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**JULY 2017
ISSUE DEADLINE**
**AD SPACE RESERVATIONS &
WHAT'S HAPPENING LISTINGS**
Friday, June 16th
(but sooner is better!)

SEEKING ENLIGHTENMENT CAN REVEAL EVERY TRUTH
~ JOHN ODELL, WORDS OF WORDS

Anger Management Is Within You

By Christine Wilson

"The world behind our eyes is the new frontier."

~ Carolyn Myss

A stranger was ranting within earshot. I am not sure what the topic was; I just experienced the feeling bomb, and felt something akin to a physical blast passing through me.

Our culture has gone through so many changes in the last few decades that we don't have a mutually agreed-upon moral structure anymore, a problem that lends itself to strife. We still have the wide range of human feelings. Missing is the old set of restrictions on how to behave. Yet to be developed is a more nuanced and self-disciplined code of behavior. To quote David Brooks of *The New York Times*, "there is sin but no formula for redemption." Since emotional literacy has not caught up with our culture's need for management of this wide array of feelings, things are looking a bit chaotic.

Carolyn Myss states that "the power of the choices you make has infinite consequences ... and you have no idea what is a big choice or a little choice.... The choices you make in your own company have the most powerful impact on your well-being," and, I might add, on those around you.

As overwhelming as that sounds, there is a way to break it down into manageable bits. Basically, those bits are: physical sensations, emotions, thoughts, and behavior. The choices we act out only surface after the underlying emotions and thoughts have taken hold. Tracing our choices back to them is the way to sort our behavior out. Waiting for others to change first is a set-up for disappointment.

I heard a stand-up comic say: "Yeah, some-

one asked me if I was self-reflective and I said I didn't know because I'd never thought about it." Our culture has been focused on the surface, the visible. Even psychology and insurance coverage have centered treatment on behavior rather than what drives that behavior. Nuance and that "world behind our eyes" have not been encouraged as the important sources of guidance and healing they can be.

Now, more than ever, this is where we need to be living. Each self-observation we make and each internal emotional reaction to the world around us create a physical response that can start the process of self-reflection.

We can sort this out on the physical plane by working on deep awareness of body sensations. Our language is full of assistance. "Sick to my stomach," "a pain in the neck," "the world on my shoulders" and "you are giving me a headache" are all evidence of this

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Random Acts of Community

world. This awareness is different than being physically fit. A person can have the strength to climb Mount Everest but, admirable as that is, may not have a clue about the beginning signs of anxiety or anger.

Our brain registers these physical sensations and links them up with past experiences and associated feelings. From there, we have thoughts, and from there, behavior arises. Unfortunately, behavior is often the first stage we notice. "She made me mad so I called her a name" is a good example of the structure and justification of that level of awareness. It's directed out toward others, and as such, it is based on the premise that we are not responsible for our behavior. "If the other person would just behave the way I think they should, I wouldn't have to feel what I feel." Well, of course that would be easier but it's a waste of time.

Wilfred M. McClay, in *The Strange Persistence of Guilt*, states that "claiming victim status is the sole sure means left of absolving oneself and securing one's sense of fundamental moral innocence." This is not in reference to victims of crimes and

unjust treatment, but rather a description of that defensiveness which arises in all of us at one time or another, leading us to feel as if under attack. We might feel hurt by criticism and get so lost in feeling wounded that we can't identify any legitimate lesson we have a chance to learn about ourselves. We might be so stuck in our own opinions that we judge others as idiots if they see things differently.

I heard a trainer speak years ago about having had a headache for a few days. She knew herself well enough to acknowledge a pattern of repressing her anger until it turned into a headache. Once she was able to backtrack it to when the headache started, she realized the circumstances triggering her anger and could deal with it more directly.

So, let's go back to my public ranter. I have no idea what got him started and I hope that he learns how to think in more nuanced terms than I heard from him. I hope he learns how to take deep breaths, listen as well as speak, and manage his feelings before they cripple him or create a feeling bomb for the rest of us.

Obviously, I don't have any control over him but I can use him as a reminder of my own inner world. We all can get hooked by circumstances and people. Pema Chodron teaches that those moments are the times we can sink into our feelings and body sensations, understand as best we can, and, in the midst of those conflagrations, stay present and conscious.

I am not saying it's easy or fun, and it is definitely the road less traveled, but it's the best way to clean up our own part of any interaction. And, to quote a Chinese proverb here, "If there is light in the soul, there will be beauty in the person. If there is beauty in the person, there will be harmony in the house. If there is harmony in the house, there will be order in the nation. If there is order in the nation, there will be peace in the world." So, if you want peace in the world, you have your inner work cut out for you. All real peace emanates from there.

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

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Why We Can't Quit

By Dr. Barry Bacon, MD

It's a quiet and calm night, but my thoughts are anything but calm or quiet. A soft rain falls outside. I should be sleeping but I can't. I wander through my house, wondering what to do with my thoughts. So I sit down and I write, hoping that something good will come of the turmoil that boils inside.

Two men occupy the space between consciousness and sleep. A young man that I met some years ago in Rwanda. Another, more recently, in Colville.

In 2010 I was teaching family medicine at a Catholic mission hospital in a town called Gitarama. A young man shuffled into the exam room. Someone yelled at him and he politely shuffled back out. The resident physician explained to me that the patient thought it was his turn, but it wasn't yet.

When he returned to be examined, I was shocked by his appearance. Puffy swollen face, abdomen and legs. Pale eyes. His belly distended with fluid. His thoughts were slow and his

speech was monotone. A handful of leaves protruded from his back pocket. His clothes were soiled. Beyond the shock of seeing a man in his 20s in such a condition, I was intrigued to understand what had brought him to this existence, shuffling on tree-trunk legs, hardly moving, hardly able to think.

Clearly he was suffering from profound malnutrition, protein calorie loss, parasite infestation, chronic wasting, but why? Why was he suffering like this in a land where food was plentiful and easy to grow?

The young physician that I was teaching gently spoke to him and eased out the story of his suffering. He had chronic diarrhea. The leaves in his back pocket were his toilet paper. He lived away from everyone else, an outcast from his community, condemned to live in isolation in the forest. He subsisted there under a lean-to made from banana leaves. Mostly he ate leaves and grass. He was dying from a disease called aloneness.

How would we treat him? Should we prescribe vitamins? Should we suggest protein milkshakes? Should we have him see a dietician? Give him toilet paper? His disease was condemnation by his community to a lifelong sentence of separation from the rest of society. He could not long survive such an existence. No amount of toilet paper, dietary counseling or vitamin supplements would cure the suffering of being alone.

The second man lives among us near Colville. He is invisible to most of us, living on the outskirts of our civilization, not wanting to be seen. He is a convicted criminal and he is paying the price, although he has already served the sentence for his crimes. He knows that what he did was wrong. He repented long ago. But there is no escaping the punishment we as a society continue to inflict on him. He can never be free from his label. As a result, he cannot find housing among the rest of us.

He sat in my office a couple of weeks ago and spoke about his struggle to get housing. He has tried various places for years, trying to talk to landlords and service providers. Because of his crime, he is sent away. He sat with me because he wants to know if we could help him build a tiny house. Perhaps he could live away from everyone else in his own space, keeping his things safe.

He tells me of his existence the past two years. Trying to stay with family, but only for a couple of nights because he cannot be discovered there. Living in his car until his car broke down. Living in an abandoned warehouse for a time. He is often hungry, often cold, often dirty, often thirsty. His few possessions fall prey to thieves. Tears flow down his face as he describes his ordeal. What hurts the most is his aloneness, his isolation. He might as well have been given a life sentence, condemned as he is.

On this night, as I wander through my house, I am wondering if we can do things differently. What if we built him a tiny house? Would that be so bad? What if he had his own place away from the rest of us, where his things would be safe, he would have warmth, he could cook some food, have water, keep clean, and understand the grace that comes with being part of the rest of us?

He is in contact with me twice a week. He wonders how things are progressing. I don't have anything to tell him just yet. So much depends on other things. I am trying to secure a building so that our project to diminish home-



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lessness, Hope Street, has its own location. Our project is, ironically, without a home. Some recent events have left me spinning, wondering if we have any support at all, wondering if we can continue, or if we just need to call it quits.

I have little funding left. I have no access to official funding that is designated for homelessness. The plans that we have to refurbish and restore a historic building in Colville to provide sustainability and awareness of the circumstances of people without shelter all are at risk of collapsing. The easiest thing would be to shut things down and walk away. Go back to my beautiful life where I work as a doctor, see my patients, get my paycheck and go home each evening and work in my flower beds.

But this man keeps writing to me. My thoughts awaken me at night. The songs that fill my head are songs of grace, of compassion, of redemption. The words that keep inserting themselves into my consciousness come from somewhere deep in my soul. They are words from my childhood, the truths I learned in grade school, about what it means to be human, what it means to be American. "From every mountainside..." "...with liberty and justice for all."

How can I be an American if I do not live this

way? How can I speak of liberty when this man is enslaved by his isolation? How can I speak of justice when this man has no shelter? How can he be free when he is abandoned by the rest of us?

So, I choose grace. I choose this chance to inflict grace on someone, and for the chance to restore someone's humanity I will ignore the insurmountable barriers that exist in our political structure. I have come to recognize that what Hope Street represents to people who are the most vulnerable is profound hope, a chance to believe. The fact that someone in their community cares about their plight. I think of the partnerships that we have developed with people and organizations who want to see change.

My partners and I will speak for them when their voices are silent. We will shine light on their situation because they are invisible to most of us. A young woman living in the back of a truck with her two small children. A man living on his aunt's property in a camper. A man with mental illness living in a car in a driveway. Another young father suffering from addiction living in a camper on his family property. A paralyzed woman just evicted from her apartment because the landlord doesn't want to fix

the rotting floor. A young family living in a mobile home whose rent just became unaffordable. A mom with her adult disabled son who has a degenerative neurological condition, blindness, a colostomy, a kidney transplantation, living in their car.

What should I tell them? That I have given up? That Hope Street has lost hope? That we cannot find a way? I can't do that. We're not giving up.

The sun is rising. I watch two magpies working together on a rambling nest. They collaborate. They seem to understand how to work together to make a simple shelter. I can do that. I can't give up. This man's voice is still calling to me, and through me to all of you. We will find a way to help many. We will yet have a chance to inflict grace on people who are now without hope. This I believe. From every mountainside, let freedom ring.

More information about the Hope Street Project is available at <http://www.wilderconstruction-llc.com/hope-st-project>.

Barry Bacon is a family doctor in Colville who specializes in full spectrum family medicine and works on health disparities in local communities and in Africa, and teaches family medicine in those locations.

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North of the Border

Changing Fruit

By Eileen Delehanty Pearkes

A year ago, I drove out of the cool, moist upper Columbia mountains to witness tribal canoes arriving at the historic Kettle Falls salmon fishery. I was early and found myself drifting into the asphalt parking lot of the Kettle Falls Interpretive Center, where I sat at a picnic table in the hot June sunshine. Gradually, I noticed some quiet participants amid the developing salmon canoe hoopla. These participants beat no drums, sang no songs, cried no tears of happiness. They were plants, not people: soap berry bushes loaded with ripe, red fruit – perhaps the plant world's own celebration and hope for the salmon to return.

The soap berry has many local names, including *Shepherdia canadensis*, foam berry, Canadian Buffalo berry, *soopolallie* and *sxwusm*. Pronounced somewhat like “swiss-some,” the Sinixt/Lakes word is one of only 18 distinct Salish names for the fruit, embedded in nearly 50 different Salish languages. All 18 of these ancient names link directly to the equally ancient and common root, *xwus*, “to foam, froth.” The proto-Salish root suggests that a human

relationship with the soap berry spans several thousand years and outdates the development of many languages.

Soap berries have a magical ability to foam up like meringue when whipped in water, thanks to the presence of chemical compounds called saponins. The fruit's capacity to transform nourishes the spirit as much as the body. High in vitamin C and iron, dried or fresh berries can create a mound of pale pink froth in mere minutes.

The only trick, and the reason this confection is not on every restaurant menu in the region, is that the foam's sweetness is partially overpowered by a bitter taste. This makes it unpalatable to many people who cannot tolerate or under-stand the flavor.

As a result of our cultural association of bitterness with badness, the soap berry's ancient reputation has endured a dramatic shift in value during the era of colonization. Nancy Turner, a renowned ethno-botanist and recent author of *Ancient Pathways, Ancestral Knowledge*, makes an attempt to restore it, by saying that the taste resembles black coffee with a little sugar added.

I like this description. I have always found that the bitterness and sweetness in these berries

pull at each other, vying for attention in a fascinating and even pleasing way. In time, I have grown to appreciate the bitterness. I wish now for a different word to describe how the berries taste, since I find them neither harsh, caustic, resentful nor acrid.

The paradox of the soap berry's flavor did not (and does not) appear to dull the indigenous appetite. It is with good reason that the berry and indigenous human culture have such a long friendship. The shrub ranges across western North America, in part due to its adaptable nature. Drought-tolerant but moisture-loving, it can be found in gravelly and shallow soils, clay and sandy loam. It needs sun, like most fruiting shrubs, though it can survive in partial shade. The open, bright ponderosa pine forest surrounding the interpretive center provides a prime habitat.

That day in June, I wound my way in wonder through the wild orchard I had come across, growing amid the hot pines like a miracle. I picked only a few of the choicest fruit from each loaded bush. Soon, I had a large paper teacup filled to the brim.

The delicate softness of the fruit typically calls for a special harvesting technique. Salish women

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spread a woven tule mat (or clean cotton sheet) beneath a bush and then gently shake or bat the branches to loosen the fruit. They carry the mat to a place to dry. Long ago, they likely had special drying racks where the small red orbs, like the salmon being pulled from the fishery, could dry in the summer sun. The berries preserved much more quickly than the fish, and without the aid of smoke.

Last year, unprepared for my harvest, I carried my paper cup of slightly mashed fruit back to my car, where I spread a clean picnic cloth on the back window's ledge and sprinkled the fruit across it to dry.

Preparing and storing the berry was, for Interior Salish tribes, a good investment. In the Coast Salish landscape of thick cedar rainforest, the high variability and quality of its fruit production transformed the soap berry into a food found most often in the kitchen of the supernatural beings, like Thunderbird. The pale pink foam was sought-after as a feasting food on the coast, and in some stories it was the transformer Raven who carried the plants to different locations.

The interior tribes appear to have traded the dried fruit for distinctly coastal products such as seaweed, dentalia shells or eulachon grease. Today, soap berries for the Coast Salish tribes remain an important feasting food. Some have special songs that accompany the whipping up of the fruit. Others speak of specially carved whippers or dishes in which the foam could be served.

On recent walks in a forest beside Kootenay Lake's West Arm – exactly one year after the arrival of the salmon canoes – I encountered another orchard of soap berry bushes, this one far upstream in terms of climate from the hot, dry woodland beside Kettle Falls. I have recently come to rest in a little house beside a cedar-hemlock forest carpeted heavily in some places by thick slabs of moss. This is, after all, a rainforest.



The first bush I found, I brushed off as an anomaly. *How nice*, I thought. The next three bushes made me take notice. The next dozen I found after that made me amazed. I had found a community. Looking to the sky and watching the arc of the sun, I marveled at how the soap berry shrubs had discovered a sprinkling of sub-locations to capitalize on the light they needed in June and July, when they are ripening their fruit. The moist cedar-hemlock forest has just enough open edges.

Was it natural to wonder if the bushes had been given some assistance at some point in the past, or was it my over-active imagination teasing me again with its own bittersweetness? Recent research in ethno-botany has revealed how indigenous women have always encouraged profusion in plant foods. Indigenous women did not just drift around passively, looking for a good place to pick. They created profusion. They dug and carefully divided root foods, leaving behind those most likely to reproduce well. They pruned and managed berry patches. They burned back the forest edges to give them more sun. They also propagated from cuttings and scattered ripe fruit to encourage self-seeding. They observed and analyzed what gave certain plants what

they needed and imagined their success. They recognized the potential of a place to become a habitat, a home.

I sense now the broader context of this soap berry community and it enriches my understanding of my own new home.

The berry bushes thrive just up the slope from a quiet, protected bay where the fishing is good. They are near a year-round spring with high mineral content. The forest has morel mushrooms and lots of cedar trees from which to dig roots or harvest inner bark for baskets. No hard proof exists that the berry garden I discovered in a shadowy cedar-hemlock forest had, at some point, been planted by indigenous women. But the wonder and surprise I have experienced this spring may indeed have a tap root to the proto-gatherers. Women who patiently picked and preserved the foaming fruit. Women who managed plants and worked hard to feed their families. Women whose delight still winds its way through the trees as I walk.

Eileen Delehanty Pearkes lives in Nelson, B.C. Her new 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.



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Billy

By Jack Nisbet

David Douglas was a Scottish naturalist who worked the Columbia country from the Rocky Mountains to the river's mouth during three collecting trips between 1825 and 1833. Douglas also happened to be a dog lover and his relationship with various furry friends over those years reveals a lot about both the man himself and the way people related to domestic animals two centuries ago.

Dogs first appeared in Douglas's writings only a few weeks after he left England on a voyage to New York City, in the summer of 1823. Douglas suffered with the crew for several weeks as the ship's captain rationed drinking water during their overly calm Atlantic passage. When a bit of weather blew in and it finally rained, the young naturalist "could not help but observe how the dogs eagerly licked the decks." He saw the world closely enough to understand that these ship dogs were just as thirsty as he was, and realized the relief it was for them to flop down on the deck to lick the much-needed fresh water.

Although Douglas made no mention about the breed, numbers or other behaviors of those deck-licking dogs, he soon discovered that their peers not only sailed aboard many ocean vessels of the time, but also milled around every native encampment and fur trade post in North America. In time he would learn to enjoy the "sweet

music" of dogs barking as he closed in on any fur trade post, anywhere on the continent.

He also saw what they could do. When Douglas joined a horse-hunting expedition out of Fort Vancouver in the fall of 1825 with Hudson's Bay Company trader Alexander McLeod, the trader's bull terrier ran alongside them. The moment the party started a bobcat, McLeod's terrier leaped at the cat, caught it by the throat, and brought it down. Douglas expressed elation with both the

several valuable articles, including trader John Work's personal dog.

And at Fort Walla Walla that same summer, when some thieving pack rats were keeping Douglas awake at night, he reached for his gun, "which, with my faithful dog, always is placed under my blanket at my side," and blasted one to smithereens. This quote, which appears in only one of Douglas's three accounts of the incident, included no further details about his canine friend.

But the naturalist obviously had a weakness for such companionship. In autumn 1826 he joined a fur trade excursion to Oregon's Umpqua country, alongside both McLeod and a hunter named Jean Baptiste McKay. Apparently McKay brought several dogs along, and when Douglas broke away from the larger party to return to Fort Vancouver, one of the animals tagged along. Douglas awoke the next morning to find the dog in "his accustomed place, asleep at my feet." Like many a child who lets a stray follow them home, Douglas allowed McKay's dog to return north with him, explaining that he

had no way of sending him back to his rightful owner.

Of course, having dogs around means more than a comfortable snuggle at night. In spring 1827, Douglas wrangled numerous collections up the Columbia for a passage across the Rockies to Hudson Bay. When his canoe brigade stopped at Fort Colville, he unpacked some of his most prized specimens to dry, including a pair of sage



"Cowboys and Dogs" by Frank Matsura, circa 1906-12, courtesy Okanogan County Historical Society. The fur trade and tribal dogs that David Douglas traveled with probably did not look much different than these animals photographed near Omak in the early 1900s.

action and the specimen – he was a man of his time, and his job was to collect the region's flora and fauna for science.

McLeod was far from the only fur trader who kept dogs around. In summer 1826, Douglas met a company brigade that had just made a difficult portage around the Cascades of the Columbia – difficult because the tribal men who helped carry their gear had made off with

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grouse skins that he had lugged hundreds of miles. Wary of the camp dogs, he wrapped the bird specimens in oilcloth and propped them up on tent poles.

When the mutts figured out a way to snag them anyway and tore them to pieces, the naturalist was “grieved beyond measure.”

David Douglas left the Pacific Northwest for England in 1827, and during his two years there made a visit to his home village in Perthshire, Scotland. This may be where he picked up a personal pet named Billy, who joined him for a return voyage to the Columbia via Hawaii.

By the time Douglas arrived back at Fort Vancouver in 1830, he described Billy as “my faithful little Scotch terrier, the companion of all my journeys.” Billy was with Douglas when he ventured out of the fort after being laid low by a terrible malaria epidemic that summer; the two were greeted with the horrific site of “flocks of famished dogs howling above, while the dead bodies lie strewn in every direction on the sands of the river.”

Billy also accompanied his master to California for two more years of plant collecting in the Spanish ranchland, where one resident described Douglas as frequently setting off on his own, attended only by his little dog and a rifle in hand.

Douglas and Billy sailed from California to the island of Oahu, where they caught the Hudson's Bay Company packet back to the Columbia for a third time around. From Fort Vancouver, in the spring of 1833, Douglas set off upstream again, this time with the goal of reaching the upper Fraser River and perhaps even the Russian post at Sitka, Alaska. Accompanying him was “my old terrier; a most faithful and now, to judge from his long grey beard, venerable friend, who has guarded me throughout all my journeys.”

The pair traveled with a fur trade brigade as far as Fort St. James, above modern Prince George, British Columbia. When Douglas decided to turn around rather than brave the overland slog to the coast, he and Billy ended up in a canoe that

capsized in the Red Rocks Canyon of the Fraser. It's a rough stretch to go overboard, but man and dog both survived to continue downstream to Fort Vancouver.

Soon afterward, they sailed together for the big island of Hawaii. There Douglas carried on much as he had on the Columbia: befriending locals, collecting plants, observing native culture, climbing mountains in support of his new-found interest in surveying, and generally fooling around with his dog.

During one epic feast at a Hawaiian village, he described Billy as tussling with a pair of cats over some discarded fish entrails. The pair were looking for a ship home from Honolulu when Douglas ran into a Protestant missionary named John Diell, who convinced the naturalist to return to the Big Island for some more volcano climbing. On July 9, 1834, Douglas and Billy disembarked at Kohala Point, intending to walk overland to Hilo. There they would rendezvous with Diell and a climbing party to ascend Mauna Kea.

Five days later, Diell was in Hilo as planned when a Hawaiian man rushed up to the house where he was staying to announce that Mr. Douglas had fallen into a cattle pit trap and been trampled to death by a bull. It was a complicated story told mainly by a British-Australian bullock hide skinner named Ned Gurney.

Some local people thought that either Gurney or some disrespected native Hawaiians might well have murdered Douglas and dumped him into the pit. An investigation cleared Gurney of any wrongdoing, but rumors have persisted, and to this day there are people on the island who believe that foul play was involved.

But one detail of Ned Gurney's story stands out. He testified that after hearing news of Douglas's situation from two Hawaiian men, he rushed up a trail to three pit traps that he had dug himself. It had rained the previous day, and clear footprints around the site showed Douglas examining each of the three pits, then moving a few steps up the trail before stopping to backtrack for one more

peek at the captured bull. It was there that he slipped and fell into the pit.

At the spot where he turned around, Douglas left the faithful Billy to guard his pack full of surveying instruments. When Gurney came forward and discovered the cache, Billy was still sitting calmly beside the rucksack. Gurney not only delivered Douglas's body to the missionaries for an inquest, but also presented them with the kit of instruments and the grizzled Scotch terrier.

Stories about the black deeds of Ned Gurney raise two questions for many dog owners today: Why would Billy sit quietly while somebody did violence to his most trusted companion? And why would Billy then allow Gurney to deliver him all the way to Hilo without a fuss?

No one has an answer to either question. The only certain fact about the case is that Billy was shipped back to London along with Douglas's kit of surveying instruments. There he was adopted by a clerk in the British Foreign Office and lived out his life as a minor celebrity: David Douglas's terrier Billy, who survived the Doctor's Pit.

Author Jack Nisbet will be speaking at the Shaw Island Library on July 22, and the Colville Library on August 7. For more details, go to www.jacknisbet.com.

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Quiet Glories on Our Chain of Lakes

Article & Photos by Joanie Christian

As a photographer, I delight in the images taken from the vantage point of my kayak. Yet as much as I desire to capture a remarkable image, I've found that I cherish even more the kayaking moments that remain etched in my mind:

The shroud of mist rising off the lake in the early morning, with the sun's rays shooting up above the mountain in a spectacular display of color as the dawn breaks. The sounds of a beaver family cavorting around in their lodge. My husband Jim casting his line in the afternoon sunlight, creating a backlit silhouette that is breathtaking. The incredible fragrance permeating the air when the water lilies are in full bloom. The gentle rippling sounds of the kayak cutting through the water. Turtles swimming under my kayak. The haunting call of the loon. Giant snowflakes wafting down around me, reminiscent of being in a snowglobe. Families by the campfire along the water's edge. Vignettes of life in its purest and simplest forms.

A growing number of people are discovering a passion for kayaking. The Outdoor Foundation reported that an estimated 13 million people in the U.S. had at least one kayak outing in 2014.

Nearly every week, I talk with someone who says, "We've just bought kayaks." Knowing we are avid kayakers, they ask about our favorite spots. I have a hard time answering that question. I have lived in Stevens County for nearly 40 years, but since we started kayaking in 2014, we are continually discovering places that I never knew existed. It's been an epiphany, and an inspiration to keep going outside my comfort zone of the familiar.

We typically seek out flatwater or stillwater lakes, where there are no rapids. Small, intimate lakes off the beaten path allow us to take our time and savor the wondrous details along the way.

We are incredibly fortunate to live in an area with so many beautiful places

to go paddling. Even though we kayak often, we have not yet explored all the public lakes in the tri-county area.

The Little Pend Oreille Lake Chain is a favorite standby of ours, for many reasons. Close to home, about 25 miles east of Colville, it has amazing wildlife-spotting opportunities. Four lakes of varying size connected by navigable channels comprise the chain: Sherry (3.6 acres), Gillette (25.3 acres), Thomas (208.7 acres) and Heritage lakes (69 acres).

There are properties on each of the lakes, with Heritage being the least developed, but also still a surprising number of wilder areas to explore. In the height of the summer season, particularly on weekends, the watersports activity is heavy. For that reason, we tend to go paddling in off-season and weekdays, early morning and in the evening. Regardless of the time of year, paddling near dawn or dusk is our favorite ... the water is often glassy smooth and we're more likely to spot wildlife.

There is a public boat launch at the Lake Gillette campground, with a \$5 day use/launch fee. Parts of the shoreline remain undeveloped.

From the Lake Gillette boat launch, paddling to the left will take you toward Lake Sherry, and paddling right will lead to the other two lakes. Lake Sherry is the smallest and most developed of the lakes in the chain. At the far end of Lake Sherry is the entrance to a narrow waterway leading to a small control dam. It is private and lush, and we often spot bald eagles, muskrat, turtles and an occasional moose there.

Due to its size, Lake Thomas is the one most frequented by motorboats and water skiers in the summer. Even so, wildlife abounds. Three large osprey nests are visible at various points along the shoreline, and they fish in the lake throughout the day. Bald eagles often try to steal their catch mid-air. Red-necked grebes sometimes build floating nests back in the





cove on the north end of the lake. In the late spring, loons are sometimes seen near the cove as well, but tend to disappear when the crowds arrive in the summer.

The channel leading to Heritage Lake is very different from the other channels. It is much longer with marsh and abundant lily pads on both sides. It is too wet for easy development. Though I have seen moose and wildlife on all of the lakes, this area is where we spot the most wildlife. This channel is my "Selah," a place to pause and reflect. Here is where a mama mallard swims next to my kayak with her ducklings, a blue heron fishes in the marsh, a moose "snorkels" to uproot lily pads, and a beaver stops at the surface to curiously watch me for a few moments. The scenery is exquisite.

In the summertime, a procession of boats come through the channel to Heritage Lake at dusk, hoping to spot moose. You would think the moose would be deterred by the human presence, but they spend much of their time in the water during the summer months.

Moose spend at least eight hours a day eating, consuming 30-40 pounds of vegetation per day to put on the 25% overall increase in body weight that they need for the winter. Aquatic plants are high in protein and nutrients. The cool water lowers their body temperature and caloric needs, provides relief from insects and protection from predators. Moose are sometimes perceived as comical cartoonish creatures, but they are unpredictable and aren't to be underestimated. *Be careful around them.*

The Little Pend Oreille Lake Chain is particularly scenic in the fall, when the western larch on the mountainsides turn golden. For anglers, there is a trout emphasis, but you might also catch black crappie, largemouth bass or yellow perch. If you'd like to combine a little hiking with your paddling, access to Rufus Trail #148 is near the Lake Gillette campground. There are abundant ATV trails and ATV events are scheduled throughout the year.

For those who want to explore the area more than a day, there are campgrounds on Gillette and Thomas lakes. The Beaver Lodge on Lake Gillette offers a campground and cabins, groceries and a restaurant. We've often stopped by Beaver Lodge after several hours of paddling, enjoying a meal on the outdoor deck overlooking the lake.

Huckleberries are plentiful in the mountains surrounding the lakes, but folks are secretive about their favorite picking spots.

The Little Pend Oreille Lake Chain is truly a treasure of the region.

Go forth and explore!

Joanie Christian, a freelance photographer, has lived in the Colville area for more than 40 years and is still finding new things to discover. Follow some of her adventures at stillwaterpaddling.com.

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When We All Spoke the Same Language

By Loren Cruden

A wild coyote trotted at my sister's heels some years ago as she hiked along a Wyoming road. A passing motorist, seeing them, shouted at her to leash her "dog." This kind of thing was not unusual for my sister. Animals sought her out. Maybe because she had no agenda or fantasy to fulfill – was just available to them without imposing. She didn't try to tame anything or to insert herself into the pack. But with each of her wildlife encounters something gifted was exchanged, however subtle.

It was like the time six swallows, trapped in a building in England, hopped onto my finger one at a time, allowing me to carry them outside. Or when a hummingbird, after battering against the inside of the skylight in our house on the mountain, landed on my outstretched finger and miraculously stayed there as I descended the tall extension ladder and walked outside. I still feel the grasp of those wee bird feet: a gift of trust.

A raft of scientific studies have appeared recently, showing how spending companionable time with dogs and cats, or wandering around treed places, measurably benefits our mental and physical health.

It's always funny when experts prove the obvious, as when studies pronounced that mothers' milk surpasses substitute baby nourishments. But I suppose it is useful to have these readily observable truths validated and legitimized. It opens the way for such things as therapy dogs in courtrooms or cats spreading their purrs around nursing homes, or for people taking breaks from their computers to go hang out in the woods or picnic in the park.

We can apply scientific scrutiny to the interdependent environment of which we are a part, or we can use a more intimate, familial vocabulary for those relationships. Historically in Scotland, clans had animal and plant totems. A few clans even considered their ancestral progenitors to be non-human. Such as clan Campbell, whose original patriarch was a boar (though not a bore). The MacCodrums of the Outer Isles became known not only for their bards but as a family occasionally producing members who could transform themselves into seals.

The roots of these traditional alignments with nature went way back, into early European tribal perspectives, similar in many ways to those of American Indians. Relationship with habitat is encoded in the way language is used in poetry, storytelling, and everyday conversations. Even now, and despite the internet, we are still a people in place, affecting and being affected by, and communicating with and about, the environment surrounding us.

There is a Biblical parable about a time when all people spoke the same language; and some Indian stories indicate that every species of animal, including humans, once understood one another's speech. These stories hint that a little close listening to what's around us does not go amiss.

Every day nature expresses itself, and people talk about the place in which they live. A woman on the crew painting my house remarked on the well-being her family had found in moving to this area. A man loading stacks of the *North Columbia Monthly* into my son's car in

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Airway Heights mentioned the peacefulness of his nearby acreage. And of course everybody, everywhere, talks about the weather. I don't doubt that Ghengis Khan and Socrates and prehistoric hunter-gatherers, too, groused about or extolled their local atmospheric conditions.

Here in northeastern Washington, our place is beautifully endowed: rivers, hills, lakes, forests, farmlands, wetlands, elemental barrens; wildlife and human communities; solitude and communion.

The dot-to-dot picture of place, daily renewed and improvised upon by our connections and interactions, daily shape-shifts like a cloud that one moment resembles a dragon, then a bunny, then a VW Beetle, then a profile of Jimmy Durante. It may look like MacCodrums turning into seals, or a long-ago forest woman marrying a bear; or it may look like wonderfully ordinary neighbors gathered at the beach for a potluck, or someone stopping by the roadside to help an animal in need of assistance. It is the fluent language of relationship with place, evolving over seasons and years and centuries. It seems okay for it to be scientific or mundane or even contentious at times. As long as we don't forget important mythic possibilities as well.

My grandson, almost ten now, is a beekeeper. He and my sister had a special bond in their absorption with the natural world – and their artwork illustrating it. Bees have been one of my grandson's paths into the dot-to-dot picture of interconnection.

Bees in general – not just honeybees – pollinate seventy out of the hundred or so crop species that feed the world. Without bees, the current human and animal population would suffer mass starvation. Already in China, large-scale hand pollination is being attempted to try to make up for the global die-off of bees.

Why are so many bees dying? Because of the usual culprits: habitat degradation, disease, parasites. But these have been joined by a class of insecticides called neonicotinoids, banned in Europe but heavily promoted in the U.S. and elsewhere by corporate agribusiness.

These chemicals are not toxic in the obvious way – they don't outright kill bees. Instead, they damage the bees' essential ability to associate floral scent with nectar and pollen – neonicotinoid chemicals destroy the bees' learning and memory processes. The affected bees can't find food, can't convey information to other bees, and can't find their ways back to the hive. The colony collapses.

So much of what is visible around us could be thought of as memory: fossils, geological layers; canyons and craters; tree rings and forest duff, lightning-struck snags; glacial-trapped water, ancient aquifers irrigating Arizona golf courses; dinosaurs powering our engines – one extinct dominant species seeding the rise and fall of the next.

Much of science busies itself with examining planetary memory. As in their own, different ways, do religion, poetry, and legend.



When I think about memory and communication, whatever the species, they seem to comprise the lines joining the dots of interconnected life, creating a picture imbued with meaning and vitality. The dance of the bees is like the dance of all our lives, of how we go forth, engage with and report about place and its particularities, and singly and collectively find our ways home. Without those lines of communication and remembrance we become lost, bereft – disconnected dots: no picture.

My sister is gone now, but I am reminded of her when I see my grandson standing rapt amid his shape-shifting cloud of pollinators, murmuring, "Happy bees."

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Those Darn Cute Chipmunks

Article & Photo by J. Foster Fanning

"Chitter, chitter, chitter"... Repeat. Over and over. That's the call of a certain member of the squirrel family, the chipmunk.

Over the last few years I've written about and focused my lens on quite a number of birds. That doesn't mean I've ignored the mammalian species in our highlands. It has been noted that mammal watching has not achieved the general popularity of bird watching, primarily due to many of the mammals being nocturnal, not to mention that many of them are small, brown and seemingly less notable than their avian counterparts. Mammalogists generally study animals by observing their tracks, burrows and scat, occasionally capturing and cataloging them. Unlike ornithologists, whose survey methods often include sauntering about on a sunny day with a pair of binoculars.

Of course, there are the exceptions, and the red-tailed chipmunk is one of them. Diurnal, flashy, loud, active and prolific. Anyone who has lived on a backroad of our highlands area has a chipmunk story to tell. And while these little critters are still basically small and brown, their conspicuous stripes make them easily recognizable as chipmunks.

Washington State Department of Fish and Wildlife tells us, "the Pacific Northwest is abundantly provided with squirrels, encompassing the taxonomic range of the squirrel family: flying squirrels, tree squirrels, ground squirrels, marmots and chipmunks."

The Pacific Northwest has four of the 25 chipmunk species found worldwide: Townsend's chipmunk (*Tamias townsendii*), found predominantly west of the Cascade Range; the least chipmunk (*Tamias minimus*), across much of Canada and throughout the Northwest from the Rockies to the Cascades; the yellow-pine chipmunk (*Tamias amoenus*), living throughout a large region from northern California to central British Columbia, and finally the little creature featured here, the red-tailed chipmunk (*Tamias ruficaudus*), with the smallest range of them all, residing in northeastern Washington, northern Idaho, western Montana, southern B.C. and select areas of Alaska.

Early colonists in New England reported that "chitmunk" was the name for the animal in a local Algonquian language.

While not abundant in native lore, there are a few tales of the chipmunk, including one from our nearby San Poil neighbors: *Sti'mtima* was an old woman with two children, Chipmunk and Meadow-lark. One day the children disobeyed their mother and went deep into the woods, only to discover a hairy monster who chased them. In his narrow escape Chipmunk was clawed from his head to his rump by the monster, and ever since his children have borne the stripes on their back. In an Iroquois story, Chipmunk disturbed a bear

who caused the claw stripe markings.

In *One Man's Wilderness*, a book by Sam Keith based on Richard Proenneke's journals and photography, Proenneke speaks of our furry little friend "The Red Runt." At first Proenneke thought he was a cute little fellow but then goes on to say, "This is the red runt's country. I am the invader. Hardly a day passes that he does not remind me of that with his chatter, his mischief, and at times his downright vandalism."

This self-made mountain man living the rugged lifestyle alone in the wilds of Alaska tried to come to terms with the chipmunk. "One day while feeding my birds some meat scraps, I heard his scratchy approach down the bark of the big spruce. He was watching and seemed very interested. I held out a scrap to him. He moved toward it in jerks. How did he show his gratitude? He bit my finger hard into the nail bed and drew blood!"

It was the only time in Proenneke's journal that an animal tested his patience. In the end, he respected the diminutive chipmunk for the survivalist it was.

Proenneke's story led me to do a little more research for this article and I discovered that, in some states, chipmunks can be bought as pets from breeders and pet stores. And around here? Here's what Squirrel Refuge has to say:

"Both Washington and Oregon have protections in place limiting what the public can do with wildlife. It is illegal in both Washington and

Oregon to keep wildlife unless you hold special permits. Permits are usually restricted to zoos, research facilities, educational institutions and wildlife rehabilitators. In neither state is it legal for a member of the public to keep a squirrel as a pet unless: 1) purchased through legal means with documented proof that the animal has been inspected, imported and sold through legal channels; or 2) granted special dispensation or permitting through written approval from the Department of Fish and Wildlife. In both states, it is unlawful to relocate squirrels from the property where it was trapped to anywhere in the state without a permit or written approval from the Department of Fish and Wildlife."

So this time when you cinch up those boots and pick up the field glasses, take a close look to see how many small, brown, fuzzy things you can see out there romping about, and be sure to listen for the "chitter, chitter, chitter..."



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Text to Kids: We're Going Outside!

By Bronwyn Worthington

How did you spend your free time as child? Perhaps your parents kept a loose eye on your whereabouts, even while you roamed around the neighborhood or explored a nearby creek. For me, growing up on nine acres allowed for a refuge of creative exploration that helped soften the hard realities of homesteading. In between chores, I recall my mother insisting that I take full advantage of my natural surroundings. This led my sister and me to spending many of our summer days building forts on the outskirts of our wooded property.

For those of us who spent much of our childhood outdoors, requiring kids to play outside can seem like a no-brainer. Yet, reconciling our growing-up years with those of the upcoming generation often proves challenging. As families exchange rural property for urban settings, free exploration of the land often ceases to exist as a viable option for children. Thankfully, even urban dwellings can potentially invoke fresh experiences in city parks, community gardens and walking trails. We can be grateful for green pastures, albeit in differing forms.

Fast forward thirty years from my days of fort-building to my current season of raising

two school-age children. Although I'm still a country girl at heart, my kiddos have little concept of my free-range childhood. As a girl, I walked nearly a mile down steep terrain, entirely independent of my parents, to catch a school bus that took me down many winding roads before I finally walked into school. Now, during the best of days, my kiddos walk with my husband or me to their nearby city schools.

In all honesty, most days find us driving our two back and forth to school along the same straight paved roads. Let's face it, times have changed greatly for our post-millennial kids. Increased academic rigor along with a culture promoting extracurricular activities makes unstructured playtime close to impossible.

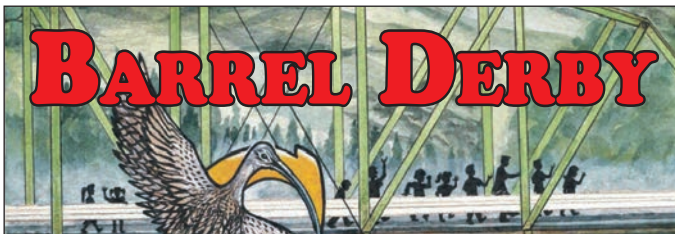
And then there is the great defining phenomenon of our generation: technology. According to the Children and Nature Network, a worldwide movement seeking to reconnect children with nature, young people now spend an average of 50 hours a week on digital devices and 90% of their time indoors.

Most of us recognize the obvious disadvantages to keeping kids cooped up inside. Clearly, the decrease in physical activity among children

has contributed to our current child obesity epidemic. However, cognitive and emotional health may be a more frequently overlooked factor.

Did you know attention issues, aggressive behaviors and depression within children may be masked indicators of a nature deficiency? Richard Louv speaks to this phenomenon in his bestselling book, *Last Child in the Woods: Saving Our Children from Nature Deficit Disorder*. The good news, Louv shares, is that nature itself can provide the restorative healing necessary for many of the ailments our children face. Generally speaking, while kids enjoy virtual play, they seem to intuitively understand that limited screen time offers a healthier way of living.

In addition to raising good digital citizens, we need to show children the enduring value of the local land upon which we live. Truth be told, helping our kids develop a passion for playing outside may require us to put down our phones, pull up our sleeves and get a little dirty alongside them. Digging in together, we can create the balance needed to help our kids thrive as healthy young people.



BARREL DERBY

Sunday June 4th
Barrel drops in the river at Midway at 10am!
Barrel arrives in Curlew at ???

Fireman's Breakfast-----	7:00 to 10:00 AM
Fun Run-----	Start Time 9:30 AM
CYA Hoop Jam, Ice Cream-----	10:00 AM
Famous BBQ Beef Dinner-----	11:00 AM - 3:00 PM
Parade-----	1:00 PM
Curlew Library Book Sale-----	9:30 AM to 3:00 PM

Get your Barrel Derby tickets at the Curlew Store, Tugboat's, Smokin' Joe's Smoke Shop, or other sponsoring businesses.

Take your best guess for when the barrel will pass below the Curlew Bridge. If your guess is the closest to the actual time you could win BIG.

Call Heather 509-779-4958 for more information and ticket locations.

Call Lorna 509-779-4445 for parade registration and Karen 509-779-4945 for Fun Run information.

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www.stonerosefossil.org
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While it can be difficult to make the move from the couch to actually seeing the difference between a spruce and a fir, a little planning makes a big difference. We can put outdoors activities on the weekly schedule.

Involving our children in planting a garden or starting a nature scrapbook are ways we can play along in the process. Active families may prefer recreational pursuits such as a hike in a state park. For those of us concerned about teen buy-in, a geocache hunt could be just the thing to coax a resistant youth to head toward the hills with us for a few hours.

I'm still working to reconcile the 21st century childhood my kids are now experiencing with that of my own. For some time, I've dared myself to take my children on a trip into the wilderness. Realizing that my years of full-time parenting are quickly dwindling, I have finally decided this will be the summer!

Now, there has been some whining about living without wi-fi for a week, but I remain optimistic that this natural immersion will do wonders for all of us. We'll discuss a few things we want to do – fishing, rafting and photography will probably make the list – but



ultimately I hope to minimize the agenda. In my view, this adventure is all about letting the kids find their place in nature. With summer on the horizon, let's join in unplugging for the sake of living life!

Bronwyn Worthington is a teacher and freelance writer in Spokane where she is currently pursuing her M.Ed in Teaching & Learning with an emphasis on Social Emotional Learning. Explore more at bronwynworthington.com.

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11am to 5pm
Wednesday - Sunday

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Lawney Reyes
Native American Author & Artist
Saturday, June 17th @ 1 pm

Trail of Baskets
Ongoing Exhibit thru Sept. 30th

Season Quilt Raffle
Tickets - \$5 each or 5 for \$20
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Just off Hwy 395 N of Kettle Falls, turn right onto St. Paul's Mission Rd. before the bridge

WHAT'S



MORE LISTINGS & DETAILS AT NCMONTHLY.COM!

APPENZERS

Events

May 29-June 3: Between the Rivers Gathering: Ancestral Skills for Self-Sufficiency near Chewelah, WA. Visit betweentheiversgathering.com for more info.

June 2: PEO Annual Garage Sale, 7 am to 4 pm at St. Paul Lutheran church, 295 E. Dominion. Fundraiser for scholarships.

June 2-3: Kettle Falls Town & Country Days with live entertainment on the main stage, food and craft booths, beer garden, 5k "Grumpy Grouch Fun Run, 3 on 3 "Slam Jam" basketball tournament, parade, the Show & Shine Car Show, and activities for the kids.

June 4: Curlew Barrel Derby! Barrel drops in the river at Midway at 10 am and whoever has the closest guess of when it passes below the Curlew Bridge wins big! Fireman's Breakfast, 7-10 am, Fun Run, 9:30 am, CYA Hoop Jam, Ice Crea, 10 am, Famous BBQ Beef Dinner, 11-3, Parade, 1 pm, Curlew Library Book Sale, 9:30-3. Call 509-779-4958 for more info. See ad on page 18.

June 4: Northport Lions Club's last Bingo event until October, at the Northport School Cafeteria. Doors open at Noon, games begin at 1 pm. Early Bird, 3-up, 6-up, Fast Pick, and Black-out with a \$500 Jackpot! Must be 18 to play. Refreshments provided.

June 9-11: Prospectors' Days "Diamond Jubilee" in Republic with live music, food festival, talent show, gold rush run, parades, soap box derby, 3 on 3 basketball, mining contests, stock car racing, horseshoe tournament, dunk tank, softball tournament, and more! See ad on page 36.

June 9-11: Earth Rising Sanctuary Healing Gather (10th annual) featuring workshops on the healing arts, gardening, healthy living, alternative technology, and more. Many workshop leaders available for private sessions. Thomas Richardson and his band Dreamtime will play Sat., 9:30 - midnight. Sun. evening music jam. 3470-C Moore Rd., off of Flat Creek Road, Kettle Falls, WA. Email earthrisingsanctuary55@gmail.com or call 509-732-4301 for more info.

June 10: Colville Eagle's Lodge fundraiser, open at 11, auction starts at 1, live music to dance to at 7.

June 10, 24: Day racing June 10, noon-6 pm and night racing June 24, 5-10 pm at the Northport International Raceway. Visit northportinternationalraceway.com for the full schedule and more info.

June 11: Eagles Auxiliary presents the Culpepper & Merriweather Circus at the Arden Rodeo grounds, 2 & 4:30 pm. Tickets at North 40, Happy's Gift Shop, KF Pharmacy, and Hartill's Mountain Saw & Tractor, or in advance (for a discount) at www.cmcircus.com or 866-Big-TOP6. See ad on page 8.

June 13: Salute to Fathers Luncheon at the HUB Senior Center, 231 W. Elep, Colville. Hearty menu and prizes. \$6 per person, fathers admitted free! Call 509-675-1479 for reservations.

June 15: Taste of Chewelah, hosted by the Chewelah Arts Guild, features foods from all over town, along with live music and art exhibits. Participating vendors include ChewVino Wine Bar, El Ranchito, Flowery Trail Coffeehouse, KISS Gourmet, Mondo's Italian Cafe, Rusty Putter Bar & Grill, Sportsmans Bar & Grill, The Bread Box, and Westside Pizza. Food is served 4:30-7 pm, dessert is 6-7:30 pm. Silent auction is 4:30-8 pm. Tickets are \$12, children under 9 are free when accompanied by a ticket holder, available at Akers, Valley Drug, ChewVino Wine Bar, and the Arts Guild website, www.chewelahartsguild.org.

June 16-17: Colville Rodeo featuring the McMillan Trick Riders and the Freedom Riders, pony rides, food, vendors, parade (Sat., 4 pm) on Main Street, and dance to Killin Time after the Saturday show. See ad on back page.

June 17: Lawney Reyes, Native American author and artist, at the Kettle Falls Historical Center, 1 pm, just off Hwy. 395 on St. Paul's Mission Rd.

June 17: 10-Year Anniversary Party at Northern Ales, 325 W. 3rd Ave., Kettle Falls, featuring free music Checkmate Reality (3-5 pm), Planetary Refugees (5-7 pm), and Chipped and Broken (7-9 pm). Visit northernales.com or call 509-738-7382 for more info. See ad on page 32.

June 18: Father's Day.

June 23: The Northeast Washington Association of REALTORS® 9th Annual Charity Golf Tournament at Dominion Meadows, Colville. Registration opens at noon, shotgun start, 1 pm. Entry fee is \$50 and covers green fees, dinner, and goodie bag. Cart rental is \$26 (\$13 per person) call Dominion Meadows at 509-684-5508 to reserve yours. Prizes, raffles, and a silent auction. Proceeds benefit local charities, service groups and philanthropic efforts. For entry form contact Tammy Ringer at 509-680-1229 or visit www.newarealtors.com.

Music, Dance, Theater & Film

June 2-4: Park Avenue Players Present *What is Susan's Secret* at the Chewelah Civic Center, 301 E. Clay St., Chewelah at 7 pm and 3 pm on Sunday. Tickets are \$10 and are available at Valley Drug, Aker's United Drug, *The Independent*, R.E. Lee Shoe Co. and at the door.

June 10: Northern Ballet and Performing Arts School of Chewelah will present its annual Dance Festival at the Colville High School auditorium on Saturday at 7 pm. Tickets are available at R.E. Lee Shoe Co. in Colville.

June 16-18, 23-25: *Legally Blonde, The Musical*, plays at the Pend Oreille Playhouse, 236 S. Union, Newport at 7 pm Fridays and Saturdays, 3 pm Sundays. Tickets available at www.pendoreilleplayers.org or 509-447-9900.

June 27: Auditions for the One Act Play Festival, *Twelve Angry Jurors*, and *The Butler Did It* at 6:30 pm at the Pend Oreille Playhouse, 236 S. Union, Newport. Visit www.pendoreilleplayers.org or call 509-447-9900 for more info.

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

- 1st: Sara Brown, 6-8 pm
- 8th: Michael Pickett, 6-8 pm
- 9th: Johnny and the Moon Dogs, 7-10 pm
- 15th: Mark Harding, 6-8 pm
- 16th: Open Mic, 7-10 pm
- 17th: 10-Year Anniversary Party, 3-8 pm
- 22nd: Tony Bolles, 6-8 pm
- 26th: Bo Hoss and the Possee, 7-10 pm
- 30th: Working Splifs, 7-10 pm

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

- 15th: Claude Bourbon, 7-10 pm
- 17th: Robert Sarazin Blake, 7-10 pm
- 24th: Scratchdog Stringband, 7-10 pm

Music at The Flying Steamshovel, 2003 2nd Ave., Rossland, B.C. Visit theflyingsteamshovel.com or call 250-362-7323 for more info.

- 9th: Raine Hamilton w/ Brett Nelson, 9 pm
- 14th: Hollerado w/ Guests, 9 pm
- 23rd: Living Hour w/ Guests, 9 pm
- 28th: Mauno w/ Guests, 8 pm

Free Movie Day at the HUB Senior Center, 231 W. Elep, Colville, at 1 pm on the second Thursday of each month. Free popcorn.

Literature & Writing

June 5, 12, 19, 26: Join us this summer every Monday at noon at the Colville Library as we work our way through the Dewey Decimal system. A topical reading list will be available at each presentation. June 5, Dewey 101-000s: Publishing with Katie Leithead. June 12, Dewey 101-100s: Psychology with Catherine Reimer. June 19, Dewey 101-200s: Religion with Lance Rhoades. June 26, Dewey 101-300s: Law with Sue Richart.

June 21: Self-Publishing Seminar at the Chewelah Public Library, 5:30-7 pm.

Writers' Group: Open invitation to writers of all skill levels and categories of writing, to a writers' group facilitated by author Loren Cruden. Regular gatherings for feedback on one another's work and help in developing skills. If interested, don't be shy; call Loren at 509-675-8644. *P.S. Hey Steve: Please call back and this time leave your number!*

Arts & Crafts

June 2: Gold Mountains Gallery reception in Republic, 4 - 7 pm, featuring the creative found art assemblages and mixed media paintings of Laurie Dorrell and the unique wire wrapped jewelry of Debbie Turner, on display through June. Refreshments will be served. The artists coop is open Wed-Sat, 10:30-4:30 and offers a wide assortment of locally made arts and crafts.

June 3: E-Z Knit Fabrics in Colville is offering an AccuQuilt GO! Fabric Cutter party and presentation, 10-noon and 2-4 (do not need to own an AccuQuilt). Registration required, call 509-684-6644.

Free Classes at E-Z Knit Fabrics in Colville: Mastery Class - Embroidery Software: Learn your BERNINA Software first Saturday each month, 9:30-1, registration required. Fabrics Open Workshop: Bring your projects that you need help with, machine embroidery, sewing, etc., first Saturday each month, 1-4, registration required. Machine Embroidery Projects, second Wednesday each month, 9:30 am until done (bring lunch), check with store (165 N Main St, Colville) for monthly projects, registration required, 509-684-6644.

Photo Contest: The Friends of the Little Pend Oreille National Wildlife Refuge are holding their annual photo contest of pictures taken during the year at the Refuge. Contact Joel Anderson at onionjoel@gmail.com for rules and an entry form.

Featured Artist Keith Powell at the gallery at Meyers Falls Market in Kettle Falls for the month of June. H works scratch board, oils, acrylics, watercolor, pen & ink, lithographic prints, bronze, steel and aluminum.

Featured Artist Ken Smith of Newport, WA has his unique and imaginative pen and ink drawings on display through June 26 at Tri County Economic Development District, 986 S Main Suite A in Colville. Stop in and view his work Mon - Fri, 8-4.

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

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

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

Farm, Field & Forest

June 15: 4-H County Activity Day, 9-noon, NE WA Fairgrounds. Contact Shannon Rowley at 509-684-2588 or sgordon@wsu.edu for more info.

June 16: NE WA Permaculture Guild, 5 pm, Community Connections Room, Meyers Falls Market, Kettle Falls. Please park in back; bring a snack or dish for afterward potluck. For info, call 509-680-1480.

Wellness

June 1: Mary Selecky, retired WA State Secretary of Health, will speak on health at the HUB Senior Center, 231 W. Elep, Colville, at 12:30 pm.

Gentle Yoga for Seniors every Monday at the HUB Senior Center in Colville, 8-9 am, free. Class is taught by Care Tafoya and is sponsored by Parkview and Buena Vista. Please RSVP at 509-675-1479.

Leisurely Walk About Group leaves every Thursday at 10:30 am at the HUB Senior Center in Colville.

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

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

Continued on page 32

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.

A Good Read

The Dog of the South, by Charles Portis

Reviewed by Loren Cruden

If you've never read a Charles Portis novel, *The Dog of the South* is a fine taste of his style, which is that of a more whimsical Steinbeck combined with a far kinder and gentler Hunter S. Thompson.

Portis himself is an Arkansas man who, after serving as a Marine in the Korean War and a bureau chief for *The New York Herald-Tribune* in London, wrote for *The New Yorker* magazine.

The Dog of the South, first published in 1979, is the tale of young Raymond Midge as he tries to track down his wife Norma, who has run off with her previous husband. Most of the action takes place in Mexico and Belize. After making it over the border in what could've been a fraught encounter with Mexican customs officials Ray is "surprised and light-headed, like a domestic fowl that finds itself able to fly over a low fence in a moment of terror." The character described here sounds at times like a tremulous old man, but our protagonist Ray is still in his twenties, a reminder that young men too (if perhaps less obviously) struggle for bravado when venturing into the world.

Ray gets involved with an array of odd characters, his wife and her singularly unappealing boyfriend always one step ahead. The plot is Cormac McCarthy-ish but the rendition far less grim, having a doleful hilarity.

The novel's title comes from the name painted on an old schoolbus owned by the foremost of the story's odd characters, Doctor Reo Symes, who gets a ride to Belize with Ray when the bus breaks down. "He had sold hi-lo

carpet remnants and velvet paintings from the back of a truck in California. He had sold wide shoes by mail, shoes that must've been almost round, at widths up to EEEEEEE. He had sold gladiola bulbs and vitamins for men and fat-melting pills and all-purpose hooks and hail-damaged pears. He had picked up small fees counseling veterans on how to fake chest pains so as to gain immediate admission to V.A. hospitals and a free week in bed."

As I read the novel I kept imagining Portis' characters sneaking out of their books at night to carry on conversations with characters in Elmore Leonard's novels. With both authors, dialogue on society's margins is conducted in an uber-ordinary way regardless of non-ordinary lifestyles and circumstances. It defines the fringe, where incongruity is most apparent – and normal.

"It's getting pretty late in the day for you to have so few interests and convictions. How old are you, Mr. Midge?"

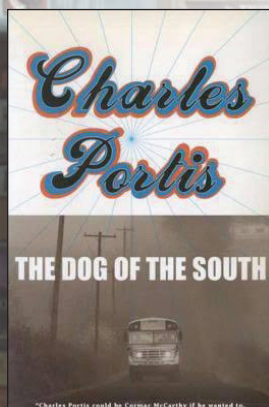
"I'm twenty-six."

"Later than I thought. Think about this. All the little animals of your youth are long dead."

"Melba said, 'Except for turtles.'"

Portis' people are trying to get by, dreaming of success – or, at least, less humiliation: "I could jog around the city and look for my car at the same time. But wouldn't children jeer at me all along such a circuit? Pelting me, perhaps, with bits of filth? And what about the town dogs, all at my heels?"

I know the feeling.



Jerusalem Gap, by T.R. Pearson

Reviewed by Loren Cruden

Jerusalem Gap is not a mystery novel, genre-wise, but mysterious in terms of apparently being self-published (Barking Mad Press, 2010), with no writer's note or acknowledgement or cover blurb or author's photo or anything else that might offer a clue about either Pearson or the book's contents. Other than a subtitle: *The Story of a Boy and his Dog; Big Boy/Good Dog*. Even the author's full name is a mystery.

Pearson has a laconic presentation. His main character, Donald, a backwoods handyman in Virginia, adopts a young dog dumped on the roadside. He names the dog "Nova" after the brand of car from which she was dumped. As is the case with many of us, Donald discovers that his pet is more socially adept than he is. But at the beginning the puppy is just an unpromising bundle of matted smelly fur and fleas, nonetheless treated respectfully by its rescuer. "It's my practice of longstanding to talk to every creature the same. Grown ups. Children. Cats. Dogs. Livestock generally. I've even had a word or two with timber rattlers in the woods. I'm all for trying to make myself understood."

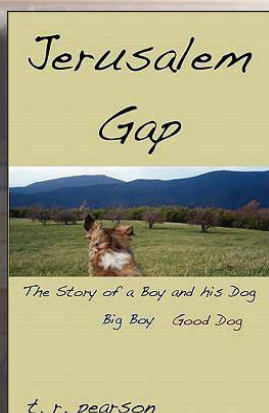
The story has a gentle humor, dangerously close to heart-warming, but in a straightforward, dignified way. There's a determined decency to it, a vintage kind of pleasure. Like that found when lounging in a porch swing on a shady veranda, tall glass of iced tea in hand, listening to friends

talk, lazy laughter, clink of ice, dog's tail thumping the porch planks. Pearson is not in a hurry to take the story far and instead deepens the familiarity of place and people (and animals) so that the reader stops being in a hurry, too. There's a treat on every page of this short novel. Such as when Donald describes the caregiver at the nursing home with her charges: "It was as if she's thrown a party, and her guests were all infirm."

Like Donald, Pearson himself must be a rural man; he gets all the details right about truck mechanics, snakes, fixing things, and country manners. He knows his habitat. Is he the same T.R. Pearson who wrote *Glad News of the Natural World*? I can't help thinking this book is a memoir. "Laurels and rhododendrons were thick on the western slopes. There were wild azaleas in a sheltered depression off to the east. The trees about were chiefly massive, ancient white oaks, a whole grove of them whose canopies would join come June and shade the place. I've never been a religious man, but that gap was speaking to me, was saying mostly, 'You can get to heaven from here.'"

The story of a good man and a very, very good dog. Thank you, Mr. Pearson, whoever you are.

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



In Theaters: *Alien: Covenant*

Reviewed by Sophia Aldous

Ahem. Who-hoo! Er ... yay! Uh, maybe. Forgive me, I realize simple throat-clearing isn't a professional way to begin a movie review. Just trying to sum up my thoughts on *Alien: Covenant*, the latest entry in a long line of space stories that dates back to 1979's *Alien*, directed by Ridley Scott.

Scott returns to helm *Covenant*, supposedly a sequel to his 2012 movie *Prometheus*, which was billed as something of an *Alien* prequel. *Prometheus* sharply divided fans and critics, some calling it boring and pretentious and others insisting it was an intelligent film that demanded critical thinking. Scott said the next

entry in the *Alien* franchise would have the answers to the questions *Prometheus* left hanging.

Does *Alien: Covenant* do that? Yes and no. Somehow, this film manages to be both entertaining and exasperating in that it trots out many of the same old horror tropes that even the most fledgling genre discerners could pick out.

The plot is pretty simple: Humans go to colonize a new planet in the name of science, and get sidetracked to a different planet. Admittedly, Plan B planet is beautiful (and Ridley Scott flicks are nothing if not gorgeously shot), but something is amiss, especially when they come across a questionable crewmember from the *Prometheus*. Bloody hijinks and face huggers ensue.

This movie was a mixed bag for me. The acting is good, with Michael Fassbender flawlessly playing dual roles as two separate androids and even funny guy Danny McBride turning in a solid dramatic performance. Unfortunately, most of the other characters are just there as alien fodder, and while it's never an uneventful occurrence when someone bites it via Xenomorph, it's not enough to carry a film.

The *Alien* movies have had their highs and lows, and *Alien: Covenant* fluctuates somewhere in the middle. It's nowhere near as bad as *Alien: Resurrection*, but it isn't deserving of the praises heaped on *Alien* and *Aliens*. The movie is serviceable and at times fun, but never leaving a solid impression.

The Classics Corner: *Alien*

Reviewed by Sophia Aldous

To coincide with my *Alien: Covenant* review, it seemed only right to critique the movie that started it all, Ridley Scott's 1979 science fiction horror fest, *Alien*. This movie has become so intrinsic in popular culture that even if you haven't seen it, you've most likely heard of it, or at least seen one of its various follow-ups. It's been celebrated, debated, parodied and copied, but does it live up to all the hype? In my opinion, yes.

To assure the uninitiated: The plots of these films aren't difficult to follow, unless you get into the full-on ridiculousness of *Alien: Resurrection* (1997) or the pondering of *Prometheus* (2012), but those are other discussions.

In *Alien*, a crew on the spaceship Nostromo receives a distress signal from a nearby planet. Upon investigating, they discover what appears to be an extraterrestrial spacecraft filled with egg-shaped pods, one of which opens and attacks a crewmember, Kane (John Hurt). Meanwhile, back at the Nostromo, warrant officer Ellen Ripley (Sigourney Weaver in her first major film role) cites quarantine regulations and refuses to let the exploring crew back on board, but is overruled by the captain, Dallas (Tom Skerritt) and science officer Ash (Ian Holm).

Just in case there is a reader who hasn't watched *Alien* yet, I won't say exactly how things go wrong, but they do and in all the appropriately creepy, unsettling ways.

Veronica Lambert, Harry Dean Stanton and Yaphet Kotto round out the supporting cast, and each actor is well-suited to the part

and given a chance to shine. You can tell that the entire cast and crew was invested in this film, from the art direction to makeup and special effects, each lending an air of believability to a galactic atmosphere of blue-collar space permeated by a nightmare creature.

There are those who prefer the sequel, *Aliens*, directed by James Cameron in 1986, due to it being an action film as opposed to the physiological body horror that the first

film is. I think they are both good movies on their own terms, but there's no denying that *Alien* was the one that started it all.

As the saying goes, "everyone's a critic" and Sophia is no different. She is a reporter and cinema aficionado in Newport, WA, and enjoys every genre, from action movies to silent films and everything in between (even that weird French stuff). Reach her at sophiamatticealdous@gmail.com.

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LISTEN UP

Arch Echo: What Goes Around

Reviewed by Michael Pickett

Years ago, Frank Zappa offered a notable quote: “Jazz isn’t dead, it just smells funny.” These days, similarly, progressive rock isn’t actually dead, it’s just hybridized. Like some awesome audio Frankenstein monster stapled together from elements of world music, jazz and insanely convoluted progressive elements, these new sounds give rise to proggy proponents like Animals as Leaders, Periphery and the awesome Arch Echo.

Making waves in social media with the release of each single, Arch Echo members finally have now compiled all their great compositions on a self-titled debut album that opens with the breezy but complex and uplifting “Earthshine” (maybe a nod to Rush...?). Elements of sunny synths and Steely Dan-ish chord changes fuel the album opener, then

drop into slamming guitar turns and the knotty “Afterburger.”

Throughout this audio adventure, you never get the sense that the musical complexity is just for the sake of over-indulgence. Incredibly beautiful melodies and motifs (“Bloom”) turn phenomenal guitar grooves (“Spark”) into lush and remarkably beautiful interludes (the gorgeous piano turns of “Hip Dipper”).

By the time you arrive at “My Heart Sometimes” and “My Head Sometimes,” it feels like you’re in the middle of a movie score. It’s just a fantastic ride, and you don’t need to be a fan of progressive rock to appreciate the incredible work Arch Echo has done here.

Having mostly funded this album endeavor through their own means and through variations on crowd funding, Arch Echo is building a solid fan



base the old-fashioned way: through word-of-mouth via people who like what they hear. You can check out the new album at archecho.bandcamp.com.

WhiteMoor: Big Pop Rock from Across the Pond

Reviewed by Michael Pickett

The intro to WhiteMoor’s *Pause and Effect* album is a cool kind of misleading audio excursion. The track in question – “Hollywood” – is filled with lush orchestral turns and dramatic dynamics ... just before launching into a wailing, partially atonal guitar line that sets the whole album ablaze.

That should give you a good feel for the kind of clever this English indie rock unit deals in. As the album pounds out melodic-but-gritty rock and pop hooks, it really gets going about three

songs in, and there’s absolutely no turning back for WhiteMoor.

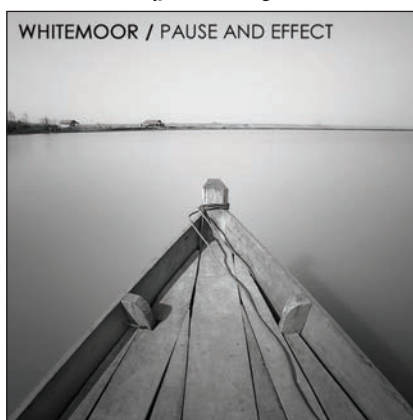
Things really take off with the pulsing and perfect “Be the Last,” where the band feels like they’ve somehow channeled the best of Zeppelin and Duran Duran all at once. Fantastic grooves and urgent vocals abound as the band then moves through the U2-tinged “God Help the Queen,” with big, instantly memorable choruses and throbbing verses. The band is equally adept at big rock and mid-tempo ballads, and creates

a compelling and dynamic album experience across this eleven-song offering.

Benny Ryan’s phenomenal vocal sound glues this whole project together, with perfect lyrical turns over the stop-and-start groove of “Ghosts” and the incredibly arresting sound of “Only Human.” This is British pop-rock that could easily take over the world with the right platform, and while they may nod to existing rock icons in small ways, their sound is absolutely all their own and instantly addictive.

Once again, indie music is finding its stride, as this Derby, England, five-piece leaves no filler in its third album release. You can check out WhiteMoor and *Pause and Effect* at whitemoor.co.uk.

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!





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Along the Mountain Path: At Home

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

“Yoga is the ability to direct the mind exclusively toward an object and sustain that direction without distraction.”

~ T.K.V. Desikachar’s translation of the first yoga sutra

“...learning how to sustain your focus on your body and your breath is a key to this practice.”

~ Rodney Yee

When we take a yoga class, the teacher’s voice directs our mind and helps us maintain focus. The greater and more valuable challenge arises when you get out your mat and practice on your own at home. Establishing a home practice is daunting at first but, like most challenges, it becomes easier if approached step-by-step.

First, look at your typical daily schedule and figure out where to commit 15 minutes or a half hour to practice. (If you can carve out an hour, so much the better.) Don’t make it hard – start easy. Many people find that early in the morning, before breakfast, works well. In the early morning you haven’t already been caught up by other people and projects. I like late morning, or afternoon. Wherever you can establish a time is good. Some people practice 15 minutes in the morning, and 15 minutes in the evening. In any case, take it as seriously as you would a date with someone else. This is important time for you!

There is a general sequence for practice. First take a bit of time to settle into this personal space and your breath. Some people light a candle or chant. Others may just take a few full deep breaths in Mountain Pose. Then begin to gently warm up the body. This can be some arm movements, or cat and cow or sun salutations. Just begin moving with your breath. You might also do some focused stretching to open places for the work to come.

After centering and warming up, basic standing poses continue to move you into an open

and ready place for deeper work. After basic standing poses, balances like Tree and Half Moon or Handstand fit in nicely. If you practice Headstand, now is a good time. At this point, you are ready for backbends.

Backbends are approached only when the body is warmed up. They are usually repeated three times, and become increasingly challenging. Start with Standing Backbend, Locust or Cobra, and progress toward Bow, Camel, Bridge and Upward Facing Bow. (Lately, I have been doing a backbend from a chair.)

After backbends, unwind with twists and seated forward bends. Shoulderstand would come near the end of practice. Always take time for Savasana. Spending time in conscious relaxation allows the nervous system to “file away” and integrate the information you have received in your practice. You will pick up your day with balanced energy after Savasana.

This may sound like a lot of yoga, but you can do a few poses in this order, or simply design a practice built around Cat, Cow and Downward Facing Dog. If you have certain therapeutic poses that are important for you, they can be the heart of your practice, and sometimes the whole practice!

The important thing is to commit to a time, and figure out a few poses that fit in that time frame. You can pick different poses for different days, and end up doing a variety of asanas. You can commit to practicing a challenging pose

most days. “Do a pose you love and do a pose you hate” and “another day, another dog pose” are helpful sayings.

Judith Lasater’s lovely book, *30 Essential Poses*, has great practice sequences, as does Rodney Yee’s *Moving Toward Balance*. *Yoga Journal* regularly offers practices ranging from beginner to advanced. And, of course, attending class regularly keeps you honest and inspired!

May you find a practice that supports your life and keeps you strong, flexible and happy as you journey along the mountain path.

Namaste.

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



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Successful Freelance Correspondence

By Linda Bond

So, you've settled on a freelance writing goal. Now it's time to think about getting hired. Whether you've chosen to get a novel published, take up writing articles for magazines, or start your own editing business, you'll need to tackle the art of professional letter-writing.

This article covers four basic formats common to most writers' needs: a query; a pitch; a submission cover letter; and a follow-up letter. Each of these can be tailored to fit a specific target audience. Often "query" and "pitch" are used interchangeably in the writing world, but I prefer to treat them separately.

The Query

Query letters ask a question – usually something like "are you interested?" or "would you consider?" This letter is usually aimed at determining if an *idea* you have would be of interest to an editor *before* you write up the article or story. Usually, the writer is hoping for an assignment from the editor once the idea is accepted.

The Pitch

Sometimes used to "sell" a story or book idea to a publisher or agent, this letter often aims at promoting a specific work that has already been partially or fully drafted. Writers who attend pitch sessions at conferences orally pitch their work in the hopes of gaining the interest of an agent or publisher's rep. In its written form, a pitch letter is sent to the office of an editor, publisher or agent along with any supporting information that has been requested in their submission guidelines.

The Cover Letter

This type of correspondence is usually sent along with a manuscript submission or other

material that has been specifically requested by the publishing house or agency. Materials may include an agreed-upon amount of written content, a resubmission of an edited portion of text, or even the final draft of an entire book, as well as additional miscellaneous data that may be requested.

The Follow-up

After you have submitted a query or a pitch, with or without accompanying materials, it may be necessary to write a follow-up to ascertain if your material is still being considered or if it has gone missing, or you may want to find out if it's okay to move on to a different magazine, agent or publisher. Since it is important to allow your contact enough time to consider your work (along with others they receive), don't get over-anxious and push them into a decision to skip your idea just because you're asking for a too-quick response.

Letter Content

While each of these letters has a different purpose, they all have a few things in common.

- Each should be written in a professional style, yet allow some of your own personality to show through.
- If you are writing in response to a listing of the target in a directory or other source (and you should be), follow all instructions to a T. If they want a bit of content, send what they request. If they do not, then don't send it. Do *not* take liberties.
- In every case, you are "selling" your work – not you. Focus on keeping details about your history, process, awards or other "selfie" talk to a minimum and draw attention

to your writing idea, novel, or project.

- Don't share things like your age, location or other personal information unless it is directly pertinent to your writing project. No one cares.
- Do share your professional credentials or other related activities if appropriate (e.g., mention your M.D. if you are writing a medical article, or mention if you teach workshops/seminars on the topic that your piece would cover). Do include information about previous related publishing success (e.g., a magazine article on the same topic) but not about non-professional writing, such as in your high school newspaper.
- Keep your letter to a single page unless you are asked to include further content in the letter text and not as an attachment.

Get More Guidance

I cannot over-emphasize the importance of a good query or pitch. Before taking that first step to obtain work as a freelancer, invest the time and other resources necessary to get a handle on this important piece of your writing puzzle. There are many more resources available to help you learn how to write an appropriate letter – in books, writer magazines, and on the internet. There are also for-hire specialists who can provide you with a draft letter.

And feel free to contact me for more information if I can assist. A little effort up front will go a long way to help you reach your writing goals.

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

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From the Soil

By Louanne Atherley

So, if life gives you a box of lemons, what do you do? Recently a friend returned from visiting his elderly mother in northern California. While he was there, the lemons were at their peak. He mentioned to a neighbor there that fresh lemons are a treat up north, and soon he was inundated with boxes of lemons.

On his return, he offered to share them and I was happy to receive a large box. About half of them were Meyer lemons and the other half an unknown backyard garden variety – thicker skinned and with a slightly different flavor.

The flavor of Meyer lemon is a little softer and less astringent, while still giving you that bright lemon taste, and the skin is a little thinner and smoother. It is native to China and thought to be a cross between a lemon and either a mandarin or other variety of orange.

Besides all the yummy things you can bake with fresh lemons (my mother used to make something called lemon cake-top pudding that was a favorite of mine), there is also lemon curd, marmalade and a variety of ways to preserve lemon rinds and slices for garnishes or accents.

Candied lemon peel is made by boiling and rinsing the peels to remove some of the bitterness and then boiling them in a heavy syrup, draining them, rolling them in fine sugar and drying them. A little fussy but worth the effort. I recently added some to a lemon glaze that I drizzled over a heavy ginger cake.

Most of us are familiar with candied lemon peel – think fruitcake or cocktail garnish – but there is also a savory lemon peel that is used to flavor Middle Eastern dishes. It is wonderful paired with vegetables used in salad dressings. The process is simple and results in something like a salty, brined olive but with a lively citrus tang. They take about a month to age and, if kept in the refrigerator, they will last well over six months, some say a year, although I have noticed that they get mushier as time goes on and lose some of their bright yellow color.



I haven't found a local source for candied lemon peel already prepared, but you can find them in Seattle or order them online. If you decide to try making candied peels from grocery store lemons you will want to give them a good scrub first. The process is pretty straightforward. You just quarter 6-8 lemons, pack them (peel and all) into a glass jar with 1/3 cup sea salt or kosher salt sprinkled on the cut surfaces and between layers, pressing them down to make sure they are covered with juice (add more lemon juice if not), let them age for 3-4 weeks and refrigerate after you open them.

Chicken with preserved lemon is a classic Moroccan dish called tagine, but it can get quite complex with a lot of ingredients and time to marinate the chicken. I found this recipe on *Epicurious* that uses preserved lemon, but is quick and easy to prepare.

- 4 boneless skinless chicken breast halves
- 2 tablespoons olive oil
- 2 medium onions, sliced 1/4 inch thick
- 2 garlic cloves, thinly sliced
- 1/2 teaspoon turmeric
- 1/2 teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
- 8 pieces preserved Meyer lemon
- 1/2 cup chicken broth
- 1/4 cup dry white wine
- 16 pitted green olives, halved
- 2 tablespoons coarsely chopped fresh cilantro

Patchicken dry, then season with salt and pepper. Heat 1 tablespoon oil in a 12-inch nonstick skillet over moderately high heat, then sauté chicken until golden brown, about 3 minutes on each side. Transfer chicken to a plate and keep warm, covered.

Add remaining tablespoon oil to skillet and reduce heat. Cook onions and garlic, stirring frequently, until softened but not browned, 8 to 10 minutes. Add turmeric and pepper and cook, stirring, 1 minute.

Scrape pulp from preserved lemon, reserving

for another use. Cut rind into thin strips and add to onions along with broth, wine, and olives.

Return chicken, with any juices accumulated on plate, to skillet. Braise, covered, until chicken is cooked through, about 12 minutes. Serve sprinkled with cilantro.

I made it with boneless, skinless thighs instead of breast and served it with couscous. We put the left-over chicken in a pasta with steamed fresh asparagus, sweet onion and asiago cheese.

I also tried a great kale salad recipe, again pairing the lemon with olives.

- 1 small clove garlic, minced
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 teaspoon dried oregano
- 1/4 cup olive oil
- 1/2 teaspoon freshly ground pepper
- 1 large bunch kale, thinly sliced
- 1/2 cup coarsely chopped toasted walnuts
- 1/4 cup pitted Kalamata olives, quartered
- 2 tablespoons finely chopped and rinsed preserved lemon rind or rinsed capers

Mash garlic and salt together on a cutting board with the side of a chef's knife (or in a bowl with a spoon) to form a paste. Transfer to a large bowl. Whisk in oil, lemon juice, oregano and pepper to combine. Add kale to the bowl. With clean hands, massage the kale until it's well coated with the dressing and reduced in volume, about 1 minute. Transfer to a platter and sprinkle with walnuts, olives and preserved lemon (or capers).

So, there you go, a box full of ideas for using a box full of lemons.

Louanne Atherley says, "I was born into a farming family and raised on a meat and potatoes diet, but exploring the diversity of foods from other cultures has been a lifelong passion."

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A Year On the Farm

A Good Life with a Cream Queen

By Michelle Lancaster

June is the month designated to celebrate dairy. In June, I also celebrate a birthday – Rosebud’s 13th (her mother, Proud Rose, turned 15 in May). Rose and Rosebud are purebred Jersey dairy cattle, small, fawn-colored cows with big brown eyes. Rose came into my life when she was 2 years old, just after Rosebud was born.

The idea that I could keep a milk cow year after year and not have to butcher her enthralled me. Humans interact with dairy cattle daily, particularly during milking time, which makes dairy cattle very docile and friendly. I learned quickly that dairy animals were a lot more social than your average beef cow. Beef cattle are fed to grow in size to make meat whereas dairy cattle are not fat on the outside and their extra energy goes into making milk.

I knew I made the right decision to pursue a life with dairy cows after meeting Rose. My very first dairy cow and the namesake of our Spirited Rose Farm, she captured my attention with her peppy personality. Rose “dances” to the milking parlor and always has to be first cow in line when heading out to pasture for the day, even though all the other cows are larger than her. She has plenty of attitude and will “mooh” a grumble if she feels we are not letting her be the boss.

Rosebud, on the other hand, never grumbles. Her one and only concern is food. Together they make quite a pair – as we have learned over the years.

The fun part of keeping a particular cow family for so long is in the ability to develop a routine. The cows know when milking time is and they definitely know where food is most likely to be. They are trained easily to their tasks and adapt to different situations as they mature.

We benefit from these “old cow traits” when families and schools visit our farm. One visit in particular comes to mind: the night a family helped with evening milking. The daughters and a friend each took one teat and tried to figure out how to properly squeeze milk out. Rosebud had

three girls around her – giggling and pulling, trying to squeeze this way and that. Rosebud calmly gave them several minutes to try, patient old cow that she is. The girls succeeded at milking out about one cup’s worth, but more importantly they had a fun time.

A question we often get asked by visiting children is “Do brown cows make chocolate milk?” We always answer, “Of course,” but then we explain. The term “brown cow” is one of the nicknames for Jersey cows because of their standard fawn or brown coloring.

Jerseys are also known as “the curious cow.” You may have seen the Brown Cow yogurt label with a Jersey cow standing in a green pasture, peering curiously over a fence. This illustration is apt, in ways only a Jersey owner would understand. We know that Jersey cow is really smirking, having

found the hole in the fence she will soon be jumping through to explore the neighborhood. Then we tell people that you may not get chocolate milk, but you will definitely get a milk-shake!

When I first learned how to milk my curious Jersey, I discovered that cows give a lot of milk each day. People are surprised to hear that we milk our cows twice per day, every day, for about 10 months in a row. This is standard practice for most dairy farms. Rose and Rosebud both give around three gallons per milking (six gallons of milk per cow, per day). We feed the calves (Rosita and Risotto) up to half of their mother’s milk each day.

The Jersey cow gives the least amount of milk of the dairy breeds (a Holstein in comparison can give twice as much), but the Jersey gives the most cream of the dairy breeds (a Jersey gives two or three times the butterfat that a Holstein does). Because our cows are grass-fed (with little or no grain), their cream is even creamier than usual – they give 6-8% butterfat (in comparison, store-bought whole milk is 3.25%).

We are cream fanatics. This is why we have Jersey cows! The joy of milking only two cows includes having a little more time to enjoy the product that we work so hard to collect (we milked 100 cows in the past, with little time for baking).

With cream for coffee, whipped cream, butter, crème brûlée, cream pies and ice cream, we now consume a large amount of cream. We talk a lot about cream, too. I laughed at my husband, a career dairy farmer, when he first told me that Jerseys had large fat globules in their milk. Honestly, he must be joking, right?!

I looked up the word “globule” and realized he was telling me the truth.

The large type of fat that Jerseys have means that their cream whips fast, butter is easy to make, creamy cream pies can be made with milk rather than cream, and ice cream can be made with lighter cream. The mozzarella is downright tasty, too. We may be tied



down to farm life and milking times, but we sure do eat well.

So I encourage you to try a new or different dairy product in honor of dairy month. A lot of people milk cows locally, so you too can enjoy fresh milk products.

Some farms sell non-homogenized milk, where the cream rises to the top of the jar and you can either shake it up for whole milk or skim the cream off for other uses. Some farms sell raw milk, cooled and packaged fresh from the cow with no processing. You may come to find that different milks are fun to experiment with to achieve different results and lots of tasty meals. Or you may end up like me and buy a cow....

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

A Trip Three Years in the Making

By Sophia Aldous

When I heard that the Colville Interact Club was heading to Bogota, Colombia, for spring break this year, and that I should travel with them, I was all for it, but a wee bit skeptical. After all, past traveling aspirations had been torpedoed because, as past crooner Frank Sinatra puts it, "That's life."

Here's the background: In 2014, when I still lived and worked in Colville and was a member of the Colville Rotary, there were fundraising efforts by fellow Rotarians and generous family, friends and neighbors from all over to help me go on a volunteer Rotary mission to Afghanistan. It was overwhelming to see the people that came out of the woodwork to help me realize a dream of cultural exchange and volunteerism aboard. Between donations and an auction fundraiser, over \$2,000 was raised.

However, it was not to be. The Rotarians in Afghanistan that were slated to host us deemed it too dangerous due to terrorist activity. Disappointing, but nowhere near on par with those who live with such horrors every day. The money sat in a bank account while several other possible trips, including to Pakistan or Ethiopia, were proposed, planned and then

canceled, due to civil unrest and/or a Pakistani embassy that never sent me a visa (but that's another story).

When I heard that Colville High School Spanish teacher and Interact leader Victoria Broden and Colville Rotary Club President Barry McCombs were leading a week-long trip to Colombia in April, I was hopeful. Admittedly, I didn't let myself get too excited. If traveling teaches you anything, it's that your schedule really doesn't matter. Where you think you should be and when you think you should be there will only be false convictions that turn into stress burdens if you're too rigid.

Lo and behold, the trip happened. Twelve students from Colville High School, as well as some parents and a handful of Rotarians, made the flight to Bogota, arriving to a rather large welcome wagon comprised of members from the Santa Fe De Bogota Rotary Club, our hosts during our stay.

Our aim throughout our visit was cultural immersion and to assist the Catalina Munoz Foundation in building prefabricated homes in impoverished neighborhoods. Granted, we weren't there nearly as long as I wanted to be,

but a glimpse from the mountaintop is better than none at all.

With that preamble, allow me to share what traveling to Colombia taught me:

First and foremost, we have Colombia all wrong. By "we," I mean some of the well-intentioned but mistaken people I told about my trip. True, the country is rebounding from a civil war that lasted over 50 years and the new-found peace has been hard won and presents an as yet uncertain future for this South American nation. However, if it were dangerous, Rotary would have deterred us from going, and certainly wouldn't have let 12 teenagers go, chaperoned or not.

Unfortunately, I think the perception most of us in the United States have of Colombia is an outdated one of mass-produced cocaine and wanton violence. One gentleman asked about my trip once I was back only to follow up with, "I would never go there; to me that's like heading to the Middle East," then promptly walked away before I had a chance to share any of my experiences with him.

The people I met in Bogota were friendly, resilient and hopeful, and cared about their

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The group joined with volunteers from the Fundación Catalina Muñoz for two days of building houses in poverty-stricken neighborhoods. The Foundation is a non-profit that functions much like Habitat for Humanity. Families are expected to contribute through sweat equity. The volunteers are so skilled at building the pre-fabricated homes that they can erect an average of four a day.

community (just like many of us here, imagine that). Founded in 1538, Bogota is a city rich with history and stories. Like any other big city, there are neighborhoods you wouldn't want to wander into by yourself, if at all, but I never felt threatened during our stay.

Speaking of rich, let's talk about the food: Being the nearly bottomless pit that I am who follows Instagram feeds of (you guessed it) nothing but food, I was eager to dig in to my first authentic taste of South American cuisine, and I was not disappointed. From guava fruit, also known as the "ice cream bean," to ajia-co (chicken and potato soup), it's a culinary cornucopia of flavor. Meat seems to be a main staple in many diets, and the barbecued beef served to us during a volunteer orientation

was without a doubt the most savory I have ever eaten. Coconut limeade is also delicious; a blend of fresh lime, coconut cream and ice that makes one wish it came in a never-ending cup.

Teens are a blast to travel with. At least, the kids from Colville High School were. This isn't lip service; they really were all a pleasure. Polite, engaging, smart, funny and hardy, they pitched in, didn't complain and were curious about the people around them and where they were. They were inspiring and energizing to be around.

Last, but definitely not least, traveling to a new place reiterated some points that I needed reminding of, such as just because I become accustomed to my routine and comfort zone doesn't mean that it's that way for everyone

else, and that's a vital perspective to hold on to in this day and age where divisiveness just seems easier.

Traveling makes you stop and look, to listen and try to understand, or at the very least accept that some things are out of your control, and it's ultimately not your job to control them. The little stresses and frets I had been packing around with me blew away once we were airborne, and seeing how other people live, both well-to-do and not, is a reminder to sow gratitude where we can, and let joy consume us when it comes. You don't learn that by never going outside of your bubble.

Sophia Aldous is a reporter and freelance writer. She can be reached at sophiamatticealdous@gmail.com.

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What's Happening... *Continued from page 21*

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

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

Overeaters Anonymous meets on Mondays at 11:30 am at the Nazarene Church, 368 East Astor, Colville. Call 509-680-8674 for more info.

Caregivers Group meets at Parkview Senior Living the last Thursday of each month, 3:30 - 4:30 at 240 S. Silke, Colville. Call Nancy at 509-684-5677 for info.

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).

Miscellany

June 14: Northeast Washington Genealogical Society meets in the basement of the LDS Church, Juniper Street, Colville, at 1 pm (no morning meetings in the summer). Longtime NeWGS member Karen Struve will share research tips on finding that elusive ancestor or, at least, understanding why you can't find them. All visitors are welcome.

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

The NE WA Amateur Radio Club meets the first Saturday at 11 am in the Abundant Life Fellowship, E. 2nd & Clay (basement).

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.

PFLAG: Parents, Families, Friends and Allies United with LGBTQ meets in the lower level of First Congregational United Church of Christ, 205 N. Maple, Colville, the last Tuesday, 6:30 - 8 pm. Call 509-685-0448 or email info@newapflag.org for more info.

NOTE: It is the responsibility of the parties placing the *What's Happening* notice to keep the listing current. Notify us at ncmonthly@gmail.com or 509-684-3109 of any changes. This listing is provided as a courtesy to our readers and to event organizers on a space-available basis.

MORE LISTINGS & DETAILS AT NCMONTHLY.COM

ALSO: Check previous editions for usual, reoccurring listings that may be missing from this edition due to shortness of space.

Tuning In to Bird Radio

By Lisa Langelier

Up early with those first-to-sing robins, warbling their “cheerio-cheerup” phrase, I gathered my gear, including strong black coffee, and headed to Turnbull National Wildlife Refuge, a dozen miles from home. How lucky I am to live so close to this public land, southwest of Spokane.

As one of a half-dozen Turnbull volunteers who conduct breeding songbird surveys during May and June, I needed to scout some routes and tune up my ear. That’s because most of the birds we count are heard and not seen. With more than 124 breeding bird species at Turnbull, listening and refreshing my memory to bird calls pays off. Scouting the routes usually prevents me from getting lost. Usually.

We start each count at sunrise, which is before 5 a.m. in June. Depending on the route, I’m usually done before 9 a.m. Each route has several stations, or points, marked by a metal fence post. Once I arrive at a station I wait one minute, then start recording all birds seen or heard within a 50-meter radius. After ten minutes I stop counting, complete the form for the station, and move to the next point.

In addition to species and sex, I record the distance a bird was seen or heard from the point, the type of observation – song, call or visual – and any notes that might be of interest, as well as wind, sky conditions, and temperature. These weather variables can affect how many birds I detect. If I wake and it’s raining hard, I pull up the blankets and go back to sleep because birds are harder to detect in the rain. Each survey route is visited once by three different people during the breeding season.

Sometimes I want to chase an unknown bird, to study its field marks or listen longer for a song, but I keep to a strict schedule. After I count the last bird, I can linger and lollygag or search for that mystery bird at point number three.

So why collect bird data and how are these data used? Bird counts reveal whether a species is present or absent and help biologists track species trends. They also help biologists understand how habitat conditions influence birds. Detailed habitat information collected from each point count helps link bird abundance with particular habitat features.

For example, many bird species that nest in snags benefit from forest burning that creates more snags. Comparing relative bird abundance between areas thinned or burned to untreated areas helps managers determine the effectiveness of these management tools. While one year of bird data may not reveal much, Turnbull staff and volunteers have counted some of these routes for more than 20 years.

House wrens are among the most plentiful birds I see (and hear) during counts. Both male and female house wrens sing exuberantly – a loud complex musical trill rising and falling in pitch. At some locations I may have more than four house wrens singing or scolding. At other locations, they are nonchalant, almost secretive. But then one of these compact brown birds sneaks out of a nest cavity, dropping a fecal sac – excrement from their nestlings. I make note that this point has an active nest.

Another cavity nesting songbird adds color to the counts: the male west-

ern bluebird, a small thrush with a brilliant blue head, back, tail and wings and rusty breast. He sings a soft song – “cheer, chup.” Females are mostly buffy gray with a light orange breast. I often see western bluebirds sallying – leaving a branch, flying to catch an insect on the ground, then returning to the perch.

One day I stumbled on a wild turkey nest – a well-hidden depression on the ground at the base of a ponderosa pine. The hen slunk off, low to the ground, until lifting her huge wings she rose. The nest, lined with pine

needles, was empty but probably not for long.

I do not count mammals during bird surveys, although I take note when I see one. Red squirrels frequently weigh in with their disapproval of my presence in their territory, scolding and chattering, interrupting my bird reverie. I often spot lone porcupines high in the trees. They seem indifferent, having nothing to fear from a human watching them 25 feet below.

But a cow moose is another story. These large powerful ungulates can move quickly, especially when they have calves to protect. While my bird route may be in open ponderosa pine, I am always wary of seeing moose during spring and try to make plenty of noise while moving from point to point.

I may lament the 4 a.m. alarm, but I always love being out early during spring, watching the pink blush of the rising sun, feeling its warmth as the day progresses, winding my way through the tall pines. Every now and then I lose my way. Turnbull’s flood-scoured landscape, though mostly flat, can be deceiving. But I don’t panic. Instead I take a deep breath, reorient to my last point and listen for those birds I just counted. The bird calls are the clues to getting back on track. And sometimes those pesky red squirrels help too.

If my hearing fails, I’ll need to stop, but for now I’ll keep tuning in to bird radio.

Lisa Langelier is a retired wildlife refuge manager and author of The Wild Eye: Field Notes from a Wildlife Refuge.



Song sparrow. Photo by Patricia Ediger.

EAVESDROPS

What people have written about the north Columbia region

*Silken skeins of light hang in the current,
waiting
to be woven
by the river’s hands.*

~ Eileen Delehanty Pearkes, poem excerpt

The Weeds and My Dad

By Tina Tolliver Matney

My dad loved to garden. It was a passion that wasn't confined to the often-short growing season here in northeastern Washington.

As I look back I suppose I could even say he was a bit obsessed about his garden. I remember years when it seemed we had barely composted the Christmas tree before he brought out his basket of seeds to take inventory and read his neatly scripted notes of what germinated successfully and what didn't. His seed ordering weekend was like a holiday for him. He would spend evenings poring over the catalogs that arrived in the mail. I imagine he dreamed of the coming summer when his garden would rival the photo of the one planted on the cover of his favorite catalog.

I miss him so much these days, especially in this season of gardening and celebrating our fathers. But I feel his presence, his love and his encouragement ... and yes, sometimes even his criticism as I go about the gardening tasks that I learned growing up in a family that approached gardening as a serious part of a healthy and self-sustaining lifestyle. We'd be eating salad, radishes, green peas or (ugh!) spinach long before either Father's Day or my dad's birthday would roll around in June.

When we were kids, working in the garden was not a choice we got to make. It was mandatory. It was expected. And sometimes it was dreaded. By Friday evening, during gardening season, my dad would give us the usual narrative of how to weed responsibly and correctly. He was a stickler for pulling weeds with roots intact and shaking off the dirt before laying them out. Of course we'd have to do it again on Saturday morning because apparently, according to him, we never listened to a thing he said.

If we wanted to watch cartoons then we knew we'd better be up before the sun. Before Road Runner could open his latest package from Acme, the television was turned off, the rabbit ears were pushed down to nubbins and we would go, heads down in despair, to do our garden duty. On any given Saturday morning we would rotate our garden time among the peas, the carrots, the green beans and the rest of the row crops that just needed a general weeding. Dad took care of the potatoes, the corn and any other crop that required a little more care than an 11-year-old could give.

I still weed my garden just like I was taught to do. Down on my hands and knees, in the dirt, pulling the weeds by the top of the roots and laying them in the middle between the rows so they can then act as mulch as they decompose to

give nutrients back to the soil. Sometimes they don't decompose but instead take root and stand tall and proud like I've simply moved them up in the world, right there in their own row. Weeds can be traitors. So can older sisters when it comes to garden secrets.

One Saturday morning my sister and I were in the garden long before most of the sleepy little town was even awake. We were older by then, our early teen years when we just knew that weeding the garden was about as cool as cleaning the toilet and we hoped to finish so we could get on with our day of doing cooler things like watching *American Bandstand* before heading to the river.

We were eager to finish early so we divided

"...weeding the garden was about as cool as cleaning the toilet..."

up the rows and promised to meet somewhere near the middle. Whoever finished first would help the other so we could go watch Dick Clark and drool over the latest bell-bottoms and hair styles that were so exciting to two teen girls from the sticks.

We got in a hurry then, racing along on our hands and knees and making plans to meet our friends at the river later. And then it happened. Almost simultaneously, I grabbed a carrot along with a weed and yanked it right out of the ground and she stood up to move and snapped off an entire pea plant.

We whispered bad words. We made eye contact but said nothing because we knew that our Dad was probably watching from the window in his shop where he was putting our brother's bike back together after brother had dismantled it to "fix a squeak" and then put it back together and found he had four or five extra parts and the squeak had progressed to a loud screech that could be heard from a mile away. Much of my father's weekend time was spent fixing things my brother fixed.

So, there we were. My sister with a snapped-off pea plant and me with a little displaced carrot. "Bury it" she whispered. "Marry it?! What?" I said. I was not a subtle child.

"No! Be quiet, just bury it in the middle with the weeds. Deeper though, make sure the carrot isn't showing." So we buried our casualties that were the result of our carelessness and we carried on a few feet and then I pulled not just one but two tiny little carrots and I then thought that the world might end right then and there.

"I made a hole," I said. "He's going to notice!" I whispered in my most frantic state. Don't get me wrong, my dad wasn't a tyrant, we just didn't like

to raise his crabbiness any more than four kids seemed to accomplish on a regular basis on any given day. "OK, don't panic, just put them back, poke them back into the ground." She didn't get straight As for nothing. Brilliant.

I was proud at that moment to be her sister. Proud and so happy to have someone to blame if the re-poking didn't work. I could simply say it was her idea. I wasn't the middle sister for nothing. So I poked them back into the row just like she suggested and we moved on, a little more careful and then so thankful to be done and showered in time to do each other's hair while we watched all the new dance moves we would try only in front of the mirror in our basement bedroom.

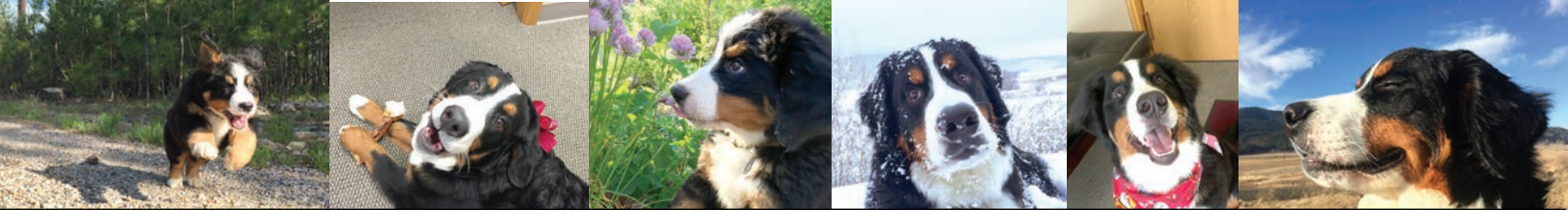
We came back from our afternoon on the river just as dinner time approached and it was then that we saw our dad out in the garden, adding the trellises to the tomato plants. At the table we passed the bounty. There was always a bounty of food, even on the weekends. We didn't talk much during meals. We ate. But dad stopped chewing and he looked at my sister and me and he said, "Who weeded the carrots?"

"She did!" my sister said while pointing at me with a little spinach in her traitor teeth. "I did," I said. I swallowed and steeled myself for a dressing-down for working too fast, not paying attention, trying to cover my tracks, killing carrots. I was ready. He chewed. My mom gave my little sister a biscuit with some jam and then my dad said, "How about we all take a drive up to Pierre Lake and do a little fishing after dinner?"

And there it was. The lesson learned. The point taken. And the love and respect for my dad grown just a little more right there at the dinner table, along with the relief that this was a lesson learned without the usual gruffness. And quite possibly I felt a little satisfaction that my sister really didn't like fishing as much as I did.

Sometimes it's like dad is right there with me still, especially in the garden where I know he would scoff at my rows that aren't so straight and the weeds that I sometimes let get out of control. I still hear the gruffness sometimes, but I also hear and feel the love and the encouragement to keep doing the things I love. I miss my dad, but there are so many memories to celebrate him still, and for those I am grateful.

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



By Alex Panagotacos

Waffle is a Bernese Mountain Dog training to be a therapy animal at Rural Resources Victim Services and Kids First Children's Advocacy Center in Colville.

Amelia Schwiebert of Rescued for a Reason Assistance Animals has joined in on my training. I wasn't sure if I liked her at first, she was very rude, but apparently that was something called a "temperament test," and I passed because I let her annoy me, pull on me, drop loud pans and act very strange!

She has some new ideas, like teaching me to go to my own spot in the children's play room, but is also helping everyone with the things they already knew I needed to learn.

My friends at Rural Resources Victim Services are very excited that she knows how to teach dogs about consent, something they are always talking to humans about. Now I need to get permission before I give kisses or hugs or do any of the other helpful tasks I'm learning to do, because not everyone wants my help all the time.

Amelia brings a furry friend, but I'm usually not supposed to play with him because he's something called a "service dog." Rescued for a Reason Assistance Animals trains service dogs to help just one person each with disabilities, which is a little bit different from how I get to help lots and lots of people through tough times, but is still very important. Most of the service dogs she trains are from shelters – that's why they are "rescued" for a reason.

I'm very lucky to never have been to one of those, but I'm so happy someone is looking out for my friends who have. When I'm done training with Amelia, she is going to give me another test so that I can be a "certified facility dog." Sounds fancy! Of course, I'm already working hard at Rural Resources. It's not like I need some title to be awesome.

To be a certified facility dog, I have to prove I am capable of helping people who come to the office. This means that when survivors of violence or crime come in, I greet them calmly, show them to the waiting room, sit with them while they fill out paperwork and provide comfort if they are distressed. If I sense that they are distressed, I might put my head on their lap. If I sense that they are disassociating, I might nudge them with my nose.

A certified facility dog is patient and well behaved. I want to be the best I can possibly be for every survivor who comes to Rural Resources Victim Services.

For more information on Waffle and the work of Rural Resources Victim Services and Kids First Children's Advocacy Center, visit them on Facebook (@RuralVictimHelp) or

Waffle Watch

call 24 hours a day 1-844-509-SAFE(7233). Rural Resources Victim Services provides support to survivors of violence and crime in Ferry and Stevens Counties. RRVs also provides awareness and prevention education. Their services are confidential and free of charge. For more info on Rescued for a Reason Assistance Animals: rescuedforareason.org, 509-936-0010.

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Backyard Hawks and Thoughts

By Paul Lindholdt

It was early spring and the dry stalks rattling in the wind appeared to make the Cooper's hawk feel ill at ease. A chain-link fence in our backyard blocked her escape on one side, a serviceberry bush hemmed her in on the other, and electrical wires barred the sky. She had blasted down a utility easement to surprise the starling as it pecked at shriveled serviceberries

fallen from the bush. Now the starling lay upside down beneath a clenched set of talons, writhing and very much alive.

The hawk stretched and craned to see if she were safe. Her eyes shone red. My bedroom window hid me from her view. I say "her" because females are larger than the males and this was a big one. Cooper's hawks display one of the

largest size differences of any bird of prey. Even experts mistake the male Cooper's for the female sharp-shinned hawk. Had she laid a clutch of eggs, she would have been on the nest, the male doing the hunting.

She rose atop the starling, nineteen inches in height, the size of a large crow, to get a clearer view of her environs. She loomed bigger than any hawk I'd come across in our wooded urban neighborhood. But all I could see from the bedroom window was squeezed by scale – her broad and checkered breast looming over the throttled songbird in her grip. At last she relaxed, her outline fell, she bent her head to her task and began to pluck.

When I was a child on my family's Seattle acreage, Cooper's hawks orbited our pigeon coop, a peaked ark fifteen feet long by eight wide. Its high hatch permitted the homing birds to wing in and out at will. Such coops, known as dovecotes in Europe and the Middle East, produced eggs, flesh and dung. Our pigeons provided pleasure only, part of a backward plan to send them out as message-carriers.

We knew the Cooper's hawk only as a "pigeon hawk" in those days, squaring it against an inherited philosophy that humans were the ultimate aim of the universe. My parents had moved out of the city before I was born. Had drained the marsh, cleared the alders and cedars and established pastures for a hobby farm. One of my after-school chores was to fill the water and grain troughs.

A flock of pigeons proved to be a sore temptation to other predators besides the hawks. Raccoons captured the squabs whenever they could. Brown rats – a.k.a. sewer rats, the great *Rattus norvegicus* from Norway – slipped through cracks in the door and floor of the coop, scaled the walls and crept along the bird roosts seven feet above the ground. There they tried to pick off feathered fruit. A rat and its scaled tail could stretch some twenty inches – a chilling sight when you're eight years of age. Those brown rats, burrowing underground where daytime hawks could never see them to seize them, naturalized and thrived in Seattle's tender weather.

The native hawks had preceded humankind by millennia. Still they seemed to us to be the invaders. Infringing on our rights to rule over the fish in the sea, the birds of the air, over every living creature that moved upon the ground. Hawks that circled our pigeon coop and sometimes assailed a pigeon, we could view as nothing else than predators of our livelihoods and pleasures, aerial invaders whose sole life goal was to rob us of our harvest and our husbandry.

Falcons, those feathered lightning bolts deliv-

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ered by the sky, strike prey from above at speeds approaching two hundred miles an hour. The smaller accipiter hawks that include the Cooper's will slip in, just above the ground. They astonish witless and ignorant victims from the side or from behind. Their flat trajectory plays stable bass beneath the falcon's high ballistics.

Post-mortems show that a quarter of all hawks suffer breastbone fractures from such sudden rushes. As a dazzled kid, I watched one knock a pigeon to the turf, lift it to a branch, squeeze and flex till the pigeon ceased to breathe. The hawk gazed into the wind, preening, before it lofted feathers across our farm pond.

Songbirds collide with windows, they lie concussed on dirt or a deck, some reviving in time to fly, but not with a watchful accipiter around. Goshawks, sharp-shinned, and Cooper's hawks ravage feeders. They haunt backyards, half-hopping, half-flying as they hunt songbirds inside suburban shrubs and lawns, seeking stunned lumps of feathers lying beneath the wounding panes. Ancestors of the hawk that was crouching in our garden have been feeding on songbirds for millennia. Their descendants naturally work to shackle the starling flocks, to plunder those exotic distant relatives of the corvid clan that we introduced to this soft continent a century ago.

Eugene Schieffelin of the New York Zoological Society brought the starling to Central Park in 1890. He wanted to import to North America all birds in the works of Shakespeare. That messy relative of the blackbird clan took hold. Attractive up close with its iridescent feathers, the exotic squawker can be taught to speak. Its scientific name, *Sturnus vulgaris*, replicates its foul behavior. Their flocks can down jets. The goo scraped from inside jet engines following bird strikes, forensic ornithologist Carla Dove and others call "snarge."

The native Cooper's hawk has had to cope with a host of invasive imports to North America – rats, starlings, *Homo sapiens*, jet planes. The first two it could eat, but our human species now is gnawing at the hawk's habitat, commoditizing its home. Its ancient haunts are vanishing, the bird being shoved to the urban-rural interface. That's why the one in our backyard had hazarded a catch so close to our suburban house.

Songbirds feed on openings afforded by leafy yards and gardens, domesticated topographies that used to sprout meadows and groves. The same branches that afford songbirds habitat and shelter will afford camouflage to the swift accipiter hawks. The same yards and gardens that attract starlings to berries, seeds and beetles advantage their predators.



Photo by Linda Tanner via Wikimedia Commons

I'd been lucky to have binoculars on hand when my backyard bird stooped. Otherwise I'd have needed to press to the glass and risk disturbing her more than her tight environs and the wind already did.

The word "stoop" from falconry describes the dive of a hawk upon its prey. A fit athlete on the run, leaning and seizing a loose ball on a court or field, provides a kindred image. The stoop happens so fast in hawks that the human viewer might see nothing more than a sudden puff of feathers.

Governed by human rule like every talon-bearing bird on Earth, the species is subdued and trained to perform. To fly on demand. We name such recreation falconry. It is the habituation of any bird of prey, from kestrel to golden eagle, to hunt from a human handler. When we pull on gauntlets and teach birds to perch on our fists, a trifling form of re-wilding might ensue. The handler beside her winged surrogate partakes in a savage world that civilization shields from belief. When I watched the hawk capture and subdue the starling in my yard, my pulse rose as if on cue. For a short spell, I could set

aside the human distractions that threaten to abrade awareness. In that moment, I could be fully aware. Eagles in Mongolia wing out from horseback riders to take down deer and wolves. Falconry is known as the sport of kings.

First-world peoples practice a more specialized falconry. Radio telemetry allows the handler to trace the bird by receivers. The master chases down the mastered if it tries to fly away. The handler becomes a technocrat, his batteries and electronics monitoring the bird. Cooper's hawks, propagated and human-imprinted, may be fed by hand, outfitted with electrodes, wired into thralldom. A kind of paradox ensues. Hoping to engage with whatever we find to be wild, we curb that outer wildness and ourselves. We might as well be watching them on screens.

[To be continued...]

Paul Lindholdt recently wrote the books *Explorations in Ecocriticism* and *In Earshot of Water*. He's a professor of English at Eastern Washington University.

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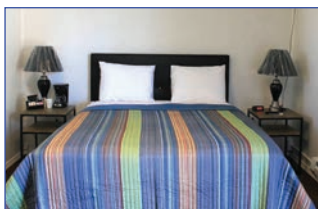
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2017 Dining &

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!

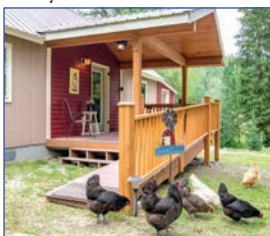
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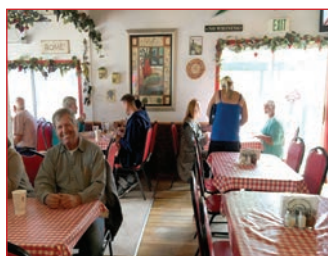
EAGLES LODGE: Open to the public for lunch M-F 11am-2pm with salad bar and a great menu, Friday night dinner and salad bar 5pm-7pm with line dancing Sunday breakfast 9am-12pm. Live band 2nd Sat night, cribbage on Tuesdays. Darts, pool, poker, Bingo! Fundraiser auction June 10. 608 N Wynne. 509-684-4514.

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

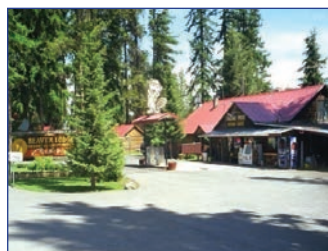


TONY'S ITALIAN EATERY: Open 7 days/week for your authentic Italian cuisine with cold beer and wine in a fun family atmosphere. Daily specials. Salads, pizza, pasta & desserts. M-F 11am-8-ish, Sat & Sun Noon-8-ish. 645 Louis Perras Rd. across from Sears. 509-684-1001.

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



ZIPS FAMILY DRIVE-IN: Boasting the best breakfast in town with fast, friendly service, daily & weekly specials, huge selection of burgers, chicken & fish with too many choices of ice cream treats. Open Mon-Sat, 6am-9pm and Sun, 7am-8:30pm at 1265 S Main.



BEAVER LODGE: At beautiful Lake Thomas, 24 miles east of Colville on Hwy 20, RV parking, campground, cabins, store, gas, restaurant open 7 days a week 8am-8pm for lunch and dinner, everything from hot dogs to prime rib. Come and relax with no cell service! 509-684-5657 www.beaverlodgeresort.org.

Lodging Guide

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

To have your business listed, please email us at ncmonthly@gmail.com or call 509-684-3109.

BENNY'S COLVILLE INN:

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



SELKIRK MOTEL: Offering guaranteed low rates, new beds, flat screen TVs, WIFI, centrally located, walking distance to restaurants. 369 S Main St. 509-684-2565 Check out our website at www.selkirkmotel.com.

Kettle Falls

MEYERS FALLS MARKET CAFE offers a wide variety of delicious food made with natural and organic ingredients, including salad bar and homemade ice cream. Hwy. 395 in Kettle Falls. 509-738-2727. www.meyersfallsmarket.com.

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



RIVERWOOD B&B: Washington's most scenic highways lead to Kettle Falls, halfway between paradise and heaven. Come relax in comfort on the banks of the Columbia, 7 Riverwood Circle E. Extended stay (no breakfast) also available. 509-850-0873 or www.riverwoodbnb.com for reservations.

Newport

DANNYANN'S B&B: Enjoy a hearty breakfast and explore the beautiful Pend Oreille River Valley. Three appointed guest rooms with private baths. Relax. Renew. Retreat. 131 N. Spokane Ave., dannyanbandb.com, 509-447-3787.



Northport



RIVERTOWN SUDS N GRUB:

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

MATTESON HOUSE B&B:

When it's time for a break from the ordinary, come stay in one of our themed, vintage decorated rooms and enjoy peace and quiet, a cozy fireplace and a hearty country breakfast. 607 Center Ave. 509-732-6151.



Orient



BEARDSLEE FAMILY RESTAURANT:

Where everyone is family. Home cooking and specials every day. Also serving spirits, beer and wine. Karaoke every Thur and Sat. Open Tue-Sun, 5am-8pm. Hwy. 395 in Orient. 509-684-2564.

GET YOUR BUSINESS LISTED!

ncmonthly@gmail.com ~ 509-684-3109

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and
JUNE 17TH
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