North Columbia Monthly

WHERE AND HOW WE LIVE

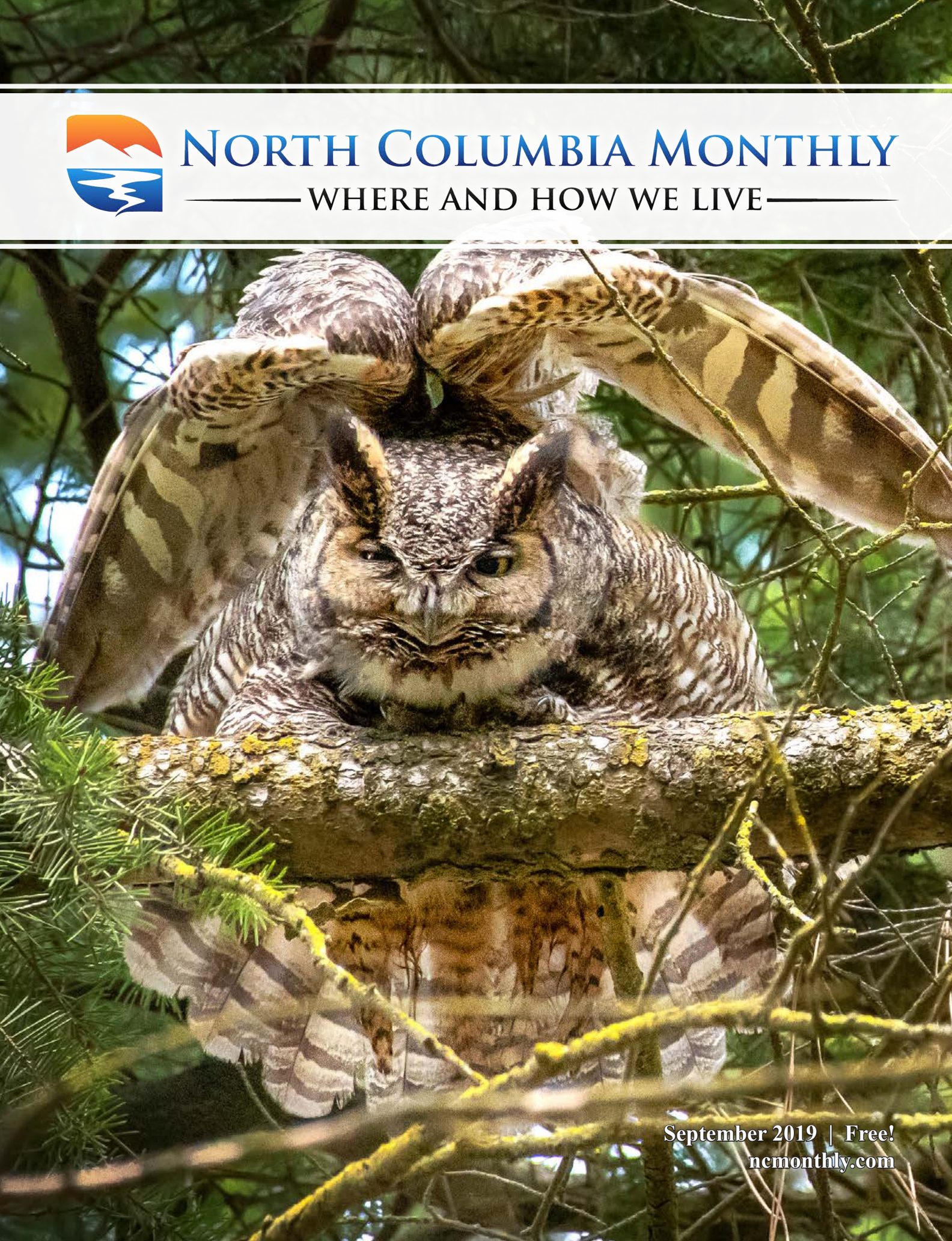

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Photo of great horned owl ruffling its feather, by Joanie Christian. See more at joaniechristianphotography.com.

OCTOBER 2019 ISSUE DEADLINES

AD SPACE RESERVATIONS:
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WHAT'S HAPPENING LISTINGS:
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Create Real Art From Things Yourself

- JOHN ODELL, WordsOfWords.com

From the Publisher's Desk

By Gabriel Cruden

Someone asked me recently about my relationship with sailing, and, curious to find out for myself, I dove into an answer to see what it would reveal.

I live, and work from my home office, near Rickey Point, where sailboats are moored on the Columbia River (Lake Roosevelt). Being in such proximity, I can keep a keen eye on the weather conditions. Whenever there's a decent wind and fair skies, I feel a tug toward the river and a desire to be aboard ship.

On the occasions I am able to go sailing, even before I'm on the boat I relish the feeling of anticipation as I go down to the dock. It's not just that I'll be getting on a boat, however. It's the transition from land to water and the smell and feel of the elements on my skin – wind, sun, the sensed flavor of the vegetation mixing in the air at the water's edge. And when going out on the boat, that is all there is. Everything else on my mind or in my sphere of responsibility is left on shore.

The final transition happens after the sails are up and the motor is cut. The sound of the water lapping against the hull is suddenly audible. The wind is now the central influence and focus. Attunement. Alignment. The magic of the laminar flow over the sails, pulling the boat forward when going up into the wind.

I love being out on the river and admiring the view and the many tones of light, direct and reflected. Camaraderie prevails among those in the boat, all committed to being there, mindful of relative locale in the limited space as we go about our duties on board or simply splay out in relaxation.

In sailing, every kind of wind and boat direction has its perfect sail configuration. It is an ongoing dance to adjust tiller and lines to achieve that. I like to dance. My sailing mentor, friend and main sailing buddy, especially, and I are closely-synced in our attendance to the wind and the boat and its movement through the water. And that is its own satisfaction.

Depending on the day, there might be snacks, drinks, or tunes. Or, if the wind has died, rafting up with other boats and just floating, swimming off the stern, talking and laughing. And all the while remaining aware of the wind, its presence (or lack thereof), the primary consideration for any decision while on a sailboat.

By most transportation standards, sailboats are not fast. At all. Consequently, I find myself in a different relationship to time. Unless racing, it is the being there and doing of it, not the destination. And in my schedule-driven life, floating on the water, and in time, is sometimes exactly the right speed.

In Lengthening Darkness Comes Good Stories

By Christine Wilson

Not to be a bummer for all you sun-loving folks out there, but we are moving into the dark period of the year. There is a moment toward the end of September when the earth is not tilted north or south. Then the sun starts heading down under, and we get into the contemplative time.

I used to dislike it before I learned to snowshoe and cross-country ski. Now I look forward to active days and those long, quiet nights. Winter has always seemed to me to be the storytelling time of year. It's probably in our DNA to calm down as the darkness grows. Our nocturnal habitat involves holing up in some version of a cave, and even without campfires we look to stories for entertainment.

There are those who fear the world is losing the art of storytelling. Tahir Shah was raised by a storyteller and lives in Casablanca, where he has become a storyteller himself. In his book *In Arabian Nights* he describes his search for Moroccan storytellers, in the hopes of reviving that ancient skill. He is told at one point to take in stories from all the senses, not just the eyes. "Close your eyes and feel the story," is the recommendation.

We tell ourselves stories all the time. We have interactions with others and ascribe meanings to them. They can be interesting meanings, full of drama, rejection, and cruelty or kindness, inspiration, and love. We can get into trouble with some of those meanings before they even leave our minds, and if they hit social media the effects can be harmful, to say the least.

Whether you sit in a charming, ancient café in Casablanca listening to a storyteller recite one of the tales from the *1001 Nights* or sit in front of a screen reading a story someone is telling about their lives, the neurological chemistry is the same. Any good story, in any format, creates a mix of distress and empathy. The chemical (hormone) linked with distress is cortisol. It focuses our attention. The second chemical is oxytocin, which has been called the hormone of attachment. It triggers empathy. Just to confess my specific type of geekiness, I have a charm on my necklace imprinted with the chemical formula for oxytocin.

Here's an example of how our minds typically take in stories: A story about turkeys eating bugs and seeds is not going to stand out from any other turkey strutting we have seen. No distress, nothing to trigger empathy, unless you are a bug

advocate. However, I once watched a cat stalking a flock of turkeys in a neighborhood yard. Once the hunter got close to the turkeys, they recognized the danger and took flight. At the same time, the cat flew high into the air in a majestic arc, its front legs reaching for the turkeys and its back legs dangling loosely. That leap wasn't high enough to succeed in catching a turkey, but I suppose hope in a cat's brain springs eternal. At any rate, I'm sure I was manufacturing cortisol and oxytocin, since I discovered I'd been holding my breath and had stopped walking. I felt the danger the turkeys were in and then relief as they escaped the claws and teeth of the hunter.

Distress and empathy – classic storytelling experiences. We need these experiences in our lives. Stories have been doing that for us since we sat around the first fires, probably even before those fires. Sitting in a circle with a storyteller gave us a chance to be entertained, a chance to learn how to live our lives, and a chance to connect with others.

At this time of the year, as the sun heads south and leaves us here in the darkness, we might be more drawn to reading and hearing stories. If they don't come to us by way of a traditional storyteller in a longhouse in the dead of winter, we will create our own way of telling tales.

Let's consider making the stories we share with others uplifting, inspiring us to be better at being human. Creating opportunities for empathy, for inspiring decency, for managing fear – these are all critical attributes of a healthy society. Storytelling is a fast track for doing that. When we take in a story, our whole brain lights up. We are hearing words, creating images, challenging beliefs about life, activating theory of mind (which is our ability to get inside another's brain) and triggering feelings.

School has just started and teachers have an important job to do, introducing their students to stories that can teach and entertain, fostering decency and kindness. We still need the academic focus on the three R's, maybe more than ever. However, to prepare today's children for tomorrow's world, we also need them to develop both the ability to pay attention to the world around them and empathy for the other people in that world they inherit.

Parents can foster that habit as well. Sharing stories together as a family is a powerful way to connect the individual members to each other as well as to help create curiosity about others, which can dissipate fear of THE OTHER and inspire the empathy humans are wired for. We just need a little conscious effort.

The darkness that invites us inside is just the right time to do that.

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

Bird People and Cat People

By Dr. Barry Bacon, MD

I recently attended a public event where things felt a bit awkward for reasons that were obscure to me. The tension between two of the people became clearer when one took me aside and said of the other, "That guy is my neighbor. He puts live traps in his backyard and traps my cats. My cat had been missing for three days and I wondered what happened to it, but then a lady across the street called and told me 'I think I know where your cat is. I think the cat is in your neighbor's garage.'"

Indeed, the cat was found there. It turns out the man traps cats because he loves birds. And everyone knows how much devastation one cat can do to a flock of birds at a feeding station. Even with a bell around its neck.

It got me to thinking. Am I a cat person or a bird person?

I definitely like birds, but when we had a cat, I couldn't bring myself to get rid of my cat either. I tried to train my cat to catch mice instead, but there was something terribly intriguing about birds that made them irresistible. Even in her later years, when she seemed barely able to move, she somehow would still come down with a bird once in a while and leave it in the utility room. Never ate them. Just wanted to do her part to provide food for the family, I suppose.

There are some birds I would have been delighted to have her catch. Starlings for one. They have a propensity for taking out other birds' babies and destroying their nests. Flickers for another. Not exactly an endangered species, and very destructive to my wife's beautifully designed home. I don't mind them being around, I just don't see why they want to be in the attic.

Other than those few exceptions, I really want birds around and I was annoyed by the dead birds my cat brought home.

I was on my way down to the garden early one particularly gorgeous evening to pick a few raspberries before the wild turkeys ate them all. As I passed under the eaves of the house, I heard a strange fluttering sound. I couldn't place it. I went closer to investigate and noticed a small bird flapping up near the roofline, caught in some netting I had installed to discourage the flickers from pecking holes in the eaves. I recognized that he was hopelessly caught, and unless I helped him he would die there.

I drove down to the garden, picked the raspberries and collected the stepladder I had used to pick cherries. Carefully I installed the ladder just under the desperate creature and climbed closer to where he lay sprawled on the netting. I gently lifted his small body and cut a hole in the netting so that I could remove his tangled foot and bring him through to the other side.

He was a modest-sized woodpecker with a black body, a white head and a small red patch on the back of the head, a white-headed woodpecker, a species you don't commonly see in northeastern Washington.

I talked to him quietly while he pecked at my wrist and forearm, frantically trying to fight me off. I couldn't let him go because his foot had been rendered useless by the netting still tangled around it, and I couldn't cut him free by myself. I brought him into the house and enlisted my wife's support. Though I am a surgeon, my wife is very handy with a pointed pair of scissors, and I am more gifted at holding wildly flopping birds. She eased the scissors through the ratted tangle of netting and gently teased it away.

I examined the bird afterward to make sure the foot was able to grip. Sure enough, he tightly gripped my finger with

both feet, two claws pointing forward and two backward in the typical woodpecker fashion. Satisfied that we had cured our patient, I brought him outside and let him go. He flew immediately to a nearby pine tree and began calling loudly to his mate. Or maybe to say thank you. Either way, I smiled to see him fly away.

Which brings me to my point. I suppose that on the scale of cat people and bird people, I lean a bit toward being a bird person, with a few exceptions. I don't condone trapping the neighbor's cats, though they can be exasperating at times. My best medical advice would be this:

As much as possible, live at peace with your neighbors. Remind them to keep their cats at home. Create habitat that birds love. Put in landscaping that feeds birds, like flowering crab apples or gooseberries. And every once in a while, take the time to rescue an errant woodpecker or other creature. It's part of the joy of living in a wild place like we do.

Barry Bacon is a physician who has lived and practiced family medicine in Colville for 28 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.

Re-Joining Home

By Eileen Delehanty Pearkes

For me, the drive from the upper Columbia's Canadian mountains toward Kettle Falls is always a journey along tributaries of time and memory. My car summits the Monashee Range, then descends onto a road that circles the scenic blue bowl of Christina Lake. At the Laurier crossing, I show my U.S. passport. A familiar feeling washes over me as I cross the boundary. The U.S. always feels like home, no matter how long I have lived elsewhere.

On Highway 395, I begin to follow the Kettle River south to join the Columbia. Seventy-seven years ago, the completion of the Grand Coulee Dam blocked the annual salmon run, keeping the fish from completing their instinctual return to upper Columbia waterways, including the Kettle. With permission from Canada (where much of the run above Grand Coulee would have spawned) the American dam had been completed without fish ladders. I have often thought wistfully of these lost salmon when driving along the old pathways.

A Colville Confederated Tribal woman releases a salmon into the upper Columbia.

But today is less wistful. The word descends from the Old English word *witan,* which means to see or to know. With long use, the English language has shifted knowledge into longing. In late summer, winds of change have arrived to sweep my wistfulness away.

I drive across an expansive terrain without boundaries, toward a public boat launch by Keller, Washington, near the ferry dock. There, the Colville Confederated Tribes (CCT) will host a tribal ceremony of "re-joining." Thirty ocean salmon will be returned to the upper Columbia, Lake Roosevelt reservoir.

While much about the river has changed in these nearly four decades, re-joining the salmon to their former home is a large step in the process of reconciliation, as we all make sense of the pieces of the river that remain, and find a way to give back.

* * *

I arrive at the boat launch at 9 a.m. sharp, on August 16, 2019. Many people from the tribes are already assembled at the bottom of the short, steep road that leads down to the reservoir. Some women wear the colorful, traditional dresses, scarves and beaded bags that indicate ceremony and celebration. A tribal drumming circle has assembled under a canopy. Chairs are in rows for the elders.

CCT Chairman Rodney Cawston speaks of the hard work that has preceded this day. He calls up D.R. Michel, the executive director of the Upper Columbia United Tribes (UCUT). Michel stands with the tribal council members in a place of honor. For two decades now, UCUT has represented five upper Columbia tribes, including the CCT, in working with state and federal governments, hydropower producers and scientists, to remind them all of the tribal

desire to bring the salmon home.

Salmon as a species are powerful for the tribes, both as a recurring food source and an example of persistence and resilience. They are born in fresh water and must transform their endocrine system to be able to live for years in salt water. They revert to the fresh water habitat as they return to natal streams to spawn.

Scientists can't precisely explain what prompts the fish to relocate their natal streams. Some say the knowledge is akin to smell. I have always thought of it as extrasensory, this mysterious feeling of home.

Columbia River salmon equipped with radio transmitters for research have been followed all the way across the Pacific to Siberia in their fluid ocean migration. When they return, they sometimes start up the Fraser or other rivers before reversing out to find their Columbia home.

The Chinook being released at the ceremony this morning are "extras" from the Wells Dam hatchery downstream, those not needed to artificially spawn the next generation. Usually the hatchery gives the extras to the Colville Tribe for food distribution. This year, 60 have been set aside for the spiritual re-joining: half in Rufus Woods reservoir, half in Lake Roosevelt reservoir.

The sun glitters off the water. More tribal people arrive. A long line forms, stretching far up the road from the shore. Everyone is waiting. Waiting for the fish. Finally, the CCT fish truck arrives. It reverses slowly until it stops at the upper end of the human chain. The Chinook swimming in the truck's climate-controlled tank may not know it yet, but they are about to be celebrated.

Drumming begins, and a song rises up, rippling across those assembled, many of whom join in to sing for the salmon. Each person holds two stones to knock together, imitating the sound of shifting riverbed gravel nudged by the river current. At the top of the truck, several men assemble around the tank's raised lid, wielding a dip net. The air thickens with up-swelling emotion, as well as unity and purpose.

Everyone watches as the net brings up a salmon, who goes head-first into a black rubber bag half-filled with water. The writhing bag is passed carefully down to the first person in the line. With the drum and the rocks beating a heart's rhythm, the bag passes from one-to-another-to-another, until it reaches the water. The last person lowers it beneath the surface and the first fish pulses out, darting quickly away.

The tribal people whoop and cheer with sustained joy.

Over the next half-hour, salmon by salmon, the drum beats, the singing continues. The fish flicker one by one into submerged shadow. I stand a little away from the crowd, knee-deep in the water, catching sight of as many of the 30 as I can before they disappear.

I wonder how these 30 brave pioneers will find each other in the deep water, how they will be able to school together and travel to a stream that might feel familiar, even after all these years.

The ceremony ends with a meal on the windy shoreline: traditional foods like huckleberry and bitterroot, as well as muffins, fruit pies and beef jerky. The morning has gathered up the prayers of the tribal people for the salmons' upstream journey, toward a new homeland along an ancient path.

Eileen Delehanty Pearkes lives in Nelson, B.C. Her book on the Columbia River Treaty, A River Captured, *was released by Rocky Mountain Books. For more, visit www.edpearkes.com.*

As Our World Turns

By Loren Cruden

Duration in a place can be like raising children: change happening all the time but – for the most part – slowly enough as to not always be noticed in the day to day. My son and I moved to Orient in 1990. Some years later I left for a decade; on return, changes around the North Columbia area caught my eye.

Most unsettling were the seasonal ones. I remembered Orient as reliably getting frost early in September, Indian summer in mid-October, sharp cold in November, deep snow building up in December and January, bitter sub-zero snaps in January and February, late blizzards and early rain in March; then mud and spring's unfolding in April and May (but still needing to fire up the woodstove in the mornings and evenings to take the chill off), lush June then dry summer – with a small patch of days pushing or exceeding 100 degrees – and autumn rains cooling things off in September and October. Winter roads stayed white for months; having tires contact bare pavement was like finally taking off Sorel boots and putting on sneakers.

Those seasonal familiarities were gone by the time I moved back to Orient. Summers became hotter and longer – sometimes over 100-degree days even in September – autumns drier, winters milder, with less snow pack, and springs odder: sometimes floods, sometimes like Baja.

Another change I noticed when I got back was how much people's preoccupation with tech gadgets had burgeoned while I was away. Before that, people used to have no problem going *hours and hours* without using a phone or electronic gadget. We talked with one another in person or, at need, called from home (or a *phone booth*). In those days, if someone walked by talking to the air – not paying attention to where they were or what was around them – we'd avert our eyes or offer aid. If dozens of people had been seen doing this oblivious air-talking or intent staring and manic swiping and poking at a little slab of plastic, we'd have wondered if the town's water supply had been drug-contaminated.

Bird numbers – that was another change: Avian populations seemed to have thinned, as with frogs, bees, and monarch butterflies. I missed them. The outdoors in general seemed more … subdued.

And I missed the way we'd been able to do things – everything, in fact – without a computer. Booking a plane ticket, filing for divorce, being a professional writer, getting film developed, having a job based on one's skill, aptitude and interest in the work itself, not on using a computer. Having medical appointments last more than ten minutes, during which patients – not computers – were the focus.

When I got back after living abroad, I noticed that wee Orient newly teemed with tubers during the summer. Not potato tubers (it wasn't Idaho, after all) but people launching giant inner tubes by the Orient bridge, floating downstream on the Kettle River. On hot days the main drag was densely lined with vehicles, bathing-suited pleasure-seekers unloading their tubes, air mattresses, and coolers full of beer. Orient hadn't seen such a boom since the gold rush.

What else? Well, fire season, like electioneering, was starting earlier, ending later, and getting more intense. Colville had switched from parallel to angle parking and removed a bunch of traffic lights; and roundabouts were popping up here and there (most recently by Deer Park on route 395). Americans aren't well suited to roundabouts – don't use turn signals correctly in them – and our drivers are habituated to the linear, a result of having so much space in which to travel in straight lines. It's different in smaller countries. Nobody, for instance, conceives cross-country movies in Belgium or sets *On the Road*-type novels in the Netherlands or composes songs like "Route 66" in Europe; they write songs like "Penny Lane."

Car color trends, too, changed while I was away. White remained the ever-baffling favorite, but silver had joined it in popularity, making traffic on the whole less colorful even when the dust and mud got washed off. On the plus side, the area acquired a shuttle bus service to Spokane. (Though called the "Gold Line," the bus, of course, was painted white.)

One extraordinary change I was excited to discover was that the Kettle Falls Library now allowed patrons to *eat and drink* inside. That bold decision, and the elimination of overdue fines, almost made up for there no longer being card catalogs.

I noticed that newspapers had gotten narrower (harder to hide behind when reading) and car bumpers bigger (pugnacious looking). Some of the familiar

businesses had disappeared, new ones arising. In Spokane, the House of Pies vanished to my family's lasting dismay. Closer to home I was pleased to see that our area was becoming the tiniest bit more racially diverse and the towns themselves looked more spiff – in Kettle Falls there were sidewalks along 395, an attractive visitor center, and a covered stage in Happy Dell Park; Colville had cool lamppost décor and farmers markets abounded.

Changes like these seem welcome, but as one gets older a lifetime of accumulated practice and know-how in navigating the world may be rendered moot, especially in these times of technological momentum.

My policy concerning worldly changes – even when younger – has been to treat them like unknown plants appearing in the garden. The more popular a change or so-called sign of progress is – the more opportunistically it spreads and ubiquitous it becomes – the more I scrutinize it as I would a potentially pernicious weed. I interrogate the innovation's purpose, backing and impact. Does it contribute to joy in life? Who actually benefits? Is it environmentally benign? Does it promote active intelligence, artfulness, social harmony, well-being for all? If it fails these standards I do what I can to prevent such weeds from infiltrating.

Resisting "progress" doesn't necessarily indicate stuck-in-the-mud refusal to adapt or a fading ability to learn or keep up with the times. Sometimes it has to do with thoroughly reasoned clarity. And this seems a legitimate choice. Numbers alone do not make something a good idea; mobs are notoriously poor guides.

These days when I reflect on the sage counsel "to everything there is a season" I wonder in what ways our sense of how to implement wisdom may change as seasons themselves become less dependable in character. I think about what informs our knowing of when to sow and when to reap, when to laugh and when to cry, when to embrace and when to refrain and so on: the cultivation of appropriateness and good relationship and right timing based on natural cycles and rhythms of life.

And I continue to cherish aspects of what *hasn't* much changed around here – wonders that continue to be part of our everyday: eagles gliding over the Columbia; otters playing in the Kettle River; exquisite light resting on the hills at dawn and dusk; and the grace of trees surrounding us. I appreciate that there is acknowledgement and banter among people whether friends or strangers – that we still notice and respond to what's *here*.

Speaking of which: Where in the world did the Colville shoe repair guy go?

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

Right as Rain ... For the Most Part

By Tina Tolliver Matney

Life here, in my little neck of the woods, has been good. For the most part. It dawned on me recently that things feel right again. Right as rain, as my Grandma used to say. And it was raining when that thought came to me.

It's been a beautiful summer. Cooler temperatures and clean air have given us all reason to be grateful after these past four years of fire and smoke-filled skies. My little garden has been a source of fresh vegetables and a few strawberries, and my flower pots have thrived. The sunflowers are starting to burst and I've even taken the time on a few occasions to lie outside in the sunshine or paddle around the river in the kayak. Finally, a calm and peaceful season here on the river.

For the most part. I blame the full moon for the other parts.

Let's start with a recent Monday. This was a day I planned to get chores done early and then lie in the chaise lounge with my still pale self stretched out in the sun with nothing to pull me away except an empty water glass. Perhaps this is where life goes awry, in the planning of things. I spend a lot of time planning and seldom do my plans pan out. Maybe I should stop planning, but that just feels like sloppy living to me. I need a little structure in my days.

Animals, in my case everything from cats to raptors, need to be fed consistently and I suppose it's safe to say that everything I do has to be built around that. On this particular morning my first chore was to let the chickens out of their coop, provide feed and water, and gather the eggs. Most mornings I make my way around the house with the watering hose, tending to all the lovely flower pots while I feed the cats first, then the dogs.

Raptors are mostly on the evening feeding schedule. In the morning, the car is generally loaded for work and I head to the barn to tend to the chickens last so I can come in and wash up and change out of my flip flops that invariably wind up with a little chicken poop on the bottom.

This morning was just a little different in that I went to the barn first because it was my day off. It was still cool and I wanted to get a sprinkler on the back yard so figured I would get the chickens taken care of at the same time. They are always eager to leave the coop in the mornings and this day was no different, all of them standing at my feet, wondering if I had brought them a little pail of pits and peelings. It was when I took a step forward and went

to reach for the water pan on the ground that I heard the unmistakable buzz of a rattlesnake.

That sound is enough to terrify me. But I froze, afraid to move because I couldn't see where the sound was coming from. It was then that I looked down and it registered in my brain for the umpteenth time that wearing flip flops to the barn is never a good idea ... especially during snake season.

When the buzzing started again my big red rooster went right to it. The snake was exactly where I would have reached for the water pan, but this time it retreated under the barn. That was how my Monday ... my week ... began. The middle of the week was blessedly uneventful. Until Friday. That was unfortunately the day I chose to make a quick run to "the big city" to restock my plant supply and grab some fresh flowers for my shop.

The dogs woke me from the tail end of a fitful sleep that morning with that kind of bark I now know means I'm going to have a challenging day. As the day progressed and I made my journey to the greenhouse through a traffic jam unlike any I've ever experienced in Spokane, I soon learned I had been stuck for nearly 30 minutes one block from where a shooting had just occurred.

It was also at the greenhouse when I was loading up my plants that I again caught the faint smell of skunk and realized that the side of my car was dotted with the oily residue of skunk spray that was already showing signs of pitting the paint. Hence the morning barking frenzy.

The beginning of the trip back was much faster and uneventful and my mind was surprisingly calm, which, in hindsight is a little worrisome that perhaps I'm just becoming numb to the craziness that seems to either precede or follow my presence. Or perhaps I'm just learning to realize that the craziness doesn't have to make me crazy.

I made my way to the big box store to buy my flowers. And by flowers, I mean three shirts, a pair of pants, two bottles of wine and some flowers. I was making good time and hoping that I'd be back in my shop early enough to get all the lovely plants priced and put out before closing time. But the cash register I chose didn't want to cooperate. Neither did the second one. So, I "yoo-hooed" a customer service gal who took me to a third. Guess what? It wouldn't work either. "This is so weird," she said. "This has never happened before." I just hung my head and stayed quiet.

She finally unlocked whatever secret she needed to complete the transaction and asked me to hold off on the payment until she could remove the magnetic tags from my clothes and grab a coupon that she promised would remove another $20 from my purchase. My reward, she said, for being patient. Honestly, I just wanted to leave the store and take the crazy out with me and leave these people in peace. But I stood there with the machine repeating, "Please insert cash or choose another payment type" over and over and over again.

Finally she returned, succeeded in removing another $20 from my transaction and handed me my clothing that I shoved into a bag before I made haste back to my car. I wanted nothing more to do with the big city. I was ready to go home. But when I grabbed the bag of clothes out of the cart, I realized something was missing. The checkout lady had lost my pants. I looked again in every bag. There was the wine, the flowers and three shirts. Then I looked at the oily residue on the car door and caught a whiff of skunk. Through a slightly frazzled brain I did the math. The pants were $12.00 (on sale) and she had given me a $20 coupon. I tossed everything in the car and left. The $8 would buy me a coffee and a granola bar. She could keep the pants.

I blew through the drive-thru for my coffee and snack, said a prayer and pointed my trusty, smelly car north. A day like that can either crumple a person into a stressed-out mess or it can give one a sense of accomplishment for just getting through it in one piece. I chose the latter. The craziness in my life or in the life of any other person will always be there, especially during a full moon. That's just how life is. Calm, peaceful and beautiful moments interspersed with events that leave you thinking, "wow, that was weird!"

I hope you'll watch where you step while you find more time to put your kayak on the water or lie back in that lawn chair because, after all, life is "right here, right now" and summer isn't over yet.

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. Check out the Kettle River Raptor Center on Facebook.

Raptor Hunting Techniques

Article and Photos by J. Foster Fanning

Of the many simple pleasures of life, for some of us watching eagles, hawks, falcons and other such birds catch the warm thermal uplifts and soar high above the earth is a true delight.

For the most part, the birds we see in soaring mode are raptors. Birds of prey. And the high-flying ride upward is most often part of their overall evolved survival strategy. A raptor is usually a large, strong creature equipped with sharp talons and a powerful beak for hunting other birds and small animals. Raptors include eagles, ospreys, kites, true hawks, owls, vultures, buzzards, harriers and falcons. The word raptor comes to us from *rapere,* a Latin word meaning "to seize or capture."

More specifically, a raptor is a carnivore that kills and eats mammals, reptiles, amphibians, insects, rodents and other birds. Many other birds, generally smaller, also hunt, kill and eat meat but are not classified as raptors.

The seed of writing this article on raptors came to me when an acquaintance mentioned how engaging it is to watch eagles that soar for the joy of it. Hmm … okay, if I had to venture a guess, I'd lean to acknowledging eagles may enjoy soaring, but we bipedal primates are prone to anthropomorphizing our fellow creatures. In fact, we give human characteristics to the animal world so often that we occasionally wonder why the animal behaved as an animal.

For raptors, soaring has multiple functions: a patrol or definition of territory; seeking out mates and family members; seeking or avoiding adversaries; and, importantly, hunting to feed self, mate and offspring. One thing I find fascinating is the differing tactics that different birds use in this process. Not all raptors are created equal.

Bald eagles are probably the most diverse hunters of the raptor group. A bald eagle may forage for fish in the morning and swoop down to capture a ground squirrel in a completely different environment in the afternoon and spend the next day scavenging roadkill. When bald eagles hunt fish, they swoop down and snatch the fish out of the water with their talons. Bald eagles are not fond of getting wet, although a mature bald eagle can be good at swimming when it's necessary. Bald eagles are, like many other birds, opportunistic about stealing a meal away from one of their kind or other birds.

Ospreys, on the other hand, also hunt fish but they do so by diving under the water's surface from some 30 to 100 feet up. When an osprey takes the plunge, it often leads with a strong, sharp beak, but just before entering the water the bird pulls its legs to either side of its head, extends curved talons and nails the fish with both beak and talons. Osprey are equipped with stout gripping pads on their feet to help them carry fish for great distances, and have an articulating, thumb-like claw that allows them to orient the fish headfirst to ease wind resistance during flight. Osprey, unlike other raptors, survive strictly on a fish diet

and have evolved to do so very efficiently.

Golden eagles, unlike their cousin bald eagles, are primarily specific hunters, not fishing birds and generally not scavengers. They are apex predators with telescopic vision and incredible talons adapted for hunting in very harsh landscapes. With a wingspan averaging seven feet, these huge birds are capable of lifting prey weighing as much as ten pounds. While there are documented cases of golden eagles attacking adult deer and even bear cubs, their usual targets are hares, foxes, grouse and, on the coast, seabirds. The overall size of golden eagles restricts them from hunting in heavily forested areas, and thus they have specialized to scour open meadows, moors and uplands. Where food is scarce, golden eagles patrol vast territories, sometimes spanning 100 square miles.

Quite a number of raptors use the method of perching and dropping as part of their foraging techniques. Red-tailed hawks are especially known for this. Whether perched or soaring, red-tailed hawks employ gravity to their advantage, hurtling toward their prey at great speed. They strike with talons extended, usually aiming for the head. Red-tailed hawks, like most raptors, have crushing strength in their talons.

The sharp-shinned hawks begin their hunt in two ways: motionlessly from inconspicuous perches, and at high speeds in rapid-flapping flight. Sharp-shins are masters at surprising their prey, often employing both natural and artificial structures to conceal their approach until the very last minute. These medium-sized hawks frequently nail their prey in mid-flight, clutching it in their powerful talons and driving it down to the ground.

The peregrine falcon, which sports the nickname "duck hawk," preys on other birds and bats in mid-flight. Peregrines hunt by soaring high above the landscape. After sighting their prey, they drop into a steep wing-closed dive that can top an astonishing 200 miles an hour. Unlike hawks, the peregrine falcon strikes with balled talons, clenched into tight fists, thus impact-shocking its quarry out of the air. The falcon follows its harvest to the ground.

On another side of the spectrum of raptors come the owls. With different physiology, primarily nocturnal, and varying tactics, owls dominate the darkened landscape as hunters of the night. Owls are primarily perch hunters, maintaining a broad field-of-vision in search of quarry. Once the hunt is engaged, owls often fly silently from perch to perch, awaiting the prime opportunity to strike. Most often, if the prey is too large to be eaten at once, the owl will carry its meal back to a perch rather than eat on the ground where it may become quarry for other predators.

Lace up those boots, grab the camera and head out into the field. And look up!

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.

Your Story is America

By Karen Giebel

My dad was quite the storyteller. And come to think of it, so were his brothers and his mother. Maybe it was their "Irish, gift of the gab," but whatever gave them this talent I am grateful they had it and shared with me some wonderful stories of their lives growing up in a coal mining camp up on Lookout Mountain in northern Georgia back in the 1920s and '30s.

As kids I am not certain they realized just how poor they were, as everyone in that camp was impoverished. The stories my dad told were of children having fun, lots of fun, which included more than a fair amount of mischief and shenanigans. Like finding an old piece of scrap sheet metal, taking it over to where a spring bubbled out of the mountainside, setting that piece of metal on the wet grass and careening down the hillside at speeds that would give their mother heart failure if she knew what those boys were up to!

My dad was a bit of a wild child, a trait that continued throughout his life. My mother once whispered to me that, back in the day, my dad was known as "Wild Bill," as if this were a naughty little secret instead of something to be boasted out loud.

Of all the stories Dad told, I believe the one I loved the most was about the day the district school superintendent visited their one-room mountain schoolhouse and the teacher, who at the time was my grandmother, had organized a spelling bee to show the students' talent to their guest. If you misspelled your word you were dismissed to go outside to play baseball.

My dad loved playing baseball and did not like school all that much. Do you see what's coming?

The word given my dad to spell was "dollar."

I can see Dad now as he started to tell this story, an impish grin on his face giving way to a chuckle and then all-out laughter. Dad said he looked out that school window and saw those boys playing baseball and knew what needed to be done. He spelled out D O L L E R.

My grandmother was stunned! She said "Bill, you know how to spell 'dollar' so I am giving you another chance." And so my dad, knowing full well there would be consequences at home for this, spelled out D A L L O R.

My grandmother was beside herself as her son chose to embarrass her in front of the superintendent. "Bill," she demanded, "you stand up there and correctly spell the word 'dollar'!" My dad responded with D A L O R and happily took his place outside on that baseball field. He never shared what consequences he faced but I am sure it fit the crime!

Storytelling, it's not just about preserving and passing down family history. Sharing memories of a family's past is one part of our nation's story. It is Americana. In more recent history, all non-native peoples came from somewhere else and what brought them here to this country, this state and this town, is a part of how our new nation was built.

Whether it was one or ten generations ago, did those that immigrated here come because of war, politics, opportunity, poverty or religious freedom? Were they forced to leave their homeland and come here? Did the entire family immigrate or was there just enough money to send one child to this country? Did the immigrants ever again see the family they left behind? I can only imagine how leaving behind everything loved and cherished to start over in a new land would impact how they raised their families.

And what led these immigrants to a certain part of this nation? My own Scots-Irish ancestors chose the mountains of Appalachia because it reminded them of their home country and it was where they hoped to be comfortable. But unless we ask questions of our parents, grandparents, aunts and uncles, our place in the history of developing our country may never be fully known. Sharing these stories, both oral and written, with our children, grandchildren, nieces and nephews may give them a sense of their place and importance in the continuance of the growing history of our country.

I believe sharing my own 65-year history with the next generations will help give them a better understanding of the choices I made and what influenced me to make those decisions. Several generations from now my great-great-grandchildren might be curious to know what caused me, a woman in her 50s, to move from New York State all the way to Washington. Unless I have told my story, no one may ever know that I did it for love. So, I tell my stories and hope that my children and grandchildren will in time, share their stories, adding pieces to the puzzle that makes their lives whole.

Without storytelling I would never have known that after World War II, Dad followed his brothers from Georgia to Buffalo, N.Y., for work. That sentence in itself opens a dozen more stories for me to tell and save. Stories of my dad's place in that war. Stories of how their decisions to move away from their beloved mountain home broke a cycle of poverty and allowed their children to not only graduate from high school but college as well.

Growing up, those options were not available for my dad and his brothers. There was no industry in the South at that time but jobs were plentiful in the steel mills surrounding the Great Lakes. At one steel mill there was a new nurse. She was a pretty little brunette with sparkling brown eyes. Whenever there was a new nurse at the mill, the men would suddenly develop a headache and head over to the infirmary for an aspirin and a chance to assess their possibilities. And that is how Wild Bill met Clare Ruth. I was their second child.

So, share your stories. Talk about the past and secure your place in the history of your family and of our country.

Karen Giebel blogs about life and food at www.thejourneygirl.com up in the back of the beyond in Ferry County, Washington.

A Greener Carefree Lawn

By Mary Masingale

About this time of year, I begin to question why I have a lawn large enough to host a soccer tournament. It seemed like a good idea at the time, but, considering the hours I have spent developing this yard – raking, seeding, weeding, and lots of watering, followed by regular cutting and trimming – I am beginning to question my judgment.

The American lawn was once a status symbol, relished by the wealthy European settlers of the 18th century who could afford groundskeepers to scythe and manage the green stuff. Our first president, George Washington, kept a beautifully manicured bowling green at Mount Vernon, maintained by English landscape gardeners.

President Woodrow Wilson had sheep on the White House lawn to keep the grass at a manageable height. Most American homes had a packed patch of dirt for a front yard. It wasn't until the Industrial Revolution and the invention of the power mower (and also the garden hose) that the average American could afford and have time to maintain a lawn.

As in my case, maintaining a lawn is not only time-consuming, it can be costly. Many homeowners use "weed and feed" products that kill non-grass growth while boosting the growth of the grass. And depending on the size, a well-kept lawn can consume many thousands of gallons of water over a summer.

I noticed that I had a lot of clover growing along with the grass in my lawn and it held a deeper, richer color than regular grass. I decided to do some research on this plant.

I learned that, while many lawn people would try to eliminate the clover, others take a different approach. The reason lawns need feed so much is that the grass depletes the soil of nitrogen. According to dengarden.com, and as noted on a number of other sites, clover lawns are experiencing a rise in popularity and for what appear to be some very good reasons. Clover is drought-tolerant and greens up early in spring, remaining green until the first frost. White clover grows just 2-8 inches tall, requiring little-to-no mowing. Some mow the white blossoms that have faded to keep the lawn looking fresh.

Clover lawns attract beneficial bugs (like bees), which in turn pollinate your garden and fruit trees. In fact, clover is one of the bee's favorite flowers and it is known to result in delicious honey. A clover lawn also attracts parasitoid wasps (a tiny critter that is harmless to humans) that feed on aphids, scales and whiteflies.

Furthermore, clover never needs fertilizer – in fact it may harm the plant. Clover is a nitrogen-fixing legume, creating its own fertilizer that it generously shares with neighboring plants. Grass mixed with clover, I learned, will be healthier and greener and require less care than grass planted alone. Clover also never needs herbicides – in fact they will kill it. Clover is often used as a cover crop because of its nitrogen-fixing abilities.

Clover tolerates poor soil, including the subsoil common around many new homes. If you have dogs, their pee will discolor a grass lawn, but the clover remains green and lush.

Clover does have some disadvantages, though. Clothing stains more easily than with grass and clover is not durable enough for playing fields or high-traffic areas unless mixed with grass. It is also short-lived and may require some reseeding every 3 years, although your clover may reseed itself.

I found clover seed is really affordable. I could cover 1,000 square feet for around $15, depending on where I shop, and I can choose between crimson, white and red clover. White clover (*Trifolium repens*), also known as Dutch clover, is a popular variety that is low-growing and can handle traffic better than others, according to sare.org.

I had been seriously considering getting rid of at least part of my lawn. I just couldn't justify the time and expense of constantly mowing and watering – I wanted to do something fun in my spare time once in a while! Instead, I am going to give clover a try. I plan to add clover seed to my lawn in the autumn, before the snow falls, and maybe add more seed in the spring.

If you too are considering a switch to clover, there are many informative websites available. While it is not the only option for a green landscape, it may be a better one for the environment, the bees and your pocketbook. And you may find your lucky four-leaf clover!

Lifelong Republic resident Mary Rochelle Masingale, office manager and photographer for the Ferry County View, is active in the Republic Chamber of Commerce, Republic Regional Visitor's Bureau, and a group working to establish a skate park in the Republic area. She can be reached at mmasingale75@gmail.com.

Stanley's *(Very)* Little Known Animal Facts

By Stanley Carruthers

This month's facts concern cats. And in fact should concern us all, as cats have reputedly dislodged dogs as America's favorite pet – despite feline deficiency in pet-desirable qualities such as loyalty, obedience, enthusiasm and conscience. (Cats also lack leash manners, car compatibility, and willingness to come when called or perform jolly tricks.) Clearly, pet standards in our nation have gone the way of – oh, never mind.

Forging on.

Very little known facts about cat breeds:

Cats come in many breeds, only a few of which we'll mention.

Siamese cats are famed for their annoying, persistent vocalizations and are well suited to pet owners who are hard of hearing or like to bring their pets to protests. Even so, the cross-eyed gaze of a Siamese cat can be too unnerving for some people. These cats do have lovely pelts. A fan of the breed might consider getting a stuffed rather than live cat.

Longhaired Persian-type cats have stubby noses (no long-distance runners here), little ears (bred to make hats an option), and way too much hair. Quiet, placid cats, Persians require help with grooming (a brush or comb may be used rather than the tongue). Persians do not pine when the owner is away; some, due to 24-hour grooming, may not even notice the owner's absence.

Other longhair breeds include Birmans, Maine Coons, Norwegian Forest Cats and Northern European Hippies.

British and American shorthair cats – except the American Redneck – tend to be quieter than other shorthairs but can grow very large and heavy, a result often attributed to their nations' cuisines.

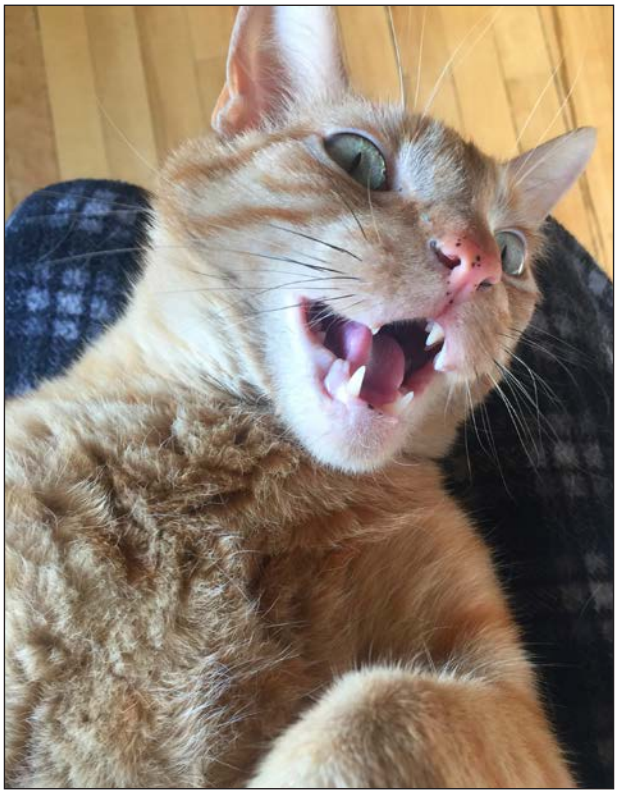
Burmese cats are active pets and, left to their own devices, do naughty things like scratch the furniture, urinate in the tub, drink beer and steal cars.

Lilac Burmese are a cross between a cat and a shrub; they may attract bees.

Asian Smokes come with a health warning and can be purchased only by adults.

Cream Tiffanies miraculously resulted from crossing a stained glass lamp with a dairy product.

Chinchillas are Persian-type longhairs with fluffy white coats described by fans as "ethereal" and by the rest of us as "easy to mistake for a feather duster."



Himalayan Persians generally come equipped with crampons and are accompanied by Sherpas.

Tortoiseshell cats are almost always female and enjoy lounging on pond logs. Be careful not to bruise your knuckles when petting one.

Ragdoll cats are so relaxed it is difficult to distinguish them from sofa cushions. If buying one, first make sure it has a pulse.

Manx come in four types – Rumpy, Stumpy, Tailed and Cymic – though some breeders also claim legitimate Manx status for Sleepy, Dopey, Grumpy, Happy, Bashful, and Sneezy types. Cymic Manx are often found singing in men's choirs.

Abyssinians descend from ancient Egypt's sacred cats; owners are expected to offer tribute and make daily prostrations.

American Curls and Scottish Folds have distressing ears. Someone should be arrested for this.

Russian Blues have a melancholy temperament and are prone to listening to sad balalaika music and quaffing vodka.

Sphinx cats are hairless; the mere sight of one may be traumatic, so these cats come with a pedigree and trigger warning. The best match for them may be owners on the rebound after years of helping Persians groom. *In fact* (as Stanley likes to say), those owners may have sufficient Persian fur still drifting around the house to artfully glue it in pleasing patterns onto their Sphinx or – okay, okay – to fashion a fuzzy jumper for their little baldy.

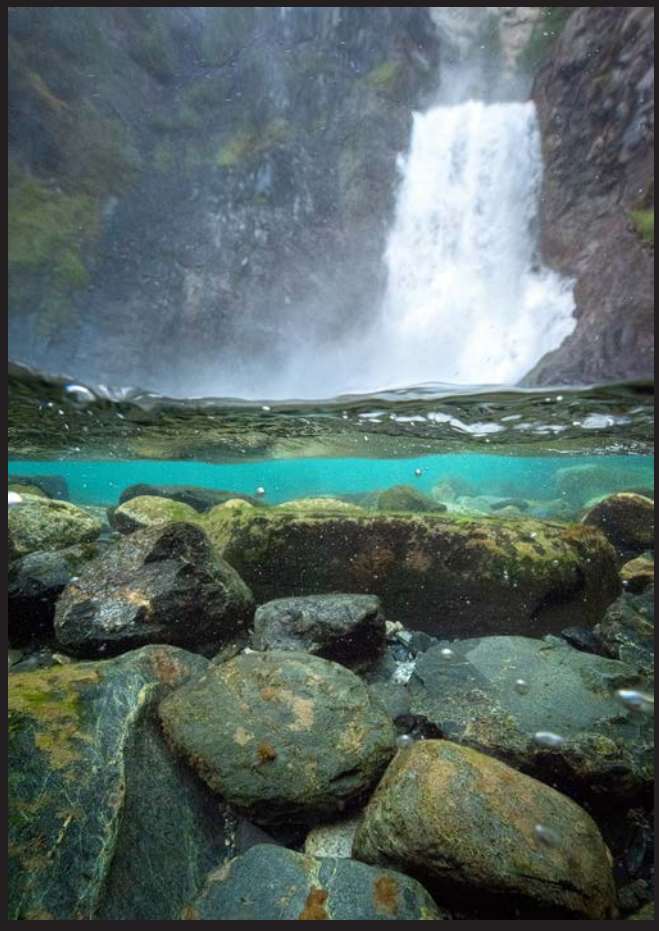
Facts about cat language:

Cats speak in variations of *meow/mew/merrow/row.* They make this sound quickly and repeatedly (*mew-mew-mew*) when excited and, in a lower, slower, louder register (*ROWW…ROOWW…ROWW*) when bored or trying to wake someone. They chirp (*Rrr?*) when surprised and hiss or go (*HHAAAHH!*) when scared or angry (a bit like Jack Nicholson). This is accompanied by poofing up their hair (a feline response that came to the fore in the mid-1900s; some use hairspray to maintain this look). Cats yowl when fighting or stepped on and purr when contented or stressed.

Cats use their tails expressively – lashing, twitching, arching, hooking, lofting, curling, intensely grooming or for calligraphy. They point their whiskers forward in interest or flatten them in rejection. And they are expressive with their claws. (Stanley fact: Retractable feline claws were developed in 1573 by Stanislav "Scarface" Mankowski after his wife Dagmar playfully tossed her Bengal cat, Waffles, on Stan's head during a disagreement.)

KNOW YOUR ANIMAL FACTS!

Stanley Carruthers has devoted a lifetime to the study of domestic and wild animals.



"OverUnder" by Ashley Voykin, in British Columbia. See more at ashleyvoykin.com.

WHAT'S HAPPENING

MORE LISTINGS & DETAILS AT NCMONTHLY.COM!

Events

Aug 30-Sep 1: FarmJam at the Pumpkin Patch/ Corn Maze in Colville featuring Chase Rice, Hayes Carll, The Wild Feathers, and many more big names in music.

Aug 30-Sep 1: Ferry County Fair featuring three days of old-fashioned fun, including food, music, vendors, livestock shows, 4-H events and more! Visit ferrycountyfair.com for more info.

Aug 31: Shrimp Boil Dinner & Ping-Pong Ball Raffle at the Cutter Theatre, 302 Park St., Metaline Falls.

Aug 31-Sep 1: Cutter Clutter Pre-Sale, Cutter Theatre, 302 Park St., Metaline Falls. See ad page 15.

Aug 31 & Sep 2: Northport is hosting its annual Labor Day celebration. Saturday includes a Fireman's Breakfast at the Northport Fire Hall, 8-11 am, ice cream, fun run, and watermelon eating contest. Monday includes a parade at 10:30 am, the annual Northport Lions Club BBQ, vendor booths, beer garden, ice cream, pie, 50/50 firewood log raffle, and more.

Sep 1: Northport Lions Club BINGO at the Northport School Cafeteria, Noon-4. Early Bird, Regular, Fast Pick and Blackout with a $500 Jackpot. Must be 18 or older to play. Call 509-690-2158 for more info.

Sep 1: Labor Day.

Sep 5: First Thursday Art Walk, 5:30-8 pm, downtown Chewelah.

Sep 7: Salsa Fiesta at China Bend Winery, featuring live music, Natasha Force & The Northern Aliens, Red Hot Blues, food and, of course, salsa and wine! See ad page 7.

Sep 9: Spokane Nonprofit Network, 12-1:30, for anyone in the region involved in or with an interest in nonprofits. Held at the Spokane County United Way, 920 North Washington St., Spokane. Visit washingtonnonprofits.org, call 509-675-3791, or see ad page 22 for more info.

Sep 10: One River Nonprofit Network launch, 12-1:30, for anyone in the region involved in or with an interest in nonprofits. Held at the Hospitality House, 216 South Washington Avenue, Newport. Visit washingtonnonprofits.org, call 509-675-3791, or see ad page 22 for more info.

Sep 10: Colville Community Blood Drive, 11:30-4:45, Ag Trade Center 411 W Astor Street, Colville. Call 509-714-6443 for an appointment or more info.

Sep 10: Nearly Famous Comedy show, Northern Ales, 325 W. 3rd Ave., Kettle Falls. See ad page 18 for more info.

Sep 13-14: Forget Me Not presents Junk Drunk Vintage Market, Ag Trade Center, 317 W. Astor, Colville, Friday, 4-8 pm, Saturday 9-4. See ad page 4 for more info.

Sep 13-14: Washington State Poet Laureate Claudia Castro Luna will be in Kettle Falls as part of her recently-awarded fellowship that involves holding a series of poetry workshops and readings celebrating the Columbia River. Registration is required for the free reading with Luna and local poet Lynn Schott on Sept. 13, 6 pm, and free workshop on Sept. 14, 10 am-2 pm. Both events will be held at the Kettle Falls Public Library, 605 Meyers St., Kettle Falls. Call 509-738-6817 for more info.

Sep 14: MatDogs Fundraiser, Northern Ales, 325 W. 3rd Ave., Kettle Falls.

Sep 15: Dances of Universal Peace, simple, meditative, joyous multi-cultural dances that use sacred phrases, chants, music and movements from the many spiritual traditions of the earth to touch the spiritual essence within ourselves, recognize it in others, and experience unity and peace through this body prayer, 2-5 pm in the lower level of the UCC Church in Colville, 2nd and Maple. Donations appreciated. Potluck following. Call 509-684-1590 for more info.

Sep 20: Annual Country Fair & Chili Cook Off, Parkview Senior Living, 240 S Silke Rd. Call 509-684-5677 for more info.

Sep 20-21: Colville Class of 1979 Reunion, Friday, Northern Ales, Kettle Falls, 6 pm, Saturday, The HUB Senior Center, Colville, 6 pm. Visit www.colvilleclassof1979.com for more info.

Sep 21: Veterans For Peace and Public Policy Forum, in association with St'al-sqil-xw, Veterans For Peace Chapter #004, Poor Peoples' Campaign, at the Kettle Falls Public Library, 12-4 pm. Potluck lunch and snacks offered, non-alcohol beverages. Email info@stalsqilxw.org for more info.

Sep 21: The Alliance for Resilient Communities will give a talk at Heritage Court (117 W Astor, Colville, across from the Farmer's Market) from 11am-2pm about "our climate emergency and the variety of options we have for being part of the solution."

Sep 21: The Cutter Benefit Dinner & Auction, Cutter Theatre, 302 Park St., Metaline Falls. See ad page 15 for info.

Sep 21-22: Pend Oreille Harvest Festival, 1802 Indian Creek Rd., Newport, WA, featuring live music, artisan vendors, games, storytellers, local produce, food, bonfire, and more. See ad page 22 for more info.

Sep 25: Build A Movement: Tools to Use Public Policy to Achieve your Nonprofit's Mission, 1- 4:30 pm, held at the Philanthropy Center, 1020 West Riverside Avenue, Spokane. Visit washingtonnonprofits.org, call 509-675-3791, or see ad page 22 for more info.

Sep 27-29: Inner Sanctum, old radio show episodes presented live at the Pend Oreille Playhouse, 236 South Union, Newport. Visit pendoreilleplayers.org or call 509-447-9900 for more info.

Trail & District Arts Council has a packed calendar of events at trail-arts.com.

Music at Northern Ales, 325 W. 3rd Ave., Kettle Falls, northernales.com, 509-738-7382:
5th: John Pritcher, 6-8 pm
20th: Open Mic, 7-10 pm
27th: Jordan Page, 7-10 pm

Music at Republic Brewery, 26 Clark Ave., Republic, republicbrew.com, 509-775-2700.
7th: Vincent Neil Emerson, 7-10 pm
21st: Michael McGarrah, 7-10 pm
26th: Luke Paul Jackson, 7-10 pm

Meetings & Opportunities

Sep 11: Northeast Washington Genealogy Society meeting, 1 pm, LDS Church basement, Juniper Street in Colville, entry at the back of the building. NeWGS president, Susan Dechant, will explain the value of historical maps to a genealogical researcher. Visit newgs.org for more info. All visitors are welcome.

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

Dave Geissen of Chewelah is the featured artist of the month at Tri-County Economic Development District, 986 S Main St., Colville, with over 100 colorful, happy caricatures, mostly of local students and friends, viewable Mon-Fri, 8-4. TEDD invites artists interested in displaying their work to download an application packet from www.tricountyedd.com. Call 509-684-4571 for more info.

Celebrate Recovery, a 12-step program, meets Fridays, 5:30 pm, Mt. Carmel Health Education Building, 1169 East Columbia Avenue, Lower Level, Colville, WA (across street from emergency room). A light meal is served. Call 509-935-0780 for a ride or more info.

The Greater Springdale/Loon Lake Chamber of Commerce, 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,** Fridays at 7 am at the Chewelah Casino, 2555 Smith Road south of Chewelah off Hwy. 395. **The Colville Chamber of Commerce,** Tuesdays at noon at the Eagles Lodge 608 N Wynne Street. Details at www.colville.com. **The Kettle Falls Chamber of Commerce,** first and third Thursdays at 7 pm at the Kettle Falls Visitor Center. For info, call 509-738-2300 or visit kfchamber.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.

Deer Park Business Referral & Networking group, Tuesday mornings, 8-9 am for breakfast at Paulines, Deer Park. 509-276-8556.

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

The NE WA Amateur Radio Club, first Saturday at 11 am, Valley Fire Training Center.

The Panorama Gem and Mineral Club, third Tuesday of each month, Arden Community Center, 7 pm. www.PanoramaGem.com.

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

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

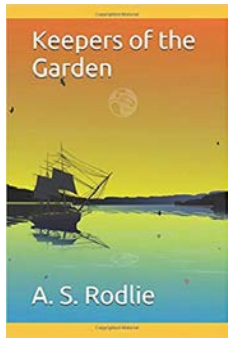
Colville Valley Fiber Friends, (CVFF) meet every Monday at the Ag Trade Center, 317 W. Aster, Colville, noon - 3 pm. All interested in spinning, weaving and other fiber arts are welcome. For more information, contact Sue Gower at 509-445-1796.

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.

MORE LISTINGS & DETAILS AT NCMONTHLY.COM

CORRECTION

Last month's edition included a book review of A.S. Rodlie's new book, *Keepers of the Garden,* and the wrong book cover was mistakenly used with the review. Sincere apologies to the author for the error.



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VISIT **NCMONTHLY.COM** FOR DAILY LISTING UPDATES OR TO SUBMIT A "WHAT'S HAPPENING" LISTING.

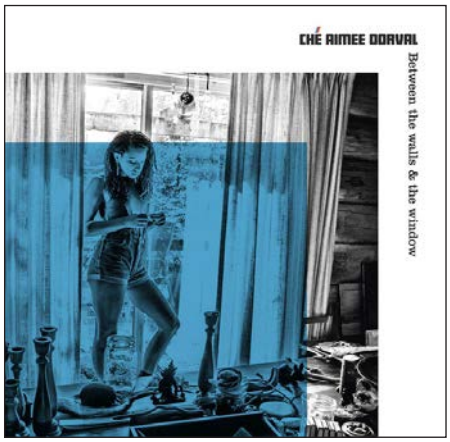
LISTEN UP

Reviews by Michael Pickett

Ché Aimee Dorval: Harmonic Excursions

I first heard Ché Aimee Dorval's vocals on the masterful *Casualties of Cool* collaboration with Devin Townsend. Her confident, understated vocals made it apparent that she was a force to be reckoned with at the mic.

With her solo-album release, *Between the Walls and the Window,* Dorval deftly blends her gorgeous alto with gripping lyrical turns on the atmospheric "Afraid" and the low-to-high, dynamically-charged "Buried," where the singer takes off into the stratosphere as her story unfolds. Her incredibly beautiful melodies in "Art of Dying" and the arresting "I Know I Know (A Broken Heart)," with a nod to '50s ballads on the latter gem, Dorval doesn't just know how to write a song … she knows how to craft and produce an album that ebbs and flows with dramatic flair.



Channeling a bit of Natalie Merchant and hints of Dolores O'Riordan here and there, Dorval has the perfect blend of gorgeous vocal tone and storyteller ability to cover all kinds of ground in her songwriting-delivery (to say nothing of her guitar playing, which is first-rate as well).

"Between the Walls and the Window" feels cutting and comforting all at once, as Ché Aimee Dorval finds her way through stories of loving and finding, losing and surviving. Check out this album immediately on Amazon or via Dorval's own website: cheaimeedorval.com.

Chaka Khan: Queen of Funk Returns

In the twelve years since Chaka Khan's last studio release, a lot has changed in music (as it always does). First, funk really started to sizzle with guys like Bruno Mars, and creep into homogenized pop (The Weekend). Second, Chaka Khan got twelve years older, and – as with any great singer – there was speculation as to where she went and whether she could still lay down the law at the mic.

The answer is a bit of a mixed bag. Under the care of producers Switch and Sarah Ruba, on the new release *Hello Happiness* CK's vocals are cleverly showcased in songs like the throwback-smolder of "Too Hot," which has Khan grinding up to the mic and then taking off into the stratosphere at 2:02, but the production and songwriting then veer into studio-frippery, when all we really want to do is hear Chaka wail. "Like Sugar" has a solid blend of '70s retro-production and modern funk-pop that solidly supports her blazing vocal melodies, but there are some head-scratching choices here that producers like Philip Lawrence, Ari Levine or the mighty Bruno Mars could have navigated a bit more smoothly.

So, the only thing slowing this album up isn't Chaka Khan's slamming vocals. With a better production touch, she could easily dovetail with current artists and the current love for all things retro (I mean, who wouldn't want to hear a Chaka Khan song on the end credits of the next Marvel release?). In the meantime, *Hello Happiness* is saved by the vocals and vision of funk's leading lady, who finds a way to bring an affirmation for life and love to the record grooves yet again. Let's hope the follow-up isn't twelve more years down the road.

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!

A Good Read

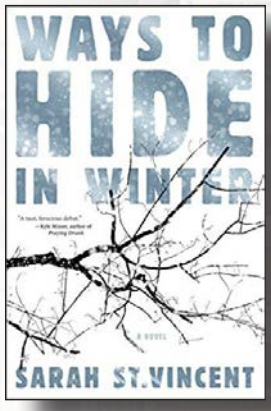
Reviews by Loren Cruden

Ways to Hide in Winter, by Sarah St. Vincent

Sarah St. Vincent is a human rights attorney and makes use of that vantage in her debut novel, *Ways to Hide in Winter,* set in a remote corner of Pennsylvania's Blue Ridge Mountains. The main character, Kathleen, works in a winter-deserted campground store where she fends off attempts at intimacy from fellow locals. "I liked Martin, I thought: he had never once asked me a personal question, and I returned the favor. It was one of the best kinds of friendship I could imagine."

St. Vincent lets the reader get their own sense of Kathleen – and other characters – before gradually revealing back-stories, which are harrowing. St. Vincent's aim is to have her characters be defined by more than their pasts. The book emphasizes human contradictions and how people respond to them. "It seemed impossible that someone who had been so generally despicable throughout his life – and despicable was the right word, there was no doubt about it – could, at least at times, be such a doting grandfather."

Solitude is Kathleen's antidote for trauma, but this solace is disrupted when an anomalous stranger – a foreigner – arrives at the hostel next to the campground: another character with a dire, even more hidden back-story; and it is through him that contemporary politics come into play also, stirring the plot's pot. The question posed is whether trauma – interpersonal or international – ever really heals. Or whether, instead, it "…lingered just out of sight in the forgotten spaces of our own minds, wreaking havoc invisibly no matter how long or how determinedly we put [it] away."



Tension builds, heightened by the setting's remoteness and the repressed interiority of the characters, while on the surface nothing untoward seems to be happening. Sometimes St. Vincent pushes her points too explicitly ("I don't know how it is that we wind up doing bad things at the exact moment we think we're doing good ones") – lawyer intruding on writer just when St. Vincent's doing so well. This novel is a zinger of a debut, nonetheless.

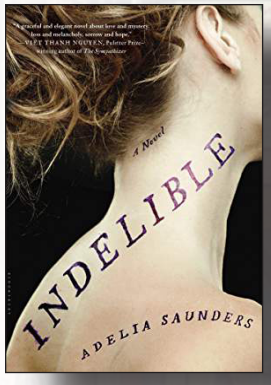
Indelible, by Adelia Saunders

Magdalena, the memorable Lithuanian protagonist of Adelia Saunders' debut novel, *Indelible,* chooses the blur of walking around without wearing her much-needed glasses rather than see what's written on people's skins. It appears that no one but Magdalena perceives this writing – and she wishes she didn't. "It was bad enough when she accidentally got too close to an old person and it said *inflammatory heart disease* or *lung infection* or *regret* across their face. Nobody wanted to see something like that on a child. There would be other things written there too: *Lives at No. 12 Hollbury Mews. Air stewardess. Marries Ronald. Finds a sea anemone.*" The only one with unmarked skin may be Magdalena herself.

The story's wonderfully imagined elements mingle with history, contemporary realism, and strands of old European myth. The effect jostles and jibes, beguiles and bemuses.

The action moves around – references Colorado and is set in Western and Eastern Europe. Pilgrimage is a theme, and perception: what we do or do not see; how this connects us to or disengages us from each other; and, for the visionary, where we intentionally will or will not turn that penetrating gaze. "It was something Magdalena's mother said all the time. *If the eyes don't see, the heart doesn't hurt.*"

The narration shifts around from Magdalena to an American named Richard and his son Neil, entwining these and other characters, the plot exceptionally sophisticated for a debut novel. Though Saunders' characters fatefully interlink, they are terribly lonely and often oblivious to what crosses their paths. "…it occurred to Neil that he was entering the portion of his life when one began to accumulate regrets. Before, no decision had seemed too permanent. But now that he was in college, wading straight into whatever it was that would turn out to be his life, suddenly each thing he did or didn't do was tangled in consequences."



Other recommendations from the S & T shelves:

Michael Ferris Smith – *Rivers*
Pamela Steele – *Greasewood Creek*
Jody Shields – *The Winter Station*
John Burnham Schwartz – *The Red Daughter*
Olga Tokarczuk – *Flights*
Gabriel Tallent – *My Absolute Darling*

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

Accommodating Our Butterflies

Photos & Text by Patricia Ediger

"Mommy, mommy, I found the butterflies," came the cry from my five-year-old as we visited the Monarch Butterfly Sanctuary in Pacific Grove, California, in the Monterey Bay area many years ago. I was setting out lunch for our field trip when I heard the excited exclamation coming from the grove of eucalyptus trees just out of sight. I grabbed up my two-year-old and rushed in the direction of my child's voice to find him standing there with saucer-sized eyes, filled with wonder at the sight of a eucalyptus tree literally covered in monarch butterflies.

The sunshine filtered in through the trees revealing the hundreds of orange and black wings flickering as the monarchs rested on the branches. I also was in awe, reflecting on my own moments of joy as a child, watching and catching butterflies off our lantana bushes during warm summer days, fascinated by the beautiful wings and antennae and the tickle of butterfly feet in my hand.

We had come in hopes of seeing the migrating monarchs arriving home to winter in Pacific Grove, or "Butterfly Town, USA," from their more than 2,000-mile journey. We were not disappointed.

Monarchs west of the Rocky Mountains migrate to locations on the central California coast. En route, they may cover as much as one hundred miles per day, sometimes flying as high as 10,000 feet. The monarch is the only butterfly known to make a two-way migration, as birds do. There are at least 17 species of butterflies and skippers that migrate to relocate in warmer climates. The ones that do migrate usually have a one-way trip.

Unlike other butterflies that can overwinter as larvae, pupae or even as adults in some species, monarchs cannot survive the cold winters of northern climates. Some fly as far as 3,000 miles to reach their winter home! Most butterflies that live in cold climates such as ours in northeastern Washington spend the winter as caterpillars, while almost as many spend the winter as pupas. Monarchs are rarely seen in Washington state now and are endangered. However, we have many butterflies that regularly visit and winter over as pupae, the anise swallowtail (*Papilio zelicaon*) being one of them.

Whether a certain butterfly migrates or not, one of the most important steps we can take to aid these beauties, including the chance monarch, is to plant pollinator-friendly gardens and provide plenty of nectar-producing plants in our landscaping, either with annual flowers or perennials and perennial flowering shrubs.

Butterflies prefer flat flower heads where they can reach the nectar. To eat, an adult butterfly lands on a flower, uncoils its proboscis (a straw-like tube that is hidden away while not eating) and dips it into the center of the bloom. The proboscis is long enough to reach the very bottom of tube-shaped flowers. To encourage the population of monarchs, milkweed plants, such as the swamp milkweed (*A. Incarnata*) dill and fennel can provide not only a place on which to lay their eggs, but also food for the hatched caterpillars.

The North Columbia region includes many perennials that produce the nectar needs for the butterflies. Among these are lilacs (especially the lavender or dark purple), Joe Pye weed, mock orange, butterfly bush, phlox, echinacea, daylily, coreopsis, black-eyed Susan, salvia, daisy, delphinium, lavender, New Jersey tea. Even native plants such as yarrow are good for butterfly habitat. All of these are Zone 3 and 4 perennials.

When choosing colors, remember that butterflies prefer red, yellow, orange, pink and purple flowers. Wildflowers and old-fashioned varieties are good choices. Annuals such as cosmos, alyssum, zinnias, sunflowers, calendula and late-season asters are great choices too.

It is best to provide plants that bloom at various times throughout the growing season to ensure that nectar is always available. Try setting out flat stones in sunny spots where the butterflies can rest and warm their wings.

Most butterflies are happy with sweet nectar but some like foods such as rotten fruit or even animal manure or tree sap. Mushy apples, overripe bananas mashed with a little molasses, or sliced oranges placed in a metal pie pan or plastic plate and hung in a tree with wire or string in a shady spot, close to nectar-rich flowers can be a nice feeding station. A shallow dish placed on a stand or tree stump can also work.

Providing water for drinking isn't necessary due to the liquid they get from nectar, but the butterflies do need places to "puddle" for important minerals. A "puddling" place can be made by spreading a thin layer of dirt and sand in the bottom of a shallow pie pan or dish and placing a few rocks or wood chunks in the dish for the butterflies to land on. The pan or dish can be buried so that the lip is even with the surface of the soil. Add water as needed to keep the sand wet. The butterflies will be very happy with these provisions.

If you encourage and aid butterfly survival locally as well as for those passing through to their wintering grounds, you may enjoy a bit of quiet stillness and recapture a moment or two of the wonder of these beautiful winged creatures.

Patricia Ediger is a freelance photographer specializing in wildlife, nature, and landscape photography. See her work at her gallery at the Old Apple Warehouse, Kettle Falls, WA and at patriciaedigerphotography.com.

Just Enough Rebellion

By J. Merrill Baker

You know that freckle-faced little red-headed kid that always seemed to be too curious and almost annoying? An example: I once pinched my sleeping grandfather's nose shut to see how it affected his snoring noise. Mind you, I'd measured how many steps beforehand between myself and to the door, then ran like all get-out from the bedroom after the pinch, flying right past my mother and grandmother playing cards in the living room, my ponytail sticking straight out behind me. They were amused. I felt informed. I was probably supposed to be taking a nap. I don't recall grandpa ever saying anything about it, either. I remember being a bit scared, but my curiosity was far greater. Thrilling, even.

Fast forward 50 years, and I have the same curious impulses, but with less actual follow-through. These "attributes" were not always accepted in the era I was raised in. Hard work and good results were always praised, while daydreaming "the next creative journey" not always encouraged. Then, too, parents knew what worked for them and their real-life experience had proven to them how to get ahead in life. Of course, they wanted their children to learn from them, their version. This has not changed over generations, probably ever.

And parents' versions prevail until about puberty, I think, and then the kids suddenly seem to have a mind of their own. We can only hope some parental wisdom has stuck. It's amazing when children survive in spite of us, and even like us after growing up.

Still, attitudes and entrenched beliefs that leave no room for expansion or discovery or possibility, let alone adventure or whimsy, seem an insult to all of the potential and possibility we are born with. To me, it has always seemed wasteful to not explore and contemplate and wonder. Sure, it is a challenge sometimes, but maybe that is the purpose, to see life from a new perspective?

I still want a T-shirt emblazoned with the word "Recalcitrant." It is simply my own nature to resist and rebel when faced with anything rigid and unmovable. It's almost like a personal challenge to my sense of well-being. I could never understand when people wouldn't consider a second opinion or look for answers outside their comfort zones. It feels limited, it feels stifled, it feels ... boring.

The Eagles song "Take It Easy" – … *lighten up while you still can, don't even try to understand, just find a place to make your stand, and take it easy* … – is a great song from that era that is a bit renegade, right? It appeals to my rebellious nature. And my children still grew up in spite of me.

These attitudes contribute to living here on a mountain with a creative possibility to change the way we build something (our greenhouse became a studio) or reward us with a clever solution to a difficult situation – yes, duct tape and gravel were involved. Mostly, I think, Himself is entertained, but a more patient person I have not met. And we're happy. And he doesn't mind my snoring. And he's never pinched my nose.

Our recent foray to the west side for a wedding was an eye-opener, since we hadn't "forayed" in more than five years. Every lane change was a challenge and figuring out the phone app directions were sometimes humorous. Oh: *for·ay, noun, a sudden attack or incursion into enemy territory, especially to obtain something; a raid; "the garrison made a foray against Richard's camp."* We obtained a new granddaughter-in-law in our raid, and some new relations. Several are planning a move over to our side of the state soon. (Communication should be established before their, um, foray.)

I now understand the concept of "electro-smog." Over there the airwaves filled with all kinds of radio and cell and TV waves that (it seems to me, anyway) are contributing to the foggy and distracted thinking our brains are experiencing. There was not a place we experienced without a cell phone in sight. Except for when I left ours in our car for the wedding, a bridal request. Yes, a beautiful evening, candle-lit wedding in the meadow. But I didn't get any pictures!

And I sure wish we would have had it for a flashlight on our way out down the lengthy driveway looking for a gate into the pasture to get to our car. There we were, two older folks hanging onto each other's arms, laughing in the dark, walking over uneven ground. We seemed like a metaphor, in real life, for the newly married. They could be us years down the road. Maybe they would put up solar lights along the driveway to help the "almost lost and weary." We were quite grateful to arrive at our vehicle. And very glad the electric fence wasn't on!

By the time we got home we needed a few days to recuperate. Assault on all fronts for sure. We were glad to feel the heaviness start to lift outside Spokane, and the closer to home we got the better we felt. And, too, our love of family refreshed!

Onward!

J. Merrill Baker, Recalcitrant Ruralite with a curious mind.

Why Do You Do It? *by Melissa Rose*

Along with the gleaming vehicles lined up on display at a classic car show, I encounter an interesting mix of classic car owners. Some park their vehicle without hanging around to chat, some sit nearby and cheerfully answer questions, and some appear to be there to compare what I call "challenge notes" with fellow classic car owners. All appear to share a passion but many express sometimes competing ideas about why.

Below are comments from classic car owners at a recent show in the region about why they dive so deep.

- Dream cars: Oh, how I love them! There are many and my garage is small. So, I chose the one that meant much to my childhood and that I could still manage to find parts for today. I subscribe to classic car magazines and catalogs and attend every show I can to make enough personal connections to fill the inevitable parts list and find advice I need.
- This was actually my very first car. There were not many of this model around where I grew up, so when my dad suggested I keep it forever, I took him seriously. Together, we recently replaced her motor. We've redone her upholstery and she is again ready for a long-distance cruise. I plan to keep her forever. She takes me back to being 18.
- The idea for this was actually my brother's dream. He didn't know how (or if) he could make it happen. But when he passed away suddenly, I realized I had to take it on. Now, the surprise, joy and sometimes even shock in the eyes of those who see this "transformed" truck brings my brother's dream to life!
- This was the same model I helped my dad and brother customize before I could even drive. To buy one in my 40s and trick it out for hot-rodding was the highpoint of my love of horsepower. I thought I'd put aside the hobby when I sold it, but now my dad's convertible is holding space in my workshop.
- Oh (sighing heavily), I never imagined I'd get into all of this (waving his hand across rows of classic vehicles gleaming in filtered summer sunlight), but on a trip to the coast, it happened. We stayed at a B & B and parked next to this very car. She wore a for-sale sign under her wiper and the color of blue she radiated, even in milky coastal sunshine, reminded me of the color of my mother's eyes when she smiled and … well … my wife was not nearly as excited about it as I was but …. I did end up driving her home. To make up for it, my wife said if we built a proper garage for all our vehicles, she'd keep quiet about the "other" blue-eyed woman in my life. It has … mostly worked out.
- I do this just to restore my personal memories of growing up, of learning how to work on far simpler machines from simpler times with my parents and grandparents. Old iron is straightforward; it doesn't give you any guff. I choose pre-1950 machines to escape modern, complicated lifestyles – to recall the music, the dress, the slower simpler lifestyle of the '20s, '30s and '40s. I plan to pass on these memories to my family in hopes they gain similar escape and quiet pleasure from the past these vehicles represent to me.
- I chose this one because, while no one considered it a classic (it was early 1970s, the end of the classic period), I learned to drive in it. To me, it represented the end of an era but also the brief return to some of the styling the classics once represented. Whenever we take to the road, I recall family road trips to the ocean in this large, comfortable beast. Now, as I get older and slower, I ask myself: What happens next to these classics, after we are gone? After the early 1970s there were no more classic vehicles, not even hot rods. Fewer of us remain to put on these shows. At shows I often learn someone else has passed – where is that person's beloved classic now? How will the rich and varied history of the American automobile be preserved and, most vitally, presented live, in person?

Old Truck Moon artwork by Laurie Dorrell of Republic, WA

I, too, wonder. While I can still attend car shows in our region and visit the Husky Car and Truck Museum south of Curlew, I wonder what happens next to all this history? It may take as much as 2,000 hours to restore a classic vehicle. Will the next generation, often glued to small screens, have what it takes to carry on the love of old iron?

A co-founder of the Ferry County Rail Trail 501(c)3 nonprofit, Melissa Rose is a freelancer, grant writer, advocate, and "what if I-ist" who is "lucky enough to live in Ferry County" and enjoys "being part of all we LOVE here."

Am I Doing This Right?

By Brenda St. John

"It is only when the correct practice is followed for a long time, without interruptions and with a quality of positive attitude and eagerness, that it can succeed."

~ Translation of Yoga Sutra 1.14 by T. K. V. Desikachar

Have you ever decided to do something and, once you got started, wondered if you were doing it correctly? Apparently this happens all the time when it comes to practicing yoga at home. I frequently hear comments from folks that they started to practice certain things we did in class, but then weren't sure they were doing it correctly. Yes, they do admit they could look it up on the internet, but sitting down at the computer distracts from the focus. So what's the answer?

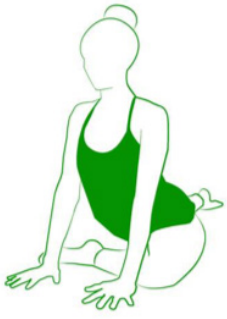
Here are a few tips for practicing at home:

Establish the foundation for the asana. The foundation is whatever part of the body touches the mat. Considering the wide variety of yoga poses available to us, many parts of our anatomy could potentially make up the foundation, but for simplicity's sake let's presume a standing pose, which means the feet are the foundation. As with any architecture, we build from the foundation up. Align your feet and then press down with the four corners of each foot in this order: base of the big toe, inner heel, base of the baby toe, outer heel. This will strengthen your foundation and help "grow" your pose.

Stabilize. Hips and knees are stabilized by contracting the quadriceps and drawing the inner thighs and outer knees back. We stabilize the shoulders by keeping the bottom tips of the shoulder blades pressed against the back, as opposed to "winging out." The low back is stabilized by engaging in progressive abdominal contractions, which you may hear described in yoga class as "zipping up." We zip-up like this: On the exhalation phase of the breath, progressively contract your abdomen from the pubic bone toward the navel. On the inhalation, gradually release the contraction from the navel to the pubic bone. If holding an asana, only partially release the contraction with the inhalations.

Prioritize. The spine is always the first priority when moving into a shape. Make sure you are achieving the correct movement of the spine before working on the hips and shoulders. If the spine is misaligned, the hips and shoulders will also be misaligned, so take care of the spine first. If physical limitations prevent you from moving as far into the asana as you would like, use a block. It is always better to do a smaller version of the pose correctly than a larger version incorrectly.

Be safe. The lumbar spine and shoulders should be safe if stabilized as previously described. The knees are also vulnerable to injury. Stacking the joints not only gives us more strength, it is also safer for our joints. Remember to keep your knee over your ankle in standing bent-knee positions like Lunges and Warriors I and II. When the knees bend, they should move in the same direction as the orientation of the feet, specifically the second toes. When the knees are non-weight-bearing, for example Pigeon from the traditional orientation (pictured) or from a supine position (often referred to as Thread the Needle) or from seated on the floor or in a chair, flexing the ankle acts as a safety valve and provides knee protection. In Plank (top of a push-up), shoulders should be aligned above the wrists.



Avoid pain. Pain is a signal from your body that you are doing too much. If you feel pain, especially sharp pain, back out of the pose the same way you went in. Pressure, slight stress or "sweet discomfort" in the target areas is OK. It means energy is being created and cells in your body are being stimulated. This is a good thing!

Notice your breathing pattern. If your spine is straight and tall, you should be able to take slow, deep breaths. In a forward fold, you will be breathing into the back of your lungs. In a backbend, you will be breathing into the front of your lungs. In a side bend, you will be breathing predominantly into one lung since the other lung is compressed. In an upper-body twist, your breathing will be noticeably shallower. These are all signs of normal breathing in yoga. Avoid holding your breath or shallow, rapid breathing. In fact, if you notice your breathing is shallow and rapid, back out of the asana until you can resume slow, deep breathing. That is where you should be for now.

Find the rebound. Newton's Third Law of Physics says that for every action, there is an equal and opposite reaction. This is just as true in the yoga world as anywhere else. You should find a "lift" or lightness in the asana that is the rebound effect from the downward force through your foundation. In yoga, we call these opposites *sthira* (steer-ah) and *sukha* (soo-kah). They translate as stability and ease. Sthira means your asana is strong and steady. Sukha refers to being comfortable and soft. When both qualities are present, your pose is balanced and has harmony.

Now that you know what to look for, you may have a different perspective when attending a yoga class or following along to a video. How wonderful it is that so many people are self-disciplined to practice some yoga every day! It's not how long you practice, but that you are showing up daily, even for just a few minutes. Let the wisdom of each pose arise from within you and awaken you in body, mind and spirit.

Namaste.

Brenda St. John has been teaching yoga classes in Chewelah since 2010 through the Community Colleges of Spokane's Act 2 program.

Cows In The Woods

By Joe Barreca

I was driving north on Williams Lake Road. The woodland on either side had been managed in a variety of ways. Some was left alone to fill in with underbrush. Some had been grazed into uselessness. Some of the most interesting had been selectively logged and the ground was covered in chips to minimize the threat of wildfire. I was headed north to visit Theresa Everest. She and her husband Eric were managing their 130 acres to raise cattle.

Everest Ranch is on a west-facing hillside in dense forest that supports a wide variety of trees. There is some open pasture, but the majority is forest on a slope – not the kind of acreage you would typically envision for cows. With her background in farming, logging and service in the Navy, this was Theresa Everest's dream ranch that she had been planning for 20 years.

She is developing the property into silvopasture, which is defined as trees, forage plants and livestock together as an integrated, intensively-managed system.

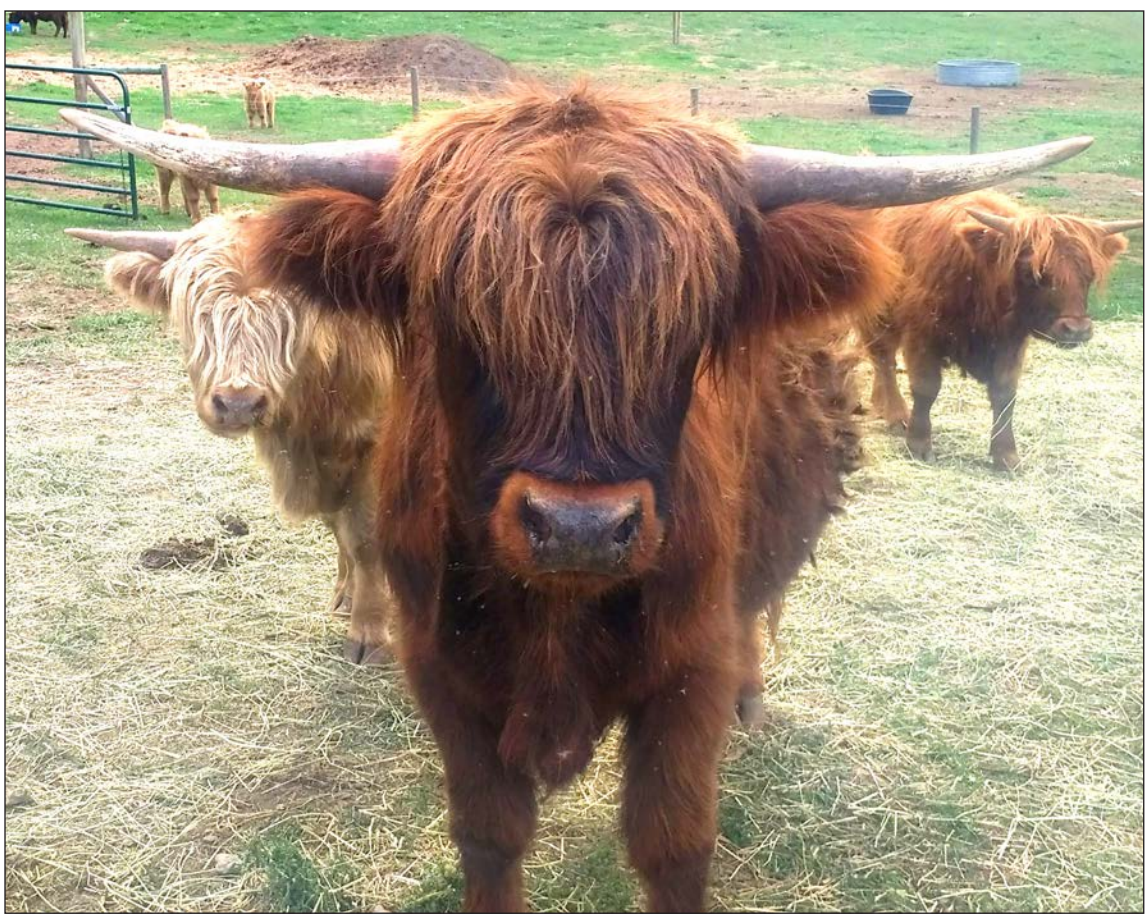
If it sounds like a lot of work, that's because it is. The Everests have invested in over $100,000 worth of machinery. That includes a small sawmill, a Kubota Track Loader and a forest management-grade brush hog that will turn pieces of wood up to 8 inches in diameter into chips. The payback, according to the Everests, is a piece of property that the livestock can almost manage by themselves, rich soil with a large carbon reserve, lush grass, and a lumber-producing forest that can be sustainably logged for generations.

Like the Finnish family that homesteaded their property in 1889, the Everests are taking it one step at a time. They want to see their work survive and still be sound 130 years later, like the hewn log buildings that they still use and live in.

Just as having the right tools is critical, so is having the right animals. As one of the oldest registered cattle breeds in the world, Highland cattle eat brush as well as grass. Their double coat of hair sheds water and insulates in the winter. When it comes to hardy animals, Scottish Highlands rule.

Paired with the cattle are Icelandic sheep. Another ancient breed, Icelandic sheep are tough. They also have a double coat of water-shedding outer hair and light warm inner wool. The two are often woven together and knitted into *lopapeysa*, the distinctive traditional Icelandic sweater of concentric rings. These sheep will graze on bushes and grass, so they are perfect for the transition taking place at Everest Ranch.

A first step is fuel reduction. In practice, this means clearing out small trees and underbrush. Some of it can be used as lumber or firewood. Other parts can be charred for use as biochar. Much of the rest is ground into mulch. Limbs are cut up to 10 feet off the ground so no "ladder fuel" is left in the forest. While fire prevention is important, creating a rich soil that will support forage grasses is the goal.



Letting the soil recover and develop a stand of grass takes time. So, cattle are not introduced for the first year.

Finally, the animals are allowed to graze down the grass, but only for a week. Then they are moved to another area and not returned for a month or more while the first area recovers.

This technique of rotational grazing

keeps the habitat healthy in more ways than one. The cattle trample small trees and bushes so those are returned to the soil. The grass flourishes in the manure and urine left by the cattle. Because of the constant rotation, pests and parasites are discouraged from proliferating. Having long sight-lines also limits cover for potential predators. The Everests did lose some sheep to a mountain lion when there was dense brush to hide in, but have not had problems since opening up the pasture. The sheep come back to a holding pen at night.

The ranch has many springs. The gullies where water runs free are fenced off to prevent erosion. And an entire 20-acre field is not being used as pasture because it is essentially a wetland and grazing cattle would destroy it.

With thoughtful planning, attentive management and strategic investments, Everest Ranch will become a model for sustainably raising cows in the woods. The hallmarks of a healthy environment are diversity and abundance.

To understand silvopasture practices in the National Forest, I met with Tim Coleman from the Kettle Range Conservation Group to tour the Lambert Creek watershed in Ferry County where private cattle are permitted to graze on public land.

The cows in this watershed are Herfords. They are much larger than Highland cattle, 1,200 to 1,800 pounds. I have also seen Angus cattle of about the same size grazing in the forest along the South Fork of Sherman Creek. The two scenes were very different. Along Lambert Creek Road, the ground had barely enough cover to be green. This was especially apparent where a fence separated the public grazing land from private property. Grass and brush stood two to three feet high on the private land and barely an inch on the public land. The cattle were grazing lush green grass in a logged area along Sherman Creek.

The situation looked bad on Lambert until I consulted with Brandon Weinmann, grazing and invasive species coordinator for the Colville National Forest, about how they manage rangeland and saw it from a different perspective. The Forest Service manages grazing allotments by looking at the overall health of the plants, water and soil in the whole pasture. There are usually several pastures in a grazing allotment and the Forest Service determines the timing, duration, intensity and frequency of how they are grazed. The condition of one spot at one time does not necessarily indicate the health of the whole pasture.

Weinmann drove me around an allotment on Deadman Creek where the riparian area was in good shape despite use by cattle, elk and bears. What I kept learning was that there are lots of variables.

Cows, calves, bulls and steers of different ages, breeds and personalities behave differently at different times in different areas. It is hard to prescribe a set of guidelines that works in all situations. The Forest Service uses an allotment management plan developed through the National Environmental Policy Act which is tailored to each allotment.

Something cattle have in common is an aversion to wolves. Tim Coleman is a member of the Wolf Advisory Board, a group he appreciates because they speak openly about their different perspectives. All members admit that pressure from wolves is moving the cattle in many areas to lower parts of their range. This depletes the lower part sooner and leaves burnable fuel on the higher pastures (grassoline).

Comparing beginning forage and the amount available at any point after animals are introduced will indicate how much forage has been used and when cattle should be moved, thus gauging the health of the ecosystem in terms of diversity and abundance.

Grasses have evolved to bounce back from being eaten when young. In his book, *Holistic Management,* Allan Savory advocates rotational grazing as the most natural way to restore health to overgrazed lands, but cautions that it takes thoughtful planning and attention to actual conditions on the whole property to make that work. That "whole" includes the plant and animal community, the water cycle, the mineral cycle and the energy flow. It is an economy that includes but does not equate with money.

The take-away is that one size definitely does not fit all. A variety of ungulates once ranged in the forests: deer, elk, moose and herds of caribou. (According to Sinixt elder Marilyn James, caribou herds were once so large that they posed a threat to villages. The natives learned to spook the caribou away from villages by hanging antlers in the trees.) Perhaps cows are a viable replacement for those herds. But whether you can afford an industrial-scale brush hog or just a chain saw and safety equipment, promoting diversity and abundance takes attention and intention. It's not as simple as putting cows in the woods.

Joe Barreca makes maps, grows grapes, makes wine and posts blogs on BarrecaVineyards.com.

Just a Matter of Time, *by Linda Bond*

The idea of time and space fascinates me. Newton believed that time ticked away consistently throughout the universe, even without us. And then Einstein came along with his theories about relativity and changed everything. Well, not for most of us, of course, because I think our *intuition* still tells us that time flows equally for all, under all circumstances. Scientists now know, however, that extreme distance between two objects (billions of miles) makes time pass at different speeds when compared to each other. And the newly-discovered quantum realm (the tiniest of the tiny) reveals that things are not quite what we believe either.

In case you're wondering how scientists *know* all this, I suggest reading the very accessible work of Brian Greene, whose first book release, *The Elegant Universe,* was a bestseller and a finalist for a Pulitzer Prize. You can read a superb article he wrote for *The New York Times* (Jan. 1, 2004) for a quick overview of this topic.

From a Writer's Standpoint

As a writer, I must make decisions about timing in my stories. Should I use a flashback to present new information? How are my characters reacting to the passage of time? Am I taking too long to get to the major problem in the story?

I was recently doing some research for a book I am working on and began to run into some quotes referencing time: "we're running out of time," "there's no time like the present" and "it's just a matter of time" (hence my title). As often happens to me, I began following that new trail of thought and found that many, many such phrases – perhaps hundreds – have become popular in our language.

And the references to time occur in many, many ways in works of fiction and nonfiction. Operators of Goodreads found tags for 9,205 uses of the word in books listed on their website. Goodness! If I had enough time, I could list even more. For now, time flies and I must get on with this article.

One of my favorite lines about time comes from the opening of *A Tale of Two Cities* (on my list of best-evers), a book by Charles Dickens, with which I believe nearly everyone is familiar:

"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of light, it was the season of darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair."

In these few words, not only has Dickens given us a beautiful summary of the age of the French Revolution, but he has gifted us with an understanding that there can be plural "times" and that those "times" can have a different quality. And he adds that they can overlap!

Time is Subjectively Flexible

I can remember as a child waiting for something I desperately wanted and knowing that it would not arrive until Christmas morning. For me, time began to crawl, even threatening to stand still. For my parents, time was speeding by, for they had to come up with the means to buy that gift and get it wrapped by Christmas eve. So, whose sense of time was correct? Well, we were all right because time, it seems, is experienced subjectively.

Later, when I had to get an inoculation against polio (we all had to go stand in lines at a public place where shots were being delivered), time raced by for me. I did not like to get shots and I dreaded the day rushing towards me. In this instance, my mother was torn between wanting to avoid the lines and my misery, but also wanting to get it all over with. She must have experienced quite a rollercoaster of time.

The Time of My Life

As we age, our sense of time begins to flop about – sometimes racing, then slowing, then racing again – depending on our state of mind and what we're thinking or experiencing. As I look back over my life, I remember racing to meet deadlines, trying to be on time for work or school, but also times of peaceful meditation and patience. Now, as I begin to ponder the amount of time I may have left in this body, I wonder: Have I left anything out? Have I made the best use of my time on Earth? Should I be spending my time differently? I'll have to take some time to think about that.

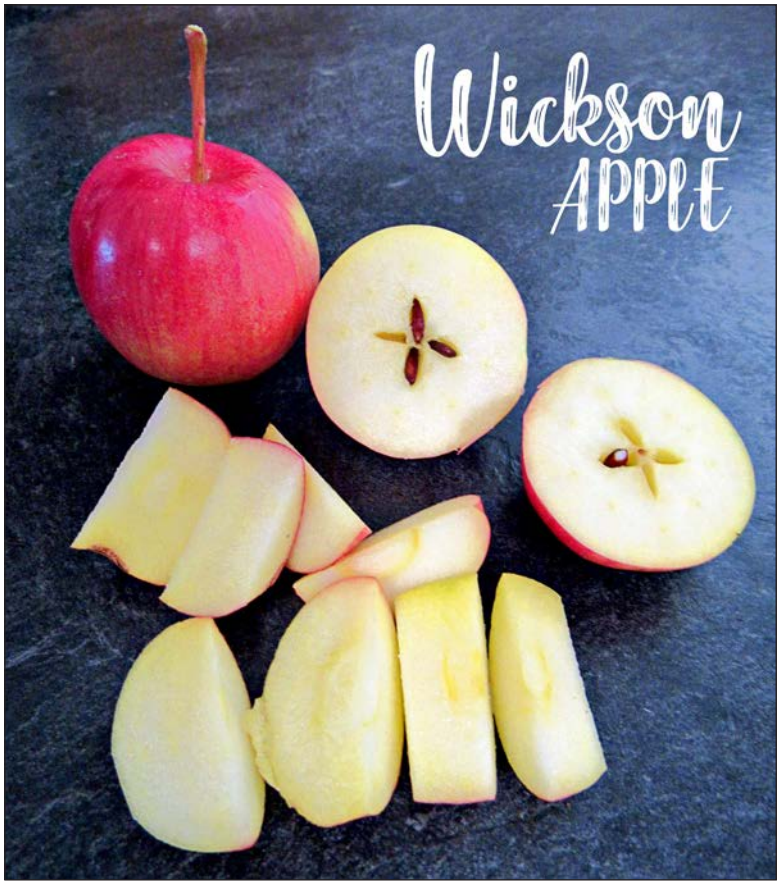
Linda Bond is co-founder and leader of the Inland Northwest Writers Guild and Outreach Coordinator at Auntie's Bookstore in Spokane, WA. Write to her at lindathewriter@gmail.com.

Bringing a Tiny Apple Home

By Michelle Lancaster

My first exposure to the Wickson apple occurred in New Hampshire at a dairy farm converted to apple orchard. We stopped at this particular hillside farm after seeing advertisements for hard cider. Once there, though, we found that the most interesting part of the farm was housed under a tent with a variety of apples for sale individually or by the box.

The owners set a paper plate full of slices of each apple in front of each box for tasting. Each apple tasted completely different, and not one had I ever heard of before. This experience was eye-opening to me, having not thought before about heirloom apple varieties or the fact that people might still grow apples for flavor. (Now I know. Honeycrisp is bland compared to heirloom apples!) Names such as Hudson's Golden Gem, Esopus Spitzenburg and Belle de Boskoop captivate me, making me wonder about their origins. I wish I could taste test them all!



One prolific apple among the others caught my attention: the Wickson. Albert Etter patented the Wickson apple in 1944, named it for his friend (a fellow pomologist), and wrote down a parentage that does not seem to exist, so it is anyone's guess as to where this tasty little apple derived from.

It is tiny. With thin reddish-yellow skin, it looks like an extra-large Rainier cherry, sealing in a crisp, juicy flesh. Each fruit is 1 to 2 inches in diameter, bears heavily on first- and second-year growth (spur-bearing and easy to prune), and hangs in charming garlands from the branches of the tree. I wish I could preserve a few branches in all their fall glory as house decorations.

The orchard in New Hampshire described the Wickson as "an edible crabapple, sweet/tart with a hint of lavender." A lavender apple!? I had to try. Everyone who tries this apple starts out saying, "Oh … a crabapple." Then they bite into one and their eyes light up with delight, "Wow, this is good!" To me it tasted like a sweet/tart candy (no lavender, though).

I purchased five Wickson apples on that day in New Hampshire, thinking I would take them home, eat them and sprout some starts from seed (not having trees to graft and desperate for my own Wickson tree or something like it). Somewhere along the trip, the apples must have accidentally been thrown out. The memory of this little apple, though, failed to leave my thoughts.

Fast forward several years. Moving home to Washington state, on a piece of property with an established orchard and room for more, I was finally able to look for a Wickson tree of my very own. I found trees through Vintage Virginia Apples/Albemarle Ciderworks. (Which is funny, considering the Wickson was developed on the west coast, but the west coast has seemed to have ripped out the majority of its heirloom trees, from what I have read.)

Two healthy bare-root trees showed up via the post office, got planted, and each year bear more and more fruit. They are the greatest joy of our orchard today and I have high hopes for their production capabilities in the coming years.

Our '70s vintage apple orchard is full of red delicious and company apples that juice up to a syrupy sweet cider. What we need is flavor in the form of tang and bitter. Wickson ripens in early fall with a sugar content up to 25% combined with a high acid content great for cider. So far, we have harvested only enough Wicksons for eating, but based on the flavor and juiciness, they ought to be just the right addition to our apples for cider.

Heirloom apple cider tends to be darker, full of minerals and other nutrients. Some hard cider companies in Washington use at least a partial amount of heirloom apples in their cider base, which adds complexity of flavors.

What can you do? You can promote heirloom apples by politely asking cider makers (hard and/or fresh cider) what varieties of apples they use. A few local orchards offer heirloom apples for sale. Consider buying a variety box and making some applesauce or a fresh pie. You will likely be amazed at the old-fashioned flavor! Perhaps you might even have enough room to plant a tree of your own – but beware, apple tree buying is addictive, you can't have just one!

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

Rediscovering Wonder and Reverence

Article & Photos by Joanie Christian

Some recent experiences have led me down a different road, as a photographer, than I expected, changing my perspective about the work I do. I think that life in general is much like that. We plan one thing, but something entirely different happens. That different thing, whatever it is, changes us and completely alters our course.

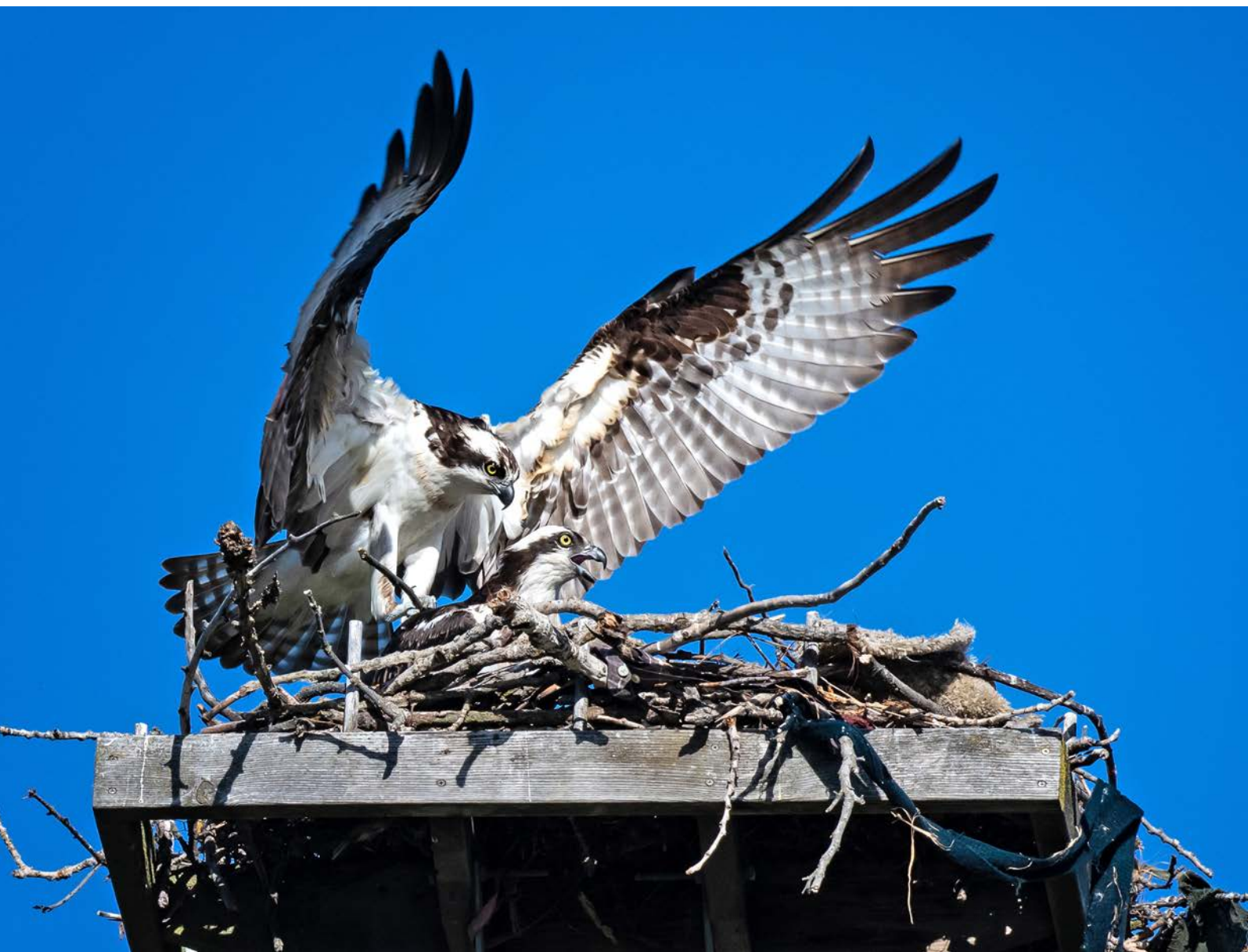
I've been learning astral, or star, photography. Having been inspired by images taken by fellow photographers, I am absorbing everything I can about the topic, and taking images locally. The blanket of twinkling stars highlights the area's beauty and topography in a unique way.

A few weeks ago, I was setting up for a shoot on a beautiful clear summer night at the Little Pend Oreille lakes. A middle-aged man from a cabin nearby noticed me and asked about what I was doing. When I explained what I was about to photograph, he quickly turned off his lights to eliminate the artificial light to help me get a clearer shot. But he was also turning off the lights because he admitted he'd never seen the Milky Way before, and he wanted to experience it. He was from California and lived in an area with a lot of light pollution, so rarely saw any stars.

I pointed out the Milky Way, showing him how it stretched across the sky. A few meteors from the Perseid showers streaked across the sky. He gazed for a while as I shot photos, eventually turning in for the night while I continued photographing.

I found myself pondering what it would be like not to see the stars. It is in moments like these when I realize how privileged I am to see what I see, do what I do, and share it with others. I was also surprised that someone in middle age had never seen the Milky Way. There had surely been opportunity at some point before in his life, but perhaps never a moment for someone to show him or teach him about it. Until that night.

I work part of my week in Spokane and stay with a friend who lives near downtown. In early spring, while walking along the river on the Centennial Trail near her home, I heard a familiar piercing noise, and looked up to see ospreys in a nest on a platform right in front of me. It was surprising and fascinating to see these birds thriving



and going about their business in the midst of a LOT of human activity.

So began several months of observing and photographing this osprey pair as they nested and raised their young. Before and after work, I would set up my tripod and camera with zoom lens. In the end, I got more than just interesting images from the experience.

Their nest was very different than what I usually see in an osprey nest. It used scarves, plaid shirts with buttons, fragments of a zippered jacket, a chunk of carpeting. I guess urban ospreys will pick up anything soft and handy to line their nest.

While one adult incubated the eggs, the other brought fish to the nest, and soon I could hear chicks. A storm one weekend damaged the nest, so the days following the storm were spent with one osprey retrieving more branches to fortify the nest while the other remained on it. I was reminded of what people do after storms. We shore things back up, while going on with life.

It was several weeks before I could see the heads of two chicks poking up above the top of the nest. As they got older, they screeched just as loudly as the adults, and things began to get a little crowded in the nest. Having observed them for so long, I couldn't help but assign them names. Ozzie and Harriet for the adults. Wally and Beaver for the two chicks. And then a few weeks later, there was a surprise – a third chick popped up, previously hidden from view. This one naturally became Eddie Haskell.

Over the season, the chicks grew to nearly the same size as the adults, but still weren't flying and continued to depend on their parents for food. I began to see the chicks practicing to flap their wings, and a couple months after hatching, the largest of the chicks fledged.

I was not present for that first flight, but was able observe the chick practicing while the other two chicks looked on. It was clear that the chick was a newbie – it circled the nest a few times trying to figure out how to land before making it safely back into the nest.

I was more than a little surprised to discover that most people walking by the nest on a regular basis didn't realize it was there, even with all the racket the birds made. But

it turns out that taking photographs with a large camera on a tripod is somewhat of a people magnet.

Some who approached me thought it was an eagle's nest. Groups of people stopped and watched with me, asking questions. I met travelers from Canada, young children with their parents, a retired doctor, teenagers on skateboards and electric scooters, professional people decompressing after work, the owner of a large regional magazine, a young dad training his cavalier spaniel puppy. I became friends with lots of dogs and their owners. Some people stopped to chat almost every week, sharing their recent observations about the ospreys or sharing tips about other wildlife they had seen.

I find that we often go through life on autopilot, looking straight ahead, and we miss a lot in the process. The wonder that we had as children fades as we get caught up in the busyness and responsibilities of "adulting."

Photography reawakened the wonder and reverence within me. Reigniting that childlike curiosity in others has become a big part of what motivates me now. Perhaps one of the most important things I can do is inspire people to stop what they are doing and take in the world around them, so they can experience that wonder too.

So … next time you find yourself on autopilot, tuning everything else out, look up and around you … listen … you may just find that curious child you used to know.

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.

Making and Using Herbal Remedies

By Faye Stewart

The information presented in these articles is based on tradition and personal experience and is not meant to be in any way prescriptive or a substitute for consultation with licensed healthcare providers.

Medicinal infusions and decoctions differ from your usual beverage teas and are generally *not* as tasty. Just as running a marathon may be not as pleasant as loitering in the park. But when you're not feeling well, the medicinal-strength brew may be what serves best.

Note: Not all herbalists/texts use the exact same terms, meant the exact same way, for the following herbal preparations. Also, remember that a measurement for dried herbs – which is what's usually provided in herbal instructions – will be a third of that required for fresh herbs.

HOT INFUSIONS are made by putting 1 teaspoon of dried leaves per cup of water into a non-aluminum pan, covering and bringing to a boil, then steeping (heat off, still covered) for from 5-10 minutes to several hours, depending on the herb. My preferred method is to put the herbs in a pint or quart canning jar and pour boiling water over them, lid the jar and steep.

After steeping, strain and use (sipping rather than chugging). Seeds, berries, hips and flowers generally are steeped for 10-15 minutes, depending on the plant. Herbs such as those from the mint family or chamomile are steeped for only 5-7 minutes.

COLD INFUSIONS are preferred for powdered herbs – or those such as wild cherry bark or elecampane root whose medicinal qualities are damaged by heat. This method calls for soaking the herb, covered, in cool water for 1-2 hours before straining and using.

DECOCTIONS involve simmering, covered, an ounce of roots or bark for 20-30 minutes in a pint of water, or bringing the water to a boil and then steeping for 8 hours before straining and using. Very concentrated decoctions are made by simmering the herbs for 20-30 minutes, then uncovering and allowing evaporation (lowering the temp so that the mixture steams without simmering) until half the original fluid is gone.

FOMENTATIONS are hot herbal infusions/decoctions into which a cloth is dipped and applied to the body.

COMPRESSES are herbs stewed in hot water, wrapped in a cloth, and applied to aches, sprains, strains, congestions, cysts, and inflammation.

JUICES are made by crushing fresh herbs and straining the pulp through cloth.

POULTICES are fresh, macerated, grated, or pulped herbs applied directly onto the body to treat bites, stings, splinters, swelling, wounds, and fractures.

PASTE herbs are ground then moistened with water; sometimes ghee, honey, or oil is added. Pastes are used both internally and externally.

PLASTERS are made by thinly spreading honey on a cloth, then sprinkling it with powdered herbs and applying to ease congestion or pain.

TINCTURES/EXTRACTS are alcohol-based. Fill a pint or quart jar with fresh herbs or put in a third of a jarful of dried herbs and fill the jar with 60-100 proof alcohol (I like using vodka rather than the higher-proof grain alcohols). Lid the jar and let stand out of sunlight for 2-4 weeks (I found 4 weeks to be optimum). Periodically shake the jar. Strain and use as needed.

Tinctures don't need refrigeration and, if stored away from heat and sunlight, remain potent for years. Tinctures can also be made with apple cider vinegar or glycerin, but often have less potency and a shorter shelf life. These mediums may also extract different/fewer of the herb's medicinal properties, but are preferred by people who want to avoid alcohol. Tinctures are used in very small dosages, internally and externally, and can be mixed or chased with water when taken.

SYRUPS for coughs and sore throats are made by adding a half-cup of honey to a pint of strained, hot, very concentrated herbal decoction, or by boiling 3 tablespoons of raw sugar in 1 pint of decoction.

LINIMENTS have an isopropyl alcohol base, with appropriate herbal tinctures added. They are for *external use only*, to rub onto sprains, strains, aches, bruises and painful joints.

HERBAL OILS may start with olive, sesame, coconut, or safflower oil. (Sweet almond, grapeseed, apricot kernel, avocado, or wheat germ oils are often bases or additions for massage oils.) Crush your herbs and cover with oil; heat them on your lowest stove setting for 30 minutes. Or put herbs and oil in a tightly lidded jar and let stand for 2 weeks or so. Strain and bottle for use. Tinctures/essential oils can be added.

Medicinal oils are used externally for ear aches, burns, rashes, strains, growths, and swellings. They should not be used on puncture wounds or inflamed areas. Some herbalists make infused oils by decocting 1 part herb, 16 parts water, and 4 parts oil, simmering until all the water evaporates.

SALVES AND OINTMENTS: Add 1 tablespoon grated beeswax to 1 ounce of decocted or infused herbal oil and heat gently until the wax dissolves. Salves use more wax than ointments. Essential oils can be added just before the warm salve/ointment is poured into smaller jars and cools. One to three drops of benzoin tincture can be added to each small jar as a preservative.

SMOKES are smoldering herbs inhaled to ease some respiratory conditions but should be used with caution.

POWDERS are pulverized dried herbs, put into capsules.

PILLS are made by adding small amounts of water or honey to powdered herbs and rolling them into pellets to be taken with warm water. Helpful when the herb is really bitter-tasting.

SACHETS AND PILLOWS of fragrant

herbs can be tucked into closets and drawers as insect repellents or placed by the bed as sleep/dream aids.

ESSENTIAL OILS most often are made through steam distilling and use prodigious amounts of plant material – generally not a home project. They are extremely concentrated, and used in minute or diluted amounts, *externally only.*

IN GENERAL, when deciding which preparation form to use, first consider whether the herb is best used fresh or dried. Fresh is necessary for some herbs and is usually preferred – especially for burns, bites, stings and wounds – but not always possible. And some herbs, such as goldenseal, yellow dock, elder and slippery elm bark, should only be used dried.

Next, consider the carrier medium. For example, medicinal teas – water-based preparations – are good for soothing sore throats, stimulating digestion, promoting lactation or urination, dealing with dehydration, or warming and nurturing the body. Water-based remedies are easily absorbed, especially important if a person is debilitated.

And some plant properties may only be released in water. Tinctures as delivery vehicles, on the other hand, are quick, make fresh-herb properties accessible year-round, are concentrated, and may contain properties not extracted by a water-based carrier. They are also preferred when the herb is unpalatable as a tea. Capsules may be the vehicle of choice when the herb is aimed at treating gastrointestinal problems. A particular plant may be only for external use, thus be applied in a salve or oil and so on. (We'll talk about bath herbs in a later article.)

Once the carrier medium has been determined and the remedy prepared, dose must be considered. Start at the low end of recommended dosages until you know that an herb is congenial with your body. Herbs may be natural but that doesn't mean there's no potential for adverse reactions. Your age, weight, underlying conditions, fitness, and sensitivities need to be taken into consideration when deciding on dosage.

Working with herbs is a kind of conversation between their essential natures and yours. A good way to begin this dialogue is by using what are called "simples" – single herb remedies rather than combinations. Simples send a clear message to the body and the body's response sends a clear message back. It's a way to get to know what each herb has to say to you. The art of combining flows from this conversation with simples. In commercial products this art is sometimes lacking: herbs may be combined redundantly or imprudently, and herbs with conflicting signals may be lumped together; more ingredients is not necessarily better.

Herbal remedies are not like drug remedies, partly because most herbal remedies contain more of the plant's actual substance, reducing side effects and preserving more of the plant's complex matrix of attributes. Some herbs should not be used in conjunction with certain drugs. The following list of cautions, derived from the experience of herbal practitioners and published information, gives an idea about what not to mix:

Do not take herbs such as willow, cottonwood, aspen, poplar, and birch barks, wintergreen, uva ursi, pipsissewa, pyrola, goldenseal, Oregon grape root, barberry, bilberry, chamomile, cayenne, don quai, feverfew, garlic, ginger, ginseng, ginkgo, motherwort, tumeric, arbutus, madrone, or blueberry leaf teas with anti-coagulant drugs.

Do not take steroid-implying herbs such as licorice root, chaste tree, don quai, or ginseng with birth control pills. Do not take chaste tree with HRT.

Do not drink astringent teas, including black tea, green tea, and banchu, with medications: acids in them may bind with or slow the absorption of the drug. The same is true with fennel seeds, woodruff, psyllium, marshmallow root, sweet clover, sweet vernal grass, Icelandic moss, flaxseeds, aloes, slippery elm, white oak bark, uva ursi, witch hazel, and raspberry leaves.

Do not use sedative herbs with sedative drugs or use ginkgo or St. Johnswort with antidepressants. Do not use St. Johnswort with L-dopa.

Do not use hawthorn berries with beta blockers.

Ginseng and ephedra may worsen the side effects of stimulant drugs.

Echinacea may counteract the action of immunosuppressant drugs.

Licorice root may interact with diuretics or digitalis.

Uva ursi may interact with drugs used to acidify urine.

Fennel may interact with certain diabetes drugs.

Don't combine cat's claw with hormone therapy, insulin, some vaccines, or fresh blood plasma.

While on the subject of cautions: do not use herbs like Echinacea, calendula, chamomile and related others if you are allergic to aster-family plants such as ragweed; aloe is most safely used externally; cascara sagrada and elder flowers (and fruit) should *only* be used dried or cooked, not fresh; uva ursi is contraindicated for anyone with kidney disease and is not for kids; don't use poke root for kids; avoid cat's claw if there's autoimmune disease – likewise with Echinacea; avoid flaxseed if bowel obstruction is present; don't use gentian if there are stomach or duodenal ulcers; feverfew irritates the mouth; avoid ginger if there's gallbladder disease; no ginseng in conjunction with high BP, heart palpitations, insomnia, asthma, or high fever; avoid horsetail if there's heart or kidney disease; avoid kava-kava with depression or alcohol; overuse of linden flower can damage the heart; no licorice root use in cases of high BP, diabetes, or heart or liver disease; no peppermint if there's gallbladder or bile duct obstruction or inflammation, or for infants and young children; tea tree, pennyroyal, and Thuja essential oils, among others, are used externally only; no tumeric use if there are gallstones or bile duct obstructions. Lastly, make sure any skullcap you buy is not germander instead.

Cautions will not necessarily be repeated in future articles, so you might want to save these lists. Next month we'll look at tonic and nutritive herbs, and how to put together herb combinations.

Faye Stewart has gathered, gardened and enjoyed working with herbs for decades. She ran a medicinal herb business for 15 years.

Savoring Every Drop

By Gabriele von Trapp

You are free to call me paranoid but I think about water a lot. I have lived without or with little water at times and have become very conscientious about usage and supply. Nothing spikes my heart rate more than turning on the tap, hearing a glunk, glunk, glunk and a final pssst – and not a drop of water. The experience is not for the faint of heart and it happened to me at a very inconvenient time.

I had lived on my property in Tum Tum long enough to know what to do the day I turned on the tap and heard that glunk and pssst. I ran out to the spider-infested well house, checked the power and flipped the main breaker off and on again. It was a "go." I then checked the pressure valve, which was at zero. Being careful not to disturb the eight-legged occupants, I pressed the restart button and nothing happened.

I racked my brain to try to figure out what I had overlooked. No valves were open, neither the pressure tank nor the hot water heater were leaking, and no pipes were busted. Then it dawned on me; my pump must have gone out!

I was in a real pinch because I had no money to use to purchase another pump, or pay someone to replace the defunct one, for that matter. I had no idea how deep my well was or what the whole business would cost. There were no neighbors to borrow water from and no family to help me financially. I had to act fast to come up with a solution. How long could we go without water?

Perplexed, I found myself staring out my kitchen window, surrounded by my three young children, trying to collect my thoughts. I suddenly focused my gaze on the one resource I did have: a 1982 VW Westfalia Camper van. It was my only source of transportation at the time (with the exception of my riding lawnmower). Was I crazy or desperate? I called the *Spokesman-Review* and placed an ad.

The next morning, I received two inquiries about the van. The first fellow came out before noon and looked over the vehicle and declined. Gulp! The second respondent came out several hours later, looked over the van thoroughly and tried to bargain down the price. I needed as much as I could get and finally settled on $2,500 cash, not knowing if it would be enough. I was heartsick as I watched my dependable and family-friendly van roll down the long driveway and out of my sight. I was thankful for the sale but now faced a second dilemma: no transportation.

Anxiously, I phoned my friend Jimmy, who I knew had recently replaced his well pump. I threw a barrage of questions at him and he came to my aid. I called the well-drilling company he had recommended and spoke with the owner. They were available in two days. Jimmy had also recommended a pump from Denmark, a stainless steel Grundfas, which had a life expectancy of over 25 years, which sounded real good to me at the time. He then took it upon himself to call friends of his about my transportation predicament. His friends called and offered to sell me a cute, little, used Nissan Stanza for minimal monthly payments. I was amazed at how good fortune was finding me in an unfortunate situation.

The well-drilling company came and set up their big rig by the well house. Confirming the pump had quit, they lowered a cable through the roof, which they had to tear into, pulled the old pump out and attached the Grundfas, getting ready to lower it into the deep hole. The owner asked if I would like to bless the pump before it made its descent, which I did.

It was beautiful, gleaming and high-tech looking, my source of life. Then down it went. It was just a matter of time and I had water. I was elated.

Many years later, I purchased a piece of property in Springdale with the idea of building a house. I had a temporary trailer where we could stay while building. We had no water at the time, but I set up a 100-gallon stock tank close to the roof that collected rain and snow. A stock tank heater kept the water from freezing in the winter. I anticipated it to be a temporary situation.

The first year there was rough on my family but, amazingly, that stock tank provided mostly enough household water for us year-round. We used a bucket to fetch the water and flushed the toilet, washed dishes, showered and did laundry. An old wringer washer saved water when doing laundry because I could wash several loads in one cycle. Cleaner clothes first and dirtier ones later.

One hot, dry summer day, our water tank was a little low so I decided to take the dirty clothes to the beaver pond just south of the homestead. It was a bit of a jaunt to get there but I managed to drag several baskets to the pond with the idea that I was conserving our household water.

What started out as a good idea became a heavy burden in short order. Wringing clothes was strenuous, especially jeans and towels. When I tried to lift the clothes baskets to take them back to the trailer, I couldn't. Filled with wet clothes they weighed ten times as much! I had to make several arduous trips and it became an exhausting afternoon to say the least.

In the shower we had a corner grain bucket attached to the wall and equipped with a small hose valve that could be turned on and off. I would heat the shower water on the stove, haul it to the bathroom and fill the grain bucket so my children could bathe. My poor daughter had long hair at the time and we would need to turn off the single stream of water often so she would have enough left to rinse the shampoo out of her hair. Too many times she had to stand in that freezing cold tub shivering, miserable and humiliated because I had to be there to help. Learning to bathe year-round on two gallons of water was not for sissies.

I live in Deer Park now on a small farm with what seems to be ample water and all the amenities of a modern home. But with my past experiences always in mind, I truly relish each drop that fills my cup or nourishes the lawn. I keep an eye on those sprinklers though and patch every leaky hose. I do not want to waste a single, precious drop!

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.

Busy Life?

By Becky Dubell

I have always thought that I didn't have a very busy life, so it's a good thing I don't get paid for thinking or I would be super broke.

I work at the Do-it Center on Sunday and Monday of the week and have the other five days off. I call it "practicing on being retired." I would think that a lot could get done around my place in those five days. But … there I go again, thinking! Does anybody else have this same problem – life happens while you are making plans?

In my case, for this last month anyway, life involves that practicing on being retired philosophy I seem to have taken up. It also involves AntMan (a CanAm Spyder motorcycle, if you are not familiar with my story). Sure, there are weeds that need pulling, grass that needs mowing, dishes that need washing (I still had some spoons and forks left in the drawer) and the barn needs to be straightened up. But when AntMan calls … well … all that goes out the window.

Found this location in the picture when I came around a corner traveling north to Kettle Falls on Highway 25. SSCCRREEEECCHH went the brakes (no one behind me) and our very nice road department happened to have a pull-out built just for me! I am one of those cycle riders who travels for the scenery, not the curves in the road. Had to stop and take a picture of course.

This trip was only about 180 miles on a visit to see Daddy, Gale and BJ and Barb and Jeff. Was going along about 55 and only got passed three times by people in cars – made me wonder if they saw the gorgeous scenery at this bend in the road. It has occurred to me that I have been looking around me for quite a few years but not really seeing what is there. That is what I love about taking the back roads and being on AntMan – not the most direct route to my destination every time, but what the heck.

My next "round-about-way" to get somewhere is going to be the road around Loon Lake – which I am only assuming is there – on my way to visit Daddy and Ellen. Or. Maybe. Go to their place and get their CanAms out and all three of us take off down the road and see if we get lost going around the lake.

Another ride was down to Chewelah for lunch with the ladies. Direct route that time because I was running late, which is pretty usual for me. But coming back I took Addy and most of the Old Arden Highway cutoffs without getting too far off course since I had not informed my girls that there had been a change of plans and I didn't want to get yelled at by them!

Go along by the old Alcoa plant with those very large electrical poles and then take the bend in the road to the left and all you see are hay fields and a few houses with mountains in the background. Whoa! Seems there can be a surprise around every corner. Just take the time and enjoy.

Next time I am going to find the road along the west side of the valley. I'm thinking there should be one. But … there I go again – thinking! Am I getting rich, in thinking correctly? Is there a road that will take me to Colville?

Had to make two trips to Spokane for appointments and I am still noticing that I am now more observant while driving in my car. Thank you AntMan and my practicing-on-retirement-slower-paced life. Well … most of the time anyway. Busy? Do ya think?

I had to make a trip to the west side of the state to deliver my mom's car to the barge for shipment to Skagway. Drive to Ellensberg. Stay the night. Get GPS directions set up on my phone. Good thing I wrote the directions down because Siri quit talking to me when I got on the freeway. Got lost in downtown construction Seattle waterfront. Found the barge an hour-and-a-half late. Took Uber to airport. Arrived only 15 minutes later than planned. Flight to Spokane was delayed an hour. Made it to Spokane in time for the Gold Line Bus to get me to the Do-it Center parking lot.

Daughter Jamie told me I had been gone for just 24 hours. My mantra was recited often while in Seattle and it kept getting louder: *It is what it is and it will become what I make it!*

Please take the time to enjoy your family and friends in our neck of the woods. I know after 36 years here I am taking my own advice and am enjoying life to its fullest. Oh, and I forgot to mention the grandson getting married!

An added note: I would like to thank all of the firefighters, backup crews and volunteers who kept the fires under control in our area. If you readers ever get a chance to see the conditions these men and women live in while putting their lives on the line to save our lands and properties, please, take the time to do so. And give a big, heartfelt THANK YOU to every one of our men and women for the service they perform for us.

2019 Dining &

Enjoy dining out in Northeastern Washington at any one of our fine eateries listed below. If traveling or just looking for a special night out, be sure to check out the lodging options listed here first!

Chewelah

CHEWELAH CASINO: Mystique Cafe, located inside Chewelah Casino, offers weekly lunch & dinner specials, Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday buffets, and juicy prime rib dinner on Fridays & Saturdays. Sign up for a Sun Club card to receive your Sun Club discount. 2555 Smith Road, Chewelah, WA 99109. chewelahcasino.com. 800-322-2788.

Colville

ACORN SALOON & FEEDING STATION: Breakfast, lunch & dinner 7 days a week with daily specials. Cold beer and cocktails, pool tables & pull tabs. M-Sat: 7am-midnight. Sun: 8am-10pm. 262 S Main., 509-684-3337, find us on Facebook!

CAFE ITALIANO: Authentic northern Italian cuisine featuring local, organic veggies and daily specials from around the world. 151 W. 1st. Mon-Fri 11am-8pm, Sat 2-8pm. 509-6894-5268.

DRAGON VILLAGE: Authentic Cantonese, Hunan & Szechwan Cuisine. Dine it, take out, catering, beer, wine, cocktails. 155 S. Main. Tue-Sat 11am-9pm, Sat 11am-3pm. 509-684-8989. View our menu at dragonvillagecolville.com.

MAVERICK'S: Where breakfast, lunch and dinner are served all day on the gorgeous patio or indoors. Friday is Prime Rib Night. Burgers, steak, chili, salads, beer and wine. Open 7am-8pm Mon, Thurs, Fri, Sat, and 7am-2pm Sun. 153 W 2nd Ave. 509-684-2494.

MR. SUB: Fresh baked bread daily. Hot and cold subs, wraps, salads, fresh baked cookies, U-bake pizza, party Subs, daily specials. Gluten free available. Event catering and phone orders welcome. M-F 9am-8pm. Sat 10am-6pm. 825 S. Main. 509-684-5887.

TONY'S ITALIAN EATERY: Open 7 days/week for your authentic Italian cuisine with cold beer and wine in a fun family atmosphere. Daily specials. Salads, pizza, pasta & desserts. M-F 11am-8-ish, Sat & Sun Noon-8-ish. 645 Louis Perras Rd. across from Sears. 509-684-1001.

WESTSIDE PIZZA: It's all about the pizza! Eat in or sit back and enjoy our delivery service! Combo, specialty, build your own pizzas, plus dessert stix, appetizers, and salads. 555 S. Main, Sun-Thur 11am-9pm, Fri-Sat 11am-10pm. 509-684-8254.

Say You Saw Us in the NCM!

Lodging Guide

Look for more communities and listings in upcoming editions of the *North Columbia Monthly!*

To have you business listed, please email us at ncmonthly@gmail.com or call 509-675-3791.

BENNY'S COLVILLE INN: With 106 guest rooms, suites, spa and largest local indoor pool, Benny's has big city accommodations with that small town charm and friendliness. Check out our fish museum lobby. 915 S Main. 800-680-2517 or 509-684-2517.

Kettle Falls

MEYERS FALLS MARKET CAFE has a wide variety of natural & organic food! Tacos, salad bar, paninis, homemade ice cream, milkshakes, floats, coffee & more. Open daily 11-5. Hwy 395 in Kettle Falls. 509-738-2727 meyersfallsmarket.com.

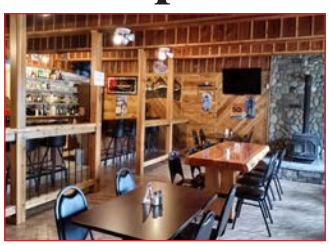
CHINA BEND B&B: Luxurious lodging at the China Bend Winery Estate. Enjoy a gourmet breakfast and complimentary wine tasting. Custom menu dinner available by reservation. Located on the Northport-Flat Creek Road along the Columbia River at 3751 Vineyard Way. 509-732-6123, www.chinabend.com.

GRANDVIEW INN MOTEL & RV PARK: has 13 'Navy' clean rooms, 23 RV full hook-ups, 2 shower houses, laundry, picnic area with fire pit, and large shade trees. 509-738-6733, 1-888-488-6735, 978 Hwy 395 N., www.grandviewinnmotelandrvpark.com

Newport

DANNYANN'S B&B: Enjoy a hearty breakfast and explore the beautiful Pend Oreille River Valley. Three appointed guest rooms with private baths. Play & Stay: 3 blocks to train ride & shops, 1 mile to river & trails. Relax. Renew. Retreat. 131 N. Spokane Ave., dannyanns.com, 509-447-3787.

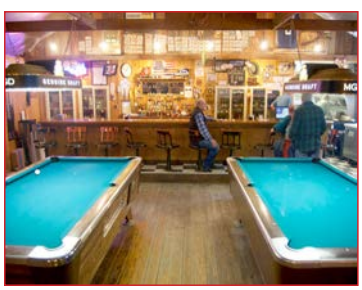
Northport



RIVERTOWN SUDS N GRUB: Meet our friendly staff and enjoy daily specials, the best prime rib around (Fridays), awesome steaks, and fantastic salads! Open 7 days a week, 11 am till closing at 302 Center Ave.. 509-732-6678.

Orient

BEARDSLEE FAMILY RESTAURANT: Where everyone is family. Home cooking and specials every day. Also serving spirits, beer, wine and hard ice cream. Karaoke every Thur and Sat. Open Tue-Sun, 7am-8pm. Hwy. 395 in Orient. 509-684-2564.



GET YOUR BUSINESS LISTED!

ncmonthly@gmail.com ~ 509-675-3791

FERRY COUNTY Rocks

Ferrycounty.com

Some points of interests you can visit while exploring our picture-ready views.

Washington's smallest state park
Ranald MacDonald Burial Site

Recognized by many as Japan's first English teacher, Ranald MacDonald was buried in an Indian Cemetery on a hill that overlooks the Kettle River below. Ranald MacDonald was a sailor, a gold miner, a writer, an explorer, and a teacher. MacDonald is fondly remembered by the Japanese for the role he played in helping them learn more about the English language and Western culture.

Rev it up
Eagle Track Raceway

If it has been awhile since you enjoyed the excitement of small-town, dirt-track racing, this is the perfect time to reacquaint yourself with the experience.

Located a half mile south of Republic, Washington on Pendry Road, the nonprofit Eagle Track Raceway Association hosts 3/8 mile, dirt-track, stock car racing.