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What's Inside

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Bringing Trauma Into Focus

By Christine Wilson

Trauma was not much of a concern in my graduate program, all those many years ago. That was not the fault of my program; the University of Washington is an outstanding educational institution. The problem was a deficit of understanding on a much larger scale.

Freud is sometimes blamed for the lack of discussion. In the late 1800's and early 1900's, he was speculating about trauma and publishing his thoughts for others to consider. Pierre Janet, a psychologist in France, was also publishing information about trauma, particularly about the effects of early trauma on adult life. Looking back on that time, I find their speculations remarkable, especially when you think about what they did not know about the science of the brain and also considering the lack of discussion that was to come. Freud was inventing "the talking cure" in Vienna and was speaking with wealthy young women from whom he received reports of sexual abuse. What I have read about that time period is that the powers that be in Vienna society were apparently outraged. They did one of those "you'll never work in this town again" kind of threats that we associate with Hollywood and other more modern environments. Freud listened to the threats and I have read that he backed down, changing his presentation of his clients' reports to more of a, "It's the darndest thing…" kind of explanation. All these young women, he proposed, seemed to have a pathological and sexualized fantasy of their fathers.

World War I came along, with its traditional soldiering strategy but with rapid fire guns; rows of soldiers with bayonets could not compete. There was a two-day battle during WWI in which more people died than died in all of Vietnam. The entire world was a hot mess after that. A world-wide influenza epidemic wiped out between 20 and 40 million people. In towns all over the planet there are sections of old cemeteries with gravestones grouped together dated 1918 and 1919. Colville has its own little grouping of locals who lost their lives to that pandemic. Bessel van der Kolk, who has done extensive research on trauma, said that the world went quiet on the topic after that. Trauma disappeared from the literature and he has not found any speculative papers on the topic until after WWII. People just quit wanting to think about it, apparently.

Freud's retraction did not help, but I think there was too much trauma and too little available treatment to manage the effects. An interesting aspect of the time period is that Pierre Janet coined the term "dissociation," which can be described as the mind's attempt to distance itself from other parts of itself. He coined the term and the world invoked an international demonstration of its meaning. After The Great War nobody noticed they had shut down in the first place.

Fast forward some decades. When I was in graduate school at the University of Washington in the late 1970's, trauma was not a topic of consideration. Specifically, sexual abuse was not mentioned at all. I took a course called Counseling Women and it was not even brought up there. I remember a presenter expressing outrage at the concept of "frigid women," but there was no discussion of the roots of that perspective. Gradually, counseling evolved and trauma was slowly reintroduced into the conversation. Cruelty and suffering had never stopped, but therapy was revolutionizing. Unfortunately, it is still minimized in many circles. A friend of mine who got a master's degree around 2005 studied emotionally-based learning problems and tells me that it was not addressed at all in her program. Current statistics show that at least 50% of school-aged children have suffered from some type of traumatic event, so address it we must. We need more understanding of trauma as a root problem and a definition of trauma that is larger than the obvious events.

In the late 1980's, a psychology doctoral student was walking through a park, thinking about something bothersome that had happened to her. Her eyes spontaneously shot back and forth. Later that day, she noticed the disturbance was gone and she related it to the eye movement, since she knew about the dream state REM, when our brains are processing the day's events. The student was Francine Shapiro, a bright and focused woman who did not just let that experience go. I once asked the man who owned the house she rented if she had run screaming into the house shouting to her friends about this amazing experience. Oh, no, he said. She is way too rational for that. She thought about it for a couple of weeks and then was ready to try it out on others. She practiced on her roommates but found they couldn't make their eyes go back and forth like she could. She tried wagging her fingers in front of their eyes as a guide while they thought about disturbing events, and she found that to be successful.

She then talked to a therapist at a veteran center, where treatment had stalled and where meds were being used to manage the flashbacks, rage, and sleep disturbances of Vietnam Veterans. By that point, she had developed a protocol, targeting a specific memory. That memory usually included a visual image, a negative belief the vet had about himself, strong feelings, and body sensations. As a result of her work, these vets reported that they stopped having nightmares, were able to sleep through the night, and were kinder to others.

Shapiro knew she was on to something. She then tried this out on people who had been sexually abused, with the same success. At that point she started training other therapists and called this treatment method Eye Movement Desensitization and Reprocessing (EMDR). It's a mouthful and she wishes now that she had called it Adaptive Information Processing, which is what it really is. It has caught on too soundly now, however, and the name cannot readily be changed.

In 1994, I started my own training in EMDR. I had been a therapist since 1979, trying to help my clients muscle their way around their disturbing memories, negative beliefs, and physical distress. It was life changing and, while I worried about the financial investment at the time, I have never looked back and will be forever grateful for Shapiro's gift to the world. She could have just thought: "Huh, that's weird," and gone on with her studies.

The year after I was trained, Oklahoma City's Federal Building was bombed by a domestic terrorist. Many EMDR therapists converged on that town and taught local therapists how to help the survivors with their trauma. The Humanitarian Assistance Program (HAP) was launched. HAP provides training all over the world, including to local mental health centers that have limited training budgets. The World Health Organization lists EMDR as one of only two treatments they recommend for mental health trauma.

It's a heavily-researched form of treatment now and I am grateful for that. It changed my life by helping me to help people I never thought I could help. Recently, I was in another part of the country and the husband of a friend had fallen off a ladder and broken his back. He was having nightmares of falling. Every twelve hours or so, he would jerk himself up off his hospital bed, trying to catch a fall which was only in his mind. I was able to process his accident with him and the nightmares stopped, giving his back a chance to heal without repeated disturbance. I have so many stories like that, as do all the EMDR clinicians I have encountered. Whether suffering from big traumas or little traumas (things that seem small but may add up to negative self-referencing beliefs), EMDR is a powerful tool for healing.

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The Norwegian Way

By Dr. Barry Bacon, MD

I grew up with Americans of Norwegian descent in northern Minnesota, with kids whose last names were Andersen, Johnsen, Hansen and Lund. (The name Bacon was a bit of an outlier.) They are the sons and daughters of loggers and fishermen and businessmen who immigrated to this country looking for another chance, a new life in a new country.

I understand their strengths and their weaknesses, and I learned to value their humor and gentleness, their hard work and their love of natural things. I also learned the disadvantages of stuffing your feelings, as Minnesota people are prone to do, and of living with that legacy, only to find out that those emotions rise to the surface years later, unsolicited, because they were never resolved ….

So here I am in Norway. At the moment, my wife and I are sitting in a small café in Bergen, a harbor city on the west coast, sipping unusually potent hot chocolate and nibbling on thin waffles lathered in sour cream and strawberry jam. A young Norwegian friend is taking us on a tour of the city where she is attending school to become a kindergarten supervisor, a six-year course, it turns out. She has invited us to spend a few hours talking about life and schooling and Norway.

I look around me. There is a fair amount of weirdness to the café. Board games tucked under the tables. Worn-out couches and chairs pulled up to mismatched coffee tables, stuffed animals and statues hanging from the ceilings, the walls and ceiling otherwise covered with a random assortment of art forms, some tasteful, some otherwise. In a few moments we will travel to the top of the nearby mountain by cable car to see the city from above, then walk back down along a paved path.

Our young friend understands Americans, having spent a year as an exchange student in northeast Washington. We want to know what, if any, generalizations can one make about the Norwegian people.

She pauses. Minimalism, simplicity, frugality and something called *kos* (pronounced koos). This concept is somewhat new to the Norwegians, and it represents a bit of a cultural shift. She tells us that this Scandinavian practice of *kos* is being introduced to the West. She explains, "It is the feeling you get when you curl up next to the fireplace with a good book; wrapped up in a blanket reading to your nieces, or sipping on tea at the end of the day with your best friend."

You mean comfy.

"Yes. This is a welcome part of every day for us now. We have become more aware of our tendency to keep everything inside," she explains. "Now, we teach the children that it is OK to talk about what they are feeling."

I laugh. This is quite different from the way we dealt with things when I was a kid. "That is changing," she says. "Part of the way Norway is dealing with emotional stuffiness is to spend part of every day experiencing *kos*.

"You know," she continues, "you could take a bus with fourteen seats, and you would find seven Norwegians on the bus, and no one would be sitting together or talking with each

other. And if you had to sit with someone, you would face the window and not say a word." That's Norway.

I want to know more about their social services and healthcare. Are there homeless people? "No." Anyone without health insurance? "No. Everyone can get help, money, support, housing, medicine." Nothing fancy; after all, Norwegians are minimalist. Addiction? "We don't punish addiction here, because they are suffering from an illness. We don't put them in jail. We offer them medicine. Many get treatment, but even if they stay in addiction, they can still get housing, and their lives are better than if they were on the streets, buying on the streets, needing to rely on illegal activities to support their addiction."

She takes us down a side street in town where a modest sign advertises that people can come for medical care, mental health services, a place to talk to someone. It reminds me of what we are building at the Hope Street Project. It feels good and right, a respectful way to treat people.

Later, my impressions of the country unfold further. Glaciers giving birth to rivers and waterfalls. Wooden buildings 500 years old leaning slightly askew. Viking culture married to the church of the middle ages. Balmy weather at the Arctic Circle. Thousand-year-old cathedrals with sculptures of holy kings holding the heads of their adversaries. Freshwater fjords. Isolated fishing villages on rocky coasts. Sour cream porridge called *rommegrot* (pronounced rommaygroot), eaten with brown sugar and cinnamon. This is Norway.

I consider the things I have learned from our Norwegian friends. Caring for each other. Supporting the most vulnerable members of society. All of us together, one people, one nation.

Then there is the Norwegian way of dealing with crime. Prisons are built on islands, 110 men with perhaps four attendants. But these are not places of abuse and violence and gang activity. The clear goal starting day one is rehabilitation, reintegration. Education and training are available so that they will have the skills needed to start over again once they are released. Recidivism here is close to 20%, as compared to 80% in the US.

I contrast this with what is reported in an American documentary called "Survivor's Guide to Prison." Besides the state and federal prisons, the U.S. has prisons for profit, traded on Wall Street as investments, represented by lobbyists in Washington, DC. Their expectation is to stay full; they profit by keeping prisoners in as long as possible. There is no incentive for reintegration and rehabilitation.

For most in Norway, taxes are set at 40%. But medical and dental care are free, as is education, including university education, so students graduate without the grinding debt straddling many Americans. A decent pension for everyone. What runs the economy? Oil. But Norwegians realize that their economic boom from petroleum reserves will not last forever, so they are investing their oil profits so that they will have a future.

Between 1996, when the Norwegian oil reserve fund was set up, and 2016, the fund had grown to $819 billion. In 2016, the first time the fund was tapped, $781 million was transferred to the government to help make the budget balance. By law, no more than 4% of the fund can be used in any year to enhance the government's budget, so that proceeds from the fund will be perpetually available. Norway's sovereign wealth fund is the largest in the world, invested in 9,000 funds in 75 countries. Think of that. Creating a savings account to protect the future of their children.

Children starting at age 1 are expected to spend part of every day outside. They are expected to play. In general, there is a trend toward less homework, because learning and performance actually improve. This seems counterintuitive, but the best education in the world, considered to be in neighboring Finland, requires no homework. Exercise, music and arts are not cut, but encouraged.

By the way, you can look up anyone's net worth online in Norway. There is complete transparency.

Frugal. Simplicity. Minimalist. Emotionally reserved. *Kos.* Equality. Justice. Norwegians love Americans, but they scratch their heads at our politics. When we asked them where they conceived of these ideas of fairness, equality, services available to everyone, justice for all, they smiled and answered, "we got those ideas from you." Hmm … I think I will nudge my life a bit toward becoming Norwegian, because it feels very much like home.

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

Value Questions and the Columbia River Treaty

By Eileen Delehanty Pearkes

In mid-August, the international negotiating team for the Columbia River Treaty met formally for the second time. For those following the negotiations, it is considered by many cause for celebration that this second meeting occurred in Nelson, BC, in the heart of the snow-laden Selkirk Mountains that provide so much of the upper river's annual flow. After the brief inaugural session at the end of May in Washington, DC, the August talks were billed in advance as a focus on ecosystem function. Broadly defined, ecosystem function is the restoration of some natural flow to the Columbia River system.

However, only those in the room during the private sessions know exactly what was discussed. The specific contents of the meetings remained out of public view. Following a broad public consultation process on both sides of the international boundary over the past five years, the citizens of each country must wait and see.

So, too, must the tribal and First Nations governments. Despite their strenuous advocacy to be included as sovereigns at the negotiating table (alongside Canada and the United States), they have been consulted, but not invited behind the closed doors.

In this game of cards, secrecy appears to be important. Neither the US nor Canada seems to want the other side to know much initially about its needs or desires, because that might throw off the careful balance between what one side wants and what the other side has. So, what exactly is at stake in the game?

As I understand it, the US wants water storage

for flood control and efficient hydro-electric power to continue much as it has. Irrigators in the dry mid-basin in Washington state also want stable flows in order to guarantee adequate supplies for industrial farming. In the past fifty or more years, farming activity has nearly drained the subterranean Odessa aquifer. Farmers are concerned and are looking to the Columbia for support.

Canada, as I see it, wants more control over the water it has stored in the uppermost river basin. Some residents north of the boundary have had about enough of living beside the constantly shifting shorelines of storage reservoirs. The operations of Libby Dam in Montana, not governed by the treaty, also affect waterfront residents upstream in Canada. What, Canada also asks, is flood control worth to the US, especially to Portland, a city that continues to build on its floodplain?

Nestled in the middle of these human-centered concerns is the river's ability to function as an ecosystem. In a warmer, dryer West, one plagued by more extreme conditions, the tribes propose that returning some natural function to the Columbia River system will reduce water temperatures, improve habitat for salmon and other fish, and allow the river to breathe again. With less constraint, their studies demonstrate, the river system can grow more resilient, estuaries can support juvenile fish rearing and floodplains can be re-connected with the main channels.

These are the only cards that I see showing, however. The hidden cards require more guesswork.

Canada has conducted a study to quantify the economic losses due to operation of the storage reservoirs and, therefore, any future costs to it continuing the status quo. But that study has not been made public. The US has had a hard look at its ability to provide more of its own flood control, but it, too, has not been open about what that might cost, both in lost hydro-power and in reduced irrigation flows.

Jill Smail, chief Columbia River Treaty negotiator for the United States, addresses a round table of interests at a July meeting in Spokane. Photo courtesy Keith Kutch.

The fifty-year history of cooperation and trust between the US and Canada might help resolve conflicts. The lack of transparency in the process demands, however, a level of public trust that can make various interest groups nervous. How can those of us who live in the upper Columbia Basin rest assured that the governments of the two countries will speak for us? And, for that matter, who is "us"? What are our interests? Are those who live in North Columbia country citizens of this bioregion, or of two countries, divided by an arbitrary line?

An international summit of the Pacific Northwest Economic Regional Foundation in Spokane in late July devoted a small portion of its sprawling agenda to a focused discussion about the Columbia River Treaty. Fifty or so American politicians and community leaders from the mid and upper Columbia Basin crossed the boundary, with a willingness to better understand the Canadian geography and perspective. They visited the confluence of the Columbia and Kootenay rivers at the city park in Castlegar, BC. Here they saw a swollen Columbia, its current racing. They asked: Where is all the water coming from now, in mid-summer? The answer: "Treaty flow." That is, water released from Arrow Reservoir, as required by the agreement.

At the Spokane meeting a few days earlier, Yakama tribal chairman Jo DeGoudy had asked an important question, one that got me thinking. "What are our values?" he queried. I've been reflecting ever since on the difference between *values* and *value*. In the negotiations, water is surely being quantified in monetary terms. I hope that both countries can also broaden the discussion to values that we might hold about this precious and increasingly important resource.

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

A Tart Berry Leads to a Rain Forest

By Jack Nisbet

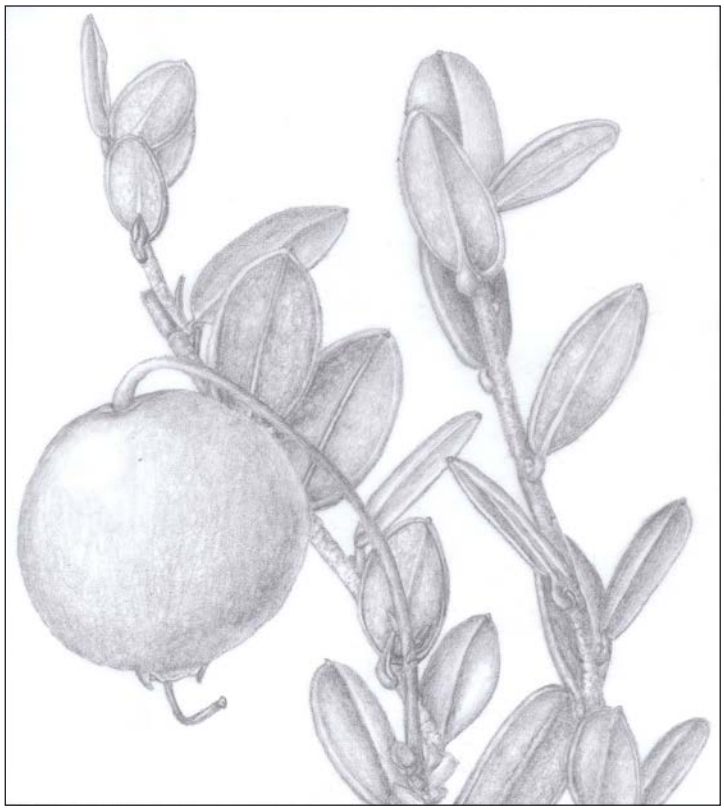
In March of 1896, John Leiberg was at his wit's end. A Swedish immigrant and former Northern Pacific Railroad employee, he had tried his hand at prospecting around Lake Pend Oreille, but after a decade of toil had nothing to show beyond a string of claims in steep terrain.

Over the previous two summers Leiberg, who happened to be a lover of nature since early childhood, had run plant surveys for the US Department of Agriculture. He took great satisfaction in these botanical pursuits and felt he had found his true calling. But now his boss in Washington, DC, sent word that budgets had been slashed, and he should not count on any work in the coming season.

In a letter to the USDA chief botanist, Leiberg pondered how he might get by in case no field commission materialized. He'd probably go out prospecting again, then peck on his claims a bit. Try to spend time in the garden with his pumpkins and squash, and make sure that he properly exterminated the aphids on the fruit trees he and his wife Carrie had planted on their homestead at the south end of Lake Pend Oreille.

Then again, he might travel from Sandpoint west to Priest River to search for odd plants. "The flora around Lake Kaniksu [as Priest Lake was widely known at that time] must be somewhat peculiar," he told his mentor. Leiberg was especially interested in some kind of cranberry he had heard grew there. He knew that cranberries thrived in coastal Washington, but as far as he could tell none had been recorded from anywhere in Idaho.

As it happened, the USDA did send Leiberg out that summer for a plant survey that stretched from Oregon's Malheur River west to Crater Lake. And as it happened, in the summer of 1897 his performance in the field won him the job of assessing the landforms and timber within the newly-designated Priest River Forest Reserve.



Small cranberry,* Vaccinium oxycoccus, *Jeanne Debons.

Leiberg began by working Priest Lake's west shore to Reeder Creek, taking documentary photographs along the way. He collected tiger lilies and rein orchids before he stumbled into what he called a sphagnum bog. It was there that he found the wild cranberry that he had heard so much about. Leiberg identified it as small cranberry, *Vaccinium oxycoccus* – the same species that David Douglas had collected near the mouth of the Columbia River in 1825, a food plant much valued by his Chinook guides for its tart fruit.

Visitors to Priest Lake today can relive Leiberg's experience by driving up the lake's west side to the Panhandle National Forest ranger station just south of Nordman. Continuing north, the road cuts the wide expanse of Bismark Meadows between Kalispel and Reeder Creek, exactly where Leiberg found those cranberries.

Agricultural use has dried out much of these former wetlands, but if you follow the dirt road northwest and cross the Washington state line toward the Roosevelt Grove of Ancient Cedars, a pullout at tiny Huff Lake brings the story back to life.

Huff Lake is little more than a spot of open water surrounded by peat mats made up mostly of sphagnum moss. The mats shake when a person walks on them, indicating a classic waterlogged terrain. The lake is clear but black with tannins, and since channels of slowly-running water move through the mats, it is more properly termed a fen or carr than the terminal sink of a sphagnum bog.

The sphagnum moss absorbs water like a thirsty sponge, and can dry up any of these channels with shocking speed. On a hot August afternoon at Huff Lake this summer, untold thousand of tadpoles swam easily along the shallow margins of the lake. But the sphagnum had sucked all the water out of another small channel, catching thousands more of the amphibians in the process of metamorphosis to air-breathing frogs. Piled atop one another, they writhed desperately in the dark mud, cut

off from liquid life at least until the sun went down. It was like a scene from a separate, very unforgiving universe.

The plants around Huff Lake seem to belong to another universe as well, incorporating elements of coastal, boreal and Rocky Mountain flora in a bewildering pygmy mix. The alluring hairs of two species of carnivorous sundews glisten in the morning sunlight, ready to trap their insect food. The beautiful bog laurel, a small evergreen shrub, bursts with pink clusters of saucer-shaped flowers in June.

Later in the summer, purple marshlocks alter that color to something like a deep bruise. Creeping snowberry, an inconspicuous ground-hugger with brown hairs speckling each tiny leaf, produces juicy white berries with a wintergreen taste.

The low cranberries wind among all these, displaying leaves no larger than the smallest garden thyme and berries so unique that for untold generations tribal families in the vicinity have made a special point of gathering them for instant snacks, to flavor meats, and to dry for winter use.

In his report on the Priest River Reserve, John Leiberg emphasized the striking contrast between the mountain ranges that defined the Priest Lake basin. To the east, moving toward Bonners Ferry, the slopes are steep and the ridges sharp. To the west, on the Washington State side, different geology makes for worn balds and gradual slopes, with sediment collecting lower down in a series of beaver dam meadows and sphagnum fens. Leiberg recognized the importance of these wetlands in slowing the flow of water over the landscape, which delayed winter runoff and helped to create fertile soils. Slowly developed over time, those soils fed the most robust stands of tamarack and western white pine that he would see anywhere in his extensive travels.

The appearance of native cranberries in this mix caused Leiberg to ponder the plant's widely separated range: thriving west of the Cascades, absent from the Okanogan Highlands, then reappearing around Priest Lake. He noted red-flowering currant, which also fit that profile, in the East River drainage south of the lake.

Over the next few field seasons, as he carried out forest surveys south through the Clark Fork, Coeur d'Alene, St. Joe, St. Maries and Clearwater drainages, he kept his eye out for plants with similar disjunct ranges. Leiberg identified a host of species that matched the pattern, and together they led him to describe a unique crescent of territory within the Idaho Panhandle, the extreme corner of eastern Washington, and a narrow but extensive strip of southeastern British Columbia.

Although his idea was not codified by science until the 1950s, that slim crescent is now widely recognized as a true interior rain forest, known in BC as the Interior Wet Belt. Well over a hundred coastal disjunct plants and shrubs have been documented in havens throughout the rain forest, and more recently botanists have turned their attention to mosses and lichens.

Leiberg, who collected scores of non-flowering plants during his decades in north Idaho, would have been gratified to know that many of them now appear on that updated list, and that his intuition about the peculiar flora and tart cranberries around Priest Lake turned out to be spot on.

Jack Nisbet's book about the adventures of John and Carrie Leiberg, The Dreamer and the Doctor, *will be available in late October. For information about presentations and book signings, click on Upcoming Events at www.jacknisbet.com.*

Curiousities and Marvels of the Natural World

By Joanie Christian

About three years ago, while kayaking at a small lake, I came across a type of waterfowl I'd never seen before. As I watched, all of a sudden it just sank below the surface. Ploop … and it was gone. I'd never seen a bird do this and I was quite astonished.

After getting home, I started sleuthing and learned that I had observed a pied-billed grebe. These birds have internal air sacs and the ability to adjust their own buoyancy. By squeezing the air out of these sacs and the air trapped in their feathers, they can effortlessly sink out of sight.

Thus began my journey in learning about the creatures I was privileged to view and photograph. It has been quite an education over the years, and I continue to learn something new just about every day. I imagine I'll probably be a life-long learner who is constantly amazed at the design and abilities of these incredible creatures.

One of my readers encouraged me to write about the unusual things I have seen and learned along the way, which is what inspired this article.

Take ospreys, for instance. Since I am often kayaking on area lakes, I frequently see ospreys diving for fish. When they dive, everything happens quickly. I am still trying to get a clear shot of an osprey hitting the water and taking off with the fish. The images I have are of ospreys in flight with a fish, and I found it curious that in each image, the head of the fish is facing forward.

So, once again, I went sleuthing, and discovered that ospreys always try turn the fish to face forward as quickly as they can after catching it. This helps them to fly more aerodynamically. Their eight talons are especially suited to hook fish, and their wings seem designed to enable them to lift off from the water. After turning the fish, they shake water off themselves while in mid-flight to lighten the load. If they are lucky, a bald eagle isn't quickly in pursuit to steal their hard-earned fish.

During a sunrise kayaking paddle in July, I heard a disturbance in the woods. An animal was clearly in distress, but I could not see anything, and then the commotion stopped. A few minutes later, I was paddling in the center of the lake, straight into the rising sun, temporarily blinded by the hazy light low on the horizon. All of a sudden, through the haze, I saw something swimming toward me.

My first thought was that it was a moose and I began scrambling to avoid hitting it head on. Then I saw it was a tiny and panicked deer fawn swimming across the lake. My guess is that it had plunged into the water to escape a predator during the disturbance I had heard earlier. Momma deer was nowhere to be seen.

The little guy veered around me and off toward a very large section of lily pads. I was concerned that he would get tangled up in the lilies and drown, and so I redirected him with my kayak toward a closer shore without those hazards. He was clearly laboring and I stayed near until he made it safely to shore.

Until that day, I had never seen a deer swim, much less a fawn. This little fawn was so tiny that it could have been only a few days old. It had swum across an entire small lake, a distance of at least 300 yards. It was an unbelievable thing to see, and something I won't soon forget.

I do not know whether it reunited with its mom. When it comes to nature, I am learning the hard lesson of letting go of an outcome I have no control over. Though I spend much time in the natural world observing and photographing, I don't have to live and survive in it. For the creatures that do, reality is sometimes harsh, and so I said a silent little prayer for that scared little fawn.

Red-necked grebes, mergansers and loons all carry their chicks on their back for a period of time after they hatch. This provides protection, warmth and a place for the chick to rest. I've seen loons scoop chicks onto their back with their wing, and sometimes the chick sits under the wing for a while with just its head peeking out, almost like being enveloped in a warm blanket. Loon babies are known to have issues with temperature regulation until they are a little bigger.

Beavers are fascinating little guys with an interesting history and legacy. They can sometimes be a nuisance by cutting down trees on private property (literally overnight), and damming areas that are later problematic, but they can be of great benefit to the environment as well. Historically, beavers have been relocated to arid areas in need of moisture stabilization, where they had a remarkable impact in restoring the landscape.

In the 1930s and '40s, beavers were parachuted from planes in ventilated wooden boxes into remote areas of Idaho where their natural activity would benefit the landscape. Once on the ground, they would chew their way through the wooden box and establish themselves in the local ecosystem. Ranchers who have spent years trying to restore perennial water flow have found beavers to be a quick and economical solution. If you like watching moose, chances are you can thank a beaver. Beaver activity creates wetlands and marshes that moose depend upon.

Over the last few winters, I've driven by groves of tall bare cottonwoods loaded with large nests in the upper branches. I wondered what type of birds nested there. The answer was a surprising one. Blue herons are notoriously solitary and shy birds, but they get together during March through June to nest in colonies known as rookeries or heronries, which provide protection from predators. Rookeries have been found with as many as 135 nests.

Before the trees leaf out later in spring, blue herons can be seen taking turns sitting on the nest and flying off for food. It can seem like a prehistoric scene, with multiple herons with six-foot wingspans coming and going from these massive nests at any given time.

This summer, I have on multiple occasions observed a large bull moose that walks with a limp, has a partially crushed eye socket (with probably reduced vision in that eye), a partially torn-off ear and irregular scars on his face. As nicknamed by a kayaking friend, I now think of him as Scarface. Clearly his life has not been an easy one, and I find myself wondering about the stories he would tell. But animals persevere amid tremendous odds, and have a remarkable ability to heal. He looked healthy and robust when I saw him recently and he has been putting on weight in preparation for winter. Time will tell how he fares over the cold season, but I'm rooting for him.

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.

Ripening in Moonlight

By Loren Cruden

One June evening many years ago, walking down a rural lane in northern Wales with some friends, we heard an extraordinary stream of song issue from somewhere nearby. Tracking the sound, we came to the modest tree from which this nonstop, dazzling stream cascaded, and stood rapt before it. No bird was visible – as if the tree itself had miraculously burst into the most lushly liquid virtuosic of songs.

This was the first and last time I ever heard a nightingale. I think no repeat could have the impact of that magical singing tree in the Welsh hills.

Some evenings later, we heard a cuckoo calling across a Lowland firth in Scotland. I'd never heard a European cuckoo before, either; they sound exactly like the clocks. Once I moved to Scotland, I heard these cuckoos every year. Though reclusive birds, their call is loud and carrying, listened for as a first sign of spring – by summer they are silent. Local newspapers report first hearings of their calls like northeastern Washington papers report the first buttercups spotted in spring.

I sometimes quiz people in different places about their own first seasonal signs. Around our area in spring, the arrival of robins, geese or red-winged blackbirds is a typical marker. For me, when I lived on the mountain by Orient, spring's arrival was confirmed by being able to hear the sound of the creek from the house – and the frogs singing.

First signs of autumn are mainly reversals of those for spring: migratory birds departing, vegetation withering, trees shedding leaves. A friend near Seattle tells me she can smell the seasonal change in August: one day summer smell, the next day autumn carried in on the breeze. First frosts used to be a marker here, though now may not happen until well into October. The indoor influx of stinkbugs in September still seems reliable, though.

Like the birds, I have seasonal songs. I sing the spring one while planting seeds. The chorus goes, "So begins another spring, green leaves and of berries, chiff-chaff eggs are painted by mother birds eating cherries." ("Chiff-chaff" refers to the UK's perky chaffinches, whose plumage is brighter but character is much like our chickadees.)

Planting seeds has been a spring compulsion of settled humans for a long time and I suspect that singing while planting goes back a ways too. Maybe some scientific type will do a study someday about the efficacy of singing to seeds – how it speeds up germination and makes them grow more robustly, and lowers the planter's blood pressure and increases a sense of cheery well-being.

My autumn song, like the spring one, has modern Scottish origins. Part of its chorus goes, "… the earth will heal and torn fields will mend … by autumn stars we'll bring the harvest home." Harvesting goes even further back as a seasonal compulsion than does planting: all the way back to hunter-gatherers. Reaping what Nature itself sows carries a lower-profile of consequences than does the human-sowing agricultural paradigm. But either way, those cycles of germination, growth, ripening and harvest are embedded in the rhythm of our lives, breathing in and out through the turning seasons.

In some cultures there's a perspective that, from Lughnasadd (August first) through autumn, plants ripen as much from moonlight as sunlight, as day-lengths appreciably shorten. Something about this image, of plants in the intimacy of night opening to the catalyst of moonlight, catches my fancy. I think of how, as we get older and our day-lengths, so to speak, get shorter, we may find courage and joy ripening from quieter, more hidden resources than when younger, a shift as from sun to moon.

When moonlight presides, reality appears multifarious. A stump may be a bear cub; a stick may be a snake; a shadow may be a hole in the ground. Possibilities extend. My son sometimes takes his children on full-moon walks – no flashlight, only the moon's lantern. They study the sky, listen for owls, smell pines or settling dust or rising musk from a passing animal, maybe feel a little less afraid of the dark, more at home in its world. Moonlight spills its milk over the fields, hills, river, in transformative conversation with all it touches.

The full moon keeps me awake sometimes as it stares through the window, tempting me to get up and prowl like a cat in the sense-rich night, or lie nameless, afloat in time within the vast sea of stars.

During the major meteor showers in August each year, my mother used to lie on her deck in Michigan while my sister did the same on her deck in Oregon watching the sky as though they were side by side touching hands. Both are dead now. I think of them when afloat among the stars.

For me, sunlight signifies exposure, activity, effort, color, the warmth and friction of relationships. Moonlight feels like mystery, silence, wonder, secrets – the wakeful stillness of being. Night breezes rippling through ripening grain, whispered fulfillment of another cycle's ancient promise.

In the Scottish Highlands spring's main event is lambing season, visible in every field. One year, next to our cottage, a lamb was born in autumn instead of spring; a small scampering incongruity, disconcerting – a seasonal upside-downness. Undersized and uncertain among the others, he bravely persevered through winter and the first blooming snowdrops of spring. One morning I saw him on the hillside curled within the nest of his wool, white anomaly among the purple-brown steepled stems of died-back bracken. A gather of stillness like a pool of moonlight. A mystery poignant and private, singular, complete in itself like the nightingale tree.

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

EAVESDROPS

What people have written about the north Columbia region

"On smaller ranches it is not unusual for the women to get up early, prepare lunch, go out and drive a wheat truck all morning, hauling the grain to the elevator.… It is common to feed six to ten hungry people at every meal. It is a strenuous and exhausting time. When we were harvesting several miles from the house, the women or older girls who drive take the food out to the field. Lunch would be casseroles, sandwiches, and fruit. It has to be nutritious and filling."

~ Tony Benzel of Ritzville quoted in The Inland Northwest, *by Key F. Reinartz*

Wildfire and the Tiny Point of Ignition

Article & Photo By J. Foster Fanning

Over the course of a 40-year fire career I've coordinated and participated in quite a few public school presentations on fire prevention and safety. Most often in these programs the old standard Smokey Bear line was that there are two causes of wildfires: lightning and human.

But that basic assumption was, of course, challenged by several curious and thoughtful children over the years. "What about volcanoes?" asked one lad. I conceded the point. "How about meteors?" another child queried.

Ignition points are generally quite small. A match head. The embers of a burning cigarette carelessly flicked out a vehicle window. Sparks from metal grinding against metal. All of these and many more can provide a concentrated heat source, and when combined with a receptive fuel and an adequate source of oxygen, the result is ignition and the creation of a flame.

In my career I've seen wildfires begun when birds perched on power lines opened their wings, touching two energized points; when squirrels building nests in transformer boxes created arcing electrical contacts; when hot flakes of metal fell from overworked vehicle brakes; when a grasshopper grounded out an ill-maintained electric fence. I've seen them started by vehicle exhaust in tall, dry grass; by beavers felling trees into power lines; by kids playing with matches; by adults playing with fireworks, and by people negligently burning trash (this usually occurs on Sunday morning when volunteer firefighters would much prefer to be with their families).

The list of accidental human-caused wildfire ignitions that begin with just a tiny flame could fill all the pages of this issue of the *NC Monthly* and still not cover them all.

Lightning, on the other hand, can be a much more dynamic ignition source. I've found large, old Ponderosa pine snags blown to pieces from a lightning strike, with 200-pound burning chunks of wood over 100 feet from the blasted snag. But even with lightning, the actual ignition point can be relatively small. When lightning strikes a green tree it can, and often will, send a spiraling burst of energy under the bark, causing the bark to lift and split. At the contact point with the ground is where this type of ignition occurs.

Lightning is also a very curious energy in that it can strike a barbed-wire fence with high voltage energy, travel along the wire, and create multiple ignition sources along the fence line. That brings to mind a mountain-side lightning fire I was on years ago. The blaze didn't get very big, as there was a good rain with the lightning, but rain doesn't always prevent or extinguish a wildfire, so the crew was mopping up and I had gone back across a meadow to repair a fence we had cut to gain access to the fire.

I was standing on the downhill side of the fence, in the wet grass, wearing wet boots and wet gloves, with a strand of wire in my hand and then all of a sudden I was thrown backward and landed on my rear end several feet away from the fence, in a state of confusion. Then I realized the flash and burst of energy that just happened was the fence being struck by lightning, since the nearby storm cell was still in the area. I readily agreed with the EMT on scene when he stressed that I was a

lucky firefighter to escape injury on that one.

So why and how does a small flame become a raging inferno? Well, first off, most sparks don't cause ignitions and most small flames don't grow into complex fires. If fuel is not available, or is too wet or too compact, the small flame will likely extinguish without much drama. Even powerful bolts of lightning blasting onto the scene with a burst of energy at just over 50,000 degrees Fahrenheit (about five times hotter than the surface of the sun) infrequently cause ignition. Weird, huh? If you search online and find a real-time lightning map program for our highlands area and watch it populate a hundred ground strikes during a thunderstorm passage, only a dozen or so strikes will result in wildfires. Often insignificant wildfires. So, the raging inferno? I'm getting to it.

Remember chaos theory? This is a branch of mathematics focusing on the behavior of dynamic systems that are highly sensitive to initial conditions. So even though thousands of sparks fail to create flames and hundreds of flames flicker into extinguishment within the variables, the initial conditions will be met to sustain flame and create wildfire.

To understand the growth of wildfire, let's look at what firefighters call the fire behavior triangle: weather, fuels and topography. When these three environmental factors line up, the potential for wildfire growth can be tremendous.

Weather is the critical factor in the spread of wildfire. Remember the 2014 Carlton Complex fire in Okanogan County, the largest single wildfire in Washington state history? It burned 256,108 acres, destroyed 353 homes, and caused an estimated $98 million in damage. It was a "perfect-storm" alignment of the fire behavior triangle. It was a weather-driven inferno; drought caused the fuel moistures to drop off the scale, scorching temperatures exacerbated the drought results, and once the fire ignited winds approaching 40 m.p.h. drove the fire up mountain slopes, causing spot fires in excess of a mile from the main blaze.

Spin the clock forward 12 months and we had another round of large, difficult wildfires across all of the Okanogan and Columbia Highlands. The Okanogan Complex fire exceeded the record and burned 256,567 acres. The drought was still upon our home landscape at that time. It has since moderately abated.

But here I am jumping from basic fire behavior to those raging infernos. There's a stage in between where ignition can occur with no flame at all, only embers – hot enough to sustain combustion but lacking either enough oxygen or the right fuel arrangement to develop flame. When a tree is struck by lightning during a heavy rainstorm it is often in the deep duff, just above the roots, and embers are kindled and begin to smolder. The storm passes on. There is no apparent sign of fire and the hot weather returns, drying out surface moisture. All it takes is a breath of a breeze to caress those burning embers and give life to a flame.

Then dry pine needles can spread it. Needles inside the dripline of the tree, where the rain doesn't quite reach, take up the flame. Then pinecones ignite. On a steep slope these burning pinecones tumble downhill, burning and spreading fire as they go.

Now, if those pinecones roll into cheatgrass, the game is on. *Bromus tectorum,* locally known as cheatgrass, native to Europe, southwestern Asia and northern Africa, is an invasive species that grows prolifically, cures in late spring, and is a readily available fuel when dry. The grass ignites and the fire races back up the hill, gathering energy as it goes from the upslope arrangement of the fuels.

Northeast Washington firefighters call August the Red Sun month, although it seems to me that our highlands have suffered through many months of smoke-filled skies over the last several years.

Get out there and enjoy the out-of-doors, but don't play with matches…

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.

WHAT'S HAPPENING

MORE LISTINGS & DETAILS AT NCMONTHLY.COM!

Events

Aug 31-Sep 2: Ferry County Fair.

Aug 31 - Sep 3: NEW Camp & Jam at Northport International Raceway, featuring band scramble, open mic, workshops, food & craft vendors, soap box derby, and more! Visit tricountymusic.org or call 509-675-6590 for more info.

Sep 1: Shrimp Boil and Ping Pong Ball Raffle at the Cutter Theatre, Metaline Falls. Dinner $25, raffle tickets are $10 for a winning pot of $500. Visit cuttertheatre.com for more info.

Sep 1-2: Affair on Main Street, Metaline Falls, featuring auction, quilt show, fun kid's games, car/motorcycle/ORV show, eating contests, live entertainment and music, and more!

Sep 1-3: Northport Lions Club Labor Day celebration, featuring a fireman's breakfast (Sat.), fun run, watermelon eating contest, parade (Mon.), beef BBQ, 50/50 raffle, firewood raffle, and more. Call 509-690-2158 for full event list and more info.

Sep 2-3: First Annual Thrivalist Self-Sufficiency Fair, 9-5, NE WA Fairgrounds, Colville, featuring speakers and activities on emergency communications, tiny houses, self-defense, homesteading on a budget, food preservation, primitive survival skills, raising bees, chickens, goats, water collection, off-grid living, wild edibles and more! Free adminssion. Call 509-935-0780 for more info.

Sep 8: The 5th Annual Gregory Hall Memorial 5K Run/Walk, starts at Colville High School parking lot, 9 am, Rotary Dominion Meadows Trail. Proceeds Benefit American Childhood Cancer Organization, Inland Northwest. Call 509-690-4033 or 509-675-2308 for more info.

Sep 8: Salsa Fiesta, China Bend Vineyards, 3751 Vineyard Way, Kettle Falls, featuring live music, dancing, salsa tasting bar, gourmet foods, arts & crafts, and organic wine tasting. Call 509-732-6123 for more info. See ad page 7.

Sep 8-9: Cutter Clutter saile in conjunction with the Hwy 31 yard sale from Tiger to the Canadian border, Metaline Falls. Call 509-446-4108 for more info.

Sep 10-15: Cycle the Selkirk Loop, sponsored by Rotary International. Cycle 6 days and 370 miles/595Km through Washington, Canada and Idaho's breathtaking scenery. Visit wacanid.org or call 888-823-2626 for more info.

Sep 11: Inland NW Blood Center & Colville Community Blood Drive, 11:30-5:30, Ag Trade Center. Call 509-684-2585 for more info.

Sep 15-16, 29-30: Scenic Pend Oreille River Train rides. Visit sporttrainrides.com or call 877-525-5226 for more info. See ad page 6.

Sep 22-23: Pend Oreille Harvest Festival, Indian Creek Community Forest, 1802 Indian Creek Rd., Newport, featuring live music, artisan vendors, games, storytelling, local produce, food and more. Call 844-777-8287 for more info. See ad page 5.

Sep 29: Honky Tonk Petanque tournament at the Northern Inn, Republic. Over $1,000 in gifts and prizes and a $50 shoot-out open to everyone at the end. Call 509-775-1068 or stop by Northern Inn for registration and more info.

Music, Dance, Theater & Film

Sep 16: Dances of Universal Peace, simple, meditative, joyous, multi-cultural dances, 2-5 pm at the Colville Library basement. Donations appreciated. Potluck following. Call 509-684-1590 for more info.

Trail & District Arts Council calendar of events. Details available at trail-arts.com.
8th: Dreams, a tribute to Fleetwood Mac
27th: Wishbone Ash Open Road Tour w/ David Gogo

Music at Northern Ales, 325 W. 3rd Ave., Kettle Falls, northernales.com, 509-738-7382:
6th: Ricky Montijo, 6-8 pm
7th: Jim Murphy, 7-10 pm
13th: Michael Pickett, 6-8 pm
14th: Sara Brown and Friends, 7-10 pm
20th: Rockin Robin, 6-8 pm
21st: Murphy's Law, 7-10 pm
27th: Joe Petrucelli, 6-8 pm
28th: Northern Aliens, 7-10 pm

Music at Republic Brewery, 26 Clark Ave., Republic, republicbrew.com, 509-775-2700.
1st: Robert Sarazin Blake & The Letters, 7-10 pm
7th: Jonathan Tyler & The Northern Lights and Ricky Montijo (ticketed event), 7-10 pm
15th: Shannon McNally, 7-10 pm
26th: Laney Lou and the Bird Dogs, 7-10 pm
29th: Reverend Justin Hylton, 7-10 pm

Woodland Community Choir, String Ensemble, and Band are looking for singers and instrumentalists to join their respective groups. Choir meets on Thursdays, 8 pm, Colville Junior

High School band room (call Stazya 509-690-3059 for info), string ensemble meets on Tuesdays, 5:30 pm, Colville Junior High School band room (call Denise at 509-738-4627 for info), and call Amy at 509-675-0773 for info on band. Concert at Woodland Theater in Kettle Falls on Nov. 10 and 11.

Arts & Crafts

Sep 1: Reception from 4-7 pm for featured artists Miranda Bonson and Brett Hall at the Artists Co-op at Gold Mountains Gallery, 600 S. Clark, Republic. Miranda makes a wide assortment of jewelry and Brett is a photographer of urban and rural landscapes, interesting objects and close-ups in nature. Refreshments will be served.

Sep 6: First Thursday Art Walk, 5:30-8 pm, downtown Chewelah.

Sep 14-15: The Colville Piecemakers 2018 Quilt Show will be Rockin' to the Oldies, Fri., 10-6, Sat., 10-4, Colville Community College. Featured quilter is Mary Andres. Free demos, vendors, tea room, boutique of handmade items, a special display of quilts interpreting 50s music titles, and so many quilts. Quilt raffle drawing on Saturday.

John Peterson's western and wildlife paintings are featured at the Tri County Economic Development District, 986 S. Main, Colville.

Fourteen historic quilts on display at the Fort Colville Museum, including the US Bicentennial quilt showing all 50 states, by Angie Hartbauer.

Literature & Writing

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.).

Farm, Field & Forest

Sep 8: Stevens County Voluntary Stewardship Program tour of farms that are successfully operating while protecting natural resources, organized by the Stevens County Conservation District (SCCD), 9-3, starting at the SCCD office, 232 Williams Lake Rd., Colville. No cost to attend the tour. Lunch and transportation will be provided for registered attendees. Call SCCD at 509-684-7579 or email sccd@stevenscountywa.gov to register.

Need someone to pick your excess fruits and veggies so they don't go to waste? Contact Linda Murphy, NEW Gleaners president, at 509-690-3539 and help fill the pantry of your local food bank. Interested in being a NEW Gleaner picker? Fill your own pantry while helping to feed your hungry neighbors in need while reducing food waste. Picking schedules are flexible and are usually for just a couple of hours in the morning, June – October. Fruits and vegetables must be free of spray and can be shared with anyone but not sold. Ladders, boxes and pole pickers provided.

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

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

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

Miscellany

Sep 12: Northeast Washington Genealogy Society meeting, 1 pm, LDS Church basement, Juniper Street in Colville, entry at the back of the building. NeWGS President, Karen Struve will share about many hidden jewels the group has to offer. Visit newgs.org for more info. All visitors are welcome.

Sep 15: Public Policy Forum - part 2: book review of *UNDER AN IONIZED SKY, From Chemtrails to Space Fence Lockdown,* Elana Freeland, 2018. In association with St'al-sqil-xw, Veterans For Peace, Poor Peoples' Campaign and ACLU People Power, Kettle Falls Public Library, noon-4 pm; lunch and snacks offered, non-alcohol beverages. Email info@stalsqilxw.org for more info.

Sep 28: Friends of the Kettle Falls Library Yard Sale Fundraiser, 9-2 at the Kettle Falls Library. Accepting donations (except clothing) up until the sale. Call 509-738-2171 for more info.

Register now for Career & College Readiness classes, 12-3 pm, Mon-Thur at the Spokane Community Colleges, Colville Campus. Open to anyone. Get resume help, interview coaching, basic computer skills, job exploration advice, career assessments, college prep skills, personal development in time management skills, increasing emotional intelligence and other soft skills for finding new job opportunities. $25 per quarter (scholarships available). Call 509-685-2120 or email kari.hubbard@scc.spokane.edu for more info.

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

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

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

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

Celebrate Recovery, a 12-step program, meets Fridays, 5:30 pm, 138 E Cedar Loop in Colville (enter from downstairs parking lot). A light meal is served. Call 509-935-0780 for a ride or more info. See ad page 19.

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

Fire District 10 volunteer firefighters meet on the 1st Tuesday of the month at 7 pm at the FD10 Fire Station on Aladdin Road. FD10 Commissioners meet at 3 pm at the Station on the 2nd Tuesday of the month. The Friends of FD10 meet at 4:30 pm, following the commissioners' meeting. Visitors and new volunteers are welcome.

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

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

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

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

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

Camas Valley Grange No. 842 meets the second Saturday at 5:30 pm at the Grange in Springdale.

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

MORE LISTINGS & DETAILS AT NCMONTHLY.COM

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

Bluegrass, Masterfully Woven

Reviewed by Michael Pickett

Bluegrass started to make its way to Billboard-conscious listeners almost 20 years ago with Nickel Creek and the wildly popular *O Brother Where Art Thou* soundtrack leading the charge. Since then, offshoots infused with pop, rock and blues have taken the purest version and integrated it into a kind of world-music subgenre that is arresting and expansive.

Punch Brothers currently lead the pack as they flawlessly weave traditional bluegrass with soaring pop and even classical sensibilities that are perfectly paced and immaculately produced on *All Ashore*.

With the title track easing into the whole affair, Chris Thile and Gabe Witcher build spacious mandolin and violin lines over stratospheric tenor harmonies that tell the tale of day-to-day stresses à la The Police on "Synchronicity II" from way back. "Three Dots and a Dash" is a cinematic-but-stripped-down trip across stormy seas and the near-funk groove of "Jumbo" is a masterpiece. Easily building dynamics with meter changes and layered harmonies, this album is incredibly intricate at times without being gimmicky or distracting.

Reminiscent at times of Lindsay Buckingham's fingerstyle-pop, *All Ashore* displays an easy blend of bluegrass, pop, classical and other elements. In the end, what really matters is that Punch Brothers have made a record that's just a joy to listen to. Knowing when and how to pace their ingenious blend of styles, *All Ashore* is a release you can easily listen to all the way through, again and again.

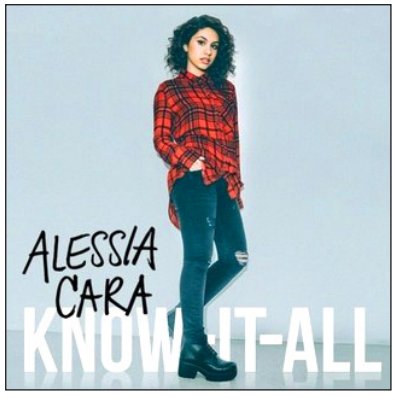
Alessia Cara in Broad Strokes

Reviewed by Michael Pickett

I first heard the Zedd-produced "Stay" two years ago as I worked on a similar music project for an online client. I was immediately taken with the powerful and quirky vocal stylings of whomever was at the mic, and fell in love with the song over about 100 listens in just a few days.

Some time later, driving down the road, I heard "The Middle" and instantly recognized the vocalist – the one from "Stay." When you can hear just a line of a song and immediately know (and be moved by) the vocal style, it's a great thing, and Alessia Cara absolutely has a one-of-a-kind vocal sound.

With her only full-length album, *Know It All,* Cara has a whimsical-but-powerful approach that makes her voice instantly recognizable, even if her name gets a bit lost in the shuffle of producers' credits. The throbbing pop intro of "Seventeen" wastes no time showcasing Cara's memorable quaver, while the note-perfect balladry of "Stone" and the rock-tinged "I'm Yours" place her in settings far different from the tropical house constructions of Kygo or others she's worked with.



While albums have sort of gone the way of the rest of the music industry, Cara's work is well worth the listen, giving her voice the chance to shine in a variety of settings while showing her range and power. Undoubtedly, her sound could be just as vital as P!nk's in 20 years, and hopefully more full-length releases will show up to keep *Know It All* in good company.

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

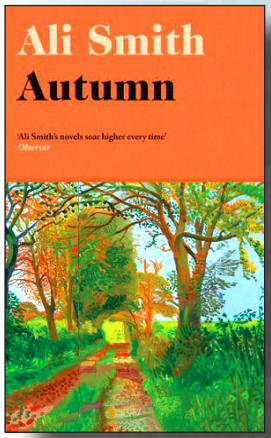
Autumn, by Ali Smith

Reviewed by Loren Cruden

Reportedly, Ali Smith slips more puns into her writing than any author since Shakespeare. Which must be a thumbs-up attribute, since her irrepressible wordplay has led to being short-listed for and winning an impressive number of literary prizes.

Her 2016 novel, *Autumn,* set in England, begins a series of four books named for the seasons. *Autumn* is told through the voices of a young art historian and an old songwriter. The two are friends. Daniel, more than a hundred years old, lies silently awaiting death; Elisabeth visits him. Much of the story is told in flashbacks. Each voice is distinct, yet the two share an obstinate refusal to be laid low by how the world treats them. Both characters respond to tension and distress with compulsive punning. Wordplay is used to turn the moment on its head, shift perspective, increase possibility – and have fun. But, as Daniel says, "Nothing comic isn't serious." And beneath her zippy, lane-changing cleverness, Smith is a serious writer.

Daniel and Elisabeth become friends when Elisabeth is only eight. They are neighbors. Elisabeth's father is absent, her mother distracted by her own needs. Daniel nurtures Elisabeth's acute intelligence and lonely heart. He is Jewish – was in a concentration camp in Germany – and already old when she meets him. Their personalities are aligned even if their life experiences are not.



Juxtaposed with Elisabeth's nimbly serious-playful childhood conversations with Daniel are her adult encounters with bureaucratic-technocratic absurdities – sinister as well as exasperating. These juxtapositions illustrate society's potential and what has become of it: wondrous seeds and deformed fruit. *Autumn* is a zestful, undefeated book, but also strung with grief and truncated lives.

"…there's either a benign wink or a willful blindness, and we have to know we're equally capable of both, and to be ready to be above and beyond the foul even when we're up to our eyes in it." The energetic misbehavior of Smith's characters, particularly the women, signals just such a readiness.

Everything You Know About Indians is Wrong, by Paul Chaat Smith

Reviewed by Loren Cruden

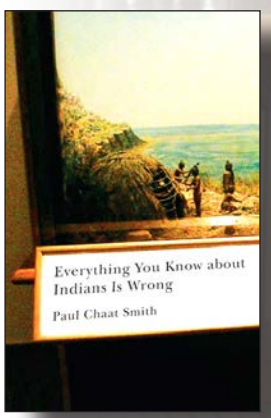
Absolute statements tend to provoke. Paul Chaat Smith makes a lot of these in *Everything You Know About Indians Is Wrong,* a collection of essays, speeches and articles. As is typical of such collections, there is repetition, but Smith is funny and wide-ranging as well as blithely contradictory and provocative.

For example, he claims that, "Generally speaking, white people who are interested in Indians are not very bright." Why? Because such interest opens a can of cultural worms too complex and buried under misconception to reward an outsider's attention. (There is an echo here of Northern Irish writers who say that outsiders thinking they understand the convoluted historical situation in Northern Ireland can be sure they don't.)

Smith, half white and half Comanche, grew up in a Maryland suburb. "The truth is that I longed to be a stereotype." (Though not a white suburban one.) Smith's essays, written over a span of fifteen years, aim to explode a succession of Indian stereotypes found in movies, books, art and New Age fantasy. "The question is no longer whether we will survive, but how we will live. It isn't about battling dead icons like John Wayne but rising to the challenge of creating our own visual history."

Though choosing modern Indian art as a primary lens for this creative project, Smith again and again returns to pivotal moments of Indian activism – the occupations at Alcatraz, the Bureau of Indian Affairs building in Washington, DC, and Wounded Knee – as context. Smith was intensely involved in the American Indian Movement for five years. These days he is a curator at the National Museum of the American Indian. His experience covers a breadth of territories.

Smith's generalizations about non-Indians imply little room for mutuality. Yet, despite these Caucasians being "not very bright" in Smith's eyes, it will mainly be interested white people who read the book and, rebuffed or not, find useful, well-spiced food for thought and action in the process.



"The brilliant Palestinian intellectual and troublemaker Edward Said wrote that, 'in the end, the past possesses us.' Okay, Eddie, I get it. But is it supposed to possess us *this much*?'" An excellent question. With so much alienation and injustice still far from resolved, is there an effective way forward? Smith sounds optimistic that one – or many – will be found.

Other recommendations from the S shelves:

Elizabeth Strout – *Olive Kitteridge*

Pamela Steele – *Greasewood Creek*

Michael Farris Smith – *The Fighter*

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

Mountain Meandering

Photo & Text by Patricia Ediger

The saying goes that a dog is man's best friend. Many a soul finds this to be true … be that soul a child, a teenager, an elderly person, a law enforcement officer or a canine-unit soldier. A dog becomes a playmate, a protector, a comrade, a companion by one's side day and night. The bond that develops between human and canine is a mysterious one to me – powerful, intuitive and profound. Just how is it that an animal can become so intricately wound into a person's heart?

Faithfulness, unconditional love, genuine enjoyment and companionship … these qualities I see in our dogs is so much of what I think the heart needs and longs for. Whether for mutual survival, cooperation or convenience, canines and humans found this connection early on in our shared history on this earth.

Our libraries and bookshelves, TV shows and films are full of countless heartwarming tales about beloved dogs: *Lad: A Dog* by Albert Payson Terhune, *Lassie Come Home, Rin Tin Tin, Old Yeller, Homeward Bound, Beethoven* … to just name a few favorites.

The internet is filled with endless canine moments, amazing canine feats and canine hilarity that we find ourselves delighted with. What would human life be like without our dogs? For me, their absence leaves quite a void. The daily rituals from puppyhood on, the shared moments of joy, comfort, teamwork and play, all create a deep connection that, when suddenly lost, tears at the soul and heart just as much as if the dog were a human friend or family member. Because truly, for me, a dog is family and a friend.

This last month, I lost my girl, Sadie, in a sudden accident. Life sometimes seems so fragile, the timing of death so unpredictable. Though she was almost 12 years old and indeed had a most wonderful life up here on our mountain, I feel such sorrow. The pain is sharp, the grief so constant.

I wasn't ready to let go of her – not yet. I miss her presence night and day, helping me with chores, lying at my feet, sitting by my side, following me through our forest to and from our shop, looking into my face and reading me. I miss our daily rituals, caring for her and her caring for me.

I sometimes think I see her out the corner of my eye, but no … she is not there. Or ... maybe she is?

A week after she died, I came into work on the first day of August and found that the calendar page had been turned. The photo was of a yellow Lab, just like Sadie, sitting in a red canoe, just like ours, waiting for an adventure on the lake. The text on the picture said, "Behold, I am with you always."

I can't describe the profound love and comfort this brought me, and with it this question: Are the dogs we love still with us, in spirit? Do they too have souls/spirits like us? Perhaps they do, and perhaps that is the deepest and most profound reason we find ourselves forever entwined.

~ Poetry of Place ~

Now accepting shorter poems that reflect or connect with Where and How We Live *in northeastern Washington. Please send submissions for consideration to ncmonthly@gmail.com or to NCM, P.O. Box 541, Colville, WA 99114.*

The Trickle

By Susanne Griepp

of what remains
of the creek
this late in summer
reminds me that

all I have left
to raise my living sons
so tall now
they hardly hear me,

is less than this dwindling brook
in hidden retreat
here in the shade
of the cedars.

Oh Forest

By Raining Tree

Aspen grove -
Treasure trove;
Leaves of green and
Gold coins!

Willow tree -
Thy feather leaves
Beckon birds
to thee.

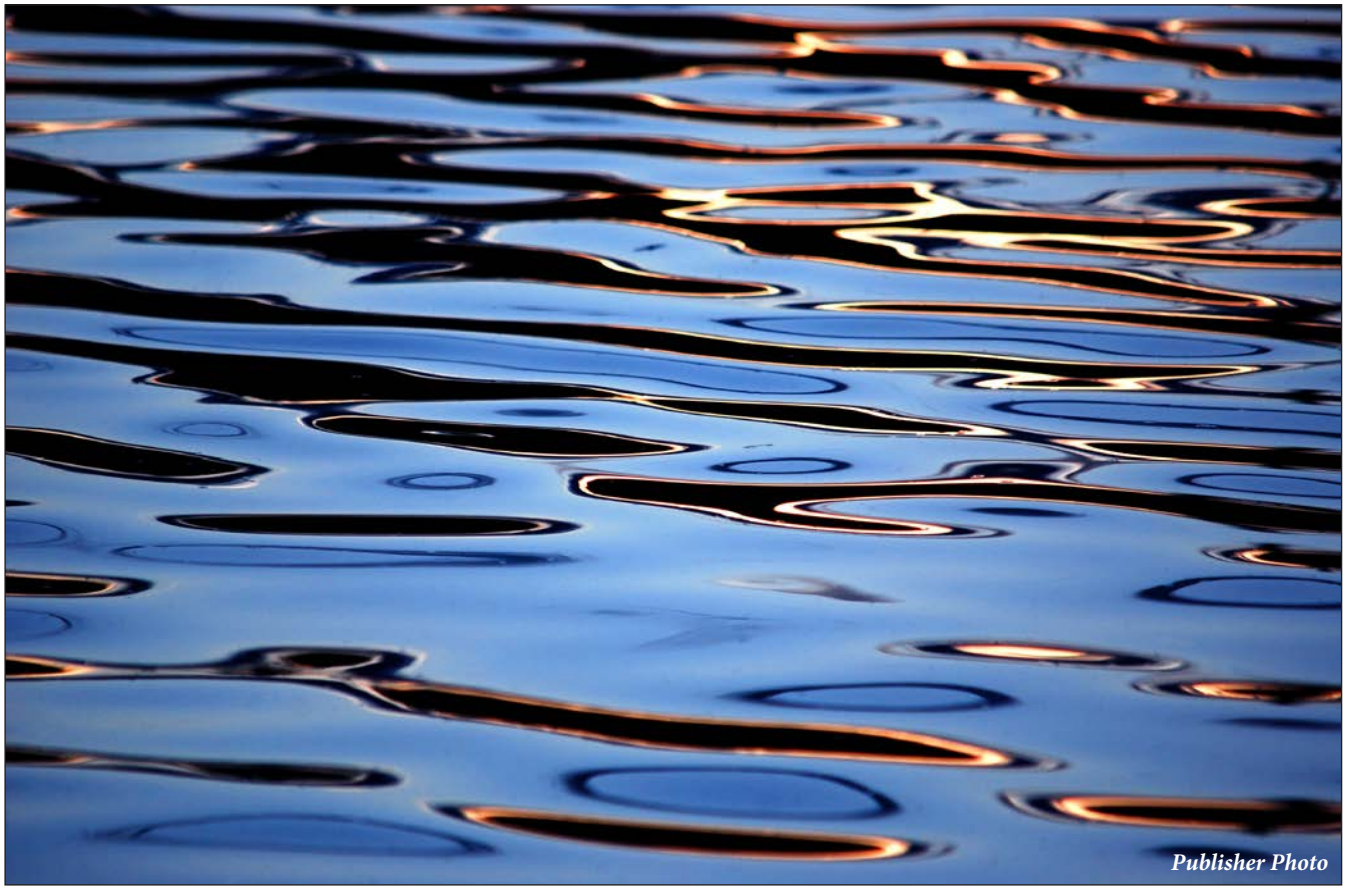
Alder glen –
Bow and bend
O'er the creek
And way.

Will they find
The Pines,
'midst the tines
O' sweet mountain
Gates?

Parts of Speech

By Gabriel Cruden

Rain, like words
tumble
a jumble in my mouth
struggling to articulate
the sinew strength of a branch
and how it holds each drop
telling its story
of wind and rough bark
before separating
for another journey
that leaves me speechless.



Publisher Photo

WINDOWS

Race track announcer OJ Stephens at his station.

In this new segment, we are featuring stories that share a window into someone's world - something they do for work, their passion, how they live.

Sam Thomas says he's, "Always loved the head-to-head forms of competition. Whether it be wrestling as a kid or drag racing as an adult. As an adult it has also created some great family memories. From Collin winning the junior dragster championship or myself winning some of the bigger events that come to town. We race, win, and enjoy every moment at the track as a family."

Article by Sam Thomas, photos by Becky Thomas

The Man Behind the Mic

The most influential person at the track is the one nobody ever sees...

OJ Stephens is a track announcer, pit crew member, drag racer, fan, enthusiast and all-around great guy. For anyone in the racing world, you probably have met him at Spokane County Raceway (formerly Spokane Raceway Park and still known as SRP), but didn't realize who he was. No doubt you would know his voice in an instant though. He has announced all over the great northwest including SRP, Walla Walla, and Renegade. And that's just for drag racing.

But let's start OJ's story from the beginning. As a child he had a speech impediment that hampered his ability to sound out R's (not that Mustang owners would mind, but Corvette owners may have taken exception). As the driven person he was – and still is – he overcame the speech impediment and now speaks with confidence. In 1999 Don Wilbur asked him if he would announce for him at the Auto Boat Speed Show in Spokane. Naturally, he thought, "Why not, I get in for free."

I'd like to take a step back for a minute and explain this interview situation. We are in the announcer's tower at SRP with OJ. He's wearing his traditional red driving shoes and the races are going on throughout the interview. He pauses occasionally to announce a particular vehicle or driver. Always the consummate professional.

Back to his start. Don and Mo, the track owners/promoters at the time, always looking to save a dollar, saw something in OJ. That "something," he admits, was a guy that would announce for free. So, the then-current announcer/Pro DJ Jack Armstrong was sent packing in trade for some fresh/free talent. Don gave him the basics of announcing and he remembers those tips to this day.

During his tenure with SRP he has made the rounds for special events, fill-in announcer and even some circle track events at other tracks around the northwest. He is also proud of the teams he has been able to be associated with in the past like the Sneeva family operation, and Bucky Austin, to name a few.

I asked him who his favorite interview was with. Without missing a beat, he said Mr. Explosive (Mark Sanders), a nostalgia nitro funny car driver. He said it's like interviewing a friend, if your friend is John Force! I also questioned the hardest part of his job. I expected to hear, "having to fill dead air during rain or oil downs." I was taken aback when he said, "When people crash. Those are my friends out here." He replayed a story about one of Virgil Sellers' top end pile ups. Virgil had taken OJ under his wing ever since he was a young man and they had be-

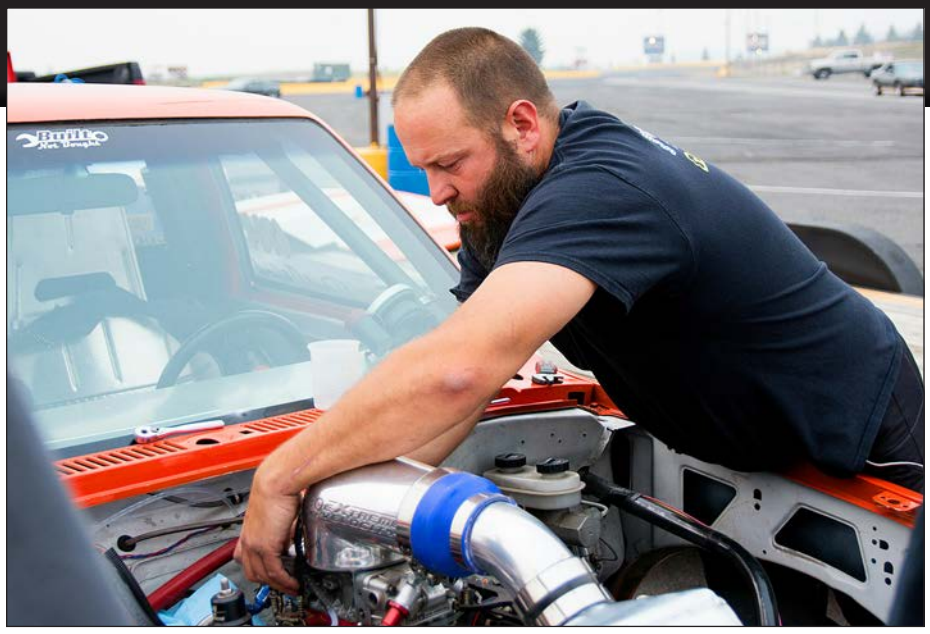
come great friends. He recalled seeing the dragster getting loose and then crash. He proceeded with his job as a professional, keeping the crowd calm and informed. On the inside he just wanted to drop the mic and run down and check on his friend. This by far was the worst day he ever had on the job.

OJ said that he tries to make sure every fact is correct and every name is pronounced right. He loves his job and hopes you enjoy what he puts into it. He also said to tell all the young folks that, "If they have a passion for something, do it. Don't wait, because the opportunity may not always be there."

* * *

Haulin' the Mail!

Paul Clifford is your typical racer. He thinks about racing at work, at home, basically anytime he's not racing, he's thinking about racing ... until last year – for a little while – when he was blessed with a beautiful baby girl. Of course, she has grown enough that she enjoys being at the races now too. She can usually be seen with her mom, Leelee, in the pits helping Paul prep for the next round.



Paul Clifford prepping for a race with his self-modified 1985 S-10.

Paul's current vehicle of choice is an '85 S-10. He has worked on it for the last three years. His engine is an LS-based turbo 5.3, mixing fuel through a Pro Systems 950 Blow Through Carburetor. The whirring noises come from the 76 mm turbo offset mounted in the engine bay. His best time to date is 9.09 seconds at 148 mph. He built the truck including the turbo system and four-link suspension himself, all in his single-car garage using the patience and abilities he honed serving 20 years in the Air Force.

Now Paul works for the the United States Postal Service, and he delivers - at the mail box and the finish line. Just recently he found out the roles will be reversed once more: Paul's wife Leelee will be the one delivering. A baby boy in December.

Sam Thomas launches off the start line in his 1972 C10 with a 5.3 liter, twin turbo, E85 fuel with Holley fuel management, equaling over 1,000 horse power and over 140 miles per hour in 1/4 mile. All this and it's completely street legal.

How (and Not How) to Build a Home

By J. Merrill Baker

Gravity works, and water runs downhill, and wheels make things easier to move. These bits of wisdom were ardently observed, often, as we pursued building our home and outbuildings.

With our weather, water drainage and run-off should have been a top priority instead of something we worked and ditched and filled and re-directed after storms and rain and snow-melt. Our French drains are ditches with drain rock, sometimes perforated pipes laid in, and gravel on top. They mostly serve to carry water away from the house, and they are important to include in your planning so you don't have two inches of ice melting into your entryway.

Building what you think you want inevitably will involve wheels. And leverage. And if you can manage it, a tractor! As an example, the wood cook stove was lifted off the truck with the tractor, but not before the stand it would land on, pre-tiled and with industrial wheels attached, was ready and, thankfully, through double doors so we could set the stove on its stand and wheel it into place. Whew!

Of course, a celebration was in order, right before we discovered that we have to add a connector AND a reducer pipe that fits the seven-inch stove to our six-inch chimney pipe, onto our eternal shopping list.

We later discovered that we also needed several different-sized brushes for chimney cleaning, along with extra tops, connectors and something to help clear creosote. Did I mention that if you really wish to save money over the long term, purchasing stainless steel stovepipe initially is expensive, but it saves you money? We found that we were exchanging black stovepipe about every other year, and with the stainless steel, it just needs to be cleaned a couple times a year. Lesson learned!

We tend to learn things the hard way. For instance, when we needed to repair something up on a steeply pitched roof, we discovered that no matter how high your ladder is, you will still drop your cordless tool where it will slide or skid off the roof to the ground. Gravity in action! We tried belts and bungees and clips and cords; it would still end up on the ground.

Solutions? First, don't build an 8/12-pitch roof, although it makes sense so the snow will slide off. But if you already have that steep roof? Let us suggest that rubber drawer-liner stuff. Laying it out on the roof next to where you are working, nothing slides off. We then tied it around our sneakers before attempting to repair anything on that roof. Like repairing the chimney pipe that was mowed down during the last ice age, a.k.a. last winter.

At one point, we were trying to get a rope over the roof, to hoist the new chimney pipe up and avoid carrying it up the ladder. This involved lots of rope, a large rock and some knot-tying. And oh! – a strong arm to toss it over the building. Let me just say, thank goodness no broken windows ...

Probably this is where the wisdom to hire *someone else* to repair it comes in. Knowing your limits truly is wisdom, and it may cost your ego (and wallet) a bit to have others do a job that you KNOW you could do, but trust me on this, 10 days in the hospital and six months of recovery cost more than a bruised ego. You'll get over it, feel relieved, and probably stay healthy too!

This is where we read that placing your chimney close to your roof peak will assure better performance. We understand that – in hindsight of course – and after *three* chimney repairs we moved the stove. "Crickets" or "snow diverters" are a great idea if you have your chimney anywhere other than near the peak, but they can still get flattened. And performance? I have to ask, the chimney's or the repairmen's? We did not know that yellow jackets prefer to nest along the ridge cap, so add a can of hornet spray to your roof repair bills.

We love our cordless tools, hand tools, and even a weed-whacker I experienced. It was re-chargeable; the magic word if you are trying to conserve your energy. I plugged it in to charge and when the light turned green, I was ready to go out and beautify my yard. Mowing the weeds makes it look like it is grass, but trimming them where the mower won't go? Well, it made me feel good if even for only a few days. (My "pretty lawn" genes from living in the city haven't quite dissolved yet, and I have a new appreciation for dandelions!)

The weed-whacker was lightweight, and didn't assault my nostrils with gas fumes nor my ears to the level of needing sound protection. It was simply the best gadget yet – until it ran out of power about a third of the way into my immediate yard area. Sigh. I could use the cord, plug it in and operate it like a tethered astronaut on a spacewalk, but would I run out of oxygen or whacker cord before the job was accomplished?

I plugged it in to recharge and looked for a fifteen-minute job. By the time I found one, the whacker was charged anyway, so off I went, and timed it this time. About twenty minutes of frantic use before it ran out, which made this tool eligible for grandkid chores. They'll love this after the "thistle-hacking" game I created with the pruners, this is electric!

Never underestimate the power of cordless tool ownership. You will probably end up with varying degrees of voltage batteries, and you will have a collection of chargers. You will probably shop online to discover the best places for refurbished tools and affordable batteries. You may even surprise your son or daughter with a cordless tool for their own home repairs, and probably discover that they already have one that is higher voltage and more powerful than the one you are now saving, "just in case," until the grandkids grow up...

While we prefer to gain knowledge from those who have gone before us and blazed trails in homebuilding, there is only so much you can learn until you do it yourself. Hint: It would be MUCH easier and probably MUCH more efficient to build everything first, then move in, so that you are not constantly moving one thing to get – or do – another. It is my opinion that this is why you hear rumors that building a house together wrecks a marriage.

While we enjoyed it, at the same time we did discover more about each other and that rumor. We still disagree on how to best grout tile, but after having dug a five-hundred-foot utility ditch, in winter while it was raining ice, after trying to convince (bribe) a teen son to help, you also get why some species eat their young. Now I understand my cousin better; the one with five daughters – having potential sons-in-law help their future wives build fences together. THAT is true wisdom!

J. Merrill Baker, living on the edge far from Suburbia.

Along the Mountain Path: Starting Anew

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

"Personal practice is a well to draw from; it is one of the greatest gifts we can give ourselves, and it is ultimately a gift to others too."

~ Ganga White, *Yoga Beyond Belief*

Summer often draws us away from practice. There are trips and guests, the garden, and it simply gets hot! If you have a long-established practice, there are probably things you manage to practice regularly, and the general awareness you have cultivated through practice supports all of your activities. As we move into fall, it is a time to begin again. We can access where we are in our body, our life and our practice. If you are new to yoga, you may simply wonder where to begin.

It is good to establish a time for your practice that fits in with your other activities and obligations. Some people find that first thing in the morning, before getting caught up in the day, is best. I like mid to late afternoon or late morning, before lunch. Even a little yoga is better than none, but if you can dedicate a half hour to an hour (or even an hour and a half!), that is wonderful.

If you have been practicing, maybe you can look at what you have been avoiding. Do you tend to practice sun salutations because you like to move? Perhaps you need more internal, still poses. Do you avoid sun salutations and upper body work? Perhaps you can add some in.

There is a general "warm up" and "cool down" shape to practice. It is always good to take some time to simply come present, let go of the rest of the world, and tune in to your breath and body.

Setting an intention, for the practice or for the rest of the day, helps too. Sun salutations, strong standing poses, and some focused muscle work can prepare you for deeper asanas, and for your life. Downward Facing Dog is always good for opening the shoulders and lengthening the back and the legs. Standing forward folds and deep squatting poses open the hips. Standing balances fit in here too.

If you practice handstand or half handstand, now is a good time. Then, you can move into headstand or headstand preparations. If you are not ready for these poses, do modifications and move on into back bending. Back bends can be done on the floor, like Sphinx, Cobra and Locust. Prone backbends are the safest way to strengthen the back. Bridge and Urdhva Danurasana (Wheel) come in here. Again, practice what is appropriate to you in the present time.

Twists are wonderful releases after back bending. Make sure you move your twists from the hips, navel and ribs, keeping the lower back supported and long. Seated twists, reclining twists, supported twists, all will refresh the nervous system and rebalance the body. If you have practiced headstand, you should balance your energy with shoulder stand.

Viparita Karani (legs up the wall) is a reasonable substitute for shoulder stand if you have neck issues or pressure in the ears or eyes. Five minutes in an inversion drains the blood from the veins of the legs, rests the heart and refreshes the brain.

Now you are ready for seated forward bends. This will continue to cool you down, and draw you inward. It can be challenging to stay in a seated forward fold long enough to really relax. Two full minutes, at least. A timer can be a big help.

After seated forward bends you are ready to sit in meditation for a few minutes, or you may wish to move directly to Savasana. Corpse Pose is where we learn to let go. Having done our work, we are now ready to "trust and let go." Ten minutes is a nice amount of time in Savasana, although Judith Lasater says 20 is much better.

You can design a practice that is appropriate to you and your life right now, following this sequencing. Remember that nonviolence and truth are the basic guidelines for practice, and as you walk up the mountain path, take the time to care for yourself so that you can be of use to others.

Namaste.

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

Watersheds

By Linda Bond

It was November 11, 1889, and Washington had just become the 42nd state of the Union. But formal statehood had come at a price, following a long struggle involving Native Americans, explorers, armies, missionaries, settlers and even gold prospectors.

Spain had laid claim to the Pacific Northwest in 1543. Then, in 1579, Sir Francis Drake claimed the Washington coast for England. In the mid-1700s, Spain reaffirmed its claim to the land and did not cede its rights until 1819, which left England and the United States to quarrel over the territory until 1846, when a treaty between the two countries established the boundary at the 49th parallel.

Such ticks on a timeline of historical significance are often called "watershed moments" – when something changes and things will never be the same again. According to Merriam-Webster, "watershed" can be defined as "a crucial dividing point, line, or factor: turning point." (It has a second definition, which we will get to a bit later.)

Moments of import may be of great historical significance, or they may have special meaning to a group or even an individual. For instance, marriage, purchase of a home, making a major move, changing jobs, the birth of children and the death of parents or other loved ones all have the potential to change anyone's life. Each of us could make a long list of watershed moments of our own, and extend that list almost indefinitely by including the history of our community, country and the world.

The Awe-inspiring Columbia River

I doubt anyone would dispute the idea that the Columbia River is one of the most important elements of life in the North Columbia region. From its historical significance as a great fishing and transportation waterway to its present use for recreation, irrigation, power-generation and more, life without the Columbia River would have been drastically different for all of us.

When trappers and explorers were using the Columbia as backdrop for their activities, it offered mystery, challenge and amazement in almost equal measure. David Thompson, who gathered botanical and other specimens to send back to England, was a British-Canadian fur trader, surveyor and map-maker who is recognized as the first white man to descend the Columbia River from its source to its mouth. In 1811, he completed his map of the Columbia from its headwaters. At the time, it was a sometimes-rampaging force.

Later Watershed Moments in the Region

1858: The first Northwest railroad, the Cascade Railroad Company, began operation in the Columbia River Gorge. The Walla Walla and Columbia River Railroad became the second Northwest railroad in 1873, and a large number of local railroads subsequently sprang up in the 1880s.

1937: The Bonneville Dam was completed.

1941: The Grand Coulee Dam was completed.

Columbia River Watershed

So, let's return to the second definition given in our online version of the Merriam-Webster dictionary for the term "watershed," which is "a region or area bounded peripherally by a divide and draining ultimately to a particular watercourse or body of water." The dictionary goes on to report:

> *"Opinion on the literal geographic meaning of 'watershed' is divided. On one side of the debate are those who think the word can only refer to a ridge of land separating rivers and streams flowing in one direction from those flowing in the opposite direction. That's the term's original meaning, one probably borrowed in the translation of the German* Wasserscheide. *On the other side of the argument are those who think 'watershed' can also apply to the area through which such divided water flows. The latter sense is now far more common in America, but most Americans have apparently decided to leave the quarrel to geologists and geographers while they use the term in its figurative sense, "turning point."*

How ever you wish to define the term "watershed," it is acceptable to think of all of the rivers and streams that feed the Columbia as being a part of its watershed system, including the Snake River and the waters that flow down from the Rocky Mountains.

It's an amazing system and you can get further information about the Columbia, its watershed and hydropower at the Foundation for Water & Energy Education. It's an in-depth site filled with a huge amount of information.

The Columbia is something for which we can all be truly grateful. The next time you view the river, you may even feel like singing along with Woody Guthrie "Roll on, Columbia, roll on." When his song was published and first heard, it was certainly a watershed moment for many.

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.

Keeping the Chicken Light On

By Michelle Lancaster

Living so far north of the equator calls for creative husbandry techniques. Our farm is a working farm, so the primary purpose for the animals on our farm is for production. Their entertaining personalities are an extra perk!

Winter months complicate livestock production (light, feed, housing, water, etc.) so we do what we can to make our animals comfortable and able to continue making milk, eggs, wool, etc. Keeping chickens can be fairly simple throughout the winter months with a few techniques and tricks. You just might decide you want to know these things.

Did you know that chickens require light to make eggs?

A rooster is not required for a hen to lay eggs (he only fertilizes the eggs) but at least 14 hours of daylight are needed. In September, we install a light on a timer to make sure the chickens receive 14-16 hours of light, which stimulates them to continue making eggs. We have used different types of light bulbs (fluorescent, LED, incandescent) with similar results. The light is securely housed high up and far from the hens.

Be consistent and transition gradually. Chickens need rest, so a permanent 24-hour light is not recommended. We start by using the timer to add an hour or two of light in the morning, then gradually add an hour as needed to meet the minimum light requirements. As noted in the chart on this page, if a light is added in September, then only an hour or two of supplementary light is needed. By December, five or six hours of extra light are required for continued laying.

Keep in mind that if you wait until December to start lighting up the coop, the hens will have already shut off production. They will need three weeks or more to restart.

Did you know the largest component of an egg is water?

Egg white is around 90% water and yolk around 50% water. When below-freezing temperatures start, the small water dish for our chickens can freeze within a few hours, so placing warm water in the coop is not consistent enough. In those months, we plug in a heated dog water dish to provide 24/7 access to tempered water. The dish is just large enough for a full day's needs, yet small enough that we are reminded to refresh the water daily and wash out the bowl to keep the water clean.

A board over the top ¾ of the open area also helps keep the water cleaner. Clean and unfrozen water helps maintain egg production.

Did you know that chickens do not urinate?

Chicken "pee" comes out on the top of chicken manure in the form of a white spot (uric acid). You are probably wondering what in the world that has to do with winter. Essentially, the composition of chicken manure means that it is very dry and therefore bedding in chicken coops does not become saturated with moisture, as would happen with other livestock in their winter housing.

A trick we learned is to "deep bed" the chicken coop. The coop starts winter with a six-inch-deep bed of shavings. Depending on the size of coop vs. number of hens, a deep bedded pack can last a flock of chickens all winter before needing replacement.

Snow, ice and other causes of poor mobility limit the number of days that we could properly clean a coop in winter. A deep bedded pack both helps keep chickens warm and dry and eases the strain of winter care on the flock manager.

When we are able to get to the coop for cleaning, we spread the used bedding out around the coop and in a path leading to our compost pile. Last year, the frequent snowfall stymied our hens. They refused to leave the coop until we put down straw or shavings. Instead of using fresh bedding for outside areas, we found they were just as content with the used bedding – anything dry that would prevent their toes from making much contact with snow. Providing dry areas for daily outings significantly improved winter egg production last year, going up from a few eggs per day to normal summer levels.

Did you know chickens create enough body heat to keep them warm all winter?

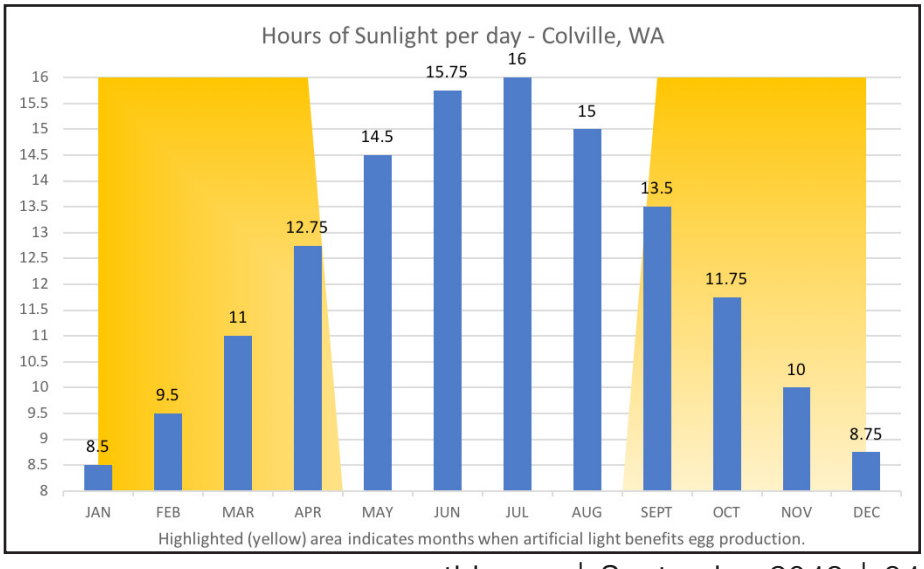
A chicken's metabolism provides sufficient heat to maintain their body temperature. That heat is insulated by layers of feathers. Therefore, chickens do not need a heat lamp in winter. (Note that heat lamps can be dangerous. I have had enough close calls that I refuse to ever use a heat lamp again.)

Chickens need lots of ventilation. Humans may desire well-insulated homes with every crack and crevice sealed tight to keep out cold air, but a hen does poorly in such a situation. She needs her feathers kept dry and the air kept dry, but she also needs air flow to blow out any fumes created from the manure. A coop with a roof, walls and windows should provide sufficient protection.

Of course, there are many other considerations. Chickens with smaller combs are less likely to suffer from frostbite. Some breeds are more "cold hardy" than others – the new variety I ordered this year originated in the Czech Republic and is touted as cold-tolerant. Chickens can suffer from "spring fever" just like humans, so careful access to out-of-doors is a top way to prevent boredom and problems related to inactivity.

For our farm, the little bit of extra time and management means we can enjoy eating and selling eggs year-round. The holidays provide a steady stream of very enthusiastic customers and our hens are comfortable and content in their work.

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



Calming the Inner Storm of Anxiety

By Daisy Pongrakthai

"When you can stand unshaken by the crash of breaking worlds you will know peace."
~ Paramahansa Yogananda

A number of friends have come to me lately about getting panic-anxiety attacks. On top of that, with the numerous fires in the state right now, I feel a sense of urgency and panic in the air. In experiencing such nervousness before speeches or dealing with uncomfortable situations, I have come up with a little package of remedies and inner tools to help alleviate anxiety. But the greatest tool I have found is my breath.

My favorite state is one in which I feel an inner spaciousness within – one in which I feel at ease and can flow with life's current. One of my favorite songs as a child goes *Row, row, row your boat, gently down the stream … merrily, merrily, merrily, life is but a dream.* I have wondered why I'm so attracted to this song and I find it's because it presents that inner spaciousness amid tumult or trying times in life. I see the rowing as breathing and inwardly I have to be like a duck on water, constantly aware and attentive of my rowing, or in-breaths and out-breaths in order to stay calm and merry.

Here is an affirmation I wrote reflecting this inner space and releasing of anxiety that can be administered by the breath:

As I breathe in I allow the spaciousness of light and love
to slowly fill my body in every cell, especially where there is pain.
I breathe out with gratitude and joy,
releasing any anxiety, fear or tension,
putting my heart at ease.

In order to activate the meaning of such messages, I have to focus intensely on the message whole-heartedly and with total concentration. Then after about five minutes I start to feel that spaciousness commenced by my breath. I feel a coherence and clarity within.

According to the HeartMath Institute, an organization dedicated to heart intelligence research, the mind and the heart liaise in a harmonious recitation:

"Most of us have been taught in school that the heart is constantly responding to 'orders' sent by the brain in the form of neural signals. However, it is not as commonly known that the heart actually sends more signals to the brain than the brain sends to the heart! Moreover, these heart signals have a significant effect on brain function – influencing emotional processing as well as higher cognitive faculties such as attention, perception, memory, and problem-solving. In other words, not only does the heart respond to the brain, but the brain continuously responds to the heart … communication between the heart and brain actually is a dynamic, ongoing, two-way dialogue, with each organ continuously influencing the other's function."

This might help explain the panic-anxiety aspect of the heart being in a discordant state sending signals to the brain, hence the need for calming the mind through breath and other curative means.

The best tool I find right now to help with any panic situation is to slow down and breathe. There in that peaceful state, not only do I feel better, but after calming myself I can send out love, goodwill, positive intentions and blessings and be of good cheer – especially to what's needed at hand, like the firefighters and folks whose homes and livelihood are threatened now.

Also, in taking time to focus on my breath, I can hear my inner dialogue and receive healing insights or dispel any self-sabotage programs, such as self-criticism or negativity that is unhealthy for me and others. In that awareness I have choices. I can choose to release thoughts, love, bless and move on, all while "rowing" to keep my mind still and awake.

Then going even further I can choose to witness what is going on and not respond in a panic. In those smooth-sailing waters within I can better help others and send goodwill because I have enough energy to give rather than spinning my wheels on worry, tension, resistance and nervousness.

Breath focus is not only a powerful inner tool to break free from any automatic programming, self-defeating thoughts and un-serving energies, but also a practical method to calm the inner storm of anxiety.

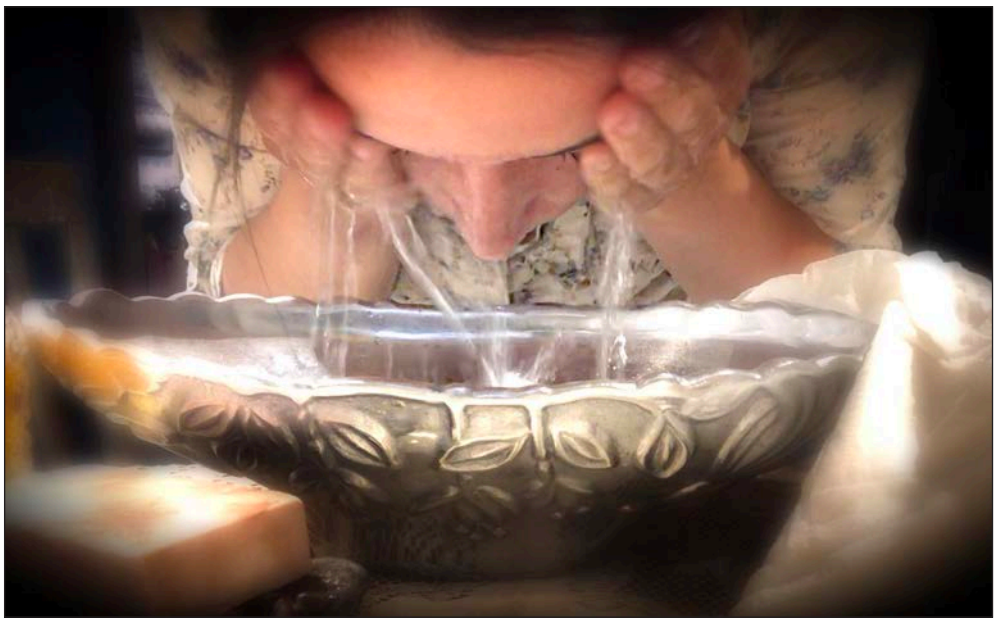
Chewelah author Daisy Pongrakthai recently published Earth Man & Dreaming Beauty: My Mythic Journey *and* Beyond Polarities *and* Frequency Words, *the first two volumes of a mini-book series called* Nutshell Solutions. *Learn more at www.thepartyinside.com.*

Hardship and Happiness in September

By Samantha Brown

I have said before that the greatest strength of youth is ignorance. When we do not understand the price of something we tend to dream freely. I was no exception. Chasing my dream sounded quite simple and exciting when I was young, but boy was I ignorant. It comes at a grand price, this thing we call "The American Dream."

I did have quite an example growing up. My parents built their home and lived off-grid until I was in third grade. They did not move into the grid after that, but the electrical company was expanding and happened to be passing the house so close by that they hooked us up for free. I shortly found out what it was like to watch Saturday morning cartoons.



I have the most picturesque images engraved into my mind of my father and his brother building the first little A-frame that went onto their property. It was tucked away in a lush valley, a short stone's throw away from Deadman Creek. Being the resourceful man he was, my father gathered rocks from the creek bed to form the foundation and harvested logs from the lush property to both frame the home and make the shingles that would go on the roof. It only took one summer to get us tucked away comfortably and living in our cabin by the creek.

Either I am not as resourceful or efficient as my father, or the short generational gap between these two adventures magnified the level of difficulty involved. My idea of comfort took a bit longer when I set out to chase my dream, and I am sad to say that many of those days felt like a never-ending nightmare.

Two years, people! That is how long it took us to get water from a dug well into the house, through a propane hot water heater, and into a shower so I could scrub all those hidden places at leisure and feel any true level of comfort. That was two very dusty, sweaty Septembers. What is wrong here? In all fairness my parents had the genius idea of including a creek on the property they chose to homestead. My dream was a glorious mountaintop, and therein lies the rub.

Water, aqua, H2O, that glorious Adam's Ale. In the winter one can melt snow and take a warm sponge bath if need be. If you are stuck in the middle of September and you have used the last of your glorious water, two things make life miserable: the dry rough hands and the dirty, stinky body. The first makes it unappealing to touch anything for the constant reminder of what you are enduring, and the second makes you feel gross just existing. I consider myself a bit of a lady and neither of these situations are desirable.

You might think that perhaps I would have kept more water on hand. Unfortunately, we had to carry our water close to a mile most of the time. We had a truck capable of ascending our mountain, but it was very expensive to drive, and our little car just could not make the trip in one piece. The first year we owned two containers that allowed us 14 gallons of water. When is the last time you carried 14 gallons of water a mile? Never? Good! I don't recommend trying it, especially not uphill.

The obvious and, one would think, easiest solution would have been to dig a well right at the start. I wholeheartedly agree, but at the age of 20 and 22 it is hard to materialize a home and family, let alone a well, which ended up running us around $12,000 when it was all said and done. We had an owner contract on the land and paid cash for the rest whenever we could afford it. Unfortunately, banks don't jump at the opportunity to fund the dreams of two young struggling opportunists. If it were not for my husband's parents, I am not sure we would have gotten a well for the better part of a decade. I am beyond thankful that they saw fit to help us over that particular hurdle.

But back to September. I left the property only about once a week. My husband, Corey, on the other hand had to leave often enough to stay gainfully employed. He had a laborious job and did not always have the time or energy to bring water home with him. Money was excruciatingly tight, and I was determined to do my part. That level of motivation can help a person make 14 gallons of water go a long way.

Did I mention that in the first September I was 7 months' pregnant? No, I left that one out … sorry. So, I was pregnant. I was also thirsty, dirty and tired. But honestly, in all of this, I was mostly happy.

It would appear that it is not a level of comfort that makes me happy. In fact, my most cherished memories are rooted and fostered from the moments I struggled the most trying to make this dream a reality. Taking a shower will always be a real treat for me. Watching my little tractor sprinkler make its way across my gloriously green lawn fills my heart with more joy for the struggle of it all.

I was 22 years old, sitting on my dry, dirty mountaintop in an off-grid, halfway-constructed home. I had my young daughter Tessa running around, free as a bird, with her baby sister, Alex, growing in my belly. I had a strong and faithful husband determined to make my American dream come true, and I believed in him. I knew that these moments would be engraved in my daughter's mind. She would grow to treasure them as much as I treasure the ones my father gave me. I figured that around eight, perhaps she too might learn what it was like to watch Saturday morning cartoons. Time would only tell, and I was patient.

Samantha Brown is a "home-grown, off-grid homesteader who enjoys capturing and sharing glimpses of our way of life."

Now I See the Child's Needs

By Gabriele von Trapp

The older I get, the more I find myself looking back at my life. As of late my thoughts have centered on each childhood of my three children and I frequently ask myself: Was I the best parent I could be?

In my late teens and young adulthood my friends would often talk about how many children they wanted and it seemed that marriage and having children were their highest aspirations. The conversation never inspired the same in me. I just never thought about it. I was focused on my career and how I would meet my next month's sales quota.

During the courtship with my husband to be, the topic of having children never entered the conversation and it never came up after we were married. We were both young and successful professionals and we enjoyed our life together. Two years after our marriage, we discovered we were expecting a child and we were both delighted.

The pregnancy did not change our lifestyle. We were both socially active, working and engaged in our interests. We even competed in a bass fishing tournament when I was eight months pregnant! A rigorous endeavor. I felt very healthy during my pregnancy and I did not gain a significant amount of weight so I remained very physically active. Because of our active lifestyle, we had naively put off being prepared for parenthood.

Once our son was born, we were mostly winging it as parents. My husband purchased a VW camper van, which we stocked with every imaginable baby need – back packs, front packs, diapers, formula, wipes, blankies, toys, etc. Our young son, Michael, easily adapted to our ventures and, being an easy baby, didn't need much attention other than the essentials. We even cleverly designed a seat where he could feed himself his own bottle and we did not have to participate. For over two years all seemed to be going well for us and our child.

During my second pregnancy, in the third trimester, I became very ill. I had contracted listeriosis (similar to E. coli) and subsequently developed bacterial spinal meningitis. I was hospitalized for more than two weeks, underwent surgery and was placed in isolation and critical care.

Doctors were very concerned not only for my unborn child but also for me. The odds for survival were dire. It was an exceedingly frightening and stressful time and I carried that stress and concern for the balance of my pregnancy. Yet my second son was born two months later seemingly healthy, a relief to my family and the doctors as well.

Two years later, my third and final pregnancy developed normally until the fifth month. At that time I began having regular contractions and was told by my doctor and midwife to remain horizontal for the remainder of my pregnancy. This did not match our plans. My husband and I had arranged and committed to move to Washington state within a few weeks.

We decided to move forward with those plans. I spent the 1,000-mile trip lying in the back of the camper van hoping I would carry my child to term with no further complications. It was a stressful time filled with anxiety and unease.

I carried my daughter full term and had a normal birth at home. She seemed to be perfect

and I healed quickly.

Less than two years after my daughter's birth, our three young children lost their father and I lost my husband. This extremely difficult circumstance placed on me an enormous amount of pressure, stress, grief and responsibility. I became understandably preoccupied with my fate.

Recently, a book found its way to me that has provided valuable insights and information. The author speaks about brain development during pregnancy, infancy and in a young child's life. The author states that while the child is developing in vitro (in the womb) and beyond, important "connections" are forming in the brain's circuitry and nervous system. These incredibly intricate systems of circuits, neurotransmitters and receptors are responsible for key organizers and motivators in human emotional life and behavior. These chemical messengers of endorphins, dopamine and serotonin, among others, regulate a variety of physical and emotional functions.

The most astounding revelation in what I have been reading is that there are certain "environments" that damage the brain and prevent neurotransmitters from developing properly. One of those factors is stress during pregnancy.

The other factors are even more astounding: the inability for a parent to "connect" with an infant because of distraction. The inability to nurture and to "be in the moment" or be present with an infant and young child present serious deficits in the development of the brain chemistry. The effects of these developmental deficiencies of the neurotransmitters result in a variety of unfavorable symptoms that extend into adulthood.

Some of the results of inadequate neurotransmitter development and structural and functional deficiencies translate into depression, anxiety, attention deficit hyperactivity disorder (ADHD), obesity, obsessive compulsive disorder (OCD), hyper-sensitivities, various personality disorders and a predisposition to addictions of all sorts as the child grows and is well into adulthood. Wow!

What pains me most now is, as I look back at my pregnancies and the early years of my children's lives, is how many opportunities I missed to encourage their healthy development. I agonize about all the times my second son wrapped his arms around my neck when I was tucking him into bed each night, asking me to embrace him as he fell asleep. I would have to pull his arms away from me because I was exhausted.

As a single parent, I had all the chores to do like dishes, cleaning, laundry, school lunches and feeding our animals. It also pains me now to know that I did not hold my first child during feeding and look deeply into his eyes and convey the love I felt for him. My daughter too suffered my anxiety, stress and preoccupation with getting done what needed to be done, resulting in a lack of communion, interest and intimacy with her.

My three children are all well-adjusted adults now but not without struggles, frustrations and hardships. I anticipate that all three will have many more challenges ahead. My only solace is that I can now take what I have learned and apply the knowledge in new ways.

I will be volunteering at Riverwood Community School in Colville this school year in the kindergarten classroom as a teaching assistant. I look forward to practicing what I have learned with each and every child to assure their healthy development. It will be an opportunity to redeem myself and to heal many wounds.

Looking back with what I now know, I am ready to move forward.

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.

Our Heroes

By Becky Dubell

A very large, heartfelt THANK YOU go out to the fire fighters on the ground and in the air. BE SAFE.

Photo by Don Strand

Photo by Cindy Tonasket-Ebel

Photo by Becky Dubell

Photo by Gabriel Cruden

These crews would not be able to do their jobs without the support of the behind-the-scenes heroes. So a big THANK YOU to the:

Bulldozer Operator Volunteer Sandwich Maker Information Desk Bus Driver
Yellow Jacket Trap Hanger Swimming Pool Setter Upper Traffic Controller
Supply Department Mechanic Computer Operator Office worker
Cook Outhouse Service Fire Camp Setter Upper Local Restaurants
Local Law Enforcement Local Volunteer

And the many hands out there that were made available.

2018 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

THE BREAD BOX: Try our fresh breads, gooey pastries, fruit pies and more. We offer the best deli meat and cheeses and a great supply of packaged bulk foods. Open Wed-Fri 8am-4pm, Sat 8am-1pm. 105 W. Main Ave. 509-935-8950.

CHEWELAH CASINO: The Mistequa Café takes the gamble out of finding great food. From daily specials to mouth-watering prime rib dinners, you'll find a wide selection of home-style delights. Plus, save even more with your Sun Club Card! 2555 Smith Road. Sun-Thu 8am-10pm, Fri-Sat 8am-12am. chewelahcasino.com 509-935-6167.

CHEWVINO: Come enjoy our delicious tapas, weekly specials, deli, and expanding selections of wine, whiskey, craft beer and cigars. Open Tue-Sat 3-8pm. N 101 Fourth Street E. 509-935-8444. chewvino.com.

QUARTZITE BREWING COMPANY: Serving up craft beers of all varieties. All ages and pet friendly. Open Thur 3-8pm, Fri 3-9pm, Sat 2-9pm at 105 W Main Ave. Check us out on Facebook or call 509-936-3686 for more info.

Colville

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BROWN BOYZ OHANA EATERY: The "best hidden treasure in Colville" offering a unique dining experience, fresh ingredients cut daily, and homemade sauces to give you a "Hillbilly Hawaiian" taste sensation. Ya gotta try it! M-F 11am-7pm. 576 N Wynne St. 509-684-2888.

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

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Lodging Guide

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

TAZI'S COFFEE SHOP: A cozy and cheerful oasis featuring Crandall Coffee and specializing in espresso, cold brew and specialty iced tea. Also a selection of Republic of Tea. Mon-Sat, 7am-3pm at 119 E. Astor, by the clock tower. 509-684-2722.

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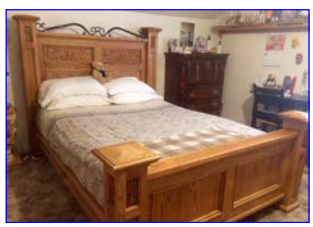

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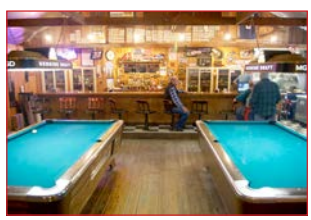

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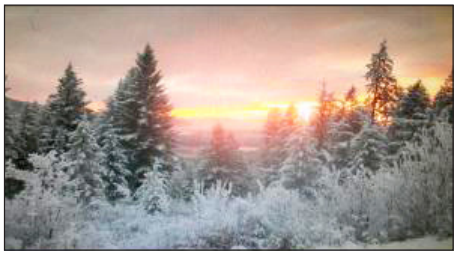

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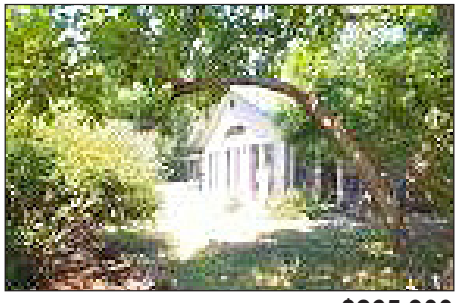

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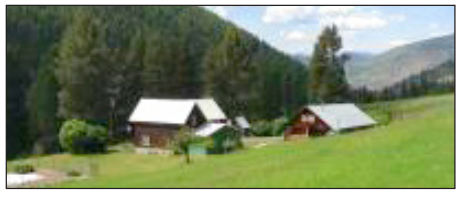

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