 509-738-2760 or 509-675-2760.

Tina is a mother, grandmother, artist, rescuer of owls, eagles, hawks and other wild creatures, children's book illustrator, gardener and hobby farmer who makes her home on the Kettle River. Write her at grandmamatina@gmail.com and check out the Kettle River Raptor Center on Facebook.



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WHAT'S



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APPENZ

Events

June 29-July 1: Down River Days, Lions Cowboy Breakfast, North Pend Oreille Lions Club RailRiders. Enjoy pedaling a four-seated RailRider along the North Pend Oreille River. See ad on page 24.

July 4: Independence Day.

July 4: Free Fireworks Show over Curlew Lake. See ad on page 12 for more info.

July 4: Usk Community Club Pancake Breakfast, 8-11 am, 2442 Black Road, Usk. All you can eat, \$6 (under 5 free). Parade starts at Noon.

July 4: Northport 3 on 3 Basketball, 9 am, bounce house, kids games, noon, live music, 5 pm, fireworks, 10 pm, City Park. Call 509-675-1458 for more info.

July 7: Colville Cruisers Back to the 50's Potluck & Sock Hop, noon-3:30 pm at Gilmore Station, Kettle Falls. RSVP to Colville Cruisers' Facebook page.

July 7: Party in the Park: Funding Fabulous Fossils, 5-8 pm, Patterson Park, Republic. See ad on page 24 or call 509-775-2295 for more info.

July 7, 21: Eagle Track races, Republic.

July 7: Summer Party at China Bend Winery, Noon to dark, featuring Planetary Refugees, Rockin Robin Ellis, Zenith of Gypsy Moon Belly Dancers. See ad on page 7 or call 800-700-6123 for more info.

July 10: Colville Community Blood Drive, Ag Trade Center, noon-5:30 pm. Call 509-991-2418 for more info.

July 13-15: Chewelah Chataqua, featuring arts, crafts, live music, food fair, beer garden, carnival, parade and more! See page 16 or visit chewelachataqua.com for more info.

July 13-15 & 19-22: Woodland Theatre Productions presents *Alice in Wonderland Jr.*, Kettle Falls. See ad on page 28 or visit woodlandproductions.org for more info.

July 14-15: Scenic Pend Oreille River Train rides, 11 am, 1 pm, 3 pm. See ad page 32 for details.

June 14: Taste of Chewelah art walk, musicians, eateries, auction, raffles, 4:30-8:30 pm. See ad page 18.

July 14: 6th Annual Area 36 Benefit for Shriner's Hospital for Children, hosted by Kim Gallagher and Jerry Mastas, located 1270 Naff Rd, Colville. Call 509-684-4444 for more info.

July 14 & 28: Dirt track racing at Northport International Raceway. northportinternationalraceway.com for more info.

July 14-15: Rickey Point Sail Club regatta, Lake Roosevelt. Visit rickeypointsailclub.blogspot.com for more info.

July 19-21: Colville Chamber's Annual Sidewalk Sale and Street Faire, Car Show, and Light Up Colville fundraiser with live music, silent auction, and chance to win \$1,000 by guessing the number of golf balls. See ad on page 16 for more info.

July 20-21: Stix & Stones Supercross, Springdale Rodeo Grounds, 7 pm. See ad on page 26.

July 21: Blue Goose Chase, 11-mile free family bicycle ride, Little Pend Oreille National Wildlife Refuge, 8:30 am. Prizes, snacks and music. See ad on page 4 or call 509-684-8384 for more info.

July 21-22: Tri Town Float Down, \$1,000 cash prize. Day 1: Paddle, 8-10 am start at Ruby Crossing Boat Launch, 5 pm end at Ione Park. Day 2: Float, 10-Noon start ½ mile north of Box Canyon Dam, 4 pm end at Metaline Park. Email tritownevents@hotmail.com for more info.

July 28: Footin' it for Fuel 5K Walk/Run, 8 am (7:30 am sign up), Ione Little League Field. All proceeds go toward fuel cards for local people battling cancer. Call 509-442-3877 for more info.

July 28: Ferry County-wide Power Outage, 10-4.

Music, Dance, Theater & Film

July 20-21: The 9th Annual One Act Play Festival, featuring six new, unpublished plays, Pend Oreille Pend Oreille Playhouse, 236 S Union, Newport. Call 509-447-9900 or visit pendoreilleplayers.org for tickets and more info.

July 21: Scott Kirby, Pianist, 7 pm, Cutter Theatre, Metaline Falls. See ad page 4 for more info.

July 28: Dave DeVeau Singing Fire Chief, 7-9 pm, Rusty Putter Bar & Grille, 2537 Sand Canyon Rd., Chewelah.

July 31: Red Yarn, folk songs and puppetry show for all ages, 1 pm, Cutter Theatre, Metaline Falls, free but reservations required. See page 4 for more info.

Trail & District Arts Council calendar of events. Details available at trail-arts.com.

3rd-20th: Summer Intensive in Music Theatre
4th: Music in the Park, Ev Kinsella & The Campfire Soul
10th: Music in the Park, Kootenay Fiddle Camp Jam
12th: Music in the Park, Baker Street Blues
21st-23rd: Beauty and the Beast Jr.

Music at Northern Ales, 325 W. 3rd Ave., Kettle Falls, northernales.com, 509-738-7382:

5th: Sara Brown, 6-8 pm
6th: Christy Lee and the Broken Rosary Whiskey Thieves, 7-10 pm
12th: TBD, 6-8 pm
13th: Northern Aliens, 7-10 pm
19th: TBD, 6-8 pm
20th: Open Mic, 7-10 pm
26th: TBD, 6-8 pm
27th: Borderland Blues, 7-10 pm

Music at Republic Brewing Company, 26 Clark Ave., Republic, republicbrew.com, 509-775-2700.

7th: Dave McGraw & Mandy Fer, 7-10 pm
12th: Frogleg, 7-10 pm
20th: Coyote Willow, 7-10 pm
27th: Blake Noble Band (ticketed event), 7-10 pm
31st: Corb Lund (all ages, ticketed event), 7-10 pm

Arts & Crafts

July 11: Art Talk with Angennette Escobar, 6:30-8 pm, Quartzite Brewing in Chewelah.

July 12: Angennette Escobar, featured artist at Trails End Gallery, Chewelah, reception 5:30 – 8 pm. Show runs through Aug. 30.

Literature & Writing

July 7: Colville Library Improvement Club Book Sale, 10-1, library basement, featuring items for all ages. Hardbacks \$0.50, paperbacks \$0.25, CD's and videos \$0.25, many children's books \$0.10. Also books by well-known authors, \$1, and free items.

Library Events: Check out the extensive calendars of library events at ncrl.org (Ferry Co.), scrlid.org (Stevens Co.), and pocld.org (Pend Oreille Co.).

Farm, Field & Forest

July 14: 4-H Summer Horse Show Series, NE WA Fairgrounds, 9 am.

Need someone to pick your excess fruits and veggies so they don't go to waste? Contact Linda Murphy, NEW Gleaners president, at 509-690-3539 and help fill the pantry of your local food bank. Interested in being a NEW Gleaner picker? Fill your own pantry while helping to feed your hungry neighbors in need while reducing food waste. Picking schedules are

flexible and are usually for just a couple of hours in the morning, June – October. Fruits and vegetables must be free of spray and can be shared with anyone but not sold. Ladders, boxes and pole pickers provided.

Northeast Washington Farmers Market, Wed. and Sat., 9-1, Main and Astor in Colville. See ad on page 37 for details.

Chewelah Farmers Market, Fridays, 11-30, City Park.

North East Back Country Horsemen, meets third Saturday, potluck, 6-8:30 pm, Clayton Grange. Visit NEBCHW.com or call 509-598-0333 for more info.

Miscellany

July 7: Northern Stevens County Democrats meeting, 11 am, Happy Dell Park, Kettle Falls, potluck picnic after, bring kids, friends, soccer balls, instruments.

July 11: Northeast Washington Genealogy Society meeting, 1 pm, basement of the LDS Church on Juniper Street in Colville, entry at the back of the building. Barry McCombs will speak on "Expanding Your Research Overseas." Visit newgs.org for more info. All visitors are welcome.

July 11-Aug 25: Special Needs Parenting at the Community College of Spokane. Call 509-279-6030 to enroll or for more info.

July 21: Public Policy Forum II: Connecting Dots. Discussion on topics such as foreign policy, people of color and women, human rights violations, mass killings in U.S. K-12 schools, military spending, U.S. Bill of Rights, and youth voices in leadership. In association with St'al-sqil-xw, Veterans For Peace, Poor Peoples' Campaign and ACLU People Power, at Kettle Falls Public Library, Noon-3 pm; lunch and snacks offered, non-alcohol beverages. Email info@stalsqilxw.org for more info.

Deer Park Business Referral & Networking group meets Tuesday mornings, 8-9 am for breakfast at Divot's, Deer Park Golf Club. 509-276-8556.

Continual Yard Sale At The Cutter, 302 Park Street in Metaline Falls, M-W-F, 9 am-4 pm, until closing day of the Hwy 31 Yard Sale, Sept. 8 & 9. Call 509-446-4108 for more info. See ad page 6.

Mondays Learn & Jam with Dib Earl, ages 10 and up, Northport New Hope, 200 8th St., Northport. Workshop at 5 pm, jam session from 6-8 pm. Free.

Free Movie Night, 4th Sunday of every month, 6 pm, Northport New Hope, 200 8th St., Northport. Family friendly movies, cocoa, coffee and popcorn. Call 509-732-6640 for more info.

Colville Valley Fiber Friends, (CVFF) meet every Monday at the Ag Trade Center, 317 W. Aster, Colville, noon - 3 pm. All interested in spinning, weaving and other fiber arts are welcome. For more information, contact Sue Gower at 509-685-1582.

Cross Borders Weaving Guild meets on the 2nd Saturday of each month at the VFW Hall, 135 Hwy 20, Colville. Email woodtick50@aol.com for more info.

Colville Piecemakers Quilt Guild meets on the 3rd Tuesday of the month at the Colville Community Center (HUB), 231 W. Elep, Colville at 6:30 pm. Visit colvillepiecemakers.webs.com.

Celebrate Recovery, a 12-step program, meets Fridays, 6:30 pm, 138 E Cedar Loop in Colville (enter from downstairs parking lot). A light meal is served. Call 509-935-0780 for a ride or more info.

Narcotics Anonymous is a recovery group that meets every Monday at 215 S. Oak in Colville (County Commissioner's Building, brown door) at 7 pm and Thursdays at 401 N. Wynne St. in Colville (The Youth Center) at 7:30 pm. The third Monday of every month, we celebrate "clean" birthdays with a potluck and cake at 6:30 pm.

Career & College Readiness Help at the Adult Ed. program at the Spokane Community College, Colville Campus, Mon-Thur, 12-3. Drop in with a question or sign up for a wide range of courses. Email Kari.Hubbard@scc.spokane.edu for more info.

Fire District 10 volunteer firefighters meet on the 1st Tuesday of the month at 7 pm at the FD10 Fire Station on Aladdin Road. FD10 Commissioners meet at 4 pm at the Station on the 2nd Tuesday of the month. The Friends of FD10 meet at 6 pm, following the commissioners' meeting. Visitors and new volunteers are welcome.

The Stevens County Veteran's Information and Referral Line is available Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays (except holidays) from 9 am to 3 pm. Call 509-685-AVET (2838) for more info.

Foster Parent Care Givers Needed: Children in Stevens, Ferry, and Pend Oreille counties are in need of safe, nurturing families. Contact Fostering WA at 509-675-8888 or 1-888-KIDS-414.

Rape, Domestic Violence & Crime Victims, help is available. Confidential, 24 hours a day at 509-684-6139 or toll free 1-844-509-SAFE(7233).

Flu Clinic: 1st and 3rd Thursday from 8-3, Tri County Health District 240 E. Dominion Ave. Colville. Walk-in or by appointment. Adult \$20, child \$7.

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CALL HOSTING PARTIES TO CONFIRM LISTING INFO. THE NORTH COLUMBIA MONTHLY WILL NOT BE HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR ERRORS OR SCHEDULE CHANGES. VISIT NCMONTHLY.COM FOR DAILY LISTING UPDATES OR TO SUBMIT A "WHAT'S HAPPENING" LISTING.

LISTEN UP

Paul Sprawl's Signs of Life

Reviewed by Michael Pickett

Hitting your stride as an indie artist usually means finding a good groove on social media to break into the 4-digit mark for followers and fans who will buy your recorded works. You've got to navigate streaming – and the other 4 million artists who have plans similar to yours (in your genre) – and still be able to buy some groceries, gas up the van for a tour, etc.

Sprawl began to produce his own albums and build an audience through live performance and maintaining an online presence to people who gravitated to his personality and style.

Originally trained in classical guitar, Sprawl migrated over to a sound that fuses blues, folk and rock into a one-man show. With a dry baritone, Sprawl lays out his lyrical stories in a

way that sometimes channels Jim Morrison, and occasionally nods to Jimi Hendrix (vocally) as he spins yarns of survival on the road ("Dark Motorhome") and spacious, ambient guitar turns ("Kinda Right") that feel gritty but cathartic.

With *Signs of Life*, Sprawl adds to his recorded catalog (this makes album number nine) with a six-song EP that is among the more diverse releases he's crafted since 1997. "Crows and Snow" feels immediate and raw, ready-made to be the opening theme for a new Netflix original series.

"New Day" opens with punchy, dissonant guitar chimes and Paul's signature story-telling voice, over an avant-blues soundscape that is as unique as it is accessible.

Paul Sprawl's indie vision is one that is ever-changing, and *Signs of Life* pushes the boundaries of indie music as much as it tells his feedback-drenched acoustic stories. Log on and check out his great work at Sprawl's own "Sprawlmart": <https://paulsprawl.bandcamp.com/album/signs-of-life-ep>



Eels: Tearing It Down

Reviewed by Michael Pickett

Complaints about Eels taking themselves (and the world) way too seriously are not exaggerated, but that doesn't stop their latest album, *The Deconstruction*, from opening with some truly cool and beautiful sounds (before sort of diving off a cliff of dire seriousness).

While not altogether different from past Eels releases, the album does tend to catalog every worrisome thought that Mark Everett Oliver seems to be presently having. And

while these are occasionally married to some of the more plodding instrumental tracks Oliver has come up with ("Premonition," "There I Said It," and particularly "The Quandary," which seems to be the same depressing instrumental as "The Unanswerable" except with a slightly different keyboard), there are some inspired songs and sounds to be found here too.

The title track feels like a 21st Century Beatles arrangement, which is not necessarily a bad thing, and the propulsive feel of "Today Is the Day" and "You Are the Shining

Light" are a welcome injection of rock. While Oliver seems fairly down throughout the album, songs like "Sweet Scorched Earth" and "Be Hurt" still ring with a lilting instrumentation that lifts the whole affair up a bit.

While it's hard to say whether Mark Everett Oliver needs to spend more time with ex-Journey front-man Steve Perry, or maybe he has spent too much, this is still an Eels album worth having, and the cool vintage sounds that make up a lot of the tracks are a breath of fresh air against the backdrop of programmed synths and loops. We just hope he can get out of the house and find some sunshine somewhere.

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A Good Read

Sex Is Forbidden, by Tim Parks

Reviewed by Loren Cruden

Spiritual practice provides one of literature's most tempting scaffolds for comic send-ups, conflicted dramas and plot elevations. Veteran writer Tim Parks combines all three in his novel *Sex Is Forbidden*, which takes place at a meditation retreat. It could be said, without entirely avoiding cheap shots, that Parks *transcends* the mind's penchant for simplistic dualities, bringing insight to the seeker's plight. And has gleeful fun while doing it.

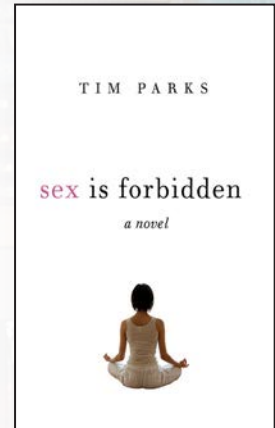
Beth, the story's unruly protagonist, is a cleaner/kitchen worker at a Vipassana Buddhist retreat center (or centre, as it is set in England). Beth hides away there, first as a participant at a number of 10-day meditation retreat sessions, then as a volunteer server, avoiding her life on the outside.

The center has numerous rules. Men and women are separated. Sex is indeed forbidden, along with touching, talking, writing, smoking, alcohol, phones and other gadgets, eye contact, fasting, provocative clothing, and missing scheduled periods of meditation and spiritual instruction. The object is to step away from the mind's usual distractions and stimulations,

and face the ego's tyranny.

Beth, an inveterate rule-breaker – she's a rock singer – becomes fixated on a diary she discovers while trespassing in the men's dorm. Beth and the male diarist are the story's windows on what happens when modern Western self-involvement tries to enlist ancient Eastern “no-self” teachings in a quest to escape suffering. The diarist realizes that “[suffering's] seduction is in the sentiment that clings to adversity.” Beth jots in his diary, “You are too much in love with your pain.” And nostalgically notes to the reader, “I remember my first peace of mind. . . . The first moment I caught myself feeling good after months of misery. As soon as I noticed, of course, the feeling went.”

Guilt-ridden about a death in which she was involved, Beth drives herself through marathon bouts of meditation, then, reverting to typicality, succumbs to her chronic compulsion for rebellious troublemaking. Outrageous actions and entertaining mental diversions keep her and the reader from taking the story too solemnly, while more than a few profundities still manage to filter through.



The Overstory, by Richard Powers

Reviewed by Loren Cruden

“There are no individuals. There aren’t even separate species. Everything in the forest is the forest.”

Being inside one of Richard Powers’ novels is like witnessing a fortuitous marriage of brain hemispheres, or of science and art, reason and imagination. Each sentence adds a puzzle piece to a gigantic, seen-from-above picture.

The picture in *The Overstory*, which won the National Book Award this year, is arboreal. “A chorus of living wood sings to the woman: If your mind were only a slightly greener thing, we’d drown you in meaning. The pine she leans against says: Listen. There’s something you need to hear.”

The book’s first nine chapters describe four women and five men who, separately, are drawn in private, eccentric ways to engage with aspects of Nature. Some chapters pause, then fast-forward through multiple generations, like those time-lapse films of flowers blooming.

The theme throughout the story is estrangement and connection. As one character writes, “You and the tree in your backyard come from a common ancestor. A billion-and-a-half years ago the two of you parted ways. But even now, after an immense journey in separate directions, that tree and you still

share a quarter of your genes.”

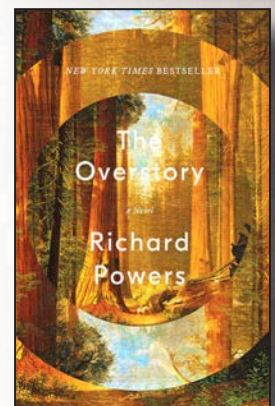
Not a few of the characters connect more easily to trees than to their fellow humans. But in the final three chapters some paths converge as decades tumble past. A few characters become radical activists, others continue to forge solitary journeys. One, a Stephen Hawking-like genius in a wheelchair, spends his life creating complex world-building computer games. All are outsiders, misfits even if materially successful, pulled toward perspectives contrary to the mainstream.

A note at the front of the book tells readers that “*The Overstory* is printed on 100 percent recycled paper. . . . The first printing has saved 408 trees, 393,576 gallons of water, 132,288 pounds of greenhouse gas emissions, 40,272 pounds of solid waste.” Hat’s off, Richie, for walking your talk.

Another recommendation from the P shelves:

Kevin Powers – *The Yellow Birds*

Loren Cruden writes fiction, nonfiction, and poetry, available at Meyers Falls Market in Kettle Falls and www.LorenBooks.com, and provides Home Pet Care in the north Stevens County area.



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North Columbia Monthly Poet in Residence

Our Poet

Lynn Rigney Schott is a retired English teacher. She lives near Kettle Falls, below Mingo Mountain, with views in all directions. Her poetry collection, *Light Years*, is available at Meyers Falls Market in Kettle Falls and Auntie's Bookstore in Spokane.

Our Residency

The *North Columbia Monthly Poet in Residence* is a page presence position that passes from poet to poet in lyric celebration of where we live.

Submissions

To be considered for the Poet in Residence position, send at least four sample poems to ncmonthly@gmail.com or to NCM, P.O. Box 541, Colville, WA 99114. All Poet in Residence submissions will be acknowledged; none returned. No other poetry submissions are being solicited at this time.

Esmeralda Peak, Kokanee Provincial Park

by Lynn Rigney Schott

A mountain must stand very still
and not mind the sun in its eyes
There's a glacier on my back
but I try not to let it bother me
try not to glance over my shoulder too often

Trees are good company
if you're the quiet type, willing to notice
the slow growth of cedars along the creeks
the ridges and flanks of fir, pine, tamarack
if you don't mind their shady understories

There are long chapters of clouds to think about
and the eagles inspire confidence
though their eyes lack warmth
reflect an elegance of sky and ice and stone

Wildflowers come and go
paintbrush, penstemon, lupine, lily
you learn that granite is fairly dependable
and a creek is good for a laugh
some birds are flighty and fond of small talk

Imagine living in such openness, without desire or fear
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Living in NE WA: Lessons Learned

Fifteen Minute Jobs

By J. Merrill Baker

My “Martian” husband has what he calls “fifteen minute jobs” around our hovel. I, being the “Venusian,” as per Dr. John Gray’s *Men Are from Mars, Women Are from Venus*, prefer to plan out a job with all the details distinctly noted – materials, specific tools, any extra items. Of course, I will want a long and thorough discussion about said project, because, while my Martian is so eager to please, he has his own vision of accomplishment that doesn’t include my details, which is a recipe for Venusian disappointment, sometimes. But fortunately, my sense of humor has an “adaptability” clause!

That adage “Do it right the first time” really means something, so you will “Plan, Do, Check, Act,” in that order. That corporate job exercise was to work in teams, find out what the customer wanted, then build it. Having been in a Martian-only group, Himself discovered during the exercise that they didn’t “Plan, Do, Check, Act.” They just “Do, Do, Do,” and of course in the end it wasn’t what the *Customer* wanted. The lesson being to communicate, prepare, communicate again, and then act.

Martians are a lot about “doing.” Which is pretty handy, usually. However, long ago I had gotten him that T-shirt “Real Men Don’t Need Directions,” which, ironically, he was wearing while we were suspended on a beam ten feet from the floor, installing our overhead fan with lights, finally reading the directions. We laughed. You must be able to laugh at yourself, possibly often in a rural setting.

No matter how many times we plan out a project, inevitably the unexpected will happen. “Unexpected” is harder to plan for. You will need adaptability for sure. And that sense of humor. On one recent fifteen-minute job the tractor wouldn’t start, and of course we tried the fuel. Was there water in it? Did we need to drain the fuel line? While he called the tractor shop, I found the owner’s manual. Followed both their directions, and ... the tractor did not start.

OK, check the battery of course. After tightening the connection, which involved finding the terminal cleaner, and taking the battery cable off, we discovered the wires were corroded and the cable clamp was bad. Which led to looking for the tractor tote with the extra cables and hoses in it. This led to finding the correct wrench stored in the other tool shed. Like the wire stripper, which of course is located in a different tool box, because I’d also discovered the undefined sockets for the ratchet wrench are all mixed in the same drawer – metric and American (I actually used a black marker to write their sizes on them, big, more for me than Himself though; Martians can *feel* the difference in the size simply by instinct I think). Wire strippers tend to be in the “electrical” box. Sigh. The tractor battery had been sitting

connected to the portable charger (yes on wheels!) and this time, battery installed with new connections, it roared to life.

This fifteen-minute job took us half a day but it was successful, and you must Celebrate!

On another day, the new red safety triangle on the back of our tractor got installed in an actual, verifiable, fifteen minutes. We celebrated with a toast of wine and cheese and crackers on the patio while admiring our handiwork. I think it was probably only the second real fifteen-minute project we’d ever accomplished. It was certainly not the only one celebrated, as we tend to do that around here. As often as possible. I had only “suggested” we install it, but my Martian, astute as he is by now in the Venusian language, understood somehow that a suggestion is really code for “I want it done.”

Having everything for a project or job organized and set out is quite efficient, but don’t get giddy over it because there is still the sequencing, which must happen before the job starts. You don’t put your boots on before your socks, do you? And that is part of what takes longer than the actual doing of the job: the preparing.

Painting a room, for example, where you remove everything from the walls, mask the edges, and “cut-in” the corners with paint before you start with the roller and (time-saver here) the electric spray painter. All that masking and cutting-in results in almost a fifteen-minute spray paint job!

Short cuts, while tempting, may cause re-work. We appreciated having help siding the storage building once, but needing to do the section over again took away the gain. *I really thought that if Martians communicated first, went over the approach and how they were to accomplish the task, they would have understood how it would get done; but this is also why Moses was lost for forty years in the wilderness, right? Not stopping for directions?*

That is the Martian mind set – they get it done! But, the details...?

According to Dr. Gray, Martians will not stop for directions because for a Martian to ask another Martian for help is some kind of fluke. Planning a project inevitably leads to the surprise factor, where the universe steps in, laughs at you, and does what it wants, regardless. It’s not “Murphy’s Law” (that’s at my mom’s house, and another story) but really, I don’t think that the universe punishes us. It just feels like it sometimes. Like the time we trimmed a stump by our entry gate and the cut part rolled off down the roadway, mashing the gate on the ground. Oops.

In his book, Dr. Gray sat in a restaurant booth (for research of course) next to a table of women/Venusians. They discussed all manner of concerns, which left him feeling rather heavily burdened. (Martians wish to Fix, Fix, Fix, as in DO, DO, DO.) But when they left, he noticed the women were all cheerful. They had unburdened their cares and worries; they had shared them. In other words, they talked through them, and felt much better. (This was a revelation to Himself, so I’m sharing here!)

Martians don’t typically do this. My Martian has learned a secret to Venusians: He asks, “How did that make you feel?” Then he listens, and, really gifted here, he will include a hug with the statement “Everything will be alright.” I mean, the roof can be caving in, but it’ll be alright. And I believe him, because we can fix it. It’s a bit more than a fifteen-minute job, but we can do it.

He may be from Mars, but he has gotten very good at working fifteen-minute jobs with his Venusian-influenced spouse, and forgiving her for suggesting an endless conglomeration of fifteen-minute jobs.

Onward!

J. Merrill Baker is a self-described reformed suburbanite, avid rural resident, simple living advocate (attemptee).



Along the Mountain Path: The Balance of Down Dog

By Sarah Kilpatrick, E.R.Y.T.

“Abhyasa and vairagya are the two wings of the bird of yoga.”

~ B.K.S. Iyengar



Adho mukha svanasana, downward facing dog pose, is a very familiar and useful yoga asana. In downward facing dog, the arms, shoulders, belly, back and the backs of the legs are stretched. The neck is released, and there is a stimulation of the digestive organs. Down dog can be used as a warm-up or to unwind. It is “hub” pose for many other movements. When practiced with intention, breath and alignment, down dog is a lovely balance between abhyasa (discipline) and vairagya (surrender).

To begin, come onto hands and knees in the all-fours position. Place the hands shoulder-width apart, middle of the wrist forward, fingers well spread. Line up the shoulders over the wrists, or slightly behind. (Remember to keep 90 degrees or more in the wrist!) The knees should be under the pelvis so the femur bears the weight of the pelvic bowl. Relax your shoulders away from your ears.

With an inhalation, turn your toes under, and upon exhalation, draw the navel in to lift the body as you straighten your legs and take your sitting bones up toward the sky. Release your heels down toward the floor. Stay and breathe fully and evenly for five to ten breaths, and then fold down and rest.

If the hands are well placed, there is a lovely lengthening up from the wrists, along the arm bones, through the back and buttocks, right up to the sitting bones. As the hands press evenly down, this rebound is strong and active. The navel is drawn up and in to activate the transverse abdominal wall, which stabilizes the lumbar spine, but this lifting from the abdominal wall also draws the body up, away from the earth, supporting from the core of the body. The quadriceps are contracted to help lengthen the hamstrings.

All of this lift and lengthening allows the backs of the legs to release, as the heels reach down toward the floor. The head is surrendered, letting its weight lengthen the neck to release tension. There is a balance between effort (abhyasa) and letting go (vairagya).

From down dog, plank is just an exhalation away. I like to take the dog pose, then step my feet back 2-4 inches to create the length that encourages lightness.

With an exhalation, simultaneously take the

head and chest forward (shoulders over wrists), and reach strongly back through the inner and outer heels. Now, make sure you're supported from below, not hanging from above! Lift from the abdominal wall, and from the quadriceps on the fronts of the thighs. Stretch in two directions from a strong core. It can be helpful to “tuck” a bit, drawing the tailbone in to assist with the strong action of the abdomen. But don't collapse your heart.

Remember to find balanced action. After a few breaths, exhale back to downward facing dog.


Urdhva mukha svanasana, upward facing dog pose, is a natural extension of down dog and plank pose. From down dog, exhale to plank, straight as a board. Now, as you exhale, draw the top of the sacrum down, into the body, and

forward, as you roll the shoulder blades down and into the back and lift the heart and head forward and up. The crown of the head floats up. A few full breaths in up dog, then exhale as you draw the sitting bones back and up into down dog again. Fold down and rest.


This series is an integral part of Sun Salutations, but can be practiced on its own. Down dog is also the gateway to side plank, and can be used with step throughs to all of the standing poses. Whatever you practice, remember to let the wings of the bird of yoga, abhyasa and vairagya, lift you and carry you along the mountain path.

Namaste.

Sarah practices and teaches at Mt. Path Yoga studio, 818 E. Columbia Ave., Colville.



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In Nature: A Short, Extraordinary Existence

Article & Photo By J. Foster Fanning

Occasionally in the late spring months, when long twilight hours come to the Northwest, we may find a Polyphemus moth clinging to pine bark or a porch rail, often near where an overnight light has shone. This is a member of North America's giant silk moths.

The Polyphemus is usually tan-colored, with a wingspan averaging approximately six inches. The prominent feature of this moth is its large, purplish eyespots located on the two hind wings. These eyespots are the origin of this nocturnal creature's name – taken from the Greek myth of the Cyclops Polyphemus, the giant son of the god Poseidon and the sea nymph Thoosa.

The Polyphemus moth, *Antheraea Polyphemus*, is one of our largest and truly most stunning silk moths. They are found from southern Canada down into Mexico and in all of the lower 48 states except Arizona and Nevada.

Look closely and you'll note that the upper surface of the large wings contains various shades of reddish brown, gray, light brown or yellow-brown, with transparent eyespots. There is a significant difference in color of the wings even within specimens from matching localities.

The hind wings have larger eyespots in yellow, black and blue, while those on the front wings are small and yellow. Big antennae set the masculine apart from the feminine.

I find it interesting to think about what we probably know and don't know based on common culture. For instance, the wing spots of this moth: I estimate most of us have an idea they are related to predation survival. And that is correct. When threatened, the adult Polyphemus flips the front wings forward and also often flaps the large hind wing eyespots to startle potential predators. Entomologists have reported observing incidents in which the display of eyespots appeared to protect a Polyphemus moth in flight from blue jays.

Unlike most moths that have an escape "valve" in the cocoon to aid their emergence, the adult Polyphemus moth escapes the pupal case by splitting it at the anterior end and pushing the top up. They secrete an enzyme to digest a component of the silk at the anterior end of the cocoon to soften it.

Earlier, in the caterpillar stage, the Polyphemus are rarely common enough to cause significant damage to their host trees, except occasionally in California, where they may be pests of commercial plums. Their populations are regulated by birds, insects and small mammals. A wasp is also known to be dangerous to their existence, as are insect parasitoids.

When threatened, Polyphemus caterpillars often rear the front part of the body in a "Sphinx" pose to make them look less caterpillar-like to predators. They also make a clicking noise with their mandibles, often as a prelude to defensive regurgitation of distasteful fluids.

Entomologists have discovered that ants and mice are deterred by the regurgitant of the Polyphemus caterpillars and suggest that the clicking is a warning of impending spewing.

Polyphemus caterpillars use a broad range of cocoon location actions to survive predation and climate changes. They may weave the cocoon permanently to a twig so that the cocoon does not fall to the ground during the winter. Or the attached cocoon may be among leaves on trees in a manner that most fall to ground. They are also known to weave the cocoons on the ground into leaves, grasses and other debris to camouflage them and/or for warmth.

Male adults typically lead the emergence from pupa in the afternoon, several days before females from the same brood. Mid-afternoon emergence allows time for extension and drying of the wings preceding evening flight period.

The Polyphemus moth species survival depends on breeding. In fact, that is their primary focus, as they have vestigial mouth-parts and do not feed. Therefore, as moths they are very short-lived.

Females release an attractant pheromone alerting males, beginning late evening of the day of emergence. While males are attracted all night long, maximal attractiveness is during the last two hours before sunrise, with mating pairs remaining coupled throughout the day,



separating at dusk. Females lay eggs the evening after mating and for several nights thereafter. Eggs are laid singly or in groups of two or three on leaves of the host plant.

After mating and laying eggs these unique creatures have accomplished their life purpose and soon perish, returning to the food cycle of life....

There's a big world to be discovered in the great outdoors. Lace up those hiking shoes and venture forth.

J. Foster Fanning is a father, grandfather, retired fire chief and wannabe beach bum. He dabbles in photography as an excuse to wander the hills and vales in search of the perfect image. Learn more at <http://fosterfanning.blogspot.com>.

How to Start a Business

By Barry Lamont

Starting your own business is not rocket science but it does have a number of steps. Some steps require attention to detail, so planning will help the startup process move smoothly. Planning includes determining what the company will do, your qualifications, market demand, how you're going to sell, who you're going to sell to, how you are going to produce, how the cash will flow, a name, a location, and a legal structure for the business.

In other words, creating a rough draft of a business plan is the first step in starting a business. Business plans come in many forms, from organized thoughts in your head to formal written documents used to procure financing. The bottom line is that you have to know the basics in order to get started.

The majority of entrepreneurs have an idea of what their business will be, usually based on past experiences or personal interests. Their aim is to sustain what they're interested in. Those who look for any opportunity are what I think of as serial entrepreneurs. Their skills and passion flow into the startup and initial operation until the business is on solid ground, and then they look for the next opportunity.

There are many resources for writing a business plan, including the Tri County Economic Development

District's Business Plan Development Guide (tricountyed.com/loan-fund/how-to-apply).

Once you have a draft business plan, get licensed with the Washington State Department of Revenue (bls.dor.wa.gov/file.aspx). If you intend to organize your business as something other than a sole proprietor, such as an LLC or S Corp, you can get online assistance at bls.dor.wa.gov/ownershipstructure.aspx. For more information on business structures, such as an S Corp, go to sba.gov/business-guide/launch-your-business/choose-business-structure.

LLCs and S Corps have different ways they can be structured, which can affect how they are taxed, so it can help to get advice from an attorney or certified public accountant.

If your business is within an incorporated city, then you will likely need to get a city business license. You can check with the city clerk to confirm if a license is required. You should also check with the governor's office for regulatory innovation and assistance (oria.wa.gov/site/alias_oria/368/default.aspx) to see if special permits or licensing are required for your business.

Having your business license in hand, get your federal tax number (EIN – employer identification

number) at irs.gov. If you are a sole proprietorship or single-owner LLC and you do not plan to have employees, you can use your Social Security number as your identification number, but you may not want to do this for your own personal confidentiality.

Now get a commercial bank account. Check with the bank of your choice and see if it offers commercial accounts with no fees.

Determine what funds you will need to cover your startup costs, including your fixed costs and ongoing cost of goods. Keep records of your transactions – hand-written, spreadsheet, accounting software or a bookkeeper, whatever works for you. The key on all record-keeping is to be consistent and up-to-date on entering transactions.

Check with an insurance agent or insurance broker to determine what your insurance needs are. Finally, forecast what your sales will be for the year. Then track your actual sales against your forecast and make adjustments to your plan or operations.

As you go along and more questions arise, you can check back with the Tri County Economic Development District (tricountyed.com) and the Governor's Office for Regulatory Innovation and Assistance at Small Business Guide at oria.wa.gov.

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A Year On the Farm

Pasturing

By Michelle Lancaster

A recent trip to Tennessee left my husband and me shocked at the amount of overgrazed, weedy land we saw when travelling back roads. The local answer to our question of “Why?” was: “The soil is poor.”

Yet, one farmer we met, Ronel, had beautiful pasture. Ronel confirmed what we were wondering. Yes, the soil is poor from years of use and abuse (tobacco, cotton, corn, overgrazing, etc.). But she believed the soil could be vigorously regenerated and she succeeded. Her plan was simple: Till the land, replant with a mix of grasses and legumes, build rotational paddocks, and dry lot the cows in the off season. She now has ample feed and healthier milk cows.

Pasture in northeast Washington has similar problems – a combination of shallow topsoil often combined with years of overgrazing. Likewise, our solutions can be quite similar: Restore a balance of good grasses and legumes, rotate animals through paddocks to manage grazing levels, and pull animals off before pastures become overgrazed.

Our philosophy is that animals are only as healthy as the feed they are given. Good pasture is the best feed for livestock (providing every necessary vitamin, high protein, calories and more) – so beneficial that our milk cows become “grain-free” during the summer. That is how potent and important good pasture is, and why we so admired Ronel’s quality program.

Our land went through rehabilitation similar to Ronel’s. We started by identifying the type of land we had to work with – a variety of soils, slope and sunlight. What we found was that having different types of land worked to an advantage. The sandy soil produced the earliest spring grass for the cows. The north slope grows slowest, providing shade and moist ground for the perfect hot summer and fall cattle pasturing spots. By fall, the sandy soil, long done growing grass, becomes a post-pasturing plot for the sheep to live on and cover with sheep manure and trampled hay to help build up organic matter.

By studying the land, we developed a natural progression for pasture rotation and have adapted our fences over the years to conform to the

lay of the land.

Rotational pasturing provides control by dividing fields into small sections. The sections each have one gate connected to the main alley. One water trough with salt and minerals sits at the top of the alley. The alley connects to a barn and dry lot.

Rotating animals through sections is valuable for many reasons.

Livestock always seem to have a preferred section for grazing, such as a stand of lush clover, and will overgraze that section all day rather than eat less desirable grasses. Your classic “kids don’t like vegetables” dilemma. An example of using this

that height improves feed value for the animals, improves soil health (providing mulch to be turned into organic matter), and reduces weeds (if cut before weeds set seed).

As pasture growth slows in the fall, that is when pasture is at highest risk of abuse. Our visit to Tennessee reminded me that a dry lot is valuable to all owners of livestock – because nowhere grows good grass 365 days a year and all ground needs a rest at some point. If pasture is done growing, graze only the sections with good growth and pull the animals off once the pasture gets down to 3 inches.

In addition to rotation and mowing, we are

working to improve plant diversity. Instead of plowing and re-seeding as Ronel did, we were able to work with the current grasses and have seeded only small sections – sparse ones that could benefit from the introduction of nitrogen-fixing white clover and weedy ones that we let pigs dig up roots from.

In some of the areas with the worst soil, light work with disc and harrow allowed for introduction of new seed (a cover crop of oats or barley plus dryland grasses and legumes). A variety of forages makes for happier livestock, and now they get more fruit with their vegetables!

Pasturing works only if the number of animals matches the size and quality of land. My husband and I often repeat a quote: “Keep the number of animals your land can feed.”

We have 6 acres of pasture, equal to around 5 months of “free” feed, saving us hundreds of dollars per month in purchased feeds and supplements. Over the years, we have reduced the number of animals on our farm to match the land (that’s approximately 2 milk cows, 2 calves and 10 sheep), an effort that both we and our animals benefit from. Likewise, Ronel milks only 6 cows on her pasture that others might put twice the number of cows on.

We have seen the benefit of healthy pastures, and I think it is safe to say we will continue to work to regenerate the soil for the future health of our land, our animals and ourselves.

Michelle Lancaster homesteads with her family on Old Dominion Mountain in Colville. She writes at Spiritedrose.wordpress.com.



knowledge to our benefit: The sheep are fenced into sections of solid Reed’s Canary Grass to eat down the fast-growing grass. Regrowth (akin to a second cutting grass hay) is much more palatable and higher in protein, which becomes valuable feed for our milking cows that they desire to eat.

Sectional grazing can be used to limit parasite consumption. Parasites live close to the ground and are much less likely to be swallowed if animals are pulled off before the grass gets eaten below 3-4 inches. Length of days left fallow also contributes to natural parasite control – the longer animals are kept off a pasture, the lower the parasite count.

By directing where animals can eat, we greatly reduce the time spent mowing fields. Mowing with a brush hog or mower is an important tool in maintaining quality pasture. Maximum digestibility and protein levels of grass are found in the 4-12” range. Clipping the fields to maintain

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The Backyard Philosopher

Community

By Linda Bond

What is a community? You might answer, “A community is like the town I live in.” And you’d be both right and limited in your response. Most dictionaries define “community” along the lines of “a unified body of individuals” and then go on to give a variety of examples. These might include:

- A social grouping, such as residents of a city with its own governmental structure. The city itself may be referred to as the community. For instance, Newport is a community.
- A group of people with something in common, such as elder people living in a retirement community.
- People who have a similar professional expertise, such as professors and teachers who are all part of the academic community, regardless of where they live.
- People who share similar political ideas – again, without regard to geography.
- Members of a particular church or sect, as the “community of Catholic believers.”

And there are many others, such as the gay community, artistic community, communities of the military, actors, comedians, and on and on.

Our Need For Community

What draws us together in lasting like-minded groups? Greek philosopher Marcus Tullius Cicero is thought to have said: “We were born to unite with our fellow men, and to join in community with the human race.” If true, why? Perhaps prehistoric people learned that they could find safety and utility in banding together in camps and on hunts. Or perhaps we learned early on that it is easier to get things done if we don’t have a lot of people opposing us.

This is actually one of the basic ideas studied by philosophers, scientists and sociologists. And as answers are found, even more questions are revealed. Since it is experienced all around the world, is this tendency toward community biological in nature or is it learned from our cultures? How does the concept of individuals and independence fit into the picture? Does membership in a community weaken our creativity or support it? The questions are endless.

The Value and Danger of Community

Regardless of the source of our tendency to group ourselves, it is usually

true that we can be stronger and perhaps wiser in groups. Then again, some groups are toxic. Recent history includes the community of believers led by James Jones and the suicide pact that killed so many in Jonestown, and the long standoff in Waco, Texas, that resulted in a fire killing almost 80 members of a religious group.

Communities sometimes require too much from their members. Large monetary demands, loyalty oaths or unconditional obedience are signs that too much is being asked by leaders who want to run the lives of their followers.

On the other hand, groups of volunteers work together to help the victims of natural disasters, and artists join to encourage the “best of” and give awards to the winners. Philanthropic organizations support important causes in health, education and the arts. Experienced leaders in many fields work to mentor beginners in ways that will help them grow and learn. There are as many ways to engage in positive group efforts of community as there are needs in our society.

Identity in Community

The communities we belong to may be a few or many. Some are defined by location (as the city we live in) or by a school affiliation. Some are defined by law, such as the community of U.S. citizens. We may volunteer to help with PTA or a Scout group. In fact, there are so many opportunities to serve in communities, we have to make decisions about what we can fit into our busy schedules.

Some of the most popular communities are based on avocations. I belong to several book clubs – based on different kinds of books that interest me (mystery, general fiction, short stories, travel). People who love photography may like to share this interest with other photographers. There are groups encompassing genealogy, crafts, music, sports and so many others.

Social Media

Whether we realize it or not, when we participate in online social groups we are in communities. We choose to “follow” people and to join closed groups that reflect one or more of our interests. Just because the community is all online does not mean it is any less a potential social concept. And just as with “in-person” communities, we must be careful in our selection and monitor our own participation because others will judge us by what we belong to.

As Orson Scott Card said in his book *Speaker for the Dead*, “Every person is defined by the communities she belongs to.” Who are you defined by?

Linda Bond is cofounder and leader of the Inland Northwest Writers Guild and Outreach Coordinator at Auntie’s Bookstore in Spokane, WA. Write to her at lindathewriter@gmail.com.

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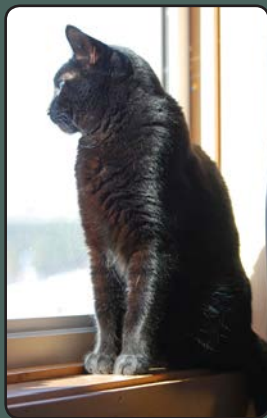
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Purpose-tasking for Greater Awareness

By Daisy Pongrakthai

I believe the real multi-tasking, or the “higher age” new and improved multi-tasking upon us, is *intentional action*, in which intentions, offerings or dedications can be applied to any action – preparing a meal, showering, driving, mowing the lawn, shoveling snow ... any task.

When I started out on my Intention Journey, a light bulb came on one day to *designate each task I do to a purpose*. That purpose could be to seek an answer, blueprint a project, make an offering to someone or sharpen an inner trait. There are a multitude of possibilities here.

I started out with *Exercise with Purpose* in the spring of 2017, reinventing a self-discovery from years ago. By putting intent into my exercise I'd realize more rapid results (vs. watching TV while working out). My understanding is that engaging the mind in the exercise sends out messages to the body, hence reinforcing the exercise in a greater measure of accomplishment, such as increased muscle tone at a quickened pace.

Later that spring I made this exercise-intention

practice into *Do Everything with Purpose*. I would assign an intention to every little task throughout the day, whether it was doing the dishes or laundry, driving to work, shopping for groceries, showering and getting ready, cooking a meal ... you name it. I called it *Purpose-tasking*, or one could call it Intention-tasking. For me it took intense focus and energy to really feel this duo-action going on. Any time I would space out, I would revert my attention to the purpose at hand.

With persistent practice, more and more awareness came about for me. With that awareness a greater control surfaced, carrying an array of choices to enact in the moment. For me, those choices are integral to that realm of quantum possibilities. This kind of mental exercise also keeps my mind intact and not wandering.

Intention-making is a proactive, creative usage of my will power. When practiced daily with diligence, these seemingly minor practices of using intent really donate to a larger picture, one where I have increased will power and confidence

in my spirit-self. Intention practices also lead to understanding how to send out good will – to my body to heal, to bless others and heal their pain, and to create higher ways of living.

Awareness is also a great ally in challenging quandaries because it tells me what I need at that moment in order to start getting out of the spiral I got myself into. Awareness makes me see my actions and correct them, bringing to light remedies such as, “Hey, have more compassion for yourself and the other. And move on.” So, in becoming more conscious of my thoughts and intentions, a greater awareness of my actions and energetic projections result, which has brought about more empathetic responses to others.

Besides meditation, *Purpose-tasking* can enhance my awareness, which sharpens my acuity to managing thoughts and emotions. In turn, awareness gives rise to more choices at hand, plus a greater freedom to act.

See more From the Inside Out on Daisy's blog at www.thepartyinside.com.

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It's All Relative

By Gabriele von Trapp

For me, being an only child has not proven itself to be what it's cut out to be. So many times throughout my life I've heard, "Oh, you're an only child? You must be spoiled." Nothing could be further from the truth.

After my mother and I immigrated to the United States, we moved to Copperas Cove, Texas. In the mid-sixties, Copperas Cove was a tiny, isolated, desolate, uninviting and unnerving place. For a child of seven, raised in Germany, it was complete culture shock. Having the German cultural tradition of girls wearing socks with sandals and an apron over dresses, no matter what, I remember being embarrassed to see children running around in their underwear and barefoot and had to look away in shame.

Every aspect of this new world was utterly foreign to me – the heat, the landscape, the smells, the people, the creepy-crawlers, the food and especially the language.

It was difficult enough to have to learn the English language impromptu, but the language spoken in this part of America was especially challenging. There were no familiar sounds and all the words I heard had a drawl, twang and (to me) alien intonation. I did not even recognize the sound of my own name when the teacher called on me the first day school.

Needless to say, I was a foreigner in a foreign land. I had no connections, no bearings, no place to run and hide; I felt completely exposed, raw, powerless, stripped of everything that was familiar and with no choice in the matter. I was living with strangers in an even stranger land and my mother was rarely available. Gulp!

I immediately withdrew into myself and quickly became a keen observer.

I was never invited by my schoolmates to play, presumably because they could not communicate with me. It seemed that in their frustration they became cruel and intentionally alienated themselves from me. I watched from a distance as they played together, always standing at the sidelines, for safety's sake, should their frustrations manifest in an act of aggression, which it did frequently.

As I continued to observe children playing their games of four-square, hopscotch, tether ball, dodge ball and jump rope through that first year, I made a discovery: All games were played in groups. As I watched, I began to learn the rules, strategies and goals of each game. I realized that if I became good enough at each of these games, children would want to play with me. I began to jump in when I could and gave it my all. I focused every ounce of my being on technique and skill and eventually became a desired teammate.

Games and sports were my ticket to acceptance and my body the vehicle of a new language.

During my first two years in America we moved four times, to Copperas Cove to Abilene to Waco and then to Leesville, Louisiana. With each move, I used my skill at sports and games to integrate into a new circle of friends. It was an immediate path to be accepted and desirable. I flourished. I could amalgamate wherever I found myself.

During my elementary school years I was popular, but I longed for something deeper. I wanted to be part of a real family. I wanted a family where I would be accepted without having the pressure of performing. Spending time with friends and their families introduced me to brothers and sisters, mothers and fathers, grandparents, cousins, aunts and uncles and showed me what families do. I longed for the closeness, camaraderie, playfulness, comfort and safety I witnessed in a family unit – something I had never experienced.

Through my adolescence and early teens, we continued to move almost every year. Relocating throughout the country was not conducive to forming the family I desired. I was willing to adopt my friends' families as my own, but I repeatedly found myself the stranger, the new girl, the foreigner, conjuring how I could integrate. I had to re-imagine what a family meant to me.

In my late teens, after many moves, I began to withdraw into myself and again became a keen observer, this time of myself in relation to the rest of the world and all people in it. In doing so, I made a new discovery: I loved people. Through my deep observations I realized I could find something special in everyone I met. I loved the underdog, the ugly, the cruel and unusual, the freaks, the jocks, the beautiful, the gifted, the young, the old and those who were forgotten. In finding my love for all people, I was able to give to others what I desired for myself.

I took my affections for people into my career as a young adult. While working as a salesperson in a store, I developed a relationship with every customer, on the spot, recognizing what was special about them. The response showed itself in the highest sales among my colleagues and in return customers asking specifically for me. I was soon promoted to manage my own store (at 19). Among my responsibilities, I hired and trained all new employees for my store.

My employees were not your standard lineup of fast pitch, uncaring, money-hungry staff. They were all highly skilled at excellent customer service due to my training and acquired insights. All were adept at recognizing what was special about each customer, themselves and each other.



I took each of them under my wing, strengthened their unique gifts, elevated their self-worth and emphasized the importance of relationship – and then set them free. They worked with respect, thankfulness and sincerity and cared thoughtfully about every customer who came through the door and ... they cared about me.

As a result of caring deeply for my staff and customers, my business increases were astounding. I became a leading manager in a large region and managers across the nation wanted to know my secrets. I managed many other high-volume stores in the San Francisco Bay area and, in each store, my employees became my family and I felt concern and reverence for each professionally and personally. Many were promoted to manage their own stores and did so successfully. I had found a family and it was growing.

I moved to a new community late last year. Being adept at making connections, I soon found many opportunities to connect with people in Deer Park. I joined a business networking group whose members have all become dear to me.

As well, I have discovered that being an ad sales representative for the *North Columbia Monthly* has afforded me a direct connection with a new extended family. Writing articles for the *Monthly* has also expanded my circle of friends and I am thankful to have that platform to define my new family. (Thank you Tina, for your loving and heartwarming message regarding my June article.)

As far as I'm concerned, the journey as an only child has found an antidote and a means, "relatively" speaking.

Gabriele von Trapp lives by Deer Park where her memories, dreams and reflections fuel her vigorous engagement with the present as she forges an ever-evolving future.



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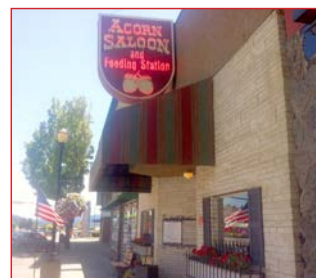
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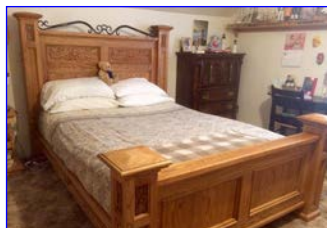


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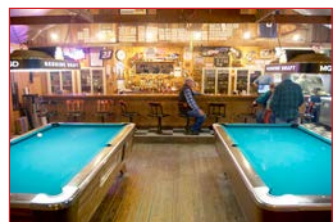


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