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# What's Inside

- 4 **Friends of the LPO Photo Contest Winners**
- 5 **From the Publisher's Desk**, by Gabriel Cruden
- 7 **Random Acts of Community**, *Going Nowhere? Simply Try Being*, by Christine Wilson
- 8 **Life Matters**, *Finding Joy*, by Dr. Barry Bacon, MD
- 10 **North of the Border**, *The Fallen Giant*, by Eileen Delehanty Pearkes
- 12 **Monthly Muse**, *Speed Bumps*, by Loren Cruden
- 14 **The Beauties of Fall Kayaking**, by Joanie Christian
- 16 **The Old Truckster**, by Tina Tolliver Matney
- 18 **What's Happening**, Arts, Music, Dance, Events & More
- 20 **A Good Read**, Book Reviews by Loren Cruden
- 21 **Silver Screening**, Movie Reviews by Sophia Aldous
- 22 **Listen Up**, Music Reviews by Michael Pickett
- 23 **To Your Health**, *Along the Mountain Path: Energizing Twists*, by Sarah Kilpatrick
- 25 **The Writer's Way**, *Finding Your Particular Voice*, by Linda Bond
- 26 **From the Soil**, *Cantaloupe*, by Louanne Atherley
- 27 **A Year On the Farm**, *Grappling With Loss*, by Michelle Lancaster
- 28 **What's Happening**, Continued from page 19
- 29 **From the Inside Out**, *The Practice of Appreciation*, by Daisy Pongrakthai
- 30 **Waffle Watch**, by Alex Panagotacos
- 31 **Mid-Wife Crisis**, *Nice and Easy Does It*, by Gabriele von Trapp
- 33 **Family Ties**, *A Hearty Family*, by Becky Dubell
- 34 **Dining & Lodging Guide**

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Autumn leaves. Publisher photo.

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**NOVEMBER 2017  
ISSUE DEADLINE**

**AD SPACE RESERVATIONS &  
WHAT'S HAPPENING LISTINGS**

*Friday, Oct. 20<sup>th</sup>  
(but sooner is better!)*

# Friends of the LPO Photo Contest Winners



The 2016-17 winners of the annual Friends of the Little Pend Oreille National Wildlife Refuge photo contest were released: Patricia Ediger (animal category), "Song Sparrow on the Bull Rush;" Renee King (scenic category), "Sunset Farm Landscape;" Catherine Lochner (plant category), "Mill Butte Renewal;" and Joel Anderson (public use category), "Heading Out on a Ride."

The Friends of the LPO extended a special thanks to all participants, to their judge, Joanie Christian, and to Colville merchants for their continued support through prizes donations.

The 2017-18 contest is already under way and the deadline is August 15, 2018. For more information, call 509-732-4350 or email onionjoel@gmail.com.

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# From the Publisher's Desk...

By Gabriel Cruden

I have discovered, rather unintentionally, that the secret to being unselfconsciously silly in public is to have young children with you. I mean, who doesn't want to ride the shopping cart in the parking lot, right? If you are just some guy sailing along solo ... well, you can pretty much assume any passerby will be questioning your ability to function as a contributing member of society. But throw a few giggling, delighted children on board (while maintaining tightly controlled safety measures, of course) and suddenly you're just the cool dad.

Another example is a mostly-empty dance floor framed by self-conscious onlookers. Even the most brash will likely feel the need to drag a friend – preferably several – out to dance en masse rather than go it alone. Our family encountered such a dance floor recently, and it was our children who launched into the music, unabashed, undaunted, pulling out their best moves. I couldn't help but join them, letting myself sink into the rhythm and bass.

Still, a part of me was holding back, playing it safe, not fully committing. A lingering self-consciousness and fear of being teased

– probably the not yet fully unburdened baggage packed into my psyche during middle school. And then it occurred to me that my children weren't so much a cover, but an example. I watched my seven-year-old dance into the dramatic blue lighting amplified by the fog machine, taking the floor like she owned the world, fearless, powerful, and joyful. No apparent forethought. No hesitation. She just did it.

Moments like this give me hope. A reminder that the story you tell yourself is the story you live. A reminder that life doesn't have to be always complicated. It's also moments like this that make me think about the ways I get in my own way to where I'm going.

And so I danced. And have since resolved



to include my children among my advisors for important decisions. Who wouldn't want the perspective of one who is fearless, powerful, and joyful?

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# Random Acts of Community

## Going Nowhere? Try Simply Being

By Christine Wilson

*Looking back on his long life of teaching, Henri J. Nouwen, a professor at the University of Notre Dame, said with a funny wrinkle in his eyes, “I have always been complaining that my work was constantly interrupted, until I slowly discovered that my interruptions were my work.”*

There are doers and there are be-ers. The doers of life crank out the productivity, accumulating quite a list of accomplishments on any given day. The be-ers are on the other end of the spectrum. Of course, by definition, a spectrum allows for wiggle room and we are rarely at one end or the other. We slide up and down the continuum, given our mood, the degree of nagging our brain is dishing out (or is that just me?), our family and cultural background, and our general personality style.

I was waiting for a friend recently and she was late. When she arrived she explained that as she was getting into her car on her way to my house, a cloud traveled in front of the sun and she was drawn into watching the lovely spectacle.

That was a moment of being and I was impressed. She caught me out of balance. I had tasks I was trying to accomplish as I sat out on the porch waiting for her to arrive. I was not accomplishing anything on my list. Calamity!

When she arrived and told me the reason for her delay, I realized I could have been present in that moment as well, enjoying the clouds or any other aspect of nature on exhibit in that particular moment. In fact, one of my favorite songs of all time is Stan Rogers’ “Watching the Apples Grow.” Yet there I was, in front of four apple trees full of apples growing, and I forgot to watch them. Have I ever just sat and watched them grow? I’m thinking that just made it to my bucket list but first I have some things to get done. Oh, wait. How easily one can get out of balance.

Of course, there really are tasks to be done. If all we ever did was watch apples grow or clouds roll in front of the sun, there would be disarray.

On my way to Oregon recently for totality (talk about a worthy two minutes of being) I drove through my hometown of Richland and decided to take a peek at my childhood home. Aside from being surprised at how little it was – how did my six-foot-seven brother ever stand upright in that thing – I was horrified at the disrepair. Two cars loaded with full garbage bags. Tall, dry weeds in the front yard. Unraked leaves from last fall. A missing climbing tree that my sister had reported was still there two years ago.

Maybe the current residents were inside being in some particular moment they found satisfying and letting outside tasks remain undone. Perhaps there were pressing inside tasks I could not have known about. I snapped a shot, sent an outraged text to my siblings, and drove away. Yes, accomplishing tasks is a good thing, I would never say otherwise, and I couldn’t help but wish the owners of my childhood home had a bigger commitment to our house and grounds.

My next stop was Oregon, where a group of us sat with proper eyewear, staring upward as the moon eclipsed the sun. For over two minutes the moon totally covered it and the corona could be watched without glasses. The Oregon Garden was full of people just being there, weeping, screaming and saying wow over and over. What a lesson in being. I can still picture it in my mind’s eye and delight in the red strip of gas bubbling off to the side during totality.

The next part of this epic journey involved me and about a bazillion other folks heading north. I had a three-hour trip to meet up with a friend near SeaTac, ready to have dinner at my beloved Thirteen Coins Restaurant. I could almost taste the calamari of this much-anticipated moment. The problem was those bazillion other drivers. My three-hour drive took nine hours. The task I had planned shifted into an average of 22 miles per hour with one desperate bathroom break, itself a disturbing moment of crossing three lanes of traffic in the dark and then hoping for a convenience store. The line of ten people waiting to use that store’s bathroom stared at me as I entered. That line never stopped being ten people. As we shuffled forward, more people arrived.

The woman in front of me, just before her shot at the bathroom, turned to me and said, “The best part of being in this line is watching

the faces of people as they come in.” It was true. These fellow travelers would search for the bathroom, find the first person in line, and then follow that line to the end, as we all had done.

We were powerless beings with nothing to do but be and nothing to stare at but rows of junk food and other frantic humans. My state of being improved after that stop and I was able to inch my way back onto I-5.

My trauma-bonding buddy on the trip was Sherman Alexie. Through Audible.com he read to me (just to me, only to me, in my very own car!) his new memoir of painful and liberating experiences. He finished his recitation about five minutes before I arrived at the hotel, at 11:30 that night. I will forever connect Sherman Alexie to my childhood home, totality, driving seem-

ingly forever, and having to pee really, really badly. If any of the *Monthly* readers have access to Mr. Alexie, tell him thanks for me. My state of limited task achievement was turned into an adventure by his poignant reading and it really did feel like I was just there with him, being witness to his life.

When there is nothing else to do, as was the case with my being in my car for nine hours, you can either go crazy or be there. At one point a few years ago, in my meager history of meditation, I heard a voice come up from the depths of my mind. It was just one sentence: “I am here and this is now.” So, when there are tasks to be done, we can work on getting them done, and when there is being to be, we can consciously be. And when we get grumpy because we interpret real life as interruptions, may we catch ourselves and recognize our real life.

*Christine Wilson is a psychotherapist in private practice in Colville and can be reached at [christineallenewilson@gmail.com](mailto:christineallenewilson@gmail.com) or 509-690-0715.*



# Finding Joy

By Dr. Barry Bacon, MD

I am wide awake at midnight, driving home through the darkness, sorting through my tangled thoughts as I try to create a cohesive story from a jumbled mess. I am wondering at my life, a conversation with friends, and the power of joy.

“What brings you joy?” It’s a question that I had asked of these friends who had invited me for the evening and a talk about life and how to make tough decisions, when to throw in the towel and when to hang in there a bit longer. I am no expert on the subject, but I thought

the question might help to clarify some issues. It’s one thing to endure because it’s the right thing to do. It’s another to revel in your work because of the sheer joy that you experience. It’s like following a small child through the forest as he uncovers every leaf and finds wonder in the universe that he finds there. Joy is worth pursuing.

Joy is hard to define, not exactly happiness, not exactly exhilaration, not exactly peace, but elements of each. You find joy in some unexpected places, or rather joy finds you and catches you by surprise.

Like standing under an ashen sky near a gurgling stream with friends dedicating a tiny home for a young family. Seeing their little one scampering around her very own house, showing us her miniature bedroom. Questioning her mother about what it was like for her to climb on the roof and run a circular saw or a power nailer. Seeing this young father and mother and child in their tranquil setting and



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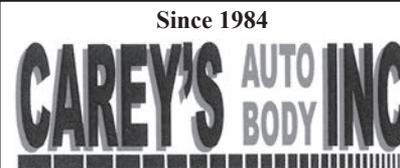
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# Life Matters



recognizing the feeling that wells up inside, knowing that you played a part in this, their happiness. This is joy.

Or walking into an exam room with a visiting family medicine resident from California and examining an infant for a well-child exam, observing the doting mother cooing, rocking and encouraging her little one, answering her questions, and savoring this moment as its significance dawns on my consciousness. I smile inside. As we exit the room, I ask the doctor in training, "Did you notice anything unusual about that mother?" She ponders for a moment. "No," she replies, "actually, I didn't." I smiled. "That's the point," I say. She is puzzled, but I unwrap a bit of the backstory.

The first time I met this young lady, two years ago in the Stevens County Jail, she was coming down from heroin. She was in a death spiral, rushing into oblivion, in hard-core heroin addiction, knowing she was heading for death and not caring one iota. In partnership with NEW Alliance Counseling and the jailers, we offered her treatment for addiction, and she took it, if only to feel better for the moment. Later, she told me that she was secretly thinking inside that as soon as she was out again, she would get high. She wasn't looking for help, but she swallowed it, and she never looked back. Now, seeing her in this room with her own baby, loving her life and grateful beyond words that someone had snatched her from the fire, a feeling finds its way into my being. I recognize it for what it is. Joy.

These are the thoughts in my consciousness while I am driving home at a time far later than I should be, embarrassed as I am to have stayed too long at the home of friends, dismayed that perhaps I have overstayed my welcome and might never be invited back, but conflicted by incredible feelings because of the wondrous time that we have spent together.

I reflect on the good food – salad and fruit,

fragrant bread topped with sundried tomatoes, mushrooms, basil and cheese, followed by key lime pie. The moist grass under our feet, the witness of trees guarding our conversation, the ripple of the black lake in the distance. We talked long into the night, accompanied by candlelight under a star-studded sky, warding off the chill with blankets and hats. We spoke of life and family, joys and sorrows, disappointments and triumphs. We spoke of Africa and medicine and speaking truth to power and justice and surprisingly little of politics or sports, and I felt like I could have said anything in their presence and I would not have been condemned.

Man, I thought, this must be what it is like to have a life. This must be what it is like to have friends. I am, because of life circumstances and the all-encompassing nature of my work, a bit of a loner, and I treasure my time at home. But I have never minded being alone. Not until tonight. I recognize their company is something I desire more of, and am overwhelmed by the thought that I have been deeply loved by these people who were once strangers but now dear friends.

I drive on into the night under the arc of our Milky Way galaxy, and wonder at the grace that I have received from knowing such people. They fed me glorious food, gave me a seat of honor, offered me a hat, a coat, a blanket, never suggested that perhaps I was staying a bit too long, but rather made me comfortable, as though coaxing me to stay a little longer and listen together to the night sounds of the waterfowl, feel the chill of the moist air against our skin.

As if this were not enough, I left laden with food and warm embraces. My comfort and care was their personal concern, and I found myself wanting to come back to this place, to be in the presence of such people again – almost desperate to re-experience such kindness.

I ease into my driveway, hoping not to disturb the occupants of my house. I park and pull out the gifts from my friends. I peer into the refrigerator and find, to my dismay, already far too much leftover soup and vegetables, desserts and juices. I have no room for more. What to do?

I spy a carefully wrapped rhubarb custard that I bought at a hefty price at a fundraiser for Hope Street, the project to end homelessness in the Colville Valley. I resolve what to do. I must give one of the desserts away. I will give away the rhubarb custard – not because I like key lime better, but because I like the people who made that pie so well. I will savor with each bite the sweet memory of friends and candles and kindness and hearing each other's dreams and work and family. And I will remember that I have been a recipient of such grace. Such joy is worth writing about.

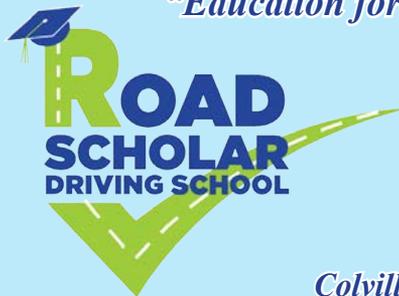
*Barry Bacon is a physician who has lived and practiced family medicine in Colville for 27 years. He now works in small rural hospitals in Washington state, teaches family medicine, and works on health disparities in the U.S. and Africa.*

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## The Fallen Giant

By Eileen Delehanty Pearkes

It's October. All around us, the landscape expresses a series of goodbyes: to the leaves as they drift old and yellowed to the ground, to the longer days, to the fulsome light. Unspoken regret hangs in the air, for the forests lost to fire, the berries left unpicked, even for an old cottonwood tree and the end of its life.

I met the old cottonwood in the still-rising light of late spring, after the tree had died. For many years, my new neighbor explained to me, the tree had been standing deadwood, a silvery spire nestled in among a community of younger, leafy cottonwoods that graced the shore of the shallow bay. This bay's resident golden eagle had enjoyed perching at the deadened tip, waiting for one of the many ducklings paddling on the glassy water to falter, even for a moment. Waiting for a meal.

The neighbor described how he used to watch the ducklings avert death. It was as if their mother could feel the shadow of the raptor's wings, he said. At just the right moment, she would dip her head to dive and the ducklings would follow

in unison. In the flick of an eyelash, they were gone. The eagle would rise from the water with talons empty. Again. Again.

Once the osprey arrived in spring, the high-minded eagle sparred with the fish-raptor, trying to hold on to its beloved perch. Caterwauling. Screeching. The osprey dove fearlessly at the eagle until, eventually, the golden bird moved on.

The week before I arrived in the neighborhood, amid relentless spring rains and high winds, *Populus balsamifera* finally gave way. The rotten tree had softened just enough in the spring wet to finally let go. When it happened, my neighbor happened to be at his dock on the edge of the bay, fiddling with his outboard motor. He tried to describe the sound to me: somewhere between a sigh, a sob and the crunch of a bone.

Down went the old giant at last.

I got to know its fallen form only after the spring high water had receded enough for me to walk around the shoreline of the bay. I was discovering new pathways and places of interest

to walk when I encountered the tree in its resting place. The weathered trunk and its main branch stretched into the water, long and lean like a dancer's limb. The eagle's tip was submerged, though visible through the crystalline water on a still day. The impact of the fall had cracked loose the tree's side branch, exposing a hollow cave. When I peered down into that dark space, my eyes met the shimmering reflections of water at the bottom.

Trees live and die in the same place. They gather in the elements that move around and through them, standing firm and lively with resilience as conditions change. They take what comes. That day, I climbed onto the massive trunk, over a yard in diameter. The tree had likely reached the maximum lifespan of a cottonwood, about 200 years. That would have made it a seedling around the time of first European contact, perhaps cloned from its parent's roots, or sprouted from a fluffy seed. The landscape then had been slowly emerging from a cold period some call the Little Ice Age, when deeper snow and more

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ice dominated the climate. Now, summers are warmer and drier, winters shorter. Smoke from large summer fires seems the new normal.

Before it fell, the cottonwood's heartwood had been partly exposed, as bark loosened and dropped away. The heartwood had weathered to a silvery grey. Where the outer bark still clung to the tree, it was several inches thick, fissured and hard as iron. I followed the trunk back to its breaking point and found the base just above the high water mark, decomposing rapidly into a pile of honey-brown chips. I peered into the fallen tree: hollow, as far as my eye could see into channeled darkness.

Eventually, the spring high water receded from the beach, leaving behind a ruffled wash of bits of bark, cones and branches. As I walked on the widening shore through the long, hot summer, I began to see bones and their fragments in the haphazard piles of small driftwood left behind by high water. Femurs and shoulder sockets, jaw lines and fingers. Everywhere I looked, I saw structure unpinning by fallen dreams.

Cottonwoods are a feature of natural river and lake shorelines in the upper Columbia River region. Their cousin the trembling aspen (*Populus tremuloides*) prefers less saturated soils at the edge of grasslands or on dry slopes. The cottonwoods, adapted to annual spring flooding, love the moisture. They have lost more of their habitat than the aspens, due to the operation of dams. Lake Roosevelt Reservoir, the Arrow Lakes Reservoir and even Kootenay Lake no longer have great groves of the tree, though we

still have a few place names with their memory: "cottonwoods" the Sinixt winter village on both sides of LaFleur Creek, and "trees standing in water," another large village at Marcus Flats. Both now inundated.

When they are leafy and full, the cottonwoods host songbirds and flickers, merlins and ravens. Twigs and buds are good food for deer, elk and moose. Beavers like branch stems to build their dams.

The spring floods on riverbanks could easily rip loose a mature cottonwood, back in the day when the spring floods ran free. The bark resists rot and rodents, and was used by the Sinixt to line their food storage pits. Though its high water content means it makes poor firewood, its natural buoyancy was ideal for dugout canoes made and used by several Interior Salish tribes.

One day in late summer, I had just started wading into the water for a swim on the other side of the bay when I startled a great blue heron from its perch at the tip of the fallen tree. The

bird's *sqwuaaak sqwuaaak* rustled the quiet air as it took off, its giant wings pushing the heat aside. For the heron, the fallen eagle's spire had become the best of ways to watch for minnows in the shallow water.

Curious, I strapped on my snorkel mask and swam over to the fallen giant. Within a few strokes of arriving at its long, submerged limb, I met a wall of minnows. They flicked fearlessly against the acrylic lens, revealing the wonder of many lives and the secret of the heron's keen interest in the fallen tree.

The neighbor sat in his shoreline chair, gazing out across the bay, recalling how wonderful the spire had been when it was upright, how much he had enjoyed watching the eagle command its view.

*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](http://www.edpearkes.com).*

## EAVESDROPS What people have written about the north Columbia region

*Here by the river where you watch and wait  
For what appears, moves past, and vanishes*

~ Poem excerpt, David Wagoner

# Speed Bumps

By Loren Cruden

Back in June, I jetted to Scotland to visit my ex-mother-in-law. (As the official examining my passport at Glasgow Airport said, “That’s different.”) Travel always is horizon-broadening, but not always as glamorous as hoped. This particular trip was prefaced by my driving my cat Taliesin (and a potted plant) over to my son’s place.

Usually when I have to transport Taliesin – who doesn’t especially yearn to travel – he rides in his cat carrier, in which he inevitably pees during the ride, even if he hasn’t had anything to drink for hours before leaving. So this time I decided to let him loose in the car with his litter box conspicuously close at hand. Having got myself all showered and spiffed up for twenty-two hours of jet-setting, I didn’t feature cleaning pee off cat and carrier as a launch.

We set off on the 13-mile drive from my house to Gabriel’s, Taliesin clawing his way like a Himalayan climber from the back seat to the front after ignoring his litter box and pooping on my suitcase and knocking it down onto the potted plant. Once achieving the front seat, Taliesin threw up. Wow. He hadn’t ever done that before. I hadn’t even fed him yet that morning. It clumped and dribbled down the passenger window, pooling in the door handle recess, overflowing and drooling onto my

other piece of luggage.

When I next glanced over, he was crouched in classic poop position on the passenger seat.

I swerved the car onto the shoulder and grabbed the cat, intending to get out and carry him around to his litter box – or at the very least hold him out the door. Instead, poop plopped into the cup holder and console compartments beside me. As I frantically elbowed the door open, still clutching the cat, the door slammed shut again (the car parked on a disadvantageous slant). In trying to brace myself against the door I inadvertently floored the accelerator pedal, the roar galvanizing my already crazed cat, who raked me with his claws.

We proceeded down the road, less than composed. The car smelled really bad. My bleeding hands had cat poop smeared on them. Taliesin wailed, pressing himself against the puke passenger door.

Reaching our destination, I couldn’t find rags or paper towels, so dampened an astounding number of flimsy tissues in order to clean the poop and puke from the car and cat (and my hands and luggage). Then I hurriedly started unloading, toting litter box, extra litter, scoop, waste disposal can, whisk broom, water and food

bowls, canned food, feeding instructions, cat treats, mashed potted plant, and so on upstairs. During my final load – a jumbo storage container of Science Diet kibbles – one of the handles gave way. The container dropped, cascading kibbles down the stairs.

The next significant ripple in the fabric of smooth travel came after I left Taliesin searching the internet for a feline trauma support group, and in a disheveled state fled on the shuttle to the Spokane Airport, from there flew to Seattle, changed planes (and directions), and was over the Atlantic on the Seattle to Amsterdam leg of the journey. To distract myself from the agony in my back and knees (someday the designers of airplane seats will reap their just karma), I watched movies – a perplexingly plotted Tom Cruise action thing and a Beatles documentary – plus the Travel Tracker displaying a model of our plane jerking, like an unsuccessfully striving second hand on a clock, toward our destination.

I’d long ago received my special vegetarian meal and was now consuming my special vegetarian snack, an over-mature-tasting mayo, tomato and cucumber sandwich. (Airlines seem to regard vegetarians as rabbits.) Twenty minutes later, I was assailed by violent stomach cramps and horrific cold-sweat nausea. Even Tom Cruise would’ve been laid low. Never mind the bad guys, Tom, watch out for that sandwich!

Changing planes in Amsterdam required bravely tottering to my gate, restroom by restroom, sitting folded over my luggage while waiting to board, and moaning on the connection to Glasgow whenever a flight attendant offered drinks or packets of tiny pretzels. I couldn’t even stomach water, kept remembering Taliesin in the car...

Things brightened up after a few days in Glasgow. My eighteen-year-old granddaughter

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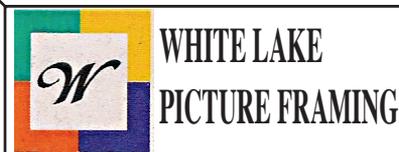
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# Monthly Muse

arrived and we stayed with my ex-mother-in-law, who lives in one of those grand old tobacco-baron houses converted into a set of tiny flats for the elderly. The flats – and the guestroom for visitors – were equipped with red pull-cords in case of emergencies. On a previous visit I'd tugged on the red cord in the guestroom bathroom, mistaking it for the light-cord. A disembodied Edinburgh-accented voice asked what my problem was, and seemed very cross with my answer about trying to turn on a light so I could brush my teeth. I warned my granddaughter about this, who became so paranoid about summoning The Voice that she avoided pulling even the actual light-cord.

(Also, on that previous trip, I accidentally set off the lobby's alarms by opening a fire exit door. The security cameras captured a wonderful look on my face when alarms started shrieking.)

On this trip, I endeavored to fill my granddaughter in on all the savvy travel tips I'd acquired over the years – only to discover that (other than the bit about the red cords), most of it is now obsolete. Instead, my granddaughter had to take the lead whenever a computerized machine was involved. (Though I was still useful for local history background which, like me, never changes. I nonetheless sometimes imagined myself as Jason Bourne, screeching around airport parking garages and coolly snatching up innocuous objects from newsstands that might come in handy for dreadfully disabling my tech-enhanced tormentors. I felt sure that Bourne wouldn't have been embarrassed at all to whip open the fire exit door in my ex-mother-in-law's building.)

Travel certainly isn't like it used to be, in some ways, but is, in other, unexpected ways. Little had I suspected, in the early 1970s, that the post-colonial bureaucratic speed-bumps I encountered when navigating Pakistan, India, Kashmir and Nepal would migrate through time and space to establish themselves, in however modern a guise, in today's Western travel routines.

In India it used to take an hour and four separate forms to cash a traveler's check. In Amsterdam on my recent way back from Scotland, my passport was examined by four different officials before I was allowed to board my connecting flight home. Standing in endless lines has become as typical in Western airports now as feeling oneself grow visibly older while waiting for a bus in the Nepalese outback back then. And, come to think of it, that exotic Asian trip in 1974, like the flight over the Atlantic this June, included a terrible case of food poisoning. (Maybe I should travel with a taster, like a pope or drug lord.)

But still, I can't help wanting to see the world. This started when I was a teen and was enabled by the availability of \$150 roundtrip tickets from New York to Luxembourg, which I took advantage of a number of times. Back then travelers on airplanes congregated in the aisles during flights, screwed around, smoked, played guitars, talked, read books – and were seen off at the gate by friends and family. That was long before the era of roller-bags, computer devices, luggage fees and security procedures (not that I dislike roller-bags).

But now when I go through the screening queues and scans and questions and the machine that determines whether my cup of fruit cocktail will be allowed as a solid or condemned as a gel,



I half expect all of us perps – I mean passengers – to be issued orange jumpsuits at the gate and assigned to work details while waiting to board. Zone One passengers mopping the floors, Zone Two washing glass (“Hey, you, Grandma! Look lively with that Windex!”) and the elite sitting around as usual.

Once, when a friend gifted me with a first class ticket, I got to board and disembark ahead of the proles in economy. I was given drinks and snacks even before the plane took off. The seats were roomy (I almost wept), and the attendants were alert to my every whim.

The guy sitting next to me nodded toward the economy passengers stoically filing past us, and murmured, “They hate us.” Which was true. I was usually one of them. But oh the seduction, the seduction of the fast lane.



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# The Beauties of Fall Kayaking

Article & Photo by Joanie Christian

A few years back, we entered the world of kayaking fully intending to be fair-weather paddlers, heading for the water only in the warm summer months. Over time, we have become increasingly reluctant to hang up our kayaks for the season, and now find ourselves venturing out earlier in the spring and later into the fall. This has led to unforgettable experiences.

The quiet beauty, unique wildlife spotting opportunities and spectacular color of autumn have made this season a favorite of ours for kayaking. Visiting our region's lakes with golden tamaracks along the shorelines and mountainsides is especially enchanting. During peak color, the wind carries these needles from the tree, creating a golden carpet on the lake or ground. There are several weeks of prime kayaking time from the first hint of color until all the leaves and needles have hit the ground.

We always find something to enjoy about every location, but the 2.5-mile thoroughfare between Upper and Lower Priest Lakes in northeastern Idaho is one of our all-time favorites, particularly in the fall.

Priest Lake is very popular in the summer. Speedboats and people flock to Lower Priest Lake, which is 19 miles long and nearly 4½ miles wide. Upper Priest Lake is considerably smaller at about 3½ miles long, and can be reached through an inlet at the north end of Lower Priest Lake. In peak season, both lakes and the thoroughfare between them are very busy with boat traffic, but in the fall there is opportunity for a quiet paddle, wildlife spotting and amazing scenery free of the crowds.

There isn't a launch site right on the thoroughfare, but there are several options for getting there. Some require you to carry your kayak/canoe a distance before arriving at the beach, and others require you to paddle for a bit before entering the thoroughfare. It all depends on what mood you are in, as well as time or physical limitations.

During our last Priest Lake trip in late October, we launched from the Beaver Creek campground, which is about a half-mile paddle to the entrance of the thoroughfare. Driving to the campground, we saw a beautiful cow moose grazing in the sunshine in a frost-laden meadow... an excellent way to start the day. The launch site was exquisite,

see every detail of fish and the lake bottom. It is the clearest water we have ever paddled in, and it was magical. A chill was in the air. The mountain peaks would soon be covered in snow.

From what we've read, recreation and conservation are often in conflict with one another on this popular lake. I am a people person, but when kayaking I like my quiet time and the better chances of spotting wildlife. This time, we saw only one motorboat and two paddlers while in the thoroughfare. One was a gentleman in his late 70s who has been paddling the thoroughfare for 50 years, and it was interesting to hear the history of the lake and region from someone who has lived it.

The thoroughfare is about 30 yards across and flanked by towering trees, creating a sense of paddling through an intimate space. Bear, elk, caribou, deer, beaver and kingfishers are among the creatures seen here.

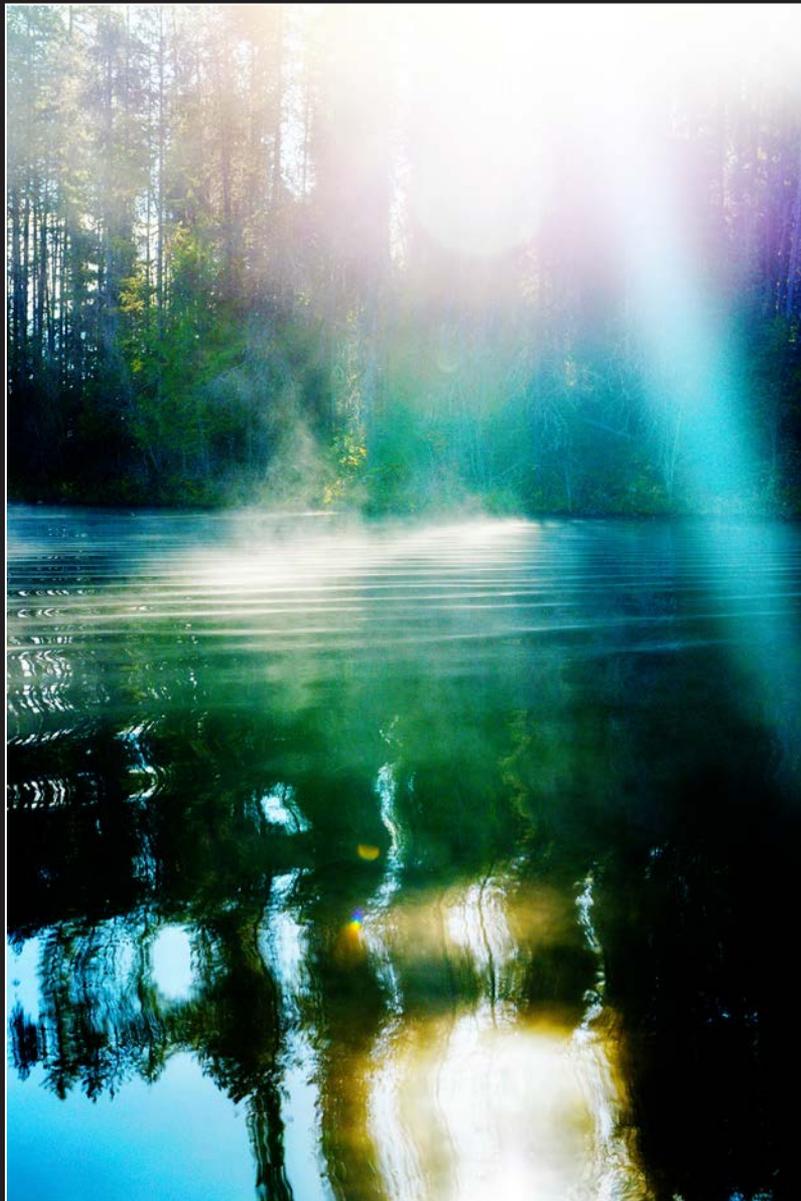
Paddling to Upper Priest Lake via the thoroughfare should take about 45 minutes. We knew right away that this excursion was going to take us much longer... there was much to see and linger over. It was a photographer's dream. The lighting was beautiful, the colors were luscious, and just looking through the clear water to see what lay beneath the surface was mesmerizing.

There are many logs and other natural debris just below the surface, and the clarity of the water allowed us to see them well in advance. It was when I got distracted with the scenery that I sometimes bumped into something. The fish here are monsters. Dolly Varden, lake and cutthroat trout can be found here. Jim usually has great luck fishing, but these fish weren't

biting, perhaps because it was so easy to see us.

There are downed trees above the surface as well. Smooth and sun-bleached, they add dimension and beauty to the landscape, as well as the eerie sense of a tree graveyard.

Partway down the thoroughfare, we detoured along a fork to the right that led into Caribou Creek. This calm channel was much narrower than the thoroughfare, and very shallow in spots.



with the morning sun shining through a gorgeous towering cottonwood along the shore, setting it aglow in a golden blaze.

From the first paddle stroke we were captivated by the incredible vistas visible in virtually every direction. The scene gave me an overwhelming sense of peace. The water was glassy and our kayaks glided effortlessly. Though we were in several feet of water, the clarity allowed us to



Lush and colorful, this creek feels very private. Coming around a bend Jim encountered a beaver swimming toward him. We both stopped and the beaver swam closer, stopping along the shore just a few feet in front of him. He inspected Jim for a bit and then quietly submerged. On the way back, the whole beaver family was cavorting around in the tall grasses up on the bank. Though we could not see them, they were entertaining and comical to listen to.

The thoroughfare eventually opened into the entrance to Upper Priest Lake and another spectacular, breath-taking scene unfolded. More

towering trees in golden leaf, uniquely colorful reeds, and tamarack-covered hillsides were the backdrop for this pristine lake.

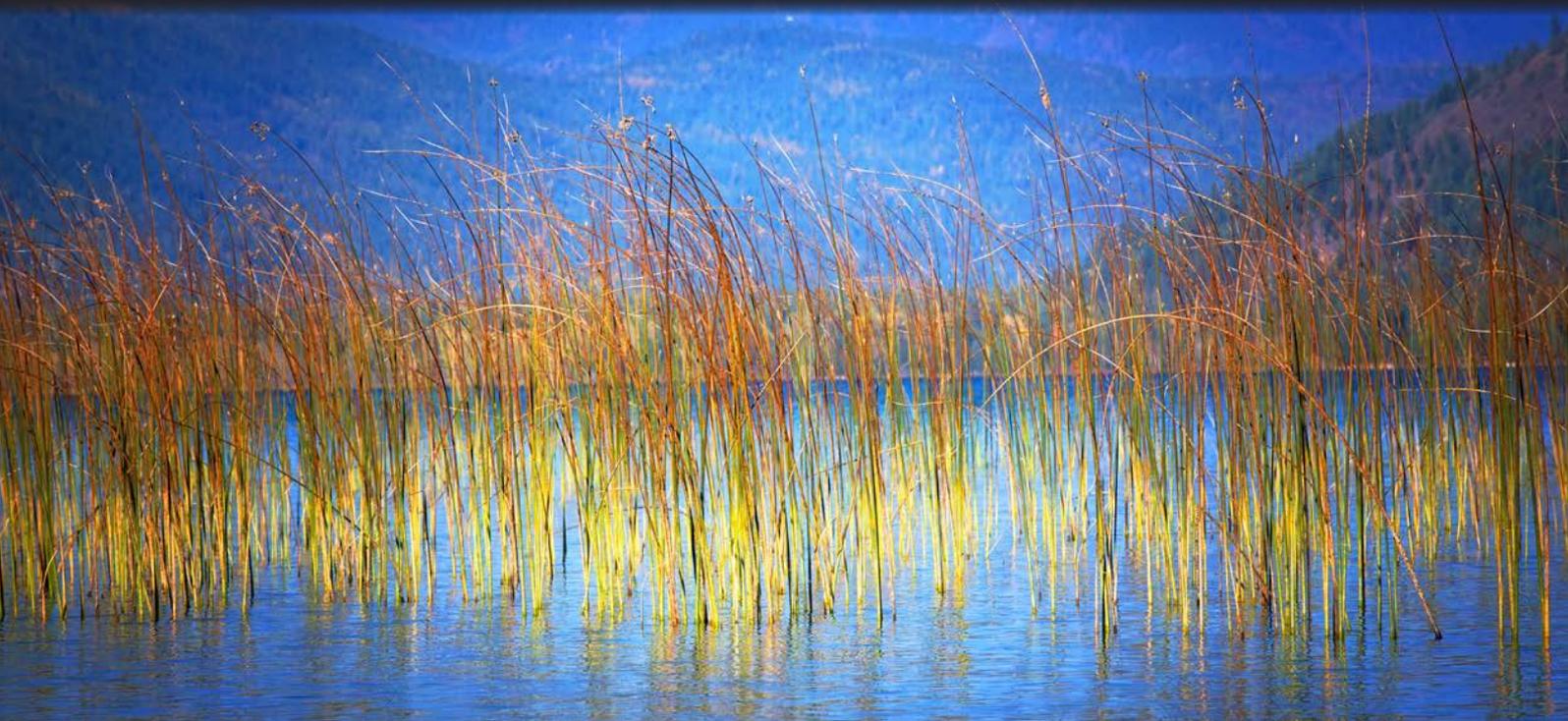
We briefly paddled over to the reeds but didn't explore the rest of the lake. Next time, we'll make it a full-day event and bring a picnic lunch.

As we reached the end of the thoroughfare at midday, we found high winds and breakers. We chose to portage the kayaks across the narrow sand jetty versus paddling around the breakers into heavy waves. We were astonished at how much the weather had changed in just a few hours. Weather conditions, currents and floating

debris vary considerably, so contact the Priest Lake Ranger District first to check on paddling conditions.

Resorts in the area have a wide variety of camping, lodging and dining options. The area is known for huckleberries, and the menu offerings at area restaurants are laden with everything huckleberry – just one of the reasons this lake combination keeps luring us back.

*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](http://stillwaterpaddling.com).*







# WHAT'S



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# APPREZ

## Events

**Sep 30 - Oct 1:** 11<sup>th</sup> Annual Honky Tonk Pétanque Tournament at the Northern Inn, 825 S. Clark, Republic, 9 am Saturday to 1 pm Sunday.

**Sep 30 - Oct 1, 7-8, 14-15:** Experience the beauty and fall colors of the Pend Oreille River while traversing 12 miles of track in an authentic train car. Wildlife viewing opportunities, treasure hunt, souvenirs, entertainment, vendors and maybe even “train robbers!” Sep 30, OCT 1: 11am, 1pm & 3pm; Oct 7, 8: 11am, 1pm & 3pm; Oct 14 & 15 (Halloween themed): 11am, 1pm & 3pm. Call 877-525-5226 or visit sporttrainrides.com for more info.

**Oct. 1:** Onion Creek Bargain Fair, 10 am - 3 pm, in the park next to the Onion Creek Store, 2191 Onion Creek Rd. Free admission, \$5 for a booth (free for nonprofits). Call 509-732-6648 for more info.

**Oct 1:** A new season of BINGO at the Northport School Cafeteria, hosted by the Northport Lions Club and the NHS Class of 2018 in support of an educational 3-day trip to San Francisco and Sacramento, CA in 2018. Doors open at Noon, games at 1 pm. Early bird and regular games, fast pick and blackout with \$500 jackpot. Must be 18 or older to play. Refreshments provided.

**Oct 4:** Candidate’s Night with Q&A, Colville City Hall, 6:30-8:30 pm, sponsored by the Colville Branch of the American Association of University Women. AAUW member Mary Selecky will moderate the forum.

**Oct 6-8:** Stevens County Swap Meet at the Valley Grange No. 1048, 3091 Waitts Lk Rd, Valley, WA, 9 am - 3 pm (10 am - 3 pm on Sunday). Featuring a Hugh Jewelry sale in honor of 3<sup>rd</sup> year anniversary, plus burritos on Friday, and a digital Halloween photo booth. Consignments now accepted. Call 509-230-2940 for more info.

**Oct 7:** 43<sup>rd</sup> annual Marcus Cider Fest at the Marcus park: fresh pressed apple cider, pancake feed, 8 am, parade, 10:30 am, kid’s carnival games, classic car show, arts & crafts, pie booth, food court and live main stage entertainment, including Cross Current, 11:30 am, belly dance, 1:15 pm, Killin Time, 2 pm, Murphy’s Law, 4 pm and in the beer garden, Northern Aliens and Fire Creek. Plus, special Friday night only karaoke, 7-midnight. Call 509-684-3771 for more info.

**Oct 7-8:** National Fossil Day celebration at the Stonerose Interpretive Center and Eocene Fossil Site in Republic. Dig fossils on Saturday and Sunday, no host social dinner and silent auction, free presentation, *Conifers of Stonerose*, by Dr. Kathleen Pigg and Shannon Doan of Arizona State University. Call 509-775-2295 or visit stonerosefossil.org for more info.

**Oct 13:** Wo+men Making a Difference luncheon, Noon-1 pm, Colville Community College. David Higgins will be the keynote speaker. Call 509-685-6095 for more info.

**Oct 14:** Meyers Falls Market Apple Dessert Bake-Off. Bake a dessert, get a free bag of apples. Sign up Oct. 9-13. Everyone is invited to taste the desserts from Noon-3 pm. Call 509-738-2727 for more info.

**Oct 14:** Colville Eagles: 1<sup>st</sup> annual Talent Show & BBQ Rib Cookoff. Open to the public. \$2 entry fee, \$100 first prize. BBQ rib cookoff will start at 4:30 pm, \$2 entry fee, \$100 first prize. Call 509-684-4534 for more info.

**Oct 14:** Jammin’ For Food, a benefit concert for the Colville Food Bank at the Colville High School Auditorium, 7-9:30 pm, featuring the bands Cross Current and Sam Platis & The Great Plainsmen. Sponsored by Avista and the Vinson Fund. “Help us fill the Food Bank for the holidays!” Admission: cash and/or food donations.

**Oct 20:** Riverwood School Harvest Festival, 3 pm to sunset, at 146B Buena Vista Dr., Colville. The event is open to the community and will include chili, cornbread, fresh-pressed cider, a book sale, and a bake sale. All proceeds will support the school’s music program. Call 802-980-8400 or visit riverwoodschool.org for more info.

**Oct 20-22, 27-29:** Springdale Haunted House, open 6-9:30 pm at the Camas Valley Grange No. 842. Tickets \$5. The Springdale Kiddie Karnival and Kreepy Kafe will also be available (but not on Oct. 22 or 29) from 6-9 pm.

**Oct 27:** Kiddie & Pet Costume Parade and Moonlight Madness in downtown Colville. Parade starts at 4:30 at the Colville fire Station. Games and fun after the parade at Heritage Court. Music from Hank FM, pumpkin bowling, and pumpkin carving/drawing contest. Businesses will be open late, 7-10 pm, for Moonlight Madness. Customer Appreciation Drawing at Sandra’s at 10 pm. Sponsored by the Colville Chamber of Commerce. Call 509-684-5973 for more info.

**Oct 28:** Help Chewelah Light Up the Park with a pumpkin flotilla, while enjoying activities including a night at the museum with live characters, fire dancer, live music and entertainment, haunted house for kiddies, pumpkin carving station, event video stream, food booths, games for kids, and more. A launching of Sky Lanterns closes the event.

**Oct 28:** 1<sup>st</sup> Annual Witches Ball. A whole cauldron of family fun is brewing at the Old Apple Warehouse in Kettle Falls, including pumpkin painting, face painting, cupcake walk, bobbing for apples, tricks or treats, prize for best costume & best witch hat, hourly door prize drawings, 2-4 pm. Also, Meyers Falls Market will host a chili and cornbread special, costume photo op, and a "Witches Brew Tasting, 4:30-6:30 pm. Plus Open Mic, 7-10 pm. Donations for the Kettle Falls Food Bank Encouraged. Call 509-738-4848 for more info.

**Oct 28:** Fall Festival at the Cutter Theatre, 302 Park St., Metaline Falls with games, costumes, food, carnival and more! Also, a Child Care Class with training in CPR, First Aid, Infant Care for children 12 and up, 11 am - 2 pm (lunch provided), followed by a Meet & Greet for families with young children to meet the newly-certified child care workers, 3 - 4:30 pm. Movie showing of *Hotel Transylvania*, 1:30 pm. Soup & Chili Cook-off (free entry) dinner, 4:30 pm, \$7 per person, \$20 per family. Carnival, 6 - 8 pm, and costume contest, 7:30 pm. Call 509-446-4108 for more info.

**Oct 31:** 4<sup>th</sup> Annual Picture Treat for your little tricksters. Get free candy and a free Halloween keepsake photo of your child in costume at Parkview Senior Living, 240 S. Silke, Colville, 5:30-7:30 pm. Children must be accompanied by an adult.

## Music, Dance, Theater & Film

**Oct 6:** Open Mic, 7 pm at the Pend Oreille Playhouse, 236 S. Union, Newport. Visit [www.pendoreilleplayers.org](http://www.pendoreilleplayers.org) or call 509-447-9900 for more info.

**Oct 8, 22 & 28:** Thrill the World Event and Michael Jackson's Thriller Dance Classes. Every year people from all over the world dance to Michael Jackson's Thriller, at the same time. This year it's Oct 28 from 3-5 pm at Happy Dell Park in Kettle Falls. Dance classes at Meyers Falls Market Community Room are Oct 8 and 22 at 1:30 pm. Call 406-461-7678, or email [thrilltheworldkettlefalls@gmail.com](mailto:thrilltheworldkettlefalls@gmail.com) for more info.

**Oct 13-15:** A new, unpublished play, *Good Neighbors*, will be work-shopped and presented in readers' theatre format, 7 pm (3 pm on Sunday), at the Pend

Oreille Playhouse, 236 S. Union, Newport. Visit [www.pendoreilleplayers.org](http://www.pendoreilleplayers.org) or call 509-447-9900 for more info.

**Oct 13-14, 20-22:** The Murder Mystery Dinner Theatre "The Lethal Lecture, 6-9 pm (2 pm on Sunday), at the Cutter Theatre, 302 Park Street, Metaline Falls. Guess "Who Done it" while enjoying one of Liz's signature meals. Only 48 seats per performance. Reservations required. Call 509-446-4108 for more info.

**Oct 15:** Dances of Universal Peace, using simple movement, music, and lyrics, from 2-5 pm at the Colville Library basement. Donations appreciated. Potluck following. Call 509-684-1590 for more info.

**Oct 27:** Ghost Stories Open Mic, 7 pm at the Pend Oreille Playhouse, 236 S. Union, Newport. Bring your favorite ghost story to tell or read. Visit [www.pendoreilleplayers.org](http://www.pendoreilleplayers.org) or call 509-447-9900 for more info.

**Oct 27-29, Nov 3-5:** The Woodland Theatre in Kettle Falls presents Jack Sharkey's three-act, family friendly comedy, *The Creature Creeps*, with debut direction by Wade Tripp. This hilarious horror story genre is set in an ancient castle with a secret laboratory and those of you familiar with *Young Frankenstein* will enjoy this play immensely. The cast includes a mad scientist, a grim housekeeper, a ditsy daughter, five sisters, a sterling hero and quadruplets. Friday and Saturday shows are at 7 pm, Sunday shows at 2 pm. Tickets at the door: students/seniors \$8, adults \$10.

**Music at The Flying Steamshovel**, 2003 2<sup>nd</sup> Ave., Rossland, B.C. Visit [theflyingsteamshovel.com](http://theflyingsteamshovel.com) or call 250-362-7323 for more info.

3<sup>rd</sup>: Julie & The Wrong Guys w/ Giant Water Bug, 8 pm

5<sup>th</sup>: The Royal Foundry w/ VISSIA, 9 pm

13<sup>th</sup>: Steph Cameron w/ Joe Newton, 9 pm

19<sup>th</sup>: Cam Penner w/ Brad Mackay, 9 pm

22<sup>nd</sup>: Little Miss Higgins w/ Dirt Floor, 9 pm

## Literature & Writing

**Oct 5 & 19:** Read With Augie at the Colville Public Library, 3:30-5 pm. Dogs love to hear stories, especially Augie, a 4-year-old golden retriever and registered therapy and Reading Education Assistance Dog. Make a 15-minute appointment to read to him by calling 509-684-6620. Bring a favorite book or come early and choose one here in the library.

**Oct 26:** Tween Book Club at the Colville Public Library, 4:30-5:30 pm. Make book-themed snacks and discuss the book of the month.

**Oct 30:** Teen Book Club at the Colville Public Library, 4:30-5:30 pm. Join us for refreshments, snacks, and book talk.

## Arts & Crafts

**Oct 6:** Gold Mountains Gallery reception in Republic, 4 - 7 pm, featuring a continuation of last month's show by popular demand, "Beyond Boundaries," a display of the "exciting and innovative new works" of Cynthia Bonneau-Green (jewelry and fiber arts) and Judith Moses (fine art). Refreshments served. Open Wed-Sat, 10:30-4:30 and offers a wide assortment of locally made arts and crafts.

**Oct 18:** Savvy Seniors craft class will be creating a mysterious and scary Halloween craft. But don't be frightened by the mystery we have in store for you - we are really very friendly. Join us at 1 pm at Parkview Senior Living, 240 S. Silke. Please RSVP by Friday, Oct. 13 (Oooh spooky!) at 509-684-5677.

**Featured Artist Carol Vrba and Elinor Distler** at the gallery at Meyers Falls Market in Kettle Falls for the month of October. "The seasons go round and round" is the title of the show and will include paintings, prints and pastels.

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

**Colville Piecemakers Quilt Guild** meets on the 3<sup>rd</sup> Tuesday of the month at the Assembly of God Church in Colville at 6:30 pm. Visit [colvillepiecemakers.webs.com](http://colvillepiecemakers.webs.com).

**Cross Borders Weaving Guild** meets on the 2<sup>nd</sup> Saturday of each month at the VFW Hall, 135 Hwy 20, Colville. Email [woodtick50@aol.com](mailto: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

**Oct 19:** NEWA 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.

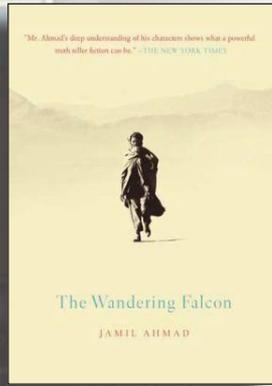
*Continued on page 28*

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# A Good Read

## *The Wandering Falcon*, by Jamil Ahmad

Reviewed by Loren Cruden



Few authors write a debut novel at age eighty. But if Pakistan's Jamil Ahmad had penned *The Wandering Falcon* earlier it might've been premature. There is something in the story's measured, fearless but deeply courteous voice that signifies a summit of perspective.

The book is modest, small. The storytelling is unflashy, soft-spoken. The impact is lasting.

Ahmad shows us tribal nomads seasonally moving between Pakistan and Afghanistan with their tents and camels and sheep and mastiffs, their ancient traditions and loyalties having nothing to do with statehood or citizenship. Ahmad knows well these tribal areas and his descriptions are precise, respectful, a stark poetry. "No habitation for miles around, and no vegetation except for a few wasted and barren date trees leaning crazily against one another, and no water other than a trickle among some salt-encrusted boulders, which also dries out occasionally, manifesting a degree of hostility.... It was but natural that some men would lose their minds after too long an exposure to such desolation and loneliness."

This nomadic way of life was dying (mid-1900s); not from loneliness or elemental adversity,

however, but from intervention by the Pakistani and Afghan governments. Prevented from their necessary grazing migrations, the tribe's camels and sheep died along with the families who tried to defy the cross-border ban. It was the old match-up – of settlers vs. wanderers, centralized power vs. tribal freedom – and the same side always wins. "What died with them was a part of [the people] themselves. A little of their spontaneity in offering affection, and something of their graciousness and trust."

The story visits the lives of settled tribes as well. Border dwellers endowed with "an unusual abundance of anger, enormous resilience, and a total refusal to accept their fate." People to whom "survival is the ultimate virtue."

The wandering falcon of the book's title is a tribe-less orphan called Tor Baz, which means Black Falcon, whose story ripples outward nudging to life other stories, other characters enwebbed within this place of timeless extremities.

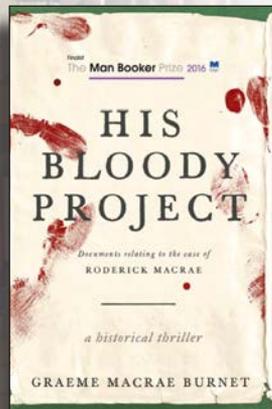
Other recommendations from the A shelf:

Ayaan Hirst Ali – *Infidel*

David Abrams – *Brave Deeds*

## *His Bloody Project*, by Graeme Macrae Burnet

Reviewed by Loren Cruden



A finalist for the 2016 Man Booker Prize, *His Bloody Project*, by Scotsman Graeme Macrae Burnet, is a work of art. In actuality a novel, the story is presented as a piece of sensational crime journalism, complete with the subtitle *Documents Relating to the case of Roderick Macrae*. Whether there was any such 1869 case in Scotland's West Highlands is doubtful but irrelevant. Burnet convincingly employs a fabricated collection of "historical documents" as conveyance for this ingenious tale.

It begins with a selection of witness statements. The tiny crofting community's triple murder unquestionably was committed by seventeen-year-old Roderick, but statements contradict each other as to the perpetrator's character and mental competency. Burnet's insinuation of black humor into this is sustained throughout the story, which is masterfully developed.

The central section of the book consists of Roderick's own account of what took place. He is no simple farm boy – his voice, exacting and unemotional, is rich with irresistible context. "I watched him climb onto his pony and ride slowly out of the village. His legs reached almost to the ground, so that he cut a quite comic figure. The garron plodded along with the characteristic gait of the Highland pony,

as if expecting at any moment to strike its head on a low beam."

"Medical reports" follow this account (and its appended glossary of terms such as "garron"), detailing the injuries inflicted on the three victims. After that, we're provided with psychological evaluations of the accused, drawing on actual, general articles written back in the 1800s by an authority on criminal anthropology. At the time, the inclination was toward identifying criminal disposition on the basis of genetic physical markers. Though "the study of the criminal class should not focus exclusively on heredity, but must as well pay heed to the conditions in which the degenerate individual exists."

The final section of the story purports to be an account of Roderick Macrae's trial, "compiled from contemporary newspaper coverage:" a gripping courtroom drama through which, once again, impish humor glints – as it must in any credible portrait of how we see one another, how actions are assessed, and how the motley-ness of society labors to achieve gravitas in the face of inevitable absurdity.

Loren Cruden's fiction, nonfiction and poetry can be found at Meyer's Falls Market in Kettle Falls, and at [lorenbooks.com](http://lorenbooks.com).

## In Theaters: *It*

Reviewed by Sophia Aldous

It's October, fellow film buffs, and you know what that means. Horror and suspense movies are a part of the season just as pumpkin spice lattes and corn mazes. This month: The book that most likely caused a severe decline in clown school enrollment, *It*, has received the Hollywood treatment, and the result is probably the best adaption of said book that a fan could hope for.

Stephen King's *It*, a story about seven children who fight off a monstrous entity disguised as a clown in their small town of Derry, Maine, hits the big screen 26 years after the 1991 miniseries

aired, starring Tim Curry as the notable villain, Pennywise.

The miniseries was hokey and harmless with the exception of a few good performances, particularly from Curry. However, any chuckles this version of *It* elicits will probably be nervous ones.

Directed by Andrés Muschietti and featuring Swedish actor Bill Skarsgård as Pennywise, *It* smartly trims down King's 1,100-plus-page novel, which fluctuates back and forth to our heroes as both children and adults, and instead focuses solely on the kids as they navigate growing up and fighting back against this otherworldly entity

that feeds on children and their fears.

While it's a stretch to say this movie is scary, the performances, especially from the child actors, are solid and effective. You buy into their friendship and their budding, sometimes awkward, transitioning from childhood to impending adulthood. Skarsgård puts an unsettling spin on what could easily be a laughable baddy. His Pennywise is a creeper that masks its monstrousness with a flimsy veil of humanity that victims don't see through until it's too late.

*It* won't keep you up at night, but it's a cinematic haunted house that entertains.

## In Case You Missed It: *The Others*

Reviewed by Sophia Aldous

The selection process for the Academy Awards made me raise a quizzical eyebrow when Nicole Kidman got passed up for her performance in *The Others*, a 2001 Spanish-American horror film, and instead was nominated for her typical courtesan character in *Moulin Rouge* the same year.

Yes, I'm a day late and a dollar short to this one, but *The Others* stands time's test. Kidman shines as Grace Stewart, a woman of faith living in isolation with her two children in a large house in the aftermath of World War II. Her husband hasn't returned from the fighting and her daughter and son are afflicted with a disease that causes extreme photosensitivity, so they can't venture outside during the day. After Grace hires three servants, strange occurrences begin to unsettle the family. She starts to suspect that maybe they aren't as alone as she previously thought. Something else is stealthily making its presence known.

Written, directed and scored by Alejandro

Amenábar, *The Others* samples classic gothic thrillers like *The Innocents* and *The Changing* to full effect without feeling derivative. It's not a fast-paced movie, so those who like their frights to clock in regularly may find

the pace crawling, but for those who enjoy a character-driven, atmospheric boiler, *The Others* delivers.

Turn off all the lights except the one in your jack-o-lantern and enjoy.



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# LISTEN UP

## Gizmodrome's Unlikely Super-union

Reviewed by Michael Pickett

Every once in a while we get a supergroup that really does throw you a curve, just by being together. It's not that Black Country Communion or Audioslave weren't absolutely super, but some groups come together and it's such a surprise to see the roster of players that you can't help but run out and listen to what they've come up with.

Gizmodrome is this kind of group: Mark King (Level 42) on bass and vocals, Adrian Belew (Zappa, Bowie, King Crimson) on guitar, Italian keyboard and production phenom Vittorio Cosma and the mighty Stewart Copeland (The

Police) on drums. You have to wonder what it's like to stand in a room with this incredible convergence of players.



Well, wonder no more. Gizmodrome's self-titled debut is out and enticing fans of each band member to take a listen.

Groovy, reggae-tinged cuts like "Man in the Mountain" or the pulsing "Amaka Pipa" don't disappoint ... at least not much. Here's the thing: With drummer Copeland handling 90% of the vocals, one has to wonder why Belew and King – both phenomenal vocalists in their respective bands – weren't stepping up to the mic to voice

some of the wry, crazy lyrics found here.

As it is, Copeland's delivery feels like a huge nod to Frank Zappa by way of Talking Heads, though it starts to wear a bit thin three quarters of the way through these twelve songs. King does some stellar backups here and there, but would be better used out front at least part of the time. Belew is strictly a guitarist here, and that seems like a waste of a very eccentric, perfect fit for some mic-time.

Still, this is a fun ride after the first three songs or so. I have to admit, I expected this release to be a touch less underwhelming, given the firepower involved ... but by the album's end, it starts to feel like a Copeland passion project. If you view it as that, it's an interesting studio romp by four unlikely musical friends (and Mark King's basslines alone are worth the price of the album).

## Prophets of Rage: Beyond the Machine

Reviewed by Michael Pickett

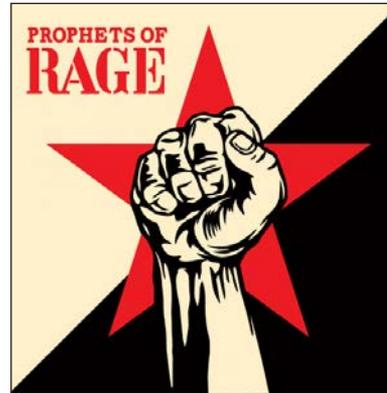
Part of me feels like Rage Against the Machine members can't be in any more supergroups. The thing is, the Prophets of Rage (made up of Rage's Tom Morello, Tim Commerford and Brad Wilk with Chuck D and B-Real at the mic) sound so great, it's hard not to want this to continue for a good long time.

In my opinion, everybody knows Rage has some of the best soulful, metal grooves that ever were. Add Chuck D's slamming vocal prowess alongside the razor-rap of B-Real, and this is an absolute formula for greatness.

Are they pulling any punches here? The "explicit" sticker and the subject matter involved make that a resounding no. And

while irritating political blather by the likes of Roger Waters, Bono and Springsteen feel largely hollow coming from the ranks of the Poor Suffering Multimillionaire Club, this album by Prophets feels street-level dangerous ... and absolutely listenable.

The album opens with the impossibly groovy hard rock of "Radical Eyes" and doesn't let up as the group



welds classic rock to rap with "Legalize Me" and stomps through the Jane's Addiction-y "Strength in Numbers." Rage vocalist Zach de la Rocha is, frankly, not at all missed at the mic, as Chuck D delivers some of the greatest vocals imaginable.

I honestly couldn't care less about most artists weighing in on politics.

There is something comically disingenuous about red-carpet walkers and blue-jean activists in private jets telling us what's wrong with the poverty-stricken parts of the world. But when the message comes from Prophets of Rage, not only is the music a thing of two-fisted beauty ... but the words and message feel vital and anti-apocalyptic.

If this album does nothing else – which is unlikely – it should put artists on notice to raise their game. This is a supergroup that is truly supercharged and delivers on every level.

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## Along the Mountain Path: Energizing Twists

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

*“About Twists ... If you follow your breath, you will be much less aggressive and much more responsive to the natural flow of the pose.”*

*~ Rodney Yee, Moving Toward Balance*



Twists are wonderful poses for energizing the organs of digestion and elimination. They squeeze the internal organs, wringing out the old stale blood, and when they are released, fresh oxygenated blood flows in. B.K.S. Iyengar called this “spread, soak and squeeze.” Twists also move and relax the shoulders, release the neck and energize the spine. They can relieve backaches and tension headaches. Twists are nice for releasing the back muscles after backbends. Properly done, twists provide just the right amount of stress to encourage bone strengthening in the vertebral bodies of the spine.

An often overlooked benefit of twisting is the way it brings awareness to the secondary muscles of respiration, the muscles of the back and chest.

Breathing is largely a muscular activity. The diaphragm is a large muscle which completely separates the heart and lungs from the organs of digestion and elimination. It is attached along the edges of the rib cage, and down along the spine, and it is the primary muscle of respiration. As the diaphragm contracts, air is drawn into the lungs. As it relaxes, air is pressed out of the lungs. The intercostal muscles, between the ribs, allow the rib cage to expand and contract in response to the expansion and release of the lungs. But there are many secondary muscles of respiration, and if we keep them flexible and strong, we will be more efficient breathers.

Healthy twists result from grounding in the

lower body, extension up through the spine on inhalations, and movement from the hips, navel, ribs and shoulders on the exhales. We create space for movement with our breath, and move into that space as we release the breath. The lumbar spine is not designed for twisting, and requires lengthening and support from the lower abdominal muscles.

As we inhale and lengthen the torso, the rectus abdominis (the six-pack muscle) lengthens, the transverse abdominal wall contracts to support the lumbar spine, the chest lifts (the pectoral muscles) and the shoulders can relax. Muscles all the way up into the neck lengthen, as we reach into the crown of the head.

As we exhale, there is a lengthening of the oblique abdominal muscles on the side we are moving away from, and a contraction in the direction of the twist. On the back of the body, the latissimus dorsi and quadratus lumborum lengthen on the side we are turning away from, and contract on the side we twist toward. There is a strong squeezing action in the abdomen. As the shoulders and head turn, the trapezius muscles come into the act, as well as the scalene and other neck muscles.

The most important actions are the creation of space, and the awareness of breath. This can be said of all yoga poses, but is most obvious in twisting.

I once had a yoga teacher say that twists “grow like a vine up a column,” they grow from the “root” of the lower body, and revolved

around the “column” of the spine. It is also helpful to remember that the Sanskrit word for twisting poses is “parivrtta,” which means “revolving.”

Healthy twists grow from the strong rooting of the lower body, squeeze out the internal organs and open us to breath. As we open to breath, we open to life. We are truly present for our journey along the mountain path.

Namaste.

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



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## Finding Your Particular Voice

By Linda Bond

Not everyone writes the same way, which is good because readers are not all looking for the same kind of presentation for their reading enjoyment. But what is it that makes each story, article or book distinctive? The most prominent factor involved when I choose a book to read is the author's "voice."

Whether you are writing *to* the reader or *for* the reader (yes, they *are* different), your voice will determine how your story sounds when it is read. Voice is not to be confused with style. While they are intimately connected in the craft of writing, voice is one element that is part of overall style. Your sentences, paragraphs and chapters will create a particular tone; the words will produce a sound. If you succeed, readers will come to expect it in your writing. No one will mistake Hemingway for Mark Twain, for instance. And they will notice when it changes. Dean Koontz has changed his voice over the years as he experimented with different kinds of writing. To his credit, his fan base has only grown with these changes.

The topic of voice in writing is extensive. Entire books have been written just about voice. One such offering, *Writing Voice*, is a compilation of articles from the editors of *Writer's Digest* with a forward by Reed Farrel Coleman. I recommend that you obtain a copy if you are seriously working on developing a voice for your own writing. Here, I will limit myself to providing a basic overview of the value and power of a strong voice.

### Elements of Voice

There are a myriad of things to consider in discovering your voice. As you experiment with word choice, sentence structure or even character development, you will find yourself loving some of what you include and rejecting other attempts. Over time, this process of literary alchemy will result in a voice you can call your own. So let yourself go. Take a few chances. Try out some ideas and see where they lead. As you do so, keep the importance of the following elements in mind:

- Realism and its requirements
- Point of view and its impact on overall tone
- Quality of words, e.g. formal vs. informal
- Structure
- Character choice and development
- Dialogue

There are others, of course, but let's touch on these basics to get you started.

### The Demands of Realism

Nothing you do in your writing will win over an audience if it is not believable. Realism is fluid, though, as science fiction writers know. For instance, the protagonist in *The Martian* could not go running around Mars without oxygen. And *Star Wars* would not work if the various characters involved did not have plausible worlds to inhabit.

All of the other elements involved in your writing must be held up to the light of realism. Language should fit your story location. Characters should use the appropriate diction for their station in life. Action should take place in a realistic period of time. In other words, all of the elements you develop as a part of your voice should meld into a believable mixture.

### Point of View and Voice

There are numerous approaches you may take in your narrative. For instance, "first person" is one in which "I" tell my story. Try out the variety of viewpoints available to see which one fits you best. You will find that some are harder to use than others and some will fit a wider range of "voices" as well.

### Quality of Words and Tone

Will you be using language that only a physicist would understand? Or will you be using street language that is known to gang members, perhaps, but not to housewives? In every case, your choice of words will set a tone for your writing. Following are a couple of sentences that say the same thing, but use different language:

*Mandy went to the kitchen and threw together another one of her quick meals.*

*Mandy entered her special domain – the kitchen*

*– and began to prepare one of her less time-consuming meals.*

### Structure

Your choice of sentence and paragraph structure will have a major impact on the tone of your writing and your voice. Here are two examples of sentence styles that shape the sound of a written piece:

*It was unbelievable. They had just arrived. Now she wanted to go back to the city. "What is wrong with her?" he wondered.*

*Since they had just arrived, it was unbelievable that she already wanted to head back to the city. It made him wonder what was wrong with her.*

Both pieces say the same thing, but with a different tone and flow. Which one would you prefer to read?

### Characters and Dialogue

Finally, who will people your narrative? As mentioned earlier, your characters should add to the believability of your story, not detract from its reality. One of the ways they will seem more true to your intent is if they speak appropriately. If they are uneducated, do they use words like "linguistics" or "heck no"? And if you use characters who are constantly swearing, it will definitely have an impact on the overall tone of your writing and how the voice touches the audience. There are authors who are known to use rough language and their readers have sought them out knowingly.

Now go out there and find your voice!

*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](mailto:lindathewriter@gmail.com).*

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# From the Soil



## Cantaloupe

By Louanne Atherley

I planted cantaloupe for the first time this year. My friend Rachel, who is an amazing gardener but lives on the “wet side,” gave me some seeds that were given to her by a friend. She said there was no way she could hope to grow them where she lives. I started them in a flat in my garden shed in April. By August they were setting fruit and filling in their spot in the garden. We had our first harvest mid-September.

Whether you believe in climate change or not, when we came here in 1985 we could get a frost as late as June and as early as August. We live at around 2,500 feet and, early on, tried many times to grow tomatoes but were never successful. For the last ten years or so we have had a fine tomato harvest every year and now, apparently, we can grow melons.

We knew them as muskmelon when I was growing up, and a little research indicates that is the more correct term. Apparently, true cantaloupe is grown only in Europe and not exported. It is also smoother on the outside without the tan netting we are used to seeing.

Like all orange-colored fruits and vegetables, cantaloupe is especially good for you. The health benefits include high levels of the antioxidant vitamins A and C as well as potassium and B vitamins. I also learned that the seeds of cantaloupe contain high levels of omega-3 fatty acids.

When I was young, my favorite way to enjoy one was with vanilla ice cream. A more grown-up version wraps slices in prosciutto. If you have an abundance of cantaloupe and are looking for ways to use it you might try putting some in salsa, and of course they are great in fruit salad. You

can also put them in smoothies and make frozen pops or granita. I also saw suggestions for garnishing them with lime or chili.

I started looking around on the internet and found this soup at bengalifood.com on a blog called Cook Like a Bong Master: The Art of Bengali Cooking. It was a guest post from ecurry.com. The blogger talked about coming to America twenty years ago and her experiences trying to find foods she was accustomed to and getting around without a car. She writes well and it is worth reading.

I am including a second recipe from this blog called Chaal Kumro Chingri: Ash Gourd with Shrimp that I served with the melon soup. I didn't make it with ash gourd, which I learned is also a melon and sometimes called white pumpkin. I substituted delicata squash, which I happened to have in my garden. I think it would be good with just about any winter squash. The soup was good but quite sweet even though I didn't add any sweetener other than the candied ginger. It might be good as a dessert or frozen into pops.

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- 2 cups ripe juicy melon (cantaloupe or honeydew, or combine different kinds), chopped
  - 1 cup (or a little less) light coconut milk
  - Sugar/honey/agave nectar, to taste (you may not need this if the melons are sweet)
  - 2 tablespoons fresh grated coconut (I substituted dried)
  - 1.5 teaspoon fresh lime juice, or to taste
  - Fresh herbs like mint or lemon thyme
  - 1 teaspoon fresh ginger juice (grate fresh ginger and squeeze out the juice) or 1.5 tablespoon chopped candied ginger (or more to taste)
  - Ice cubes
  - For garnish: a couple of tablespoons finely chopped melon or toasted coconut and more fresh herbs
- Combine all the ingredients except the garnish and blend until smooth. If you are not serving immediately, chill the soup.

#### **Chaal Kumro Chingri: Ash Gourd with Shrimp** (serves 2-3)

- 1 small chaal kumro/ash gourd (substitute squash), about 3 cups
- 15-20 medium shrimp, peeled and deveined
- ½ teaspoon turmeric plus 1 teaspoon turmeric
- 2 teaspoons oil
- ¾ teaspoon cumin seeds
- 1 or 2 dried red chili peppers
- 1 green chili pepper, slit
- ½ teaspoon sugar
- 1 teaspoon mustard oil
- 2 tablespoons fresh or frozen grated coconut (optional)
- Salt to taste
- Fresh coriander or cilantro to garnish

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

## Grappling With Loss

By Michelle Lancaster

This has been a time measured by numbers. I try not to measure a period of time in negative aspects, particularly because there were many enjoyable highlights to the past month, yet I still regard it as a time of loss.

The events started with a calculated loss – selling several ram lambs to market. Male animals born on a farm primarily become meat animals. We know this; therefore, we tend to stay detached from affection. If a male lamb is named, it's likely to be "Lamb Chop" or "BBQ" or another food-related name. We joke about their limited brain capacity; we are prepared to slaughter, hang and process the meat. The majority of our diet's protein comes from our animal meat.

After years of living around this, I can rationalize the process. The actual work may rate right down there with castrating piglets or dehorning calves, but we get the job done.

As we waited in the sheep pen for the hauler to arrive to pick up our sale animals, the phone rang with some bad news. Our friend's son-in-law called to tell us there had been an accident. Our friend Becky passed away after being trampled by a group of Holstein heifers. Something spooked the animals and made them run. After decades of working around docile dairy animals, Becky lost her life to them. We were shocked to hear this news and saddened by the loss of a dear friend. People expect to grow old, yet there is no guarantee for tomorrow.

About a week later, my very first dairy cow went away. This type of situation is always difficult – when an animal has reached the end of "productive life" but is still alive.

I had agonized for months about the right thing to do. My husband, I'm sure, tired of hearing me say "what if" to several scenarios. A friend offered to take her in, another friend offered to haul her across country to a new home, some friends said she should end her days on our farm – living out her years in the pasture.

Unfortunately, the cow's udder surrendered to age and time. Without a real purpose in life, I feared she would be unhappy. Never had I met an animal with more personality and drive to succeed – she was always first in line to be milked or head to pasture. A cow with a plan! Could I take that away from her? I also worried about moving homes – this cow rebelled against change or even the hint of change.

Then a phrase kept rolling through my mind: "No one takes as good care of your things as you do." In the end, we found a solution that benefited a family and left us feeling that this

cow continued to serve a final purpose.

A dog in the same situation poses a more difficult scenario. An 85-pound dog eats relatively little and requires not much for upkeep (compared to an 800-pound cow). Man's Best Friend also etches a way into our hearts, probably more than they should. My Akita dog, Maisie, fit this classification. At 12 years old, her life matches closely with the timeline of my adult life.

My husband picked out Maisie as a Christmas present for me. I sat on the couch, eyes closed, and waited for my gift when a little pup waddled in and licked my hand. The pup grew up on our farm, traveled with us across the country to a new home, survived being shot in the leg, traveled back home again, then moved out and took up residence at my parents' house, where she enjoyed the company of her son (my parents' dog, a pup from her litter many years ago). We arrived home from church last week to find her on the back porch, breathing her last few breaths. She came home to die. I am thankful she went quickly and lived a fun, easy life right up to the end. If only all of us could go this way.

I told my husband the topic for this month's article, but acknowledged that I was unsure how to end it. "I'm not sure I understand it myself. Why there is so much death."

I can rationalize the loss of animals intended for meat. Their purpose in the context of our farm is to provide meat – we are the husbandmen, they are the food. Coming to the end of life as a dairy cow is a bit more difficult – saying goodbye to an animal that has faithfully provided milk, calves and entertainment value to my family for over 13 "working" years is like saying goodbye to a part of the family. Likewise, a dog is there day in and day out, to offer protection and companionship. I feel safe having a dog around. They come inside on cold, wintery nights and sit by your feet. How are we supposed to interact with animals to this level and remain emotionally detached? Even worse, most animals have a lifespan only a fraction of the average human lifespan, so we can reasonably expect to outlive our pets.

Then when human friends or family pass away, people I had hoped would live for a much larger portion of my life, that is by far the most difficult for me to understand.

As a kid, I learned quickly that farm life meant I was going to understand the term "life and death" by a young age. I cried over a pet chicken, then for the pigs I sold at the fair auction, for my great-grandparents, for all of my

grandparents, for other friends and family. I let these deaths tear away at me, causing a lot of stress and ill health in my early years. I worried that the negative times would overwhelm me.

As I age, I have learned to care and cry without becoming engulfed in despair. I know I will see Becky and many others in heaven someday. I can hardly wait to see my grandmothers again. I hope there really are dogs in heaven (and cows, and pet chickens).

When I asked my husband about death, he said, "Maybe it's to teach us to not take one minute for granted. To enjoy each day and to be thankful for the days we had with our loved ones." I took his hand and told him I loved him. We prayed for comfort for Becky's family. Then I asked him what he wanted to do for the rest of the day. Suddenly I was no longer thinking about loss, but about life and how to make the best of our time together.

*Michelle Lancaster homesteads with her family on Old Dominion Mountain in Colville. She writes at [Spiritedrose.wordpress.com](http://Spiritedrose.wordpress.com).*

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## Miscellany

**Oct 11:** Northeast Washington Genealogical Society meets in the basement of the LDS Church, Juniper Street, Colville, at 1 pm. (entry at the back of the building.) With the holidays rapidly approaching now is the time to prepare for the (possibly spur-of-the-moment) opportunity to interview a loved one at a family gathering. NeWGS President Karen Struve will conduct an interview of one of our members to demonstrate what types of questions you should be prepared to ask. All visitors are welcome.

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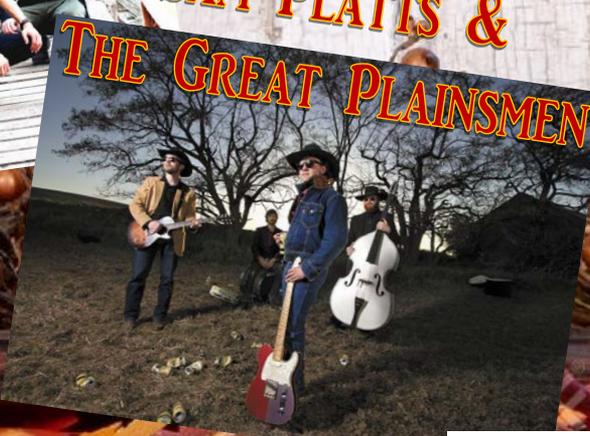
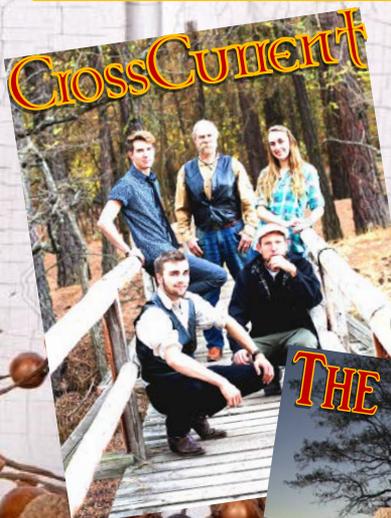
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## The Habit of Appreciation

By Daisy Pongrakthai

***“What you appreciate, appreciates”***

*~ Jean Houston, PhD*

As I was taught that saying recently, I wondered how to apply it more deeply in my life. I reminisced on articles that have popped up over the years in my inbox newsletters, *Greater Good*, *Fulfillment Daily*, *Lifehack* and *Optimist Daily*: “How Gratitude Motivates Us to Become Better People,” “The Power of Gratitude,” “How Gratitude Changes You and Your Brain,” to name a few.

Sure it’s all nice fluffy reading and can make you feel good for a moment but what about for *moments*, and many more moments? So, my mind begins to tick and sleuth out the how-to’s ...

I was at a local bookstore recently to see if they had a cherished book I had given away. At the register was a bright and cheery coffee cup that read, “Count your Blessings.” Aha! Light bulb number one. I can get this cup to remind me every morning to count my blessings. Bingo! I was so excited to start. As I began iterating this new morning routine, I thought to write down what I appreciate on a large notecard, as writing helps ingest concepts.

Next, bringing it home. I knew that it would take more than just saying and writing them down to actually really feel grateful, so I mixed in a five-minute discipline. Reading over my appreciations, I held them in the palm of my hand and just felt how wonderful they are – these somethings and someones. I made a concentrated effort to put all of myself – feeling, thought, senses – into thanking gratefully. This exercise does give warm fuzzy feelings. (Another idea might be to write each appreciation on a cut strip of notecard and place them one by one with deep thought and heartfelt appreciation in a cup.)

After that I knew it would take deeper doses to make it become a habit. The good ol’ 21-day method comes to play again. I named my routine “AM Appreciation” and started upon my 21-day habit of appreciation journey.

This notion isn’t far-fetched from quantum physics, “as viewed, so appears,” an aspect of which could be, “What one focuses on or gives energy to causes a rising of the focused.”

As I was going out to the garden to harvest yesterday, my initial attitude was, “Oh, harvest. Ugh. There’s so much to do.” Wait, I caught that ungrateful stance and thought: “No, this is a beautiful garden and how lucky I am to have fresh greens. They’re not year-round so enjoy them and be thankful.” As I worked I kept that appreciation in mind and came out unbelievably energized from the two-hour chore.

### ***Appreciation Benefits***

Researchers have found that by practicing appreciation, our social, mental, emotional and physical health and well-being respond positively. Robert Emmons, professor of psychology at UC-Davis and perhaps the world’s leading scientific expert on gratitude, sees it as a “relationship-strengthening emotion because it requires us to see how we’ve been supported and affirmed by other people.”

His four gratitude concepts:

- Gratitude allows us to celebrate the present, a magnification of emotions which like novelty and change. We appreciate the value and magnify the goodness.
- Gratitude blocks negative, toxic emotions. For example, you can’t resent or be envious when you’re grateful.
- Grateful people are more stress-resilient. They are less bothered by negative symptoms.

- Gratitude strengthens social ties and increases self-worth.

“Gratitude correlates with subjective well-being and improvements in physiological health. Specifically, gratitude is associated with increased life satisfaction, resiliency to health issues, and better sleep quality, in addition to lower levels of burnout, and reductions in stress, inflammation and depression,” Emmons reports.

Neuroscientist Glenn Fox notes that gratitude is predominant throughout philosophy and religion, and today showing to benefit our health, but very little is known about what actually happens in our physiology when we experience it. Fox explains how gratitude benefits the brain and body:

“There is an area of the brain that is massively connected to the systems in the body and brain that regulate emotion and support the process of stress relief. Because gratitude relies on the brain networks associated with social bonding and stress relief, this may explain in part how grateful feelings lead to health benefits over time. Feeling grateful and recognizing help from others creates a more relaxed body state and allows the subsequent benefits of lowered stress to wash over us.”

### ***Appreciation Application***

One morning I found myself whining, “The floor is sticky at my feet.” Then I caught myself. I thought of the gratitude practice I coined a couple of weeks ago. I took one minute of clock time, closed my eyes and purely focused on what I’m grateful for – into deep gratitude with intensity. This practice has given me positive results time after time over the past two months.

You can also use this one-minute exercise to dive deep and focus on what you like: how to get a project done, nurturing a loved one from a distance, seeking clarity, connecting with your higher source, finding solutions. There’s so much to appreciate. Once that gratitude door is open, it’s like walking into a whole new world.

Here’s a recap on the possible applications to create the habit of appreciation:

- Write down all that you appreciate in your life (a dozen or more things).
- Dive daily into the five-minute appreciation discipline.
- To make this a habit, do it for 21 days straight.
- Use the one-minute gratitude practice when you catch yourself being negative.
- Add in any of your own practices.
- Get ready for positive results!

All in all, I find that taking a few minutes every day to appreciate things, circumstances and others has helped a bunch in the gratitude department that felt so hollow before, like not taking for granted the big things: a home, a car, health, sustainability, clear air and water. It also has made me really appreciate little things like a child’s smile, a stranger’s compliment, free moments without busyness, a cup of coffee, the coo of a dove, a butterfly crossing and croaking frogs.

During tough times, it can be difficult to perform this exercise, but even muddling through just for the sake of the routine can turn what seemed to be doldrums into great cheer. Just like physical exercise, the results may not happen right away. It takes those couple of weeks for the real feeling of appreciation to emerge.

Life itself is a miracle. We live in abundance here in Northeast Washington. What we appreciate, appreciates. In a world of distraction, the need for inner peace and gratitude is even greater. Put the world away for a minute and dive within.



# Waffle Watch

## Nice and Easy Does It

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. These are his stories.

Hi, y'all. I am super excited for the Women and Men Making a Difference Luncheon

happening this month. David Higgins, that super cool kid who rode his bike across the country and hiked the Camino de Santiago, is the keynote speaker this year. This will be my first time at the luncheon, so I am pretty jazzed. It's a plated lunch with tablecloths and

everything.

In my training right now, I'm trying to get better with special awareness. So apparently I'm like 80 pounds, but I really feel much more akin to a Chihuahua. Consequently, I knock things over – sometimes small people. I don't do it on purpose, I just don't really get how big I am. So what I've been working on is squeezing through small spaces.

If I go through the small place I get a treat. But then the humans decided to step it up a notch. I had to squeeze through a small space without knocking anything over. I get a treat only if I move gently through the space. This is going to be really helpful for the luncheon, as I don't want to knock over a table or anything.

I also need to be good about special awareness because I work with little kids a lot. When little kids come to the Kids First office, they're here because something scary happened to them. Sometimes it's because they have been a victim of sexual abuse. Other times it's because someone hurt their mom or dad. Either way, they've been through some scary stuff. The last thing I want to do is scare them here. So, I'm working really hard to perfect my calm, collected, spatially-aware self.

I hope to see you at the luncheon. Cross your fingers that I don't knock anything over!

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 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. The services are confidential and free.



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## Mid-Wife Crisis

By Gabriele von Trapp

It's human nature to anticipate that the road ahead will lead us forward. Sure, there are winding curves, uphill, downhill, unforeseen lefts and rights and detours, but U-turns? Unexpectedly, I have found my thoughts driving me back to where I have been.

I began the backward journey soon after I collided with a major life-changing event, a crisis beyond mid-life. Once I gained my wits I nervously checked my gauges and gave thanks that my vehicle was running and the needle was still indicating only half empty, although the paint did bear some wear and tear.

Meeting my own resistance and a hard road ahead, I began feeling the dread of not moving forward, not going anywhere and not wanting to take the time to revisit the landscapes that I had passed long ago. I had always pressed to move forward with a heavy foot and thought that retrospection was an unnecessary rest stop. But look back I did.

On the road 28 years ago, I had opened my eyes and lifted my finger from the map, and read the name Tum Tum. My innate desire to keep moving forward drove me to uproot my family and relocate to somewhere as far-flung as the name. I was three months pregnant with my third child and deeply determined to live in the country. The East Bay area of San Francisco, where we lived, had begun to feel like no place to raise a growing family and I was weary of the congestion and all the earthquakes. I was compelled by an overwhelming sense that something was impending.

A few months later, in October of '89, just three days before our scheduled departure, we withstood a devastating 7.1 earthquake that collapsed bridges, overpasses and occupied buildings, igniting fires that ravaged parts of San Francisco and put burning oil refineries on

emergency shutdown. It was the largest quake to occur in the area since 1906. An earth-shattering event that took lives and stood as testimony that it was beyond time for us to get out.

My pregnancy was complicated. At five months I was already dilated to almost six centimeters and began having contractions regularly. Fearlessly, I spent the entire trip flat on my back on the unfolded seat of our VW camper van with my mother, two young sons (4 and 1½), two dogs, two cats and my husband at the wheel.

We arrived in late October to a modest little homestead on five acres, a woodstove for heat, a simple wood house, a sleeping garden and no neighbors. Once settled, we were on our own, no jobs, no insurance, and only meager funds to sustain us as we headed straight into the heart of winter. It was time to find someone to help me deliver this baby.

We met with Linda and Dori in Spokane and they accepted the responsibility of caring for me, our baby, and a high-risk pregnancy without reservation, with very little compensation, and a pioneering spirit. I had not delivered a child at home before but it was soon to be my time and I really did not have much of a choice in the matter. I felt confidence with my midwives and ready to pave a new road of experience.

One early morning in mid-February, I was aroused with urgency. I scrambled to the toilet and my water broke. I called Linda and began describing my symptoms, timing my contractions and going on and on while my uterus tightened every few minutes. She abruptly broke into my dialogue and said, "If you don't let me get off this phone right now you are going to have this baby by yourself!" Surprisingly, I felt at peace, calm and joyful with no fear whatsoever, even though there was deep, unplowed fresh snow on the roads and almost 40 miles between us.

As Linda came darting into the bedroom over an hour and a half later, the child was already crowning. I was carrying on as if this was just another day while my mother and husband were flitting anxiously in and out of the room, bumping into each other on occasion.

Linda jumped onto the low-posted California King bed and stood above me hurriedly stripping off her winter clothing. I was watching her intently and thought to myself that she had such a sultry style and the grace of a dancer as she flung each piece wherever it chose to

land. I said to her openly, "You remind me of a stripper." She laughed, swirling her wild blond mane, and said, "That's what I used to do before I became a midwife."

I relished her duality and cherished her life experiences as she lent them to me. Her husband Charles was there by invitation. He had expressed the deep desire to observe his skillful wife performing her expertise (birthing a baby), never been given the opportunity by an expectant couple.

I had no inhibitions, I was relaxed and joyful in such sublime company. A man to my left, a man to my right, my midwife between and mother and assistant at the periphery. My two young sons occasionally walking by the door to steal a peek.

It was time to help the new being into the world.

I stood up on the bed and slightly bounced on the mattress, squatted, knelt and stood up again. I could feel the weight of the child pressing, gravity increasing the pressure. By this time the contractions were intense but not intolerable. I remember Linda coaching me, repeatedly saying, "Don't hold on to the pain ... let it move through you." It was my mantra in the moment and I felt the powerful contractions move through me like a ghost.

While standing, the child's head emerged between my legs. Linda laid me down gently and with one heave the child was born. Linda placed her on my abdomen still attached to the umbilical cord and the infant girl puckered her mouth and immediately began searching for an attachment. An infant, just born, so vulnerable, helpless, dependent and suddenly alone in the midst of strangers, beginning her journey in the world of things completely reliant on the love and commitment of others.

As I reflect on these memories, I find that I am aligning myself with the courage and audacity of an emerging infant. I too am being birthed into a new world, beginning a journey, even so late in life, in a room of strangers, completely reliant on the love and commitment of others and attaching myself to the goodness and nourishment within my reach, allowing the contractions to squeeze me into the unknown.

*Gabriele von Trapp lives in Springdale, WA. She is the mother of three adult children and has dedicated this article to Linda Harrison, midwife and person extraordinaire, not knowing if she is still on this side or dancing with the unborn on the other.*

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## A Hearty Family

By Becky Dubell

The “30-Second Conversations” across my sales desk at the Colville Do-it Center can be pretty interesting. One recent one just blew me away. A gal and I were talking about how cool it is to be grandmas and great-grandmas. The gentleman in line behind her got in on the conversation by announcing that he has 71 grand, great-grand and great-great-grand kids. Oh my gosh! I pointed BOTH fingers at him and said, “I gotta do a story on you.”

Let me introduce you to Don and Jackie Warren, from a background that is set in good old-fashioned family values with open hearts and open doors. I hope I can do them justice. Here goes...

Don’s father, Albert, along with his siblings, walked behind a covered wagon from Nebraska on a journey that started in March and ended in the Spokane area just as the snow was starting to fly. Albert became a rock mason and there are many foundations in the Spokane area that carry his expert touch.

Lucretia, twin sister to Albert, spent many years feeding and housing wartime workers in the Spokane area. Lucretia, not believing in banks, made some interesting decorations in the living room curtains – money pinned in them (hidden, kind of). Don remembers mowing lawns at 13 of her houses – took three days – and was told by Aunt Lucretia that the money for their services was in the sugar bowl (hidden, kind of).

This family stayed close to the area and close to each other. I imagine walking from Nebraska to Washington could build an indestructible family bond.

Albert moved his family to the Valley area and became a sharecropper and a “powder monkey,” blasting for Stevens County for many years. With a team of horses and blasting powder, the road to Cedonia was constructed at a man rate of \$3-\$4 a day. He could do anything and loved doing it all.

With all the moving around in the Chewelah and Blue Creek area, Don’s mother, Una, requested her quick and easy fix – fast-growing poppy seeds to throw out at the first sign of spring for a “never-fail garden of color and beauty.” Don is the 10<sup>th</sup> in a string of 12 children, so I can imagine that Albert did not argue with her simple request!

Don remembers a lot of work – hard work by today’s standards. His dad passed on to all the sons and daughters the value of a good day’s work, a good work ethic and how to think outside the box to get the job done. If it had an engine, it could be fixed. If you didn’t know how to do it, you either figured it out or



admitted that it was beyond your ability. “If you can’t do it right, don’t do it!”

Jackie’s family, with seven siblings, is from the Omak area where her dad, Walter, worked at the Omak Box Factory and the Yale Hotel. Mom, Nadine, raised kids while working in the orchard business. The family moved to Valley in 1947 and then down the road to Chewelah. Don decided, when he saw Jackie in church that first time, he was going to marry that girl. Family lore is that Don went to school four months out of the year, during the winter, to keep track of Jackie.

It took him four years to pin her down! Jackie graduated from Jenkins High School in Chewelah on a Friday and there was a wedding on Saturday, June 5, 1951, over 66 years

ago. They say the honeymoon is still going on, “because we’ve never had one,” she says with a smile.

After having been voted “the least likely to succeed” in the 9<sup>th</sup> grade, Don was the only guy from that class, at graduation time, with his own logging business. He was the driver with the first load of lumber to Moses Lake for the irrigation project – water meant farms, families and a community. He delivered pumice from Kent to Olympia to repair the capital building after the earthquake. Family lore is that Don worked for Stevens County until a log truck drove by – then he waved bye-bye and went back to driving truck. With Jackie helping with the driving (and raising kids) the business grew.

Having your own business can mean you change addresses to follow the work – but 21 moves in one year? Come on! That did not fly when Alden, Thelma, Mort and Juanitta became school age. The decision was made that Colville was the place to be and all the kids would become Colville and Kettle Falls high school graduates.

The family has grown by leaps and bounds over the years and most have settled in this area. Men have left to serve in the military and come back. Families that don’t currently live in northeast Washington are within a day’s drive and make it to the family gathering at Christmas-time. Don did try to catch me at work to tell me he may have miscounted – not 71. With the spouses in there, which are definitely part of the family, the total jumped to 79! Really? That is more than I could ever keep track of. I almost missed my son-in-law’s birthday and I only have two of them.

Don was born three miles from where he now lives and the only thing he would change in his life would be to have gone to school for business knowledge. If that is all that needs changing ... pretty good for 85 years on this earth. “Life experience has been my education. Life is fun – keep it fun. Learn by watching and doing. Share all decisions.” And, I think we all need the kind of partner he has in his life – hunting partner, driving partner and (most important) life partner – Jackie.

This family is one of the reasons why I am in love with our neck of the woods.

# 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!

## Chewelah

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



**CHEWELAH MOTEL & RV PARK:** Guaranteed low rates, new beds, flat screen TVs, WIFI, easy access location. 311 S Park St. 509-935-4763. Check out our website at [www.chewelahmotelandrvpark.com](http://www.chewelahmotelandrvpark.com).

## Colville

**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, karaoke with Charlee at 7pm, Sunday breakfast 9am-12pm. Live band 2<sup>nd</sup> Sat night, cribbage on Tuesdays. Darts, pool, poker, Bingo! 608 N Wynne. 509-684-4514.

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



**TAZ'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, speciality, 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.

### 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.



## GET YOUR BUSINESS LISTED!

[ncmonthly@gmail.com](mailto:ncmonthly@gmail.com) ~ 509-684-3109

# 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](mailto:ncmonthly@gmail.com) or call 509-684-3109.

**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](http://www.selkirkmotel.com).



**WILLIAMS LAKE B&B:** Where personal attention is guaranteed! Located in picturesque Echo Valley, 11 miles NW of Colville. Open year round; pets welcome. Let us know what we can do to make your stay one which will be fondly remembered. 509-684-3459, [margarettuttle@wildblue.net](mailto:margarettuttle@wildblue.net), [williamslakebb.com](http://williamslakebb.com).

## Kettle Falls



**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](http://www.chinabend.com).

*Say You Saw Us  
in the*

# North Columbia Monthly!

## 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., [dannyanns.com](http://dannyanns.com), 509-447-3787.



## Northport



**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.



# The Metropolitan Opera **HD LIVE**



<b>NORMA</b>	Saturday Oct 7	9:55 am
<b>DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE</b>	Saturday Oct 14	9:55 am
<b>THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL</b>	Saturday Nov 18	9:55 am
<b>TOSCA</b>	Saturday Jan 27	9:55 am
<b>L'ELISIR D'AMORE</b>	Saturday Feb 10	9:00 am
<b>LA BOHÈME</b>	Saturday Feb 24	9:30 am
<b>SEMIRAMIDE</b>	Saturday Mar 10	9:55 am
<b>COSÌ FAN TUTTE</b>	Saturday Mar 31	9:55 am
<b>LUISA MILLER</b>	Saturday Apr 14	9:30 am
<b>CENDRILLON</b>	Saturday Apr 28	9:55 am



**ROMEO & JULIET**  
Saturday Jan 21  
9:55 am



**FLAMES OF PARIS**  
Sunday Mar 4  
9:55 am



**COPPELIA**  
Sunday Jun 10  
9:55 am

# 2017/18 SEASON



Opera \$24 / Ballet & Theatre \$24 Adult, \$12 child

Doors open 30 minutes prior to listed showtimes

## 2 for 1 COUPON

Present this ad to receive a **2 for 1 Admission** to any of the above listed performances.

# National Theatre Live



**YOUNG MARX**  
Thursday Dec 7  
7:00 pm



**PETER PAN**  
Thursday Oct 19  
7:00 pm



**FOLLIES**  
Thursday Jan 25  
7:00 pm



1597 Bay Avenue, Downtown Trail, B.C. CANADA  
24-hr. Info (250) 364-2114 • Office (250) 231-5672  
Doors open 30 minutes prior to showtimes

Visit us online @ [www.royaltheatretrail.com](http://www.royaltheatretrail.com)