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FEBRUARY 2018 ISSUE DEADLINES

AD SPACE RESERVATIONS: Friday, Jan. 19th WHAT'S HAPPENING LISTINGS: Thursday, Jan. 25th

All The Thoughts I Think Usually Determine Everything

IOHN ODELL, WordsOfWords.com

An Uncomfortable and Celebratory Journey

By Christine Wilson

"Herein lie buried many things which if read with patience may show the strange meaning of being black here at the dawning of the Twentieth Century. This meaning is not without interest to you, Gentle Reader; for the problem of the Twentieth Century is the problem of the color-line."

~ W.E.B. Dubois, The Souls of Black Folks, 1903

Humans change in fits and starts. There is no tidy little 45-degree angle of steady progress that could show up on an autobiographical graph. That sounds appealing, but most of us have more of a "fumbling towards ecstasy" type of life, to borrow a phrase from Sarah McLaughlin. My understanding of racial/cultural issues has been in that fumbling category.

As a junior high news junkie during what newscasters called anything from civil unrest to riots, I developed a sense of justice and a distrust of using tradition as a justification for behavior. My mother actually liked to randomly say the word tradition, just to watch me flinch.

I thought I had figured it all out, in the hubris of my youth, until a seminal year in my late teens during which I was forced by discomfort. At that point, the language was such that we spoke of "whites and negroes." That particularly transformative year, I was talking to someone my age but more advanced in his thinking and he explained to me that "negro" had been replaced with "black."

As much as I love watching movies about white

folks figuring this stuff out early and being stalwart against prejudice, I was a little slower on the uptake than those cinematic characters. If I were to write a novel about racism, the main character would be a white girl stumbling her way from blind idealism to shameful confusion to a robust curiosity and determination.

That early experience was 1967, mind you, and I could not figure out the terminology. In exasperation, he said: "Don't you know that black is beautiful?" Several puzzle pieces slipped together in that moment. All the lessons I'd taken from the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr.'s efforts and from the speeches of Bobby Kennedy finally made sense. During that same year, one of my fellow car hops was fired for having an African-American boyfriend and the other car hop and I were told we were being watched because of our non-white friendships.

Around the same time, I assisted in a youth program for white kids who had grown up in Richland, a mono culture if ever there was one. You could not live there unless you had a family (and now I'm finding out white) member who worked at Hanford, so everyone had a job. Most of the dads were well educated and nobody went hungry or experienced racial prejudice, since there was no color line to pay attention to.

Barely their elder in the program, I went to Seattle with about ten high school kids and an older Richland couple who had been living in the South. The goal was to introduce these sheltered kids to ghetto life and boy howdy, were they introduced. We slept on the basement floor of a church in a black neighborhood. We hung out in a First Avenue pawn shop and met with leaders of the African-American community. One night before dinner, the leaders told us they were going to select three of us to be minority folks. They picked two of the high school kids and me. We then proceeded with our evening as most of the teenagers slipped into the role of white folks, while the remaining two and I became minorities. It was frighteningly easy for the "white" kids to get into being degrading. It felt pretty awful, even though I knew it was a role play.

Looking back on it now, however, what I re-



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NORTH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

— WHERE AND HOW WE LIVE——

Random Acts of Community

member with the most disgust was the one girl who starting feeling sorry for us and tried to befriend us with sadness in her eyes and a patronizing tone in her voice. I shocked myself with my desire to be mean to her or at least shout at her to end her cloying sympathy.

Flash forward to my early days in private practice. I was meeting a Japanese-American woman for the first time and I had the condescending notion that I ought to help her feel welcome in America. That was before I discovered that her family had been in America two generations longer than my mother's side of my ancestry. She should have been welcoming me.

Put all those things together: the celebratory language of black being beautiful, the loss of Bobby and Martin, my white friend's firing, and the experience of being patronized as a minority. Shifts happen.

For many of us, there have been periods of idealism and periods of terrible pain. On the idealistic side, I listened so much to the Three Dog Night's "The world is black, the world is white" that I probably ruined that song for anyone within earshot of my life. My favorite lines were and remain: "A child is black; a child is white; a whole world looks upon the sight; a beautiful sight. And now a child can understand that this is the law of all the land. ... And now at last we plainly see we'll have a dance of liberty."

Sounds so simple, doesn't it? On the painful side was that loss of Rev. King and the awareness that this wasn't going to be easy. Somewhere in there I learned that silence is the voice of complicity, partly from the voice of Dietrich Bonhoeffer, the German theologian. He left his safe life in New York to return to Germany in the early 1930s and was killed by the Nazis for his efforts to stop Hitler. His example doesn't make it any easier to speak out and stay active, but it does put anything we can do into perspective.

I am not sure when the next leap forward came in my understanding, but I know that at some point I discovered what seemed like a crazy radical notion: Race is a social construct.

I assume it only seems shocking to me because I am not a biologist and have not studied genetics since my freshman year in college, when such topics as race were not on the radar of my genetics instructor. When I was first introduced to this notion of social constructs, I was as confused as I had been when I was schooled about language in 1967 by my smart peer. I had read W.E.B. Dubois but did not register his observations way back when regarding the distinctions being more about attitude and exposure than anything else. Out the window with one more binary concept.

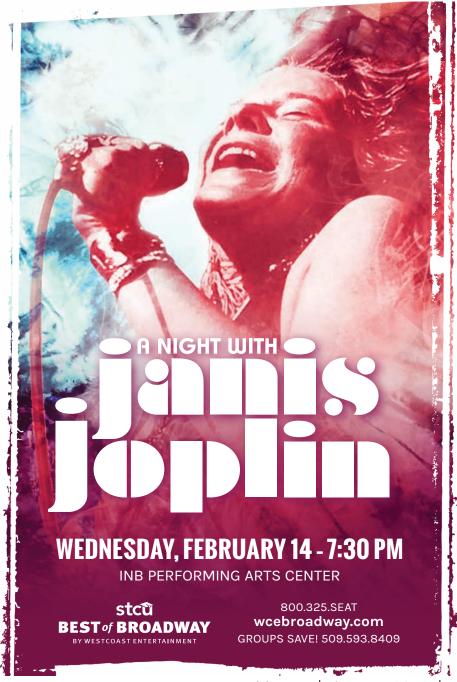
Biologists say we are wired to promote kin and other people who we think are like us. Neurologists, however, make the point that with these complex

brains of ours, which operate well on conscious intentions and community support, we can create a new way of living in the world.

On this, the month we celebrate Martin Luther King Jr.'s birth, I continue to be inspired by so many of his comments. Since I used to work for the Samaritan Center and have always loved the story of the good Samaritan, I'm especially fond of this quote: "The first question which the priest and the Levite asked was: 'If I stop to help this man, what will happen to me?' But ... the good Samaritan reversed the question: 'If I do not stop to help this man, what will happen to him?"

I cannot predict what the next shift will be or when it will happen, but I know that we all are in this together and we can help each other as we experience the next level of awareness in the diversity that, increasingly, is our community. I look forward to increasing my awareness and actions this year and hope you join me in this no doubt uncomfortable but nonetheless celebratory journey.

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



A Better Business Plan: Personal

By Dr. Barry Bacon, MD

My brother Bruce and three friends created an international company that builds heavy-duty movers and hydraulic attachments that chop things. Seeing one of these in operation is like watching a work of art. But it's the way he built his business model, more than the amazing equipment, that is the real story.

Lately it seems I have experienced a rash of really crummy service from a variety of businesses. People don't call back. They forget that I came to talk to them. I show up on time but they don't. Or they don't get the work done that they promised, despite repeated reminders. I wonder, is it just me, or are businesses failing because they don't care, don't follow through, don't remember that we are customers? Whatever happened to service?

I decided to ask brother Bruce what he has learned over the years as he has worked at creating businesses that succeed. He has built his reputation on things that resonate with a lot of us. But his life has been a study in contrasts.

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At one point he appeared to be a complete and utter failure.

What I have always marveled at is his ability to take the pieces of his broken life and build a successful business from nothing. Not many talented and gifted people are able to pull that off even once in a lifetime. He has done this more than once. Now, as a sought-after speaker, consultant, business partner and more, this is what he told me:

"One of the biggest family influences growing up, for me, was work, work, and then work. I suppose that is not such a bad thing, as I enjoy work as an adult and it actually is a requirement to accomplishing anything.

"An event that had a big influence on me was our Dad throwing the television out the back door when my brother Barry and I preferred a TV show to going and helping him on one of his many bizarre projects. It was difficult for us as young boys to understand why we were standing in a freezing cold Minnesota garage late at night, supposedly 'helping' our father."

It's always good to have an older sibling to keep you humble. I remember those days as well. My dad and uncle would decide late on a frigid January evening to go out into the Minnesota "tundra" and get a tired old dump truck running. No good reason that we could discern. Build a small bonfire under the engine to warm it up so that the engine would turn over. Have Bruce and me watch them while they hammered on icy cold metal in the blizzard conditions and we handed them frozen tools. I remember those events well, but not fondly. I didn't realize then that the ability to work is a gift that would last me for the rest of my life work and a chance to get an education.

Did Bruce learn anything from those early

work experiences? "I learned that I was not interested in a life of hard outdoor labor in the elements." Definitely worth knowing.

There were other valuable lessons. "We were also taught in church about treating others fairly, and with respect and honor, integrity and the like. I remember clearly: 'Don't waste your talents, they are a gift from God, and, 'God gave you a brain, use it."

Bruce also mentioned his boss, an entrepreneur named Roy LaBounty, a logger in our remote corner of northeast Minnesota. No company made the kind of tools he wanted, attachments for his skidder. So he started building them. When other loggers saw what Roy was able to do with the tools that he created, they asked him to build the same things for them, and LaBounty Manufacturing was born, the most successful manufacturer of such hydraulic attachments and tools in the world.

A few years later, when LaBounty sold to a large U.S. corporation, the principles that he built his company on - going above and beyond what the customer expected in service, and fair play - were largely lost. They were replaced with an all-consuming emphasis on fighting for short-term profit at all costs without a clear long-term strategy toward customer satisfaction and retention. Bruce and three other employees decided to jump ship and begin a competitive company forty miles down the road with a different philosophy.

"When we announced that we were leaving to begin a competing company, we were laughed at by management and they said, 'Don't worry about those buffoons, they will never be anything.' Soon, however, they filed a lawsuit as a way of slowing us down and bullying us out of business with distraction and costs (the suit



was later settled for a minor amount).

"Within seven years, we were generating \$50,000,000 a year in sales and had gained the number-one market position in many segments."

The formula that worked so well for them was built on some old-fashioned values. "Build quality products. Use innovation and invest in research and development. Fair prices. Treat the customer the way you would like to be treated. Human beings on the phone instead of answering machines."

Bruce warns that it is not easy, and it is expensive and risky. A lot of sleepless nights, a lot of tears. But, he says, there are great rewards. "Your greatest friends will be faith, humility and fearlessness. And never, never quit. ... And, finally, you can NEVER do it for money. You must do it for freedom and love of what you set forth to do. If you do the right things in business, then money will follow."

Bruce wants to be clear that you can't pull this off alone. He puts it this way: "Another mantra ... always hire people smarter than me. Be humble, be quiet, learn and listen."

What about the competition? Well, "there was bitterness and lies, treachery in the markets from them, yet we made a decision; we would always take the high road and praise their good points, but focus on what we could do and do better, who we were as men and women, and why the customer may want to consider us."

Why do certain companies retain great people and are viewed as a great place to work? "I've thought a lot about this. It is about building a village. A village where none is greater than the other. Yes, there has to be a chief and structure and disciplines, but there also has to be equality and recognition and love. Yes. Love.

"Our profit-sharing plan reflected this. Equality for all - yes, we all have different pay levels, depending on what we do, but our profit-sharing plan was equality for all, and it

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stated: A top engineer does not work harder or contribute more than our welders, or maintenance people. I, as the president, do not work harder or 'give' more than anyone here, no matter what our role. We are all equal, and we shall all share the fruits of our labor equally, in good times and in bad. The result of that plan was a company that ran itself."

But then he sold the business and started over again. What was that about? "People ask, 'Bruce, why didn't you just go lie on a beach?!' I guess if you ask that question, you've never done it. ... I enjoy lying on a beach, but usually by noon I'm getting pretty bored, looking around for something to do.

"I now get to have this reputation of honor, integrity, skills, deal making, team building. I won't lie. It is flattering and my pride gets happy. But it wasn't 'me' that did it. It was other people around me. All I did was convince people that we could do something great together, and, we did. It was them. Always was, always will be."

I know in this age of get-rich-quick and trampling on everyone to get ahead, such beliefs are unpopular. But I thought it was worth hearing from someone who is successful in a competitive market where other people eat each other for lunch. Doing the right thing, doing the kind thing, looking out for each other

and genuinely caring about things that matter is good for business.

So, here's my brother's business plan, proven successful time and again. "Read the tale of the starving village cooking the empty pot of water. That is what it is about. Building a village. Helping people find their greatness. And love."

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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Feeder Creek

By Jack Nisbet

Hangman Creek, also known as Latah Creek, is a significant stream about 60 miles long that rises near Moses Mountain above the Coeur d'Alene Indian Reservation in the Idaho Panhandle. The upper creek braids its way across what once were extensive camas-gathering grounds around DeSmet, then crosses the Washington state line to drain the northeast corner of the Palouse Hills. After being joined by Rock Creek, Hangman ducks between wheat fields and basalt scablands exposed by the Ice Age floods, with its last few miles carving the bluffs that back Spokane's South Hill. It meets the Spokane River just downstream from the city's central falls, in a parkland and fishing site that has buzzed with activity since those last great Pleistocene floods receded.

Full of contrasts and surprises, the tributary has provided the setting for some of our region's most contentious news.

It starts with the name itself. The Lewis and Clark expedition never traveled anywhere close to Hangman Creek, but they did hear about a drainage north of the Palouse River with a name they rendered as "Lau-taw," which might derive from a Nez Perce or Sahaptin word. When Captain John Mullan passed through the area in the 1850s, his "Lah too" Creek may also reflect the thoughts of a Sahaptin translator. Neither term appears to have any connection with the Interior Salish languages spoken by resident Coeur d'Alene or Spokane tribal members. The camas fields on upper Hangman provided the "Camas Prairie Creek" name on the 1854 Pacific Region Railroad Survey map. Another word applied by Salish people appears in documents as Sin-too-too-olley, translated as "river of small fish."

All these names became irrelevant in 1858, when U.S. Army Colonel George Wright was dispatched to eastern Washington with orders to subdue angry Plateau tribes. After several skirmishes in Spokane country and an infamous order to slaughter hundreds of captured Indian horses, Wright's campaign culminated with the hanging of more than a dozen men who had come into his military camp along the creek under a white flag.

Although Latah Creek appeared on some maps and reports over the next century, local usage, especially among tribal members, tended toward Hangman, and the United States Board on Geographic Names officially sanctioned the latter name in 1959.

When the State of Washington tried to reclaim the gentler Latah tag at the turn of the 21st century, Coeur d'Alene tribal member Cliff SiJohn famously stood up and declared: We don't care what you call it. We know what happened there, and will call it Hangman Creek forever so that no one can forget.

Back in 1934, anthropologist Verne Ray went out on Hangman Creek with Spokane elder Thomas Garry, 75 years old at the time, to record some of the traditional tribal uses of the drainage. Garry identified one Upper Spokane

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Boundaries

encampment a mile above the present High Bridge over the creek as qu'yu, a "place where Oregon grape grows," and described it to Ray as, "a populous permanent settlement valued as a salmon and trout fishing grounds and for the abundant game, including deer, antelope and beaver, which the surrounding territory provided."

About ten miles further upstream, Garry identified another camp known as "place where many woodpeckers are found." This was also a fishing and hunting site that in the winter served as a base for large communal deer drives.

Recently deceased Coeur d'Alene elder Felix Aripa agreed with Thomas Garry's assessment of the richness of the place. Aripa's ancestors told him that in the early 1800s the creek valley supported good bunchgrass, large pine trees, both sharp-tailed and ruffed grouse, and snowshoe hare. Salmon, trout and whitefish ascended the creek and provided people with food for the winter months.

The fish were always a focal point. In 1935, anthropologist W.W. Elmendorf, working with Spokane tribal elders, described a fishing trap at the very mouth of Hangman Creek. According to one source, the volume of chinook salmon during their peak run was so great that for a period of thirty days the Spokanes took about 1,000 fish a day from the trap.

Traditional runs of food fish extended upstream into Coeur d'Alene territory along the Idaho border. Around the time of Elmendorf's work, Herman Seltice said, "My grandmother told me that in the 1870s they went down to Hangman Creek near Tekoa and caught salmon by spearing. Salmon were not the only fish that came up the creek, we also had whitefish and trout."

Donald George recalled the "salmon were reported at Hangman Creek near Tekoa, WA, in 1907, shortly after the reservation was open to settlement." Margaret Stensgar, granddaughter of Joseph Seltice, said that "Grandpa Joseph told me that salmon used to come up Hangman Creek to spawn until they built that Little Falls dam (1908). Cutting all the trees down also affected the creek."

Joseph Seltice's words agree with the writings of plant surveyor John Leiberg, who camped beneath the Hangman Creek Bluffs during the summer of 1893. Leiberg described gardens along the creek there that provided vegetables for the growing population of Spokane. He also noted several abandoned sawmills that testified to the cutting of prime ponderosa pine from the shoreline.

During the time of Leiberg's survey, the major portion of Hangman Creek flowed through open

Palouse Prairie, often in the form of braided streams that crossed wet meadows. Beginning around 1910, several sections of the creek were channelized to facilitate agricultural use. This resulted in increased erosion and turbidity that was hard on the fish, as well as significant loss of habitat and water quality that continued for decades. A 2014 report from the Spokane County Conservation District admitted that "Washington State water quality standards for temperature, dissolved oxygen, pH, and fecal coliforms are routinely violated" along the state's portion of Hangman Creek.

With a clear understanding of such problems, these days every tribe, conservation group and government agency in the region is pondering the viability of re-introducing native fish into the upper Columbia system.

Al Scholtz, a retired EWU professor and frequent consultant for any group with a stake in a living stream, has explored Hangman Creek with those ends in mind.

In his thorough report on historic fisheries on the upper Columbia, Scholtz concluded that since the arrival of commercial agriculture there could only have been limited egg production

in Hangman Creek because of its traditionally muddy water.

Today, many miles of its course have been so degraded that re-introduced hatchery fish would be hard-pressed to survive, much less successfully reproduce.

But there is a swelling public interest in restoring little bits of Hangman Creek habitat all along its length, from those former wetlands within the Coeur d'Alene Reservation to shallow gravel bars winding beneath the bluffs. The recent success of salmon in the Elwha, Rogue and Okanagon drainages has provided new insights into the remarkable resilience of the fish. Over the long run, it might not be smart to bet against the regenerative power of Hangman Creek as well.

Thanks to Al Scholtz and associates for Compilation of information on salmon and steelhead... in the Upper Columbia River Basin above Grand Coulee Dam. Technical Report No. 2, Upper Columbia United Tribes Fisheries Center, EWU.

Jack Nisbet will speak to the Kinikinnick chapter of the Native Plant Society in Sandpoint on January 27 at 10 a.m. For more details visit www.jacknisbet.com

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Monthly Muse

Setting the Bar High for 2018

By Loren Cruden

This being the first year since I was ten that I've formulated a list of New Year's resolutions, I must do so boldly.

Resolution One

To not say distasteful things like "Suck it up" or "What doesn't kill you makes you stronger" or "FYI" or "How's that working out for you?" or "It's all good" or "Whatever." Since I never say any of these things anyway, I cannily decided it would be a smart way to start my list.

Resolution Two

To not shout inappropriate - even if motivational - things at my grandchildren's sporting events. Such as "Wait a minute - isn't that player the umpire's son?" or "Tie his shoelaces together!" or (if I'm really excited) "Rip his heart out, Sweetie!" Or, to an opposing player, "Hey, you, under the basket, quit picking your nose!"

Resolution Three

To not groan, hiss, make game-show buzzer-noises, or say in appropriate - even if in sightful and heartfelt - things at the movie theater. Such as, "What happened to that poor woman's lips?" when Angelina Jolie comes on screen. Or "How distressing that she can't afford something with more fabric to it," when young ladies appear in wintry scenes under-dressed. Or "Sean Penn must be standing on a box" or "I could do that!" or "How come they went to bed naked and got up wearing underwear?" or "That's a relief," when an actor I find annoying dies during an especially poignant scene.

Resolution Four

To not even *think* inappropriate responses

to standard questions at border crossings and airport security stations. Such as ... No, no, I won't even think of examples here. I won't. Don't encourage me ... "No, sir, I don't have any firearms, BUT YOU SHOULD SEE MY FEET OF FLAME!!!!!" Sorry. I can see this one is going to be a toughie.

Resolution Five

To remember to brush my hair and not wear my house slippers to town. Also, to not put my library card into the slot at the bank; and to not check out library books with my debit card. I think that covers it. Though I may've forgotten something.

Resolution Six

To respond serenely, whatever the bureaucratic provocation: "Oh yes, I'd love to go on hold and listen to seventeen repetitions of a synthesized rendition of 'My Way' intermittently interrupted by assurances that my call is valued, in order to reach another automated redirection," or "Isn't it special when the Universe speaks through billing errors that insist, with divine authority, that if you don't pay what you've already paid, your house will be burned and your cat held for ransom?" Or "What could be cooler than discovering the cosmic joke that health insurance for old people doesn't cover dental care or eyeglasses?"

Resolution Seven

To not let my cat Taliesin boss me around so much. Dogs want; cats demand. Dogs think they're little; cats know they're big. Dogs don't rule; cats don't drool. I resolve to be strong when Talies in demands I turn the bathroom faucet on

for him for the tenth time that day, or requires me rise before six in the morning to feed him, or takes up more than two-thirds of the bed space. I will! I will! (Stop staring at me while I type this. We can play with your sparkle-ball later. Please! Oh, okay, okay.)

Resolution Eight

To find a healthy breakfast cereal that doesn't taste like its packaging, and costs less than \$5 per (dainty) box.

Resolution Nine (not a Beatles song)

To not flat-out tell my grandchildren how boring it is when they recount - in detail, including dialogue - entire animated movies. (I'll just hint at it.)

Resolution Ten

To not let on to their parents how sweet it is to be a grandma whose grandkids talk at length to her.

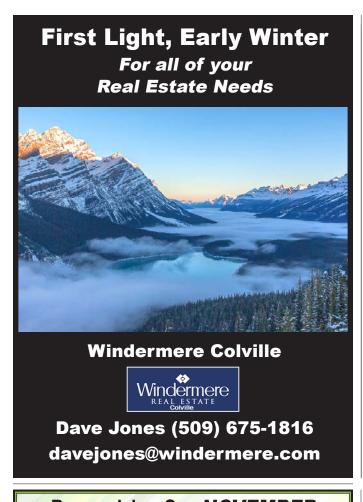
Wish me luck. Happy New Year!

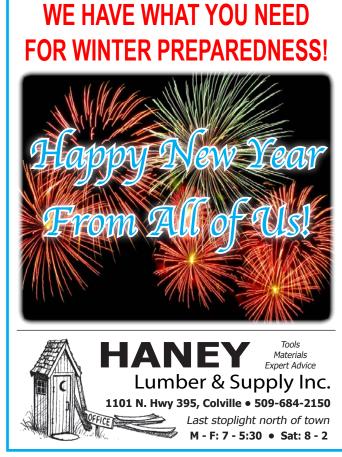


EAVESDROPS What people have written about the north Columbia region

Washington's northeast corner is a high desert and farming region of stark contrasts. In a few hours you can travel through steep basalt canyons with the spicy smell of sagebrush, over hills covered with wheat fields and dotted with isolated farm houses and outbuildings and through thick pine forests. The region's geological history is dynamic and readily visible in the layered walls of the coulees and steep canyons cut deep by ancient glaciers and rivers.

~ Off the Beaten Path, Washington, by Sharon Wooton & Maggie Savage









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That Bold and Wily Steller's Jay

Article & Photo By J. Foster Fanning

In our highland forests and wooded valleys it is not at all unusual to catch a glimpse of a large, iridescent, blue-black shadow flitting through the trees. This raucous, harsh-voiced big blue bird is not a blue jay. It is Steller's jay, a member of the *Corvidae* family (as are crows, magpies and other jays) and is named for the German naturalist Georg Wilhelm Steller.

Steller's jays have a charcoal head, chunky bodies, rounded wings and long, full tails. Renowned for a prominent triangular crest (I think punk rock) that often stands nearly

straight up from the head, the Cyanocitta stelleri has a long, powerful beak with a slight hook.

While I particularly enjoy these birds for their looks, boldness and distinct, scolding calls, it is their graceful flight, with long swoops executed in a languid manner, that often captures my attention. They are the provincial bird of British Columbia, Canada.

This bird, to me, is one of the quintessential avians of the great western forests. From nearly our highest mountain peaks down to our deep river valleys, Steller's jays are a fixture. Campgrounds? Backyard bird feeders? Picnic sites? Barnyards? Yep, the Steller jay frequents them all.

According to the Cornell Lab of Ornithology:

"Steller's jays were discovered on an Alaskan island in 1741 by Georg Steller, a naturalist on a Russian explorer's ship. When a scientist officially described the species, in 1788, they named it after him – along with other discoveries including the Steller's sea lion and Steller's sea-eagle. Steller's jays have the dubious honor of being one of the most frequently misspelled names in all of bird watching. Up close, the bird's dazzling mix of azure and blue is certainly stellar, but that's not how you spell their name."

Northwest Native Americans have this jay incorporated into their legends and lore. The jay is occasionally represented on totem poles as the lookout bird near the top. In Makah triballore Kwish-kwishee is the name of the Steller's jay. The Makah tell the story of Kwahtie (the mink) shooting an arrow at Kwish-kwishee with such a near miss that its crest is still ruffled to this day.

Other mythology has this jay as the messenger of hope with a strong will to live. It is believed the jay can teach fearlessness, adaptability and survival if one is willing to learn. That's on the good side. Flip the coin and there are plenty of other thoughts about this jay. Because of its noisy, aggressive behavior, this jay represents a nosy gossip, a bully or a selfish thief to some tribes, and mischievous most of the time.

Ever been outside and heard a strange meowing of an unknown cat? A weird bark

Diet-wise they are omnivorous predator/ scavengers consuming a large volume of plant matter, augmented by animal protein. They eat seeds, nuts, berries and other fruits, small reptiles, insects, all sorts of eggs, small rodents and nestlings. They will attack and kill small adult birds, robbing their nests of eggs and hatchlings. Did I mention they are bold and aggressive?

However, when in brood, raising their young, they become quiet and inconspicuous. Another adaptive survival strategy.



of a dog? You guessed it! The Steller's jay is an excellent mimic with a large repertoire. Our bird can imitate other birds, squirrels, cats, dogs, chickens and some mechanical objects. These aggressive jays have been known to mimic the call of predator hawks to cause other birds to flee backyard feeders, making room for the impersonator. I've personally been caught off guard several times, thinking that I'm hearing a fledgling bald eagle in the bushes nearby, only to remember it is a Steller's jay mimicking the call.

The Steller's jay is a communal bird, often forming complex social hierarchies with pronounced dominance patterns. They regularly travel in groups, frequently playing with and chasing each other. They join in mixed-species flocks outside of the nesting season and have been observed instigating mobbing of predators and other possibly dangerous intruders.

These birds exhibit several adaptive strategies, which support their wide dispersal.

They are also opportunists. Frequenting campgrounds and bird feeders, they scavenge leftovers and occasionally help themselves to unattended picnic items. They are known to ask boldly for handouts with loud, raspy calls and, according to a professor of microbiology at Rutgers University, Joanne Stolen, they are especially fond of peanuts.

Steller's jays are active in winter here in the highlands. And a fun reason for that winter walk outing. Bundle up, head outdoors and don't forget to stash a few peanuts in those pockets. You never known what you'll find out there.

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. His photography is currently on display at the Coulee Dam Credit Union and Brown Bear Real Estate, both in Republic, WA. Learn more at http://fosterfanning.blogspot.com.

UHAT'S



MORE LISTINGS & DETAILS AT NCMONTHLY.COM

Events

Jan 1: New Year's Day.

- Jan 6 & 13: After the November visit from small town revitalization consultant and author of *Flip This Town*, Ron Drake, the community is holding Moving Forward in the New Year meetings on Jan 6 and 13, 9:30 Noon at the Kettle Falls Library. Anyone interested in seeing Kettle Falls thrive is invited. Call 509-675-3791 for more info.
- Jan 7: Northport Lions Club BINGO at the Northport School Cafeteria, Noon 4 pm. Early Bird, Regular, Fast Pick and Blackout with a \$500 Jackpot. A portion of the proceeds benefit the Northport Junior Dance Club. Refreshments available. Must be 18 or older to play. Call 509-690-2158 for more info.
- Jan 9: Colville Community Blood Drive, Ag Trade Center, 11:30 - 6. Call 509-991-2418 for more info.
- Jan 13: The Colville Driftriders present the Gold Rush Fun Run, starting at Beaver Lodge, 2430 Hwy 20 East. Sign in at 9 a.m. \$500 in cash prizes.
- Jan 13: Ferry County Rail Trail Ski Day, 10 2, Kiwanis Trail Head at the north end of Curlew Lake. Nordic groomed ski track and free use of ski gear and free instruction. Prizes for the oldest, youngest and worst skiers. Bonfire & hot chocolate. Visit ferrycountryrailtrail.com to learn more.
- Jan 13: Foodstock, 2 11 pm at Northern Ales, Kettle Falls, featuring Checkmate Reality, Midnight Run, Stazya, Tribe Zenith, Chipped & Broken, Planetary Refugees, and Northern Aliens. No cover but all cash and food donations benefit the Kettle Falls Food Bank. Call 509-690-7162 for more info.
- Jan 15: Martin Luther King Jr. Day.
- Jan 18: Spokane Mobile Vet Center, Stevens County Commissioner's Office, 230 E. Birch, Colville, 9 am - 1 pm. No appointment required. Call 509-684-8387 for more info.
- **Jan 20:** Republic Winterfest featuring outhouse races, snow sculptures, Chili Crawl, sasquatch calling, hotwings contest, and more! Visit republicchamber.org for more info.

Music, Dance, Theater & Film

- Jan 11: "Joy of Cooking," 7:30 10 pm, at the Muriel Griffiths Room, 1501 Cedar Ave, Trail, B.C. Led by guitarist Doug Stephenson, this easy-listening jazz ensemble includes Rick Lingard sax/voice, Tim Bullen trumpet, Mark, Spielman bass, and Steven Parish drums. Call 250-368-9669 or email info@trail-arts.com for tickets and more info.
- Jan 13: Permaculture Film Series, (Jan 13, Feb 10, Mar 10), 5-6 pm at the Meyers Falls Market Community Room. Email fungipermastead@gmail.com for more info.
- Jan 16: OCTET, 7:30 10 pm, The Bailey Theatre, 1501 Cedar Ave, Rossland, B.C. Two string quartets, each performing for more than 25 years, present a unique program in celebration of Canada's 150th birthday. Call 250-368-9669 or email info @trail-arts.com for tickets and more info.
- Jan 19: Jupiter Rebellion, 7:30 10 pm, at the Muriel Griffiths Room, 1501 Cedar Ave, Trail, B.C. An unlikely hero, a plucky best friend, cool special effects, a villainous boss, a space duel, and even a sultry love interest! The showprovides all the excitement of a big budget science fiction action movie performed live by one man armed with little else than his body, his voice, and a whole lot of energy. Call 250-368-9669 or email info@trail-arts.com for tickets and more info.
- Jan 20: Free movie showing of Greg Palast's Best Democracy Money Can Buy and UNCOUNTED - The Story of the California Election, by TYT and Rogue Kite Productions, at the Kettle Falls Public Library, Noon - 3 pm. Policy discussions to follow each. Email sinixt@centurytel.net for more info.
- Jan 21: Dances of Universal Peace, simple, meditative, joyous, multi-cultural dances, 2-5 pm at the Colville Library basement. Donations appreciated. Potluck following. Call 509-684-1590 for more info.
- Music at Northern Ales, 325 W. 3rd Ave., Kettle Falls, northernales.com, 509-738-7382:

 13th: Foodstock, (see ad on back page)

 19th: Open Mic, 7-10 pm

 26th: Murphy's Law, 7-10 pm
- Music at The Flying Steamshovel, 2003 2nd Ave., Rossland, B.C. Visit theflyingsteamshovel.com or call 250-362-7323 for more info. 12th: The Pack A.D. w/guests, 9 pm 26th: The Wet Secrets w/ Rainboard, 9 pm 27th: Miesha & The Spanks, 9 pm

Arts & Crafts

Featured Artist Richard Taylor's hand-made paper pieces are on display at the gallery at Meyers Falls Market in Kettle Falls.

Classes at E-Z Knit Fabrics in Colville: Open Workshop, bring projects you need help with, first Saturday of each month. BERNINA Embroidery Software master class, registration required, second Wednesday of each month at 9:30 a.m. Check with store (165 N Main St, Colville) for projects, samples, dates, times and costs (some classes are free). Call 509-684-6644 for more info.

Colville Piecemakers Quilt Guild meets on the 3rd Tuesday of the month at the Assembly of God Church in Colville at 6:30 pm. Visit colville piecemakers. webs.com.

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 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.

Literature & Writing

Jan 13: Colville Library Improvement Club book sale, 10 - 1 in the Colville Library basement. Almost new and used books, CDs and videos for all ages. Call 509-684-6408 for more info.

Writers' Group: Open invitation to writers of all skill levels and categories of writing, to a writers' group facilitated by author Loren Cruden. Regular gatherings for feedback on one another's work and help in developing skills. If interested, don't be shy; call 509-675-8644.

Farm, Field & Forest

Nominations Requested for Notable Trees to be featured in the annual Arbor Day Ceremony in April 2018, hosted by the City of Colville Tree Board. Email annelawson@colville.wa.us for more info and nomination details.

Miscellany

Jan 10: Northeast Washington Genealogy Society meeting, 1 pm, basement of the LDS Church on Juniper Street in Colville, one block east of the South Main Restaurant on Hwy 395, entry at the back of the building. Showing a webinar "Organizing and Sharing Digital Images" presented by Geoff Rasmussen, well-known genealogy speaker. Visit https:// newgs.org for more info. All visitors are welcome.

Northeast Tri-County Health District has extended its hours of operation and services in the Colville and Newport offices to Mon - Thur, 7:30 am - 4:30 pm, closed 12 - 12:30 for lunch, Fri, 7:30 - 11 am, and in the Republic office Mon - Thur, 8 am - 4:30 pm, closed 12 - 1 pm for lunch. As always, staff will be available to address emergencies when needed. Call 509-684-2262 (Colville), 509-447-3131 (Newport), and 509-775-3111 (Republic) for more info.

Message Celebrate Recovery, a 12-step program to help those struggling with hurts, habits and hangups, meets every Friday at 6 pm (beginning January 12) in the Healing Touch/Pneuma Spa building at 344 N. Main Street in Colville. Refreshments will be served. Free to all. Call 509-935-0780 for more info.

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.

The Greater Springdale/Loon Lake Chamber of

Commerce meeting is the first Thursday of the month at 11 am at the Stevens County Fire Protection District 1, Station #7,52 West Aspen in Springdale. The Chewelah Chamber of Commerce Weekly Meeting is Fridays at 7 am at the Chewelah Casino, 2555 Smith Road south of Chewelah off Hwy. 395. The Colville Chamber of Commerce meeting every Tuesday at noon at the Eagles Lodge 608 N Wynne Street. Details at www. colville.com. The Kettle Falls Chamber of Commercemeets on the third Thursday of each month. For info, call 509-738-2300 or visit http://www.kettle-falls.com. The Northport Chamber of Commerce meets the fourth Tuesday of each month at 7 pm at the Northport City Hall, 315 Summit Ave in Northport.

Colville Multiple Sclerosis self-help group meets the first Friday of each month in the lower level of the Providence Health Education House, 1169 E Columbia, Colville, at 1pm. All those living with MS are invited. For info, call 509-684-3252.

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.

Friday Night Rebels has an AA meeting weekly on Fri. from 7 - 8 pm at the Providence Mount Carmel Hospital Health Education Center-lower level (1169 E. Columbia Ave, Colville).

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.

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).

Tri County Economic Development District (TEDD) has launched Northeast Washington **Insider**, a mobile app that rewards people for exploring Ferry, Stevens, and Pend Oreille counties. Users of the free app can earn points by simply visiting places in the region, including a multitude of outdoor recreation destinations; retail, food and beverage and lodging locations; and heritage sites. Points can then be redeemed for goods or services at local businesses. Northeast Washington Insider is available now as a free download on the iTunes App Store and Google Play. Businesses in the tri-county area interested in offering a reward to increase traffic to their place of business should contact TEDD at 509-684-4571.

Department of Ecology's E-Cycle Washington is a free and easy way to recycle your old and unused TVs, computers, monitors, and tablets. By funding recycling services, manufacturers help deliver electronic waste recycling across our state, at no cost to local governments or consumers. Find a free drop-off location near you by calling 1-800 RECYCLE or by going to ecyclewashington.org.

Colville Toastmasters meets on Tuesdays, 5:30 pm, at the Health Education Center, 1169 East Columbia, across from the hospital in Colville. Visitors encouraged - come see what we have to offer those who want to boost confidence and sharpen communication/leadership skills and be a part of a life-changing program with a free mentor to help guide you! Call 509-690-7162 or email eleanor. mattice54@gmail.com 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.

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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.



Greta Van FLeet: The Gods' New Hammer?

Reviewed by Michael Pickett

Bands that sound derivative of other bands walk a razor's edge. You capitalize on a sound

that's tried and true, but it can undermine your own credibility if you don't have something compelling and original to offer within that framework. To say Greta Van Fleet sounds like Led Zeppelin would be like saying Will Ferrell kinda' looks like Chad Smith ... it's a bit of an understatement.

So what are you really left with on Greta Van Fleet's new From the Fires double EP? For starters, it's a short-but-sweet affair with

> just eight vintage hard rock tracks. Formed in 2012 by Jake, Josh and Sam Kiszka, the band recruited heavy-hitting drummer Danny Wagner and capitalized on the sounds of their hard-rock heroes from the '70s.

The album-opener, "Safari Song," shows Josh Kiszka sounding remarkably close to a young Robert Plant, with the whole band following suit in a groove-oriented, classic rock tour de force that is so Zeppish it's uncanny. The thing is, the songs are great. "Black Smoke Rising" and "A Change Is Gonna Come" have nods to Janis Joplin while still mining some fantastic songwriting that doesn't rely on sound-alike gimmicks to make this band a fantastic listen.

Let's be honest, Greta Van Fleet is not the first band to borrow elements from the Led Zep canon (Great White, Kingdom Come), but after Zebra, they may very well be the second-most-compelling act to do so. For such a young band, the fact that they write and record so well is incredible. "From the Fires" is a fantastic jumping-off point for a band that may well have a long career ahead of it.



Shelita Burke: Big Quirk Pop

Reviewed by Michael Pickett

Recording artists swimming through the constant waves of social media output, trying to make a splash on a listener's radar, are faced with the unenviable task of trying to distinguish themselves from the millions of other "swimmers" doing the same thing.

Embracing the new music model of "directto-fan" is really the second step, though. The first is having something worth hearing. Somewhere between LP and Kate Bush, Shelita Burke weighs in with big, quirky vocals over killer pop that combine unusual styles and dynamics to underscore Shelita's slightly off-center approach ... and it's absolutely worth hearing.

With her EP, Special, Burke winds through

driving, danceable melodies and offbeat beats on "There" and superbly produced ballads like "Drive" while maintaining a commanding edge to her vocal delivery. She lays down just the right amount of drama and urgency on "Photograph" and then the best track of the disc, "Penetrate," wraps up the whole affair, showcasing nearly every angle of Burke's arresting sound.

Shelita Burke may very well have the right combination of power and quirk to make a wave or two of her own in the crowded pop marketplace.

Stream Pickett music free on Apple Music, Spotify, Rhapsody and Beats. Just search "Pickett magnetic feedback" and enjoy a whole album's worth of music!







www.ColvilleGlass.com

A Good Read

The Sunlight Pilgrims, by Jenni Fagan

Reviewed by Loren Cruden

I was a few pages into Jenni Fagan's *The Sunlight Pilgrims*, set in a Scotland of 2020, before it registered that 2020 is only a couple years from now. It has always seemed such a Star Trekish, futuristic number. In Fagan's story, the local populace is facing the coldest, harshest winter on record – the big chill due to climate change's desalinization of the ocean (melting ice caps) and weakening of the Gulf Stream's moderating effect. (When I lived in Scotland there were palm trees growing on the Highland west coast.)

Fagan, a Scotswoman, provides us with a mixed bag of characters: Dylan, up from London, whose gran was Orcadian; Stella, a precocious 12-year-old transgender Scottish trailer-park kid; her mum Constance, a steely survivalist furniture restorer. Plus sundry trailer park – or, rather, caravan park – neighbors.

Fagan, a rising literary star, writes with brio. This is not a quiet, dour story: "Ida is up there, you'll meet her. She's got two kids and a skinny husband. She's our resident porn star. ... Down there are the lesbian schoolteachers at Rose Cottage, and up there a couple of Satan-worshipping stoner kids; and in that one right up the back there's a guy nobody sees much, and if you do see him he's on a bicycle.

He's here for the aliens."

The setting, purportedly Highland, seems a composite of various locales intended, perhaps, to signpost the heart's realm, "where there is a tiny little door to forever." On this door's threshold bustles an abundance of communal kindness, meanness, eccentricity, mythic indications and banter. ("My mother isn't normal.' 'Neither was mine.' They eye each other warily. 'And your dad?' 'My mum didn't catch his name.")

Stella gets bullied. Constance keeps falling for the same jerk. Dylan grieves family deaths and fantasizes about Constance. The weather gets colder and colder. Stella tells Dylan, "I met someone once who told me you can drink energy from the sun, store it in your cells so you grow strong. She said we should all do it. It's like a backup store of it in our cells; she said there were sunlight pilgrims doing it all the time – it's how they get through the dark, by stashing up as much light as they can."

Harvesting light, savoring the good while it's here, marinating in its tincture as medicine for hard times. An appealing theory, especially with 2020 just around the corner.

JENNI FAGAN Autool Te Propun THE SUNLIGHT PILGRIMS

Human Acts, by Han Kang

Reviewed by Loren Cruden

Each chapter of *Human Acts*, by acclaimed South Korean author Han Kang, speaks from a different character's experience. All are interconnected, weaving a novelized picture of the events and aftershocks of the 1980 Gwangju Uprising.

The uprising – comprised of unarmed kids, students, workers and general citizenry – was brutally put down by government soldiers: a ten-day massacre. Chun Doo-hwan, the despotic head of the South Korean government at that time, even contemplated bombing the city, obliterating its entire population. His soldiers used flamethrowers and lead bullets against the unarmed, peaceful protesters, and attacked and dragged away non-participants, including children, from their homes.

The novel's chapter-views move from those of a pair of teenage protesters, to an editor bullied by censors, to a tortured detainee, a factory girl, the mother of one of the slain teenagers and, finally, to the author herself in 2013. Each chapter takes us further in time from the uprising, but oppression ever renews itself, feeding on trauma. "I wait for time to wash me away like muddy water. I wait for death to come and wash me clean...."

Though the book is a novel, the voices in the story speak for actual people and their experiences. It brought to mind the sensitivity of *Departures*, a Chinese film I recently saw, set during the Cultural Revolution. As in that film, there is a beautiful sensitivity

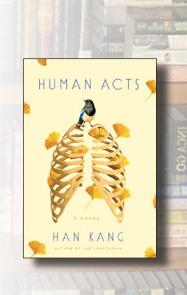
and naturalness to Han's style; she doesn't over-milk the horrific brutality, though doesn't avoid it either.

She is measured with emotions, too, adept with employing a few telling details. The writing is textured with contrasts – silence and cacophony, graphic starkness and concealing mist. "Barely ten minutes had passed before the silence it had left in its wake was broken by the sound of soldiers. It was like nothing Eun-sook had ever heard before. The resolute, synchronized thud of a thousand pairs of combat boots."

Between reading chapters of this story I sat, cat in lap, gazing out the window at the river and hills, feeling how gifted and fragile well-being is, thinking of the millions of people in the world at this moment whose lives are nightmared by persecution. Han Kang's story cradles them all.

The young protesters "felt as though they were rethreading the sinews of that world heart, patching up the fissures from which blood had flowed, making it beat again. That was what captured me, what has stayed with me since ... that terrifying intensity, that feeling as if you yourself have undergone some kind of alchemy, been purified, made wholly virtuous. The brilliance of that moment, the dazzling purity of conscience"

Loren Cruden's fiction, nonfiction and poetry can be found at Meyer's Falls Market in Kettle Falls, and at lorenbooks.com.



Making the Most of a New Year

By Linda Bond

We're embarking on a new year and, for some, it's time to take stock of our work and consider where we're going with our writing projects. Whether you've already finished one or more, or are just starting on your first effort, it's likely you've got something in the works. No matter where you are in the process, here are some things that may be helpful to think about.

Close to Home

- Do you have the space you need to work comfortably? It may be possible to set up a special area, enlarge the one you're presently using or even change the layout of your work space.
- · Are there any supplies that might make your work easier? Pens, pencils, tablets, graph paper, erasers, stapler, new tape dispenser and other items can make your writing tasks more enjoyable and fruitful.
- Take GREG BLACK AND THE **PLANETARY PEOPLE** Progressive rock, vocal harmonies, Songs for living in today's world Tune In Turn It Up Rock Out! Get your copy today at cdbaby.com/cd/gregblackandtheplanetary

- · Is your resource library adequate? Some more writing guides, encouraging books by successful authors and even inspirational calendars may help in your daily writing tasks.
- · Do you have all the time you need to write? Is there an opportunity to change your daily routine so that you can set aside a regular time to write? Being able to spend at least fifteen minutes of uninterrupted time to think about your project or to get words down can move you forward each day.
- Is there a library or museum nearby where you can carry out some of your research and maybe even spend some precious writing time?

Help from Others

- · Do you have friends who write or a writing group that can help you with feedback? Sometimes folks who are your level or who have already been published can help discuss challenges or how to move beyond a writer's block.
- · Are there conventions or classes coming up that could be helpful? If you can't travel, some classes are available online and some conventions offer CDs or DVDs you can purchase from their proceedings. Check writers magazines or online sources for calendars of offerings.
- · If you're not in a writers organization, consider asking around and searching online to see what is offered and what other writers are recommending.



- · Do you have an editor available to look at your work and provide good feedback? You will need someone who is skilled with grammar, vocabulary and writing structure. Someone familiar with the requirements of the publishing industry can add extra value.
- Do you have an agent? Maybe your project is nearing completion and you want to see if you can get an agent interested in your work.

Your Projects

- Make a list of the writing projects you would like to begin or finish this year. For each one, come up with a plan and include the steps to accomplish your goal for each project.
- · Prioritize these projects based on the amount of energy and dedication you can give to each. It helps us to move forward if we can feel ourselves reaching the goals that mean the most to us.
- · You may need to budget your resources and allot a certain amount to each item on your project list.

Your Personal Health and Joy

As much as we may think our writing is "everything," there is more to life. Make sure you take care of yourself so you will have more to give to each project. Consider:

- · Something physical to keep your body strong - an exercise or walking routine can help.
- Relaxing activities to feed your inner spirit - maybe you like concerts, or movies or trips to art galleries or museums. We need to feed our gift to keep it strong.
- · Good food and plenty of sleep. A strong, healthy and rested body will help you feel more like diving into your writing each day.

Now go out there and have a great year of writing!

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.

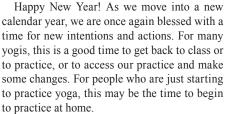
To Your Health

Along the Mountain Path: Home Practice

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

"May we walk with grace, and may the light of the universe shine upon our path"

- Anonymous



So what's the big deal about home practice? Classes are wonderful! There is a good energy from the other people in the room, and the teacher guides you into poses with more accuracy and focus than you may remember on your own. That's kind of the point. How will you ever remember if you don't try?

Class is for learning. When you are at home, on your mat, you find your way, possibly remembering more than you expect to, and being focused on your own mind, body and breath without class distractions. That can be a little daunting, but it is worth the initial discomfort. Remember that yoga is "a compassionate, aware relationship with the self." You make the yoga your own.

Of course, there are books, CDs, DVDs and periodicals to support your practice. I strongly recommend 30 Essential Yoga Poses, for Beginning Students and Their Teachers, by Judith Lasater. If you have never done yoga, sign up for an introduction course, or just begin going to classes. The problem with practicing without instruction is that there is no one to catch your alignment mistakes and show you how to adapt the poses to your level.

Here are some tips for establishing or refreshing a home practice:

- Do you have places of chronic tightness or weakness? You may have a few poses that address these areas, such as hamstring stretches, core strengtheners or shoulder openers. Be sure to regularly practice those poses that address your needs.
- Do you have a postural challenge, such as forward head carriage or uneven standing? Make going to the wall to check Tadasana a regular habit. Practice Tadasana with a block between the feet to even your stance. Practice upper chest opening to lift the

breastbone and bring the head back in line.

- Do you have a reasonably balanced practice, but find that you avoid certain poses? Ask yourself why. Is it fear or do you need to strengthen or open some part of yourself? Practice poses that lead to that avoided pose and make it a central part of your practice.
- Is there a pose you've always wanted to do, but are not able to? Again, examine what is holding you back. Commit to the practice of that pose for one year, and see what happens.
- Do you need more relaxation or stress relief in your life? Include a recuperative in your home practice, on a regular basis. Some people do a 20-minute recuperative once or twice a week. Some practice a full 90-minute recuperative session once a month. Don't skip Savasana at the end of your daily (three

times a week?) practice. I do a 10-minute Viparita Karani most afternoons.

• Observe your breath. Consider adding 5-10 minutes of sitting meditation to the end of your practice. Or, practice meditation each morning or evening. It helps with everything!

There are many ways to practice. Design your practice to respond to your personal need and the circumstances of your life. Look at how you choose to spend daily time. Surely there is a half hour in there somewhere.

Whatever you practice, be kind with yourself, and with others. May this coming year bring you strength, balance, peace and joy.

Namaste.

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

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A Word for the New Year

By Tina Tolliver Matney

New Year's resolutions have seldom been successful for me. At this point in my life, when I say or type that phrase, I am really just dancing around the term "I'm too old for that." Resolutions are just reminders of the things I have failed to accomplish. Like lose a pound or ten. That could be an annual resolution but who needs that kind of pressure? Besides, I recently read that a woman should reach "my age" with a few extra pounds to compensate for something. I honestly don't remember just what the extra pounds were to compensate for because I stopped reading at that point to carefully clip it out so that I could tape it to my refrigerator.

There have been numerous promises to myself to be more active overall and exercise more consistently instead of attempting to cram an entire week's worth of yoga/pilates into one session, which has resulted in getting stuck in downward dog because my knees have locked and my shoulder has seized and then I had to pray that someone would find me before I broke.

And then there's my promise to myself (and others within earshot) to stop cussing like a sailor. I seem to have a fairly clean vocabulary unless my knees lock or my shoulder seizes, and then

the most colorful words just fly out of my mouth like confetti.

Keeping a tidier house was a resolution once and I made a truly good attempt, with even the promise that it might become a life-long accomplishment ... until gardening season arrived. When daylight hours are long and the soil is warm, I find far more pleasurable things to do than dust, vacuum or mop. It's not inconceivable that if I were to hang some grow lights behind the couch and over the dust bunnies I could extend my growing season for green leafy salad goodness right through February.

My pets were occasionally part of the resolution-making until I realized they are as inconsistent about their shedding as I am about vacuuming. When I vowed to brush the dog every day I failed to take into account the days she would gleefully roll in the foulest stench she could find on 100plus acres or that the skunk would come back 87 times over the course of the summer.

Life is more than an annual to-do list of resolutions that are often broken before the Valentine chocolates are eaten. My practice over the past several years has been to choose a word to reflect something in my life that I either want to improve or develop over the coming year. This is just one

word that I can carry with me as a frequent reminder of my personal reasons for choosing it and my intentions to practice its meaning every day.

I adopted this idea after being introduced to it by some friends who had invited me to a big bonfire high up on a mountain top on a very cold New Year's Eve. Upon arrival we were asked to choose a word of intention for the new year that we would share later when we gathered around the fire. I had a difficult time finding the right word to express my need to stop worrying over a particular situation in my life that was creating too much stress. I wanted to let go of the worry, to somehow trust that everything would really be all right.

As everyone shared their chosen words along with the thoughts and comments from others, my turn came and I still had not found one that resonated with me. Instead I expressed my "resolution" and asked them all to help me find the word I needed. My friend offered up the word "abundance." He felt that if I could make a practice of focusing on the things that were abundant in my life, such as friends and family, all of my "blessings," then when the worry crept in I could overcome the negative feelings by concentrating







on the positive ... or something like that.

This may be an easy concept for some people, but for me, well let's just say I'm the kind of woman who lies awake and imagines things like the ceiling falling on my face because the wind is blowing too hard or that I'm going to suffer a dreaded malady because I'm pretty sure there's a bat in the house somewhere. I worry incessantly sometimes about the silliest things. I realized in that moment, around that fire, that I had let the worries grow like weeds. Instead of feeling content and blessed I had started focusing on what I didn't have or felt I couldn't have.

We finished our circle of new words of intention before we rang in the new year with our frozen toes and toasts of good cheer. I mention frozen toes because, as I recall, that night the thermometer in my car plummeted to 26 degrees below 0 by the time I got home ... but that's another article for another day. I wrote my new word down on a pretty little card I had made and placed it in my wallet right in front of my driver's license where I would see it regularly. This was way more pleasant to look at than my driver's license photo. My little card of "abundance" calmed the storm in my head on many occasions.

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I've chosen other words over the years, printing them on little cards and keeping them with me through the year. Words like "compassion," "self control" and "forgiveness," to name a few. Those little cards are all tucked in a journal I keep hidden away from prying eyes.

OK, not really, that's a lie and I have nothing to hide. It just sounds better than the fact that they're all stuffed in an envelope in my shoe rack along with a cash stash that is nothing more than a two-dollar bill that I thought was unique but found out it's worth less than \$2 if you try to sell it on eBay. That makes no sense to me, but that's OK. I'll keep it tucked away in the shoe rack. Who knows, someone might find it long after I'm gone and maybe by then it will be worth \$5. And maybe they'll find all those well-chosen words among my abundant collection of awesome shoes and realize I truly did pave my road with the best of intentions.



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From the Soil

A New Year, A New Vegetable

By Louanne Atherley

My musings last month on chestnuts got me thinking that it would be a good goal for the new year to revisit some foods I have dismissed in the past. As far as New Year's resolutions go, I think I may be onto something. This one is at least do-able.

In the quest to expand my vegetable horizons, I am starting off the year with parsnips. Like with chestnuts, I do remember one recipe in which I really enjoyed them, although I haven't tried them often.

When Ben and I hadn't been together very long, and for some reason that I can't remember, he volunteered to cook dinner and bring it over to my parents' house. He decided to make a chicken pot pie, and I have to say, to this day I remember it was outstanding.

I thought he was very brave because my mother was something of a whiz at pie crusts, yet he seemed completely undaunted. The

crust was tender and buttery with just the right amount of caramelized juices on top. But what made the pie exceptional was the addition of parsnips. Parsnips are a vegetable we did not eat in my family. In fact, this may have been the first time I tasted them, but they gave just the right amount of depth to a dish that can easily be bland.

Encouraged by that memory, I began to search in earnest for another parsnips recipe I could enjoy. The first one I tried was called Spiced Sweet Potato and Parsnip

Tian, which I think is jargon for "sliced really thin and stacked on edge." The picture was beautiful – countless thinly sliced, perfectly matched and evenly packed slices in a concentric circle of sweet potato and parsnip. How did they even find a pan that could fit them so perfectly?

I looked at my parsnips, which all started out much smaller than a sweet potato before tapering abruptly, and realized it was not going to be possible to duplicate this presentation. I decided I was more interested in the flavor combination anyway, so I simply sliced them all about the same thickness and put them in a shallow roasting pan.

The first step called for apple cider, butter, fresh thyme and Aleppo pepper, which is a mild, slightly bitter, crushed red pepper. If you don't have Aleppo pepper you can substitute paprika with just a bit of cayenne.

Cook this cider mixture for a few minutes to blend the flavors and then pour it over the sliced vegetables, but only partially cover them with liquid. Cover with foil and roast until tender in a 350-degree oven. Then remove the cover and brown for a few minutes. This was good and would also work well with squash.

The next recipe I tried was a parsnip ragout. This was basically stewed vegetables, served over polenta. The parsnips were chopped and sautéed along with mushrooms, onion and garlic, deglazed with red wine and flavored

since I had some on hand along with some apple cider. I also had leeks that I wanted to use and liked the idea of adding an herb that would complement it, rather than a stronger flavor like a curry that would dominate. This is what I came up with:

Parsnip Soup

2 leeks

1 tablespoon butter

½ teaspoon dried sage

3-4 cups grated parsnips

1 medium apple, grated (about ½ to ¾ cup)

1 box chicken or vegetable stock (32 oz.)

1 cup apple cider

Salt and pepper to taste

Plain yogurt or sour cream for garnish

Carefully clean, slice and coarsely chop the white part of the leeks. Heat the butter in a large saucepan, add the leeks along with the

sage, salt and pepper, and cook on low heat until the leeks soften. about five minutes. Add the parsnips, apple, chicken or vegetable stock and cider and cook on medium heat until the parsnips are soft, about 20 minutes. Remove from heat and allow to cool slightly, then place in blender or use immersion blender and blend until smooth. Serve with a spoon of yogurt or sour cream.

We really enjoyed this soup. It is my favorite parsnip dish so far (well, maybe tied with the chicken pot pie). It is slightly

sweet, but the cider and sour cream or yogurt help with that. The sage adds subtle depth without overpowering the earthy flavor of the parsnips. I served it with ham and cheese biscuits and a simple romaine salad with balsamic vinegar dressing. There is nothing like a nice hearty soup to make you feel cozy on a winter evening.

Although born into a farming family and raised on a meat and potatoes diet, Louanne Atherley has made exploring the diversity of foods from other cultures a lifelong passion.



with thyme, a tablespoon of tomato paste and a tablespoon of miso. Thicken this with a bit of cornstarch and add a little water to make a sauce. This was served over polenta that had been cooked with milk instead of water and had parmesan cheese added at the end. This was a hearty and satisfying dish that I am sure I will want to try again.

Armed with this experience, I decided I was ready to strike out on my own to create a parsnip soup. I like the pairing of parsnip with something sweet and decided to go for apple

A Year On the Farm

Dealing with Winter

By Michelle Lancaster

Do you ever feel like we live in the dark for half a year? On a rare sunny day these months, our cows stand in the path of light, our chickens huddle at the end of the light, the cats bask on warm windowsills and the sheep are contentedly quiet. If the weather is warm enough, I like to go on a walk. I cherish sunny days in winter.

But what about all the other days? I read that at the peak of winter in our area there's a 73% chance of "overcast weather." Too many overcast days make me dreary.

I used to prepare for winter by taking a form of Vitamin D supplement. My doctor tested my blood levels yearly to make sure the level stayed in the normal range. I slacked off the past couple of years, and so ordered a new bottle last month to catch up.

We live on a northern slope with a forest above us. (My neighbor on the sunny southern hill says we live in the dark.) The winter sun lies low in the sky, often blocked by trees. My dad keeps thinning out the trees to allow more sunlight to come through. I really appreciate his efforts because we now can have filtered sunlight most of the daylight hours. I found that removing dark screens from the windows also helps. Now our living room gets some hours of direct sunlight – enough that the cats and I fight over the "sunlight window."

Our corner of Washington has what feels like extreme changes in weather. Locals praise the fact that we have all four seasons, but sometimes winter feels like six months rather than three. Summer allows for long days of physical outdoor activity – from regular farm work to hiking to the knob on Old Dominion mountain. I struggled physically in my first winter back home from lack of activity.

Slowly and gradually, I've learned ways to maintain an active indoor lifestyle.

My favorite recently acquired "sport" is spinning (spinning fiber on a spinning wheel, not the workout world version). Every Monday, Colville Valley Fiber Friends meet at the Ag Trade Center in Colville from noon to 3 p.m. We bring our spinning wheels, drop spindles, knitting and other fiber crafts to work on and we visit with each other. I am guaranteed an active day each week along with sharing ideas. I can then spend the rest of the week with washing, carding and spinning wool to turn into knitted or felted or woven or hooked rug items. These projects really fill the hours!

Likewise, I have the prospect of yoga once a week at Mountain Path Yoga with the most knowledgeable yoga teacher I've

ever learned under. An hour-and-a-half of stretching, strengthening and learning lasts me through the week and helps keep me on track with proper alignment when practicing stretches at home. In attending regularly, I have also met many local people that I can say "Hi!" to when I see them around town.

In my last job, I worked full time, which in winter means waking up before dark and returning home right after the sun sets.

That was difficult for me, feeling like I never had any farm time. Now, I work for Meyers Falls Market on a morning shift and often return home with a few hours of light left. Those few precious hours give me the opportunity to feed the sheep, check for eggs laid by rogue chickens in the barn, or work on an outside project.

Once inside, seasoned wood heat makes me forget it's even cold outside. A water pot on the stove keeps the air in the house moist. Indoor plants also help regulate humidity and clean the air. They're my primer for spring when I start plants in my greenhouse window (also a favorite of the cats – the window and the plants!).

On a few occasions, I traveled in February to Phoenix to visit my aunt. My birthday is in February, and we would celebrate by having a ladies' day at the spa. My mom, sister, aunt and I spend a day swimming, sipping fruity water, standing under a waterfall, snacking on a lunch of crisp-lettuce chicken salad and gorging on free coffee and tea. I highly recommend this type of activity as a cure for the winter doldrums. Unfortunately, I am a poor farmer who rarely has the means to splurge on such luxuries. Thankfully, memories last.

In closing, I asked some of my friends how they survive a long, cold, dark winter, and here are some suggestions they gave:

- "I turn on the lights (and string lots of Christmas lights) on the inside of the house as soon as the sun begins to set."
- "Vitamin D and the wood stove are the meat and potatoes that get me through the winter happily. Everything else good that

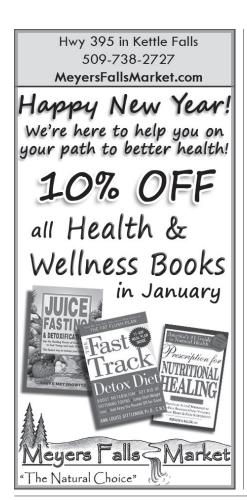


happens in winter is just gravy."

- Spring is too busy for cleaning. Winter is the time for "cleaning and housework – going through each room – each drawer – each cupboard – each storage box this winter and downsizing and simplifying things – really looking forward to that!"
- "We put (our kids) in a cross-country ski program for 7-14-year-olds. They had lighted trails and it was great. They came home tired and everything was good. My daughter and I took sewing classes in the winter as well. Fond memories!"
- "Take a trip through the floral section on your weekly grocery run."
- "Enjoy slipping off to snuggle in bed at 7:30 p.m. with a good book."

I feel like each year we accomplish more on our homestead to be prepared for winter. Perhaps we also have adapted better to winter. This time we actually have more than a year's worth of seasoned wood (so our fires are warm and efficient now). I've developed activities and hobbies to fill the dark hours. Our canning cupboard and freezers have at least a year's supply of our core foods. The sheep start lambing in February – talk about a quick way to get me outside regardless of weather! All in all, I've gone from "surviving" winter to sincerely "enjoying" winter.

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





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From the Inside Out

The Science of Meditation

By Daisy Pongrakthai

"Meditation takes you beyond the mind's noisy chatter into the pure awareness that is the source of all your happiness, inspiration and love."

~ Deepak Chopra

Practice meditation. You'll find

that you are carrying within

your heart a portable paradise.

~ Paramahansa Yogananda

Much of inner tool development requires deep meditation practices. Although contemplation is good, meditation involves a whole being-sensing process, not just the mind. Getting the mind out of the way is a goal in meditation. Gautama Buddha called it "empty mind." Why? Because the mind with its endless chatter is a distraction to calming the body and sensing spiritual qualities.

There's a lot of research out there on the benefits of meditation and breath-work. An online search for "benefits of meditation" finds a wealth of information, from the Huffington Post to Forbes. A top research scientist, Dr. Emma Seppala, has found in her studies that meditation:

- · "beats the blues" by lowering anxiety, stress and depression.
- increases brain power by boosting focus, awareness, memory, introspection and attention.
- gives you a "giant heart," boosting social connections, empathy and compassion, helpfulness, and resilience in hard
- increases happiness and health by enabling positive emotions and overall life satisfaction.
- · boosts the immune system, lowers pain and inflammation.
- · increases wisdom and gives you mental clarity, like the big-picture perspective.

Meditation is a discipline practiced throughout the ages by yogis and mystics. It was their drive, or passion, to seek out the truth of their being, and they did so by going within. This practice is called yoga in India, a Sanskrit word meaning "union" or "connection." Yoga meditation is a connective experience with the truth of our being and higher states of consciousness. Meditation for me is that quiet bubbly place where a wellspring erupts like spring water magically emerging from an internal fountain.

There are distinguished types of yoga, different types of meditation working together like spokes of a wheel to achieve that union:

- Hatha postures to calm the body
- Jnana spiritual study and integration
- Mantra singing spiritual verses
- Bhakti devotion or complete faith
- Karma serving for higher purposes in actions
- Swara-in-depth pranic (life-force) breath
- Kundalini awakens the life-force energy connected to the psychic centers, or chakras
- Kriya-purposefully creates inner activity using breath-work leading to total union

The most common one the Western world

is accustomed to is hatha voga, originally designed to calm the body to seek that union within. Breathwork follows to still the mind and

bring it into greater focus, or awareness. After that peaceful awareness state, or meditation, is attained, a great freedom arises with a grand sea of possibility where projects can be explored, answers and solutions to problems can be examined or peace be simply enjoyed! Here one can move focus into the heart center where subtler senses emerge and become more heightened, those of love, joy, satisfaction and balance.

Modern-day yogi associates are no different: There is a deep desire to know themselves, many times to help others or to find true joy, not just fleeting moments of happiness. The quest becomes one of putting time, energy and effort into a meditational lifestyle. Some may even have out-of-body, near-death or after-death experiences that propel them to know the truth in a more immediate fashion.

Meditational states work in the subtler realms of what's called frequency and vibration of consciousness. Consciousness is defined as the state of being awake and aware of one's surroundings; the awareness or perception of something by a person (Google Dictionary). The Beach Boys' "Good Vibrations" was spot-on with consciousness and how exciting it feels to experience good vibes.

Dr. David Hawkins, renowned psychiatrist, noticed through his work that people succeeded and advanced or remain challenged by their level of consciousness. He went on to conduct a research project that lasted over 25 years. From the results, he developed a "Map of Consciousness" that calibrates the energy levels for any one, any thing, any event or any location on a scale from 1-1000, from shame and fear below the vibratory level of 200 to appreciation, love and joy in the over-500 range. He discovered how to measure energy through kinesiology, finding levels of consciousness expressed in virtually everything, place, event, idea and person. (See Power vs. Force for an in-depth study of Hawkins' amazing work.)

From my experience and others': Meditation brings about mindfulness of our actions, thoughts and emotions, as well as attentiveness and an empathetic responsiveness to others. Meditation takes us out of the realm of bickering, judging, cynicism and negativity into more compassionate realms of the refined human with greater discernment and desire for the inner healing energies – joy, empathy, love, giving, appreciation. Beyond that, deep meditation starts to invoke energies of healing on all sorts of levels - body, mind, emotional, spiritual and universal. As always, go within.

Daisy Pongrakthai's blog can be found at www.thepartyinside.com.



On the Move, and Often Happily

By Gabriele von Trapp

During my life I have had to move many times. From country to country, state to state, town to town. From childhood to my thirties I was moving nearly every year.

I never minded moving around so much. It lent itself to my sense of adventure. I enjoyed meeting new people, exploring new vistas and reinventing myself to meet the local customs, mannerisms and dialects so that I wouldn't stand out too much. I became a chameleon with an amazing ability to adapt and transform.

The biggest move was when my mother and I came to the United States. We had left Germany in late July to meet our ship in England. It was a medium-size Lykes Lines cargo ship headed to New Orleans with no cargo, no stabilizers and just a skeleton crew. There were a handful of passengers but I was the only child on board.

I clearly remember going through the lock system on the way out of England. The ship was pulled by tugs into a narrow passageway and two giant metal walls closed from behind. Then water came gushing in, raising the water

level slowly but surely. I could see the ship was gaining height until we could see over the huge walls all around us. A gate opened in front and off we set into the vast expanse of the Atlantic.

My mother and I shared a small no-frills metal-walled cabin below deck with two small bunks, our two pieces of luggage and one porthole, which seemed to be just above sea level. A single middle-aged woman occupied the next cabin but she rarely left her encasement. There was not much for a child to do on board so I found myself outside frequently in the open air on the top deck.

Because the ship had no cargo, it was particularly buoyant, slowly rolling to the left and then to the right, endlessly. I remember sitting in a chair on the middle of the top deck watching the horizon of water completely hide the sky from one hand rail across to the other, back up to all sky and then all water in the other direction. My stomach was always sour and my mother barely left her bunk. The ship's cook made sure I had plenty of Cheerios to munch. They ended up in neat little piles all over the

deck, never having been digested. Wrigley's Spearmint gum was my mainstay.

Sea life in the ocean was abundant. Whales would glide along hugging both sides of the hull for miles, blowing the salty sea water from their blow holes. Some seemed as long as the ship as they escorted the vessel. Schools of dolphins would leap in unison gracefully and playfully attempting to win the race. Silvery flying fish vaulted out of the sea for amazingly long stretches, then dove and resurfaced in another direction. The ocean was full of life, mystery and enchantments.

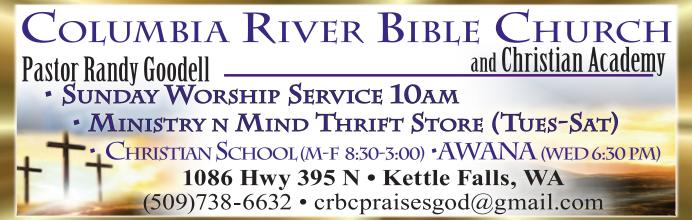
Some days on the journey were rougher than others. When bad weather hit, the bottom deck would be rushed with breaking waves that swirled through the narrow corridors and then slowly oozed back to the sea.

On one particularly rough day, I was asked by crew to go below to the safety of my cabin. As I was trying to make my way through the rocking and rolling passageway, I heard the woman in the cabin next door make an exclamation from behind her door. I entered









Inner Landscape

my cabin and began playing with a doll, which rolled off my cot. I repeated the exclamation: s--t! My mother admonished me and told me it was a bad American word and to never use it again. I still chuckle to myself when I think that the first American word I learned was a swear word, and how did I know how to use it so appropriately?

Two weeks into our long journey, the mood of the Atlantic changed to sullen. The water was dark gray, gloomy, and there was no sign of sea life, not even a bird. The change was so obvious that even as a child I felt the eerily calm emptiness. In later years I realized that during this part of our journey we had traveled through the Bermuda Triangle. It was a haunting dead zone.

On August 17 the ship pulled into New Orleans harbor. The temperature was stifling hot and the humidity filled my lungs with a damp heaviness, making it difficult to breath. After de-boarding we entered a new world of traffic, heat, confusion, heat, people of every color, heat and more suffocating heat.

We were met by my mother's sister and her American family in a 1960 red and white Chevrolet station wagon, an audaciously winged tank. I had never seen a car this large or ugly before, being accustomed to the sleek European small cars like Porsche and Audi. I was embarrassed to be seen getting into it, though the interior was more spacious than the ship's cabin we had just left.

In the back seat were two young boys in their underwear! I had never seen anyone in their underwear before and I was mortified having to sit in between two near-naked people. The destination? Abilene, Texas! It was all a culture shock to say the least but it was the beginning of my journey in a new, seemingly God-forsaken land.

In the mid-1960s, Abilene felt to me like living on the bright side of the moon. It was rugged and hot and hosted creatures I had never dreamed of. Horny toads that looked like miniature dinosaurs, giant lizards that clung to the living room walls, scorpions under empty boxes in my room, iguanas the size of a small child that crawled out of who knows where and laid themselves in the middle of the street during the hottest part of the day. Snakes of every kind, roaches that you could hear scurrying across the floor and ticks that completely filled the ears of dogs and cats. It was a rough start for a little foreign kid!

So it was a blessing after two years in Texas

and one in Louisiana when my mother married an officer in the U.S. military. Being in the military meant moving every year. Our next stop was Fort Ord, just outside Monterey, Calif. It was a lovely and sanguine place with a view of the Pacific from our front door. There were many more moves thereafter.

I have had the privilege to live in many wonderful areas of the United States – New England, southern and northern California, and the Pacific Northwest, the area I have called my home for the past 28 years, although I have moved nine times over those years.

I have lived in the woods, by a lake, by a river, in the foothills of the Selkirk Mountains, in a barn, on a ranch and, most recently, on a farm.

Having just recently moved to the farm in Deer Park, which we aptly named Evermore, I am looking forward to inviting the mood of the land to fill my being. Will I come to call it my permanent home? Is it my final destination? Or will some far off place call my name again? I never know if it's the beginning of the next part of my journey or the end.

After 28 years in Stevens County, Gabriele von Trapp is relocating to Deer Park in Spokane County with her memories, dreams and reflections in tow.









No cover, all cash and food donations benefit the Kettle Falls, WA Community Chest.

For information call Richard Taylor (509) 690-7162