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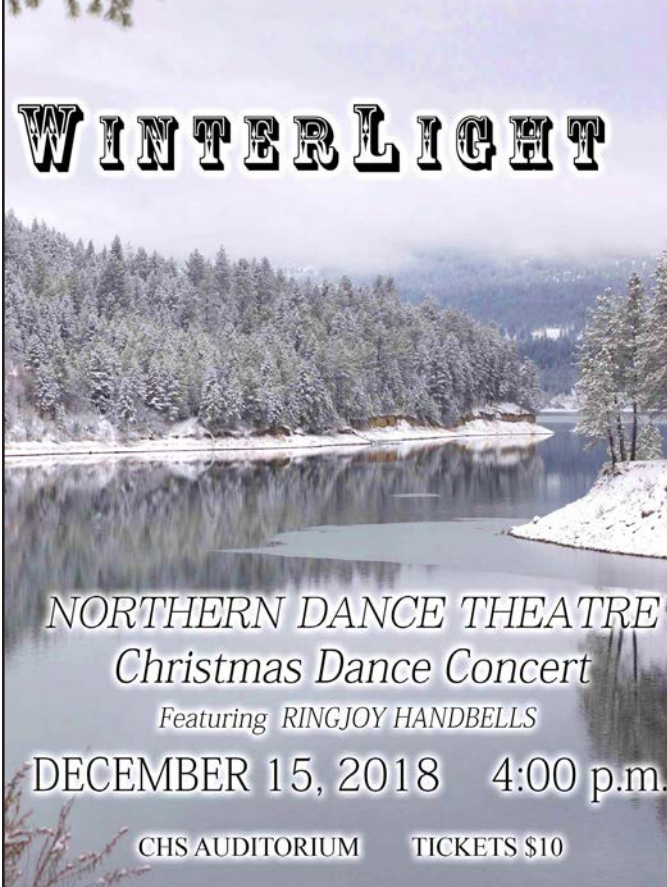
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November 2018

Vol. 26 ~ Iss. 6

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Cover Photo

Fall into winter. Publisher photo.

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DECEMBER 2018 ISSUE DEADLINES

AD SPACE RESERVATIONS:
Friday, November 16th
WHAT'S HAPPENING LISTINGS:
Friday, November 23rd



Better **E**veryone **S**hare **T**ogether

- JOHN ODELL, WordsOfWords.com

In the Space Between Noises

By Christine Wilson

"If I ever go looking for my heart's desire again, I won't look any further than my own back yard. Because if it isn't there, I never really lost it to begin with."

~ Frank Baum, *The Wizard of Oz*

"All the unhappiness of men arises from one simple fact: that they cannot sit quietly in their own chamber."

~ Blaise Pascal

I'm not that great at silence, as people who know me will confirm, but it's been a goal of mine for years. I had the privilege of sitting with my father in the last few months of his life and he thanked me for not speaking.

Years earlier, a friend of mine had visited her brother for a weekend and I asked her if they had some nice talks, since I found him to be such an interesting character. She said: "We had some nice silences."

It was shortly after that that this friend moved to Seattle, leaving me in a little house with a limited income, most of which went to rent. I had no source of sound except the wind in the blackberry bushes, and that environment was a

stern taskmaster for my internal world. Lo, those many years later, my father reintroduced me to shared quiet.

Not having been raised with a peaceful mind or in a peaceful environment, I found that serenity has been slow to nudge out the mental noise and random clutter. The yearning for it has always been there, as it turns out. Time spent at the ocean's edge as a child exposed me to the rise and fall of tides and I developed a fascination for the moment when the tide shifts direction. "Slack water," it is called, and I've anthropomorphized it beyond reason. I picture the moon and, to a lesser extent, the sun wrestling with the water to make it change course. It's pure projection, of course. I've spent no end of

energy wrestling with my self-created urgencies.

The moon and the sun are just being the moon and the sun. They don't feel any sense of urgency at all. They just roll along in the sky, doing what they do. In perfect and effortless synchronization, the water on our planet does what it does as well. Outcomes don't always go smoothly for those of us on the receiving end, but the sun and the moon and the water are not concerned with end products. That is where I like to rest in my slack tide moments: doing what I can do and letting go of the results.

Leonard Cohen, at some point in his life as a Zen monk, was given the name Jikan. There are various interpretations of that Japanese word, but one possibility described by Cohen himself was "the silence between two thoughts."

That moment of slack tidal water is something to strive for in our minds. Growing up, I did not even know that was a thing. In our noisy, continuously interrupted lives it is still easy to forget. All the clambering, desperation, news alerts and

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Give Ideas For Thought Sharing

Random Acts of Community

emails to check can interrupt our calm or even make us forget the value of it. Stillness can be misinterpreted as boring or even frightening.

There's a new field of research called Interruption Science. It is showing us what has always been known to those who dwell in nunneries and monasteries: Fostering stillness is necessary for calmness and calmness is necessary for just about everything. According to the research, feeling calm promotes a more efficient, productive and ultimately more satisfying life. It allows us to settle into and notice who and where we are. It's been proven to lessen physical and emotional pain. In these tumultuous times, I think we need that more than ever.

Pico Iyer, a travel writer who wrote *The Art of Stillness*, had the fortunate pleasure to meet Cohen, who told him that "going nowhere is the grand adventure that makes sense of everywhere else." According to Iyer, "To hurry around trying to find happiness outside ourselves makes about as much sense as the comical figure in the Islamic parable who, having lost a key in his living room, goes out into the street to look for it because there's more light out there."

The speed of life, I think, makes us forget our metaphorical or, for those of us lucky enough to have one, our physical backyard. And yet, when people tell me about satisfying moments in their lives, a major source of contentment is sipping their coffee in front of a fire or staring out the window at wandering deer and turkeys, or watching the moon rise above the horizon or, in one recent case, petting a frog that had taken up residence in a garden.

I'm sure our current era did not invent hectic-ness, and I'm sure that when people lived in caves there was a frantic need to keep the fires going, to keep the babies off the edge of the cliffs, and to find enough food to sustain the clan. I just imagine, correctly or otherwise, that they were better than we are at simply staring into those fires.

In any case, this particular era of human history requires of us a more intentional effort to that end. Silence doesn't come naturally to most of us at this point; we have to make it.

Making silence does not mean you have to meditate, although there's plenty of evidence that that is the best way to create long-lasting peace of mind, even if you don't sit for an hour a day. It does mean that you have to turn off your phone, TV and computer at some point during the day. For a news junky like me, that is not easy, and I have to confess I have occasionally been scolded for checking news alerts and missing a present moment. I'm here to report, however, that it is a truly wonderful source of serenity, at least eventually.

Listening to my thoughts can show me what I need to address in my life and the ways I may be stuck in resentments, revenge plans, smugness,

anger, shame and fear. The stillness comes from asking the question: Who is holding my mind's flashlight? Who is it within me that is having those thoughts? That, I think, is the guide to a deeper, more tranquil spot that recognizes the ephemeral nature of the stories we take so seriously about our lives.

Of course the world outside our stillness still matters. Of course we have, in my not very humble opinion, an opportunity and an obligation to create a more positive world. As a therapist and

even more so as an older person, I have found that whatever our belief systems are, if they are moving us toward a more loving and peaceful commitment to humanity, then we are doing something right. Stillness, even visited as merely an occasional friend, can get us there and can become a pleasant end in itself as well, as in Leonard Cohen's words, a way to "make sense of everywhere else."

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



The poster for China Bend Winery's 2018 Nouveau Wine Barrel Tasting Event features a central illustration of a vineyard with rolling hills and a river. A banner at the top reads "China Bend Winery". Below the illustration, a wine glass and a wooden barrel are depicted. The text "2018" is in a yellow circle. The main title "Nouveau Wine Barrel Tasting Event" is in large, bold letters. Below this, the date "Saturday November 10" and "One day Only!" are listed, followed by "Noon - 5:00 ~ Admission Free!". A yellow box on the right contains the text: "Taste & Compare the 2018 'Nouveau' or 'New Wine' with Older Vintages from the Oak Barrels. See why we allow Mother Nature to take her sweet time to bring our wines to perfection!". Below this, another yellow box lists "Special Wine Prices Stock Up For The Holidays!" and "Hors d'Ouvres Organic Wine Tasting Organic Gourmet Foods Arts & Crafts". At the bottom, a yellow box states "The Healthiest Wines On The Planet!" and provides the address "3751 Vineyard Way ~ Kettle Falls, WA 99141", contact information "(509)732-6123 ~ winery@chinabend.com ~ www.chinabend.com", and options "Drive In ~ Boat In ~ Fly In!" and "Bed & Breakfast at the Winery". A silhouette of a person holding a glass is on the left, and a vine border frames the bottom and sides.

China Bend Winery

2018

Nouveau Wine Barrel Tasting Event

Saturday November 10
One day Only!
Noon - 5:00 ~ Admission Free!

Taste & Compare
the 2018 "Nouveau" or "New Wine"
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time to bring our wines to perfection!

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Shed of Hope

By Dr. Barry Bacon, MD

She is a diminutive woman, just over five feet tall, weighing in at barely 100 pounds. She walks with a slight limp and speaks in a slow, easy rhythm. She is older than she appears, but there is a tiredness in her eyes that speaks of a life of trials beyond the easy smile on her face.

I met her a few months ago when she asked for help from Hope Street, our project to address homelessness. She had heard something about what we are doing, even though we really are still at the beginning stage. She was asking for help because she is in a particularly vulnerable position. She met me at a local store with her 10-year-old son.

She recently left an abusive relationship – not easy to do, especially when you have no income, no job and few resources, and are a stranger in a new place.

Since our first meeting, her life has taken several turns in a more difficult direction. She purchased a postage stamp-sized parcel which lacks any sewer or water hookups or electricity. One of her neighbors has an easement for his septic system on her property, making a third of her land unusable except for green space. A road traverses another corner, making another quarter of the property unusable for building. The remaining portion is a bit of a hillside, leaving excavation and site preparation tricky.

She asked Hope Street to create a storage building for her so she can keep her things securely. I told her that is really all we could do. We don't have a lot of money. Without any foundation, without a septic system, we can create only a storage shed. She was satisfied with that.

Then the unexpected happened. She lost custody of her child. She was ordered to pay child support, so she needed to get a job for that. Just recently she received a letter stating that her housing support was ending because now she has a source of income.

Imagine how it must feel to lose housing at this point, in the heat of a custody battle. Imagine how that might play out to a hostile spouse who doesn't want to see you succeed, and might just use it as a chance to suggest that you are an unfit parent because you don't have shelter, and you can understand why this is particularly difficult. For all of these reasons, the creation of this storage shed meant more to this woman than meets the eye.

From the first day, there were setbacks. The ground needed to be leveled. Yards and yards of dirt needed to be moved by wheelbarrow and shovel. There was no lumber for the flooring. Since there is no electricity, we needed to bring our own generator. The boards we used were different widths, some standard, some rough-sawn. Every stud needed to be cut to length. There were only four of us volunteers that day, two of them under age 16. None of us are carpenters, yet we aspired to build a structure about 12 feet wide and 22 feet long, and 13 feet high at the peak. In three days.

Day one, we were able to clear out the ground and build a floor. Day two, we completed the walls and some of the sheathing. Day three, we did sheathing and rafters, but then discovered that the donated plywood was rotten. One extra morning and we had on the sheathing, tar paper

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and metal drip edge.

It's never enough. When I think of what Hope Street has accomplished, it seems almost insignificant. Two families were helped last year helped with tiny homes. Advocating on behalf of homeless individuals and families to the county commissioners, the city council, Rural Resources, the Ministerial Association, the chamber of commerce and others. Five families were helped this year. A mother with two disabled adult children. A mother with a young son. A father with two teenage children. A man living in a bus who needed a place to park it. Advocating for a young mother and father who own a small piece of property but whose shelter is inadequate and therefore they have been turned over by the health department to the prosecuting attorney's office for legal action.

Working on homelessness brings us face-to-face with the stark reality of the human condition: messy, unkempt, fuzzy around the edges. There are standards we intend to meet, but then there is the reality of what we can afford, and the principle of minimizing harm. Is it better to help people get into shelter, albeit modest and less than ideal, or better to insist on meeting a standard that we cannot meet and therefore leave them perpetually without shelter?

The question is not theoretical. A man who was living under a clump of cottonwoods during a recent winter is now with his family

in an adequate though modest structure which is deemed to be illegal in some circles but clearly meets most of the family's needs. They have electricity, a sewer hookup, water and heat. Isn't that better than sending him back under the trees?

Here is what I will do. I will keep working on the issue with anyone who is willing to work with me. I will keep educating about the health disparities experienced by people without shel-

point of despair. Everything is weighing down on me, and I was on the verge of giving up. To have someone come and help me in my situation when I clearly could not have done this. It means so much."

Later that evening we had a chance to talk. "It must give you a great sense of satisfaction to see what you have accomplished at the end of the day," she suggested. I looked at the new shed and grinned at the thought of what a

couple of doctors, a retiree, an architect, a teaching assistant and a couple of junior high school students had accomplished. I was thoughtful in my answer. "Yes," I mused, "it feels good. But the greatest thing is knowing how much joy this brings to you. That's the best."

For now, we will keep building modest structures to meet the needs of people who are homeless and people at high risk for becoming homeless.

We will do it in a way

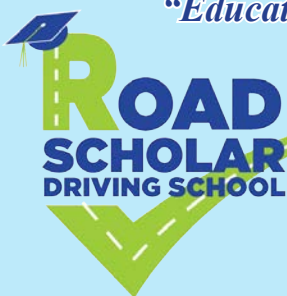
that is respectful, affordable, supportive and creative. We will continue to build partnerships with others who are convinced that creating permanent solutions for homelessness here in our region makes sense. Our motley crew will continue to bring smiles to their faces and hope will be restored, one life at a time.

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.



ter. Because they do suffer, a lot.

We do see moments of incredible joy and encouragement. Like the couple – David and Margit Neuhaus – who donated a partially completed tiny home to Hope Street. Then there was the excitement I saw in the face of the woman whose shed we put up in three-plus days. Tears in her eyes. I saw joy, gratitude, and there was one other thing. An unmistakable glimmer of hope. She said: "I don't know if you fully understand how much this means to me to have Hope Street helping me. I was at the



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The State of Smohalla

Article & Illustration by Eileen Delehanty Pearkes

In 1886, with public discussion underway to name what would become the State of Washington, a farmer living in the Yakima valley wrote to a monthly magazine, *The Northwest*. In his letter, he suggested that the new state be called “Smohalla.” The word, he said, had a pleasant sound, and it would honor the “spirituality and force” of that great man.

Who was Smohalla?

His name at birth – around 1815 near Wallula Gap on the Columbia River – was Smohalla, or “Rising from the Dust of the Earth Mother.” He entered the world as a member of the Wanapum tribe, just as a century of great turmoil began for indigenous people living in the Inland Northwest. In the eight decades that spanned his lifetime, from fur trader David Thompson’s first journeys up and down the Columbia River (1807-1811) to the establishment of the State of Washington (1889), the tribes experienced immense social, spiritual and physical upheaval. The great changes

upended their peaceful and prosperous way of life and forced them to quickly and radically change.

The decades of upheaval had been forecast – by visions and prophecies that began as early as 1740. Then, Circling Raven from the Coeur d’Alene tribe received a prophetic message from a black bird flying over the west slope of the Bitterroot Mountains. Circling Raven learned that a man of great wisdom would soon bring knowledge of the spirit world and strong medicine to his people, and that he would wear a black robe.

In 1780, Circling Raven’s son Twisted Earth received a similar prophecy. In 1798, Watumnah, a leader of the Yakama tribe, foresaw the coming of non-Indian settlers.

Shamans and great leaders of the many Columbia River tribes have inhabited a richly animated landscape of animals, plants and people. Those with especially strong intuitive capacity can communicate easily with animal spirits (such as Raven, Coyote or Salmon). They do so either in dreams or through prophetic visions. Nothing

about prophecy has ever been out of the ordinary for tribal people. Nor is it unusual for dreams and visions to guide their decision-making.

It was not until nearly mid-century that the vision of the black robes came to reality, when Catholic and other Christian missionaries arrived in the region. While some fur traders had introduced Catholicism to the tribes, they had done so in a way that allowed the tribes to integrate only the concepts that felt in common with their established belief system. The arrival of organized Christianity, along with agriculture, shifted the ground and upped the stakes.

When a fresh wave of smallpox and measles arrived about the same time, the healing practices of tribal shamanism still had not succeeded in finding a cure for the virulent epidemics. Some tribal people turned to Christianity in a desperate search for understanding and solace or, in some cases, for vaccines that were distributed only to the baptized. However, the new religion’s power to heal largely disappointed them. Tribal leaders sometimes turned against those who had promised Christian salvation. This was the case of the Whitman missionary massacres of 1847, when the Cayuse people killed the Whitmans, whom they believed had poisoned 200 of their tribe with measles. In other cases, rattled indigenous leaders made alignments with the settler culture even if some in their tribe did not agree. Gradually, the dreamer-prophets emerged, to offer stability and spiritual leadership in deeply troubled times.

Looking back, it’s clear that the social and economic changes of the 19th century arrived with the speed and ferocity of a tornado. Commercial export of natural resources, diseases, Christianity, agriculture and, eventually, the presence of armed cavalry to maintain order – all in less than four decades. The tensile strength of Indian society, built over millennia, was being tested to the breaking point.

Smohalla’s upbringing during this troubled time sharpened more acutely his dedication to vision and prophecy.

Smohalla’s message was powerful and simple. He believed in the importance of continuing the rituals and religious dancing that the tribes had long practiced. He also promised that life as they had known it would soon be restored. Prophe-sizing that a sudden, supernatural event would destroy the settler culture’s rise, his vision brought hope to those who believed in the natural world’s inherent ability to self-regulate. They wanted the old ways restored. Other dreamer-prophets rose to power at that time, among them Pato

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(Wenatchee), Homily (Wallawalla), Hush-hush-cote (Palouse), Queahpahmah (Warm Springs) and Skolaskin (Sanpoil).

But what exactly were the old ways?

The desired life had once centered on communal salmon fishing in the Columbia River. The lifestyle was laced tightly with cyclical, natural rhythms. The landscape was a gift from the Creator that needed no great improvements. Respect and reciprocity for these natural gifts was the right path to ensure abundance. Villages, language groups, centralized fisheries, cultural gatherings, intermarriage and other signposts of culture situated tribal people within a turning world of seasonal balance and harmony.

By contrast, the settler culture saw the potential to make "better use" of the unfamiliar land than the tribes had been doing. Riding on the wave of Manifest Destiny, missionaries and pioneers carried conviction in their hearts that they were enacting God's will. They sought joyous freedom to build a prosperous life, but brought with them racist attitudes toward Indian people. Anyone already living in the area who might have wanted to maintain his or her own freedom was seen as a challenge to pioneer beliefs and desires.

Smohalla fiercely rejected the notion that the new ways would be an improvement. "The white man tears up large tracts of land, runs deep ditches, cuts down forests" and, he added, plows deep "furrows on the face of the Earth Mother."

Attuned to natural rhythms, his vision vested power back in the land, which was widely believed to be animated with spirit and know itself best. Smohalla could not imagine improving on what the Creator had made. He saw no need to draw state lines, file claims for mines or build fences. The land could not be owned, nor could it prosper with too much intervention or force.

The dreamer-prophets demonstrated cultural loyalty to long-held traditions in a way that questioned the authority of church leaders and the U.S. military, who branded indigenous people as a "wild, lawless race." The tribes found themselves greatly misunderstood.

As the imprint of settlement widened, gov-

ernments mapped out Indian reservations, drew lines and told tribal people forcefully to *stay put*. In many cases, the reservations severed the people's long connection to the Columbia's

bio-regionalism in the upper Columbia region, readers know that I have often reached to learn more of indigenous cultures that thrived here before international and state boundary lines were

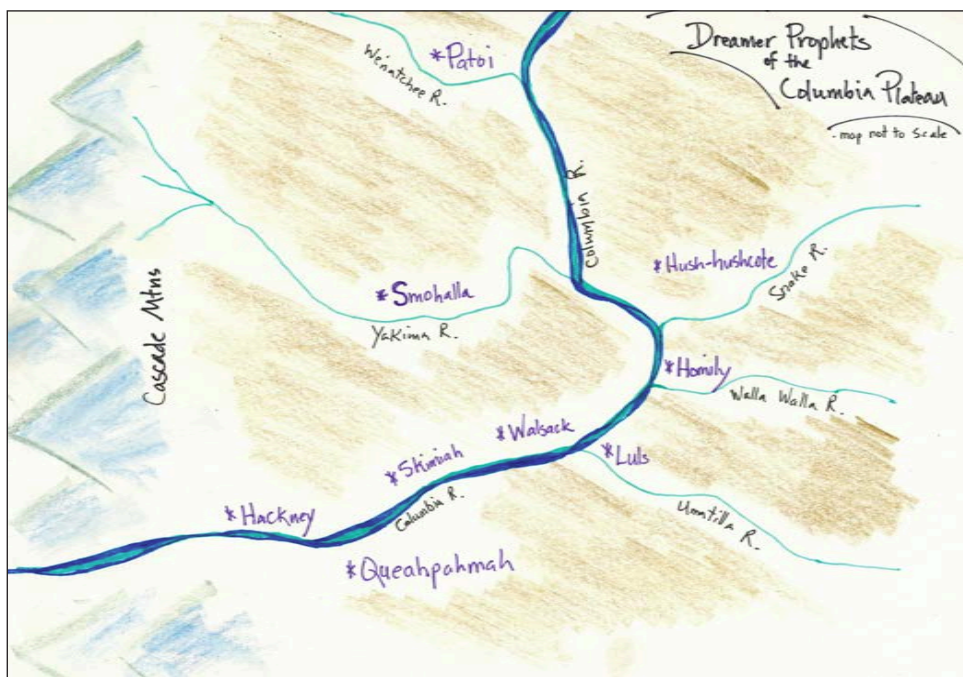
drawn. In this search for a broader concept of what makes a home, I have developed a great respect for the spirituality of indigenous people, one that emphasizes generosity and inclusivity. I admire their kin-consciousness, expressed in an ability to see all living beings as related and valued.

Reviewing the rise of dreamer-prophets and 19th century upheaval and change has prompted me to reflect on the 21st century and our sometimes stormy political and eco-

logical climates of change. It strikes me that, perhaps, shifting our values too sharply from what is natural to the land, too firmly onto our human needs at the expense of other beings, and too far away from finding common ground, tests our own contemporary tensile strength.

Next month's column will take a look at the natural disaster and weather events that shook the tribal world further after the Indian wars.

With thanks to North Columbia country's F.C. Budinger for Courage Beyond Expectations, his comprehensive study of the region's Indian wars. Quoted material is borrowed, with thanks, from "Dreamer Prophets of the Columbia Plateau" by Robert Ruby and John A. Brown.



perennial salmon, to the rhythmic order of gathering grounds, and to each other.

The response of the dreamer-prophets at that point was clear: No one could tell them where to go or what to believe. One result of this stand-off between cultures was the Yakama War of 1855-58, which ended in many deaths and defeat for the tribes.

In my experience, the dominant culture (of which I am a member) has viewed the defeat of the Indian people during westward expansion as a necessary if unpleasant step to secure our own freedom. The paradox has sat ill with me for most of my adult life.

As I have groped for an understanding of



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Two Doctors (Part 2)

By Jack Nisbet

Mary Latham and Carrie Leiberg were two pioneering women physicians of the Inland Northwest, and their lives often seemed to run on parallel tracks. Drs. Latham and Leiberg both specialized in family practice, and both hoped to further the trend of women giving birth at “lying-in” hospitals rather than staying home.

The two doctors harbored outside business interests – both attempted to organize new medical facilities that focused on women’s particular needs, acquired parcels of land, planted large orchards with an eye on the fruit market, and were not afraid to spar with parties that tried to obstruct them. They engaged in civic activities consistent with progressive women of their time and wrote with accomplishment on a broad range of subjects.

In their personal lives, the two experienced startling reversals of fortune.

Both women had absentee husbands, although they dealt with them very differently. After Mary Latham came to Spokane to establish her first medical practice in 1887, her spouse, Dr. Edward Latham, remained behind in Ohio for almost two years. When he finally joined her he did not stay long, taking a job as physician on the Colville Indian Reservation and moving to Nespelem. Mary continued to live in Spokane with her grown son James, and the couple formally divorced in 1895.

Carrie Leiberg’s husband John’s twin passions for mining and botany kept him absent from their Lake Pend Oreille homestead for long stretches, and his outdoor habits left Carrie to raise an often difficult young son on her own. In order to pursue her chosen profession, she rented living quarters and opened a doctor’s office, first in Post Falls and then in Hope. In spite of long seasonal separations, John and Carrie

apparently enjoyed a successful marriage, and in letters to friends they described each other in blushing romantic terms.

In addition to her well-crafted letters, Carrie Leiberg published accounts in respected medical journals of several of her most difficult cases. These articles described the often harrowing details of pregnancies gone wrong and touched on the economic pressures that undermined family health in that era.

Her colleague Mary Latham emphasized that education was essential to address these problems, publishing a booklet of public health information titled *For Ladies Only*. Latham harbored broader literary aspirations as well – a short story that appeared in the *Spokesman-Review*’s Christmas issue of 1891 contained enough Spokane Indian words to show at least a passing familiarity with the tribe, and she worked on an unpublished novel titled *The Witch’s Wreath*.

Perhaps Mary Latham never completed the book because she participated in so many other activities. The doctor played a key role in the formation of Spokane’s first public library, and actively supported the local humane society. After overseeing the planting of an ambitious orchard on the north side of town, she found time to serve as the first vice-president of the Horticultural Society. These civic endeavors dovetailed with her medical practice, and in 1896 Dr. Latham opened the Lidgerwood Sanitarium, a facility designed for the convalescence and recovery of local patients.

Carrie Leiberg’s paper trail does not burn as brightly as Latham’s, but she also pursued outside interests. Dr. Leiberg took the earliest known photographs of the age-old Indian Meadows tribal encampment near Hope on Lake Pend Oreille, planted her own extensive orchard,

and planned a spa facility called Solitaire on what are now the grounds of Farragut State Park on that lake’s south end. The Government Land Office surveyor who recorded the Leiberg homestead in 1897 noted that “Dr. C.E. Leiberg has made fine improvements, with the view of establishing a health resort and hospital on the promontory at the point.”

Carrie may have patterned her idea after Mary Latham’s Lidgerwood Sanitarium, and it would have made sense to partner an urban health center with an isolated retreat like Solitaire. But Lidgerwood abruptly closed its doors after less than a year of operation, and Leiberg’s Solitaire project never came to fruition.

Not surprisingly, both of these physicians were active in the battle for women’s right to vote. In 1893, Mary Latham traveled to Chicago for the World’s Columbia Exposition as chairwoman of an equal rights advocacy group called the Queen Isabella Association. Her home state of Washington did not pass a suffrage bill until 1910, but Idaho did so in 1896, and then in 1898 elected three women as state representatives.

When one of them did not seek re-election in 1900, the Republican Party nominated Dr. Carrie Leiberg to run for her seat. Mary Latham, who had long been politically active in Spokane, may well have encouraged her fellow physician to file for the office.

Leiberg ran a low-key campaign. Over that summer and early fall, newspapers noted when Carrie lunched with a garden club in Sandpoint or transacted business with the board of equalization in Rathdrum, but did not mention she was on the ballot. Political winds were blowing against the Republicans that election cycle, and when the votes were counted in November the tally against Carrie Leiberg was 1,843 to 1,350;

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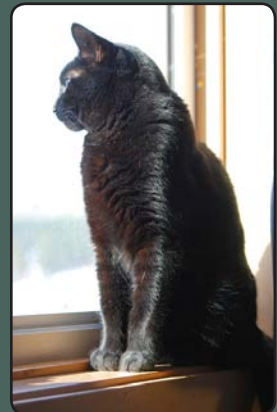
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she received about fifty votes fewer than each of her defeated male Republican cohorts.

The turn of the new century held even more stinging defeats for Mary Latham. A series of sour personal relationships resulted in lawsuits and financial woes. Her behavior and business decisions became increasingly erratic, and the situation was compounded by an unfortunate habit of trusting questionable parties with her money. The nursery that had provided her with thousands of orchard trees eventually sued the doctor for lack of payment.

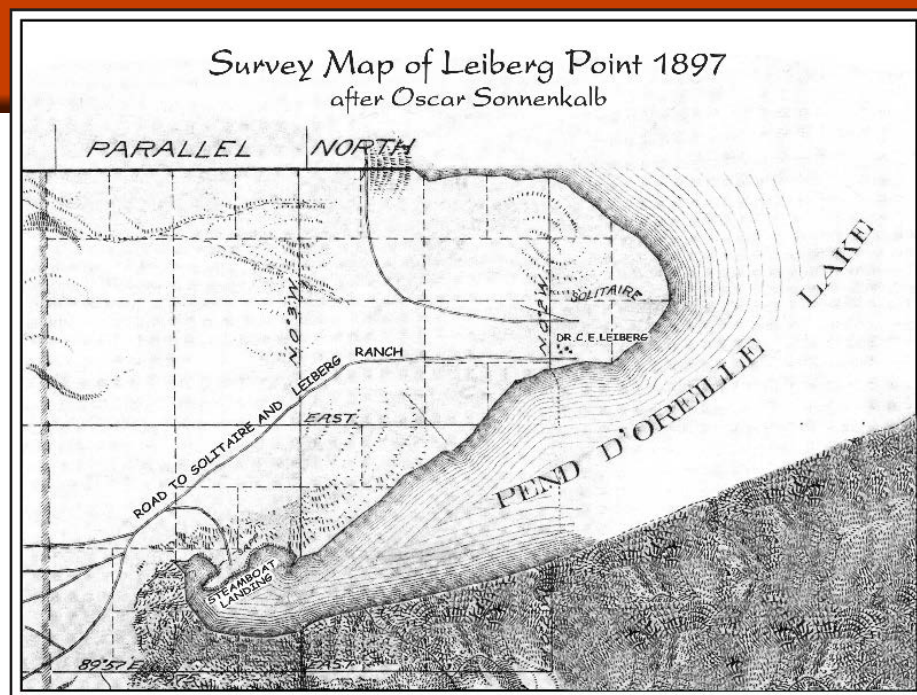
When her beloved youngest son James died in a railroad accident in 1903, Latham's unhinged mental state led to criminal behavior that included arson and flight. Her fame around Spokane meant that these events were covered in lurid detail, and any web search of Mary Latham today yields accounts of multiple breakdowns, courtroom drama and a stint in the Walla Walla penitentiary that overshadow her years of public service.

Carrie Leiberg's only child, Bernard, also worked for the railroad, but was unable to stick with it. After drifting through a variety of other jobs, his unstable life exploded in a bizarre episode of amnesia in which he denied that he even knew his mother, assumed a new identity, and disappeared for three entire years before suddenly coming to his senses and moving back in with Carrie.

Analysts today would probably diagnose Bernard's condition as some form of multiple personality disorder, which makes it all the more amazing that Carrie Leiberg was able to carry on with her medical career while she helped her son find his way.

The physician's craft also anchored Mary Latham's checkered life. After emerging from prison, she resumed her practice in Spokane, only to find more trouble when she was accused of performing an abortion for a teenage girl in 1911.

Although the charges were dropped, Latham,



1897 GLO survey map of Leiberg Point (now Farragut State Park) on Lake Pend Oreille, showing Carrie Leiberg's Solitaire Resort and Health Spa. Joe Guarisco after Oscar Sonnenkalb.

who was 66 years old by this time, was forced to retire as a doctor. She could not quite give it up, and a few years later, while caring for an infant with a case of pneumonia, contracted the disease herself and passed away.

Carrie Leiberg proved a little more resilient. After her husband John's death, she sold their farm for a considerable profit and bought a large house in Oakland, California. For years she lived there with Bernard and his German wife, entertaining numerous Bay Area nieces and nephews.

In her elder years Dr. Leiberg continued to garden and preserve food for the pantry, kept a parrot that scared young girls, and had a shed in the back where she engaged in her hobby of building furniture. She and Bernard took a motor tour to visit old friends in Oregon only a couple of years before her death in 1937, at the age of 85.

Considered separately, Mary Latham and Carrie Leiberg emerge as independent women

who deserve further research and renewed appreciation for their accomplishments. Taken together, it is impossible not to wonder about the marks such pioneering efforts and public exposure made on their personal lives. "I think none but a physician can realize so keenly the weakness of the great majority of the human race," Carrie Leiberg once wrote after many hours of exhaustive labor resulted in a stillborn child and a bereaved and dangerously ill mother. "Even the best of physicians are so powerless!" Although she and Mary Latham tried their best, they both soberly understood that some of the most necessary healing lay beyond their means.

Thanks to Barbara Cochran for her account of Mary Latham in *Seven Frontier Women and the Founding of Spokane Falls*.

Jack Nisbet's newest book, *The Dreamer and Doctor*, traces the saga of John and Carrie Leiberg. For information about presentations and events, visit www.jacknisbet.com.



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In Praise of Black Cats

By Loren Cruden

With Halloween just past it would feel remiss to not offer a paean to the world's black cats, a succession of which found its way into my household.

My first black cat, Taj (named after the great singer Taj Mahal), arrived from a Vermont farm as a kitten and over the years moved with us from Vermont to New York to Connecticut to Michigan to Oregon and, finally, to Washington. From the Northwest each summer he traveled to Michigan and back with us: a Willie Nelson kind of on-the-road-again veteran. Taj liked riding draped around my neck or, in Vermont when we had a van, sitting like a proud totem on the center console. A black construction worker we'd see on our way to town saluted Taj with an upraised Black Panther fist each time we passed.

Taj went everywhere with me – a participator actively checking out whatever was going on, whether it was washer-dryers at the Laundromat or one of my midwifery clients peeing in a cup in the bathroom or football players trundling

across a television screen.

On those Michigan trips we'd always detour through the Prairie Dog Town in Montana so Taj could peer out the car window at hundreds of cheeky rodents. At an overnight stop in a motel I heard a commotion in the bathroom where Taj had gone to perch on the tub's edge to watch my young son Gabriel bathe. I entered to find the cat struggling out of the tub, soaked and furious. "He *wanted* to," piped up Gabriel, though the soapsuds on the ceiling spoke otherwise.

The first time Taj saw an ocean beach was another feline thrill: so much sand, so little time. On his birthday one year we took Taj to the drive-in for double-feature Westerns (he liked the horses). He avidly watched, ate popcorn, threw up and fell asleep.

Taj's brand of humor was slapstick. For example, he thought it hilarious to stretch a dead snake across my bedroom doorway. I stepped barefoot on the cold reptilian corpse in the dark; shrieked while Taj cavorted down the hall, tail hooked in excited triumph.

My second black cat, Siwash (a Chinook word for cougar), emerged from the forest near our home in Port Townsend one rainy night, strolled into the center of the dirt road and, when we stopped and opened the car door, casually hopped in. Siwash was a happy-go-lucky, laid-back cat, though when we were away, leaving him with a house-sitter, on return we found a note reading WASHERS WAS A BAD CAT!!!! Apparently he'd gotten overenthusiastic while studying the fish in my son's aquarium, plunging whole-body into the water, dragging the tank apparatus after him.

When we moved across the state to the mountain near Orient, Siwash, along with Gabriel and me, the dog and the other (non-black) stray cat, lived in a tipi while we built our straw-bale house. Siwash probably fell afoul of a coyote one night – disappearing as mysteriously as he'd arrived, out of one forest and into another. We missed him woefully.

I wasn't emotionally ready to welcome another cat when Gabriel came home from Orient

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one morning with a young black Manx stray he named Wild Jumping Cat – or Jumpers, as he came to be known. The cat had been hanging out by the post office for days before singling out Gabriel as his advocate.

Once in the tipi the first thing Jumpers did, as I raised my lunch sandwich to my mouth, was rocket through the air, leaving me with empty hands. A serious case of Food Obsession or S.C.S. (Stray Cat Syndrome, a term I made up). He would do things like leap up and hook tofu out of the frying pan while I was cooking, and bullied our house-sitter so much she ate her meals in the pantry closet. He gorged on grasshoppers, chased deer in the garden and provoked rattlesnakes for fun.

Compactly built and menacingly athletic, like a martial artist, Jumpers had an aura the size of a saber-toothed tiger. He'd bull his way onto the laps of people who don't like cats, eat butter wrappers pulled from the garbage, and rip the hubcaps off any outsider cat daring his territory. (On the other hand, he allowed kids to dress him in doll clothes.)

If Taj had been Road Cat and Siwash Cool Cat, Jumpers was Adventure Cat. We spent Jumpers' first winter with us up in B.C. with my sweetheart – our tipi on the mountain was not winterized and the house was far from finished.

My sweetheart let his teenage son and mine drive the snowmobile around a field, towing younger kids on sleds. (Responsible Adult Warning: Do not try this at home.) They asked if I'd like a turn on the sled. "Sure," I said. Thinking Jumpers might enjoy the adventure, I tucked him into the front of my jacket.

Off we went, the sled careening behind the weaving snowmobile, me screaming and trying to steer through sprays of upflung snow. Jumpers hunched his head down and began to migrate within my jacket. He burrowed down. Then around to the back, between my shoulder blades. Then squirmed his way to my armpit and into a sleeve.



Jumpers with his orange peel helmet.

This was awkward – and distracting. We were going pretty fast and with Jumpers in the sleeve I couldn't bend my elbow to steer.

We wiped out.

After that Jumpers had to settle for lesser adventures, like being twirled in a hammock or playing Velcro Cat – being lightly tossed at a tree onto which he'd grab. Except for extreme sledding, Jumpers enjoyed physical excitement. He lived strong, becoming legendary among our friends, and died peacefully of old age.

The last of my succession of black cats, Taliesin, is the companion of my elder years. Like the others he is sleek and golden-eyed – a gold that gleams green in certain moments. Quirky, enterprising and affectionate, Taliesin is more reticent than my other black cats, but prone to racing around the house scrumpling rugs and bouncing off the furniture in explosive bouts of pent-up energy.

Like me, he has his wee routines he doesn't like having disrupted. We rub along well together but our beginnings were tentative. Returning to the mountain from my decade in Scotland, I did not want to take on any animal companions – my own situation too uncertain. But Gabriel told me of a young black cat, near where he

was working, who desperately needed a home and had a face Gabriel couldn't chase from his mind. I said okay, but felt no resonance with the animal he brought over.

The cat, which I named Taliesin after the Welsh bard, sensed my reservations and was cautiously polite during his first weeks with me. I told Taliesin I needed time to open my heart but assured him that, regardless, I'd give him the best care possible and he'd never be homeless again. He seemed to understand and continued being well behaved and discreetly companionable.

Pretty soon we were buddies, inseparably bonded, and he started acting like a normal cat: self-directed, bossy, wayward, entitled. That was it; he owned me.

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

EAVESDROPS

What people have written about the north Columbia region

Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir to the throne of Austro-Hungarian Empire, rose to the SF&N railroad from Northport to Spokane as part of his worldwide tour in 1893. The Archduke, whose assassination in 1914 sparked the outbreak of the First World War, remarked that the streets of Spokane "displayed an unusual amount of mud, which reminded me of conditions in small localities in Asia Minor."

~ Forgotten Corner, by Craig E. Holstine

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On the Verge of Art

By Tina Tolliver Matney

According to my Google search, "An artist is a person engaged in an activity related to creating art, practicing the arts, or demonstrating an art." *Merriam-Webster's* definition is a little more straightforward. It simply states that "An artist is a person who is really good at something." I am an artist and I have become really good at shuffling around my art supplies. Lately I have truly struggled with defining just what

kind of artist I am.

If you were to Google me, I imagine this would be my description: "A middle-aged woman (planning to live to 116) who frequently makes a morning vow to create something. Anything. Anywhere. So, she gathers up a ton of art supplies and lugs them to her car, then to her place of business, then back to her car, then back to her art studio that looks more like

a bomb site where she unceremoniously dumps them into a pile that is far less tidy than when she gathered them up that morning. Generally has good muscle tone in upper arms from the lugging of all the stuff."

To tell the truth, this has been the extent of my "art" for about six months now. Six months of moving art supplies back and forth, up and down the stairs and the highway, and not finishing one single painting. (Unless you count the "wet paint, please don't touch" sign I made for a table that I slapped a coat of chalk paint on recently.)

You could say I've been in a real rut. My muse has gone missing, probably off gallivanting in some faraway exotic land. Hopefully it's having a better time than I've been having lately.

Well, I did move my drafting table from my studio to the lower level of the house, because in my mind it was too hot upstairs and that's why I couldn't paint. I spent the better part of a day setting up my chic little painting spot in the corner of the living room. And by chic, I mean it looked like a lovely vignette you might see in a magazine featuring a bohemian artist who lives in a converted loft with a view of the leaning tower of somewhere far, far away.

I stood there with an early morning mug of coffee a grand total of three times between July and September and stared at my brushes and thought to myself that it would be a perfect time to paint in the morning light. But I couldn't loosen the grip I had on the mug enough to pick up a brush. Besides that, the summer bugs and little gnats were just too hard to paint around. Then I told myself it was still too hot. And that was partly true. It's hard to watercolor in the summer when you put your wet brush to paper and your paint begins to dry before it has the chance to do that magical thing watercolors do. And let's not forget what happens when you turn on a fan when there are a lot of paper products in the room. Plus, it was smoky outside. That had nothing to do with painting ... it was just another excuse in my arsenal of seemingly endless excuses.

And then one morning, while I stood there with my coffee, I looked outside and realized summer was over. Just like that. Poof. Fall. I sighed a big sigh and then moved all of that stuff back upstairs so I wouldn't have to stare at it anymore. I really do wonder why I'm not more buff.

It is somewhat of a mystery to me why I have suffered such a lack of artistic commitment for months on end. But writers suffer writer's block, so it would seem reasonable to assume that artists can suffer a creative block as well. Maybe there's a proper term for it, I don't know. What-

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ever it is, it has been frustrating to say the least.

But it's that part of the definition that says an artist is a person engaged in the activity of demonstrating an art that I've hung on to, along with my coffee mug and my excuses. It is the demonstrating, especially to children, that keeps my heart happy and calls my muse home no matter how far it has strayed. It is my belief that if we all had the joy and the confidence of a five-year-old with a paintbrush and a blank canvas, this world would be a far happier, peaceful and more colorful place indeed.

As an art instructor I have come to the conclusion over the years that most young children have very little fear when it comes to painting. When they hold a paintbrush, with a little guidance and encouragement, they become fearless in their creativity in a very short time. Watching color move through water can be mesmerizing and the beautiful thing about watching a child witness the magic is the contagious spark they ignite with their enthusiasm.

It is a constant challenge for me, and many adults I know, to dampen that need to make art do what we want it to do instead of letting art lead us into the unknown, and trusting that no matter what colors we throw down, or what shapes we might create, it will be beautiful just because it's free and colorful, or because we made it with our own two hands.

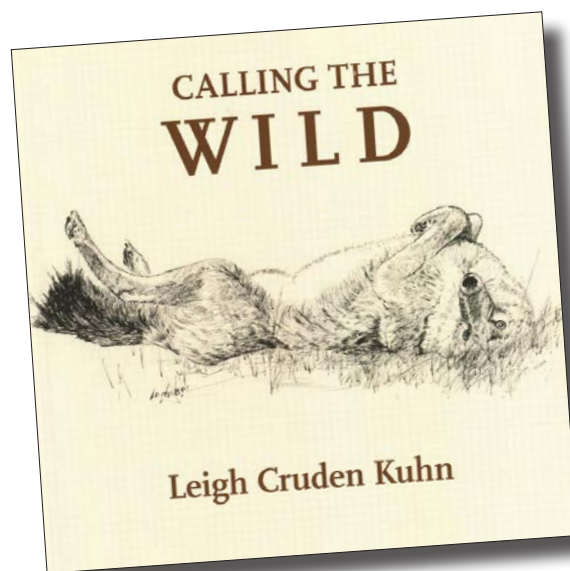
Seeing the joy and wonder on a child's face when they have saturated a wet canvas with color that moves around and mingles and lands wherever it wants to is a beautiful thing. It is the children who keep this world fresh and exciting. Through art they are able to express their joys and their fears, their accomplishments and their dreams. So this is how I have called my muse home. By gathering children and other artists around me, giving them brushes and paper and all the things they need to experience the joy of creating and then letting that joy seep into my own heart. Letting go of my own excuses becomes easier when a child smiles at me and tells me "look what I made!"

At this writing I'm getting ready to take part in a class that I've dreamed about for a few years now. One of my favorite watercolor artists has come to Spokane to teach a two-day workshop. As much as I love teaching my own classes, I love to be the student as well. So once again I have gathered up my pile of art supplies and brought them with me, but this time I have left all of the excuses behind.

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



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WHAT'S



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APPENZ

Events

Nov 1: First Thursday Art Walk, 5:30-8 pm, downtown Chewelah.

Nov 2-11: "Crumpled Classics," by Craig Sodaro: five classic stories told with teenagers' twist and performed by youth, Pend Oreille Playhouse, 236 S. Union, Newport. Call 509-447-9900 for more info.

Nov 3: Arden Bingo, 1-4 pm, Arden Community Hall, 636 Hall Rd, Colville. Prizes donated by community members and businesses (plus a few biggies); \$0.50/per card. Call 509-684-4333 for more info.

Nov 3: Craft Fair, Parkview Senior Living, 240 S Silke Road, Colville. Call 509-684-5677 for more info.

Nov 4: Daylight Savings Time ends.

Nov 4: Curlew Christmas Bazaar, 9-2, Curlew Civic Hall. Crafts, gifts, bake sale and fun! Call 509-779-4634 for more info.

Nov 4: Northport Lions Club BINGO at the Northport School Cafeteria, Noon-4. Early Bird, Regular, Fast Pick and Blackout with a \$500 Jackpot. A portion of proceeds benefit the Community Swim Support Group and expanding youth swim lessons for grades 4-6. Refreshments available. Must be 18 or older to play. Call 509-690-2158 for more info.

Nov 6: Election Day.

Nov 7 & 14: Medicare 101: Medicare Prescription Plans, Spokane Community Colleges, Colville campus, 985 S Elm St., 6-8 pm. Learn about characteristics for choosing Medicare Prescription Drug Plans (PDPs) and Medicare Part D. Instructor will provide an overall question and answer session regarding Medicare insurance, and students will participate in an exercise to select an insurance program that meets their needs. Cost \$17.

Nov 8 & 15: The Libraries of Stevens County is joining a nationwide remembrance of the centennial anniversary of the end of World War I by hosting local historian, Sue Richart who will share photographs, stories, experiences of local families, and the impact of the war in Stevens County. Nov 8, 6 pm: Chewelah Public Library, 311 E. Clay Ave., Nov 15, Noon: Kettle Falls Public Library, 605 Meyers St.

Nov 10-11: The Woodland Theatre Fall Concert "Lest We Forget; Music of the Great War Era" will commemorate the 100th Anniversary of Armistice Day ending World War I, featuring music from the era performed by the Woodland Brass Ensemble, the String Ensemble, Concert Band and Chorus, under directors Linda Colman, Dave Quistad and Ron Bacon. Sat 7 pm, Sun 2 pm. \$10 and \$5 for 12 and under, at the door. See ad page 21.

Nov 11: Veterans Day.

Nov 15: Community Thanksgiving Dinner, 4-6 pm, St. Mary of the Rosary, 502 E Main Ave, Chewelah.

Nov 16: Free screening of *Before the Flood*, A National Geographic film about climate change, Rendezvous Theater, Spokane Community College - Colville Center, 985 S. Elm, Colville, 6:30 pm. Sponsored by the Friends of the Little Pend Oreille Wildlife Refuge with support from the Vinson Fund. See ad page 14.

Nov 17: Holiday Craft Show, NE WA Ag Trade Center, Colville, 9-3. Free admission, lunch available. See ad page 21.

Nov 17: Public Policy Forum, Book Review Part 2: *Struggle for the Land: Native North American Resistance to Genocide, Ecocide, and Colonization*, Ward Churchill, 2002, City Lights Books, San Francisco. In association with St'al-sqil-xw, Veterans For Peace, Poor Peoples' Campaign and ACLU People Power, at the Kettle Falls Public Library, 12-4 pm; lunch and snacks offered, non-alcohol beverages. Email info@stalsqilxw.org for more info.

Nov 18: Coffee House Concert, 2-5 pm, Cutter Theatre in Metaline Falls. Donovan Johnson taking your requests at the baby grand. Coffee available, with other beverages for sale, \$5 cover. See ad page 24.

Nov 20: Need help sorting through all the Medicare Advantage Plans? Trained SHIBA Professional from Rural Resources will be at Parkview Senior Living, 240 S Silke Rd. Colville, to answer any questions and help you sort through all the different plans, 9 -4. Call Lori at 509-684-5677 to schedule your appointment. Bring a list of current medications, with dosages and your Medicare card.

Nov 22: Thanksgiving Day.

Nov 23: Colville Christmas Tree Lighting, Main and Astor, 6 pm. Hot chocolate, pictures with Santa at Suandra's Furniture. See ad page 2.

Nov 27: Giving Tuesday.

Nov 30-Dec 1: Junk Drunk Holiday Shopping Market, Ag Trade Center, 411 W Astor Ave, Colville, featuring fun vintage, home décor, gifts, handmade, stocking Stuffers. Also serving festive food and drink. See ad page 2.

Nov 30-Dec 2: Deck the Falls in Metaline Falls! Nov 30, 5 pm: Redneck Christmas Light Parade, Santa arrives to light the tree in Busta Park, hotdogs, 'smores and beverages are free! Dec 1, 10-3: Arts & Crafts Faire at the Cutter Theatre, featuring local crafters and vendors. Lunch at the "Room at the Ramp" available. Dec 2, 6 pm: "Celebrating The Silent Night," a community concert and sing-along, celebrating the 200th anniversary of the most beloved of all Christmas hymns. See ad page 24.

Nov 30-Dec 2: Keller House Museum Magic of Christmas Tour, 700 N Wynne Street, Colville. Fri 4-7 pm, Sat & Sun, 2-7 pm. Call 509-684-5968 for more info.

Dec 1: Kettle Falls Lady Lions Christmas Craft Fair, 9-3, Kettle Falls Middle School. Cans of food for the Food Bank welcomed. See ad page 8.

Dec 2: "Joy to the World" Christmas concert with Spokane Choral Artists performing sacred and secular music, from 14th century songs to classical pieces and modern pop and film music, and Bridges Home, from Coeur d'Alene, playing Americana, roots, and Celtic music, presented by Chewelah Arts Guild at Abundant Life Fellowship Church. Visit chewelahrtsguild.org for more info. See ad page 2.

Trail & District Arts Council calendar of events. Details available at trail-arts.com.

2nd: The Cheesecake Burlesque Revue, 7:30 pm

3rd: En Evening with Glass Tiger, 7:30 pm

8th: Breakdown, a Tom Petty Tribute, 7:30 pm

13th: Martin O: Dancing Voice, 7:30 pm

14th: Jann Arden "These Are the Days" Tour, 7:30 pm

23rd: Scary Stories: White Buffalo Storytelling, 7:30 pm

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

1st: Sara Brown, 6-8 pm

8th: Singing Fire Chief, 6-8 pm

9th: Checkmate Reality, 7-10 pm

16th: Open Mic, 7-10 pm

29th: Michael Pickett, 6-8 pm

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

2nd: Sway Wild w/Dave McGraw & Mandy Fer, 7-10 pm

Meetings & Opportunities

Nov 14: Northeast Washington Genealogy Society meeting, 1 pm, LDS Church basement, Juniper Street in Colville, entry at the back of the building. NeWGS vice president, Norma Yost will delve into the wealth of knowledge found at the Digital Public Library of America. Visit newgs.org for more info. All visitors are welcome.

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

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

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

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

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

Celebrate Recovery, a 12-step program, meets Fridays, 5:30 pm, 138 E Cedar Loop in Colville (enter from downstairs parking lot). A light meal is served. Call 509-935-0780 for a ride or more info. See ad page 22.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Girl Scouts is more than just cookies and camp! Activities for girls ranging from ages 4-17 and adults from ages 18-100. For information, call Debbie at 1-800-827-9478 ext. 246.

Looking for breastfeeding support? Reach out to a La Leche League Leader! Contact Courtney at 509-680-8944, crtsl1@gmail.com, or on Facebook, "La Leche League of Colville."

PFLAG: Parents, Families, Friends and Allies United with LGBTQ meets lower level of First Congregational United Church of Christ, 205 N. Maple, Colville, last Tuesday, 6:30-8 pm. Call 509-685-0448 or email info@newapflag.org 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 509-445-1796.

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

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

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LISTEN UP

Steve Perry: Back and Even Better

Reviewed by Michael Pickett

There was a time when Steve Perry and Journey were everywhere before disappearing for nearly a decade. While the 2000s found Journey hitting the road with Steve Augeri, Jeff Scott Soto and Arnel Pineda, respectively, Perry was nearly nowhere to be seen (or heard).

Fast-forward to 2014, and Steve Perry made a surprise stage appearance at an Eels show, sounding fantastic on everything from Eels songs to Journey staples. After putting Journey reunion rumors



to rest and enthusiastically supporting Arnel Pineda at the mic, Perry hinted that he had a project in the works.

Those hints lead us to 2018's *Traces*, a full album of Steve Perry after 20 years of not even singing in the shower (literally). After decades on the road, laboring under the pressure of Journey and solo albums, the classic rock icon had simply wanted out. And while his legacy sits comfortably among greats like Freddie Mercury, Brad Delp and Robert Plant, Perry needed time away to simply detox from a full-throttle music career.

In all honesty, he may actually sound better than ever. Check out the emotion behind fantastic, moving cuts like "Most of All," the rockier "Sun Shines Gray" or the gripping, autobiographical "In the Rain." Having lost the love of his life to a tragic battle with cancer, Perry made his return to music both a memoir of sorts, and a promise kept to his dearly beloved.

Perhaps the main component to Perry's current golden sound is obviously age. With the years has come an additional warmth; a wider, bluesier vibrato and a laid-back feel that gives his whole delivery more depth than before. While he abandoned not only singing but even listening to almost all music for years, with time also came a certain healing for the singer. Maybe that's what is most imbued in this album, from start to finish.

The Soul of Serenity

Reviewed by Michael Pickett

"Music as medicine" may sound a little gimmicky, but don't be quick to dismiss it. Consider if you have a song or an artist who always seems to bring you up, regardless of how many listens or how long it is in between hearing your favorite on the airwaves.

This distinction is at the heart of ex-Missing Person's keyboardist Chuck Wild's vision for Liquid Mind. With his twelfth release, *Peace*, Wild once again delivers music that is as unobtrusive as it is impactful.

None other than Steve Perry lays out what's most important here in a BBC interview: "After Journey, I never sang, never wrote music, never sang in the shower even. The only thing I could listen to was ambient music. Liquid Mind was

my favorite. There's no drums, no voices, no lead singer, no lyrics; just ethereal, gorgeous [synths] in the most horizontal, ambient way that let me feel safe."

Perfectly illustrating Liquid Mind's mission, the music here is intentionally crafted to be absolutely unobtrusive. For those laboring under stress, insomnia or – as indicated by this new release – in the middle of conflict, cuts like "Trust," "Oneness" and "Spirit of Peace" are designed to help listeners find their way back to center.

As Wild recently posted on Facebook: "My intention

in recording Liquid Mind XII: *Peace* was to shed light on the process of conflict resolution through respectful communication and dialogue." This is music by design. With over three decades of everything from assisting veterans with sleep

issues to helping listeners detox from constant stress, Chuck Wild's Liquid Mind is music with a mission, and with *Peace* he tackles one of the most important world issues we currently have.

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



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A Good Read

Underground Airlines, by Ben H. Winters

Reviewed by Loren Cruden

Victor, the protagonist of *Underground Airlines*, could be literature's poster character for ambivalence: a runaway slave who hunts down other runaway slaves for the U.S. Marshall's Service. He does it to avoid being returned to slavery himself, but loves the job's perks – comfortable lifestyle, relative freedom. He is a superlative bounty hunter but hates himself for doing it. "...it was my practice at the beginning of a new job to think of myself as having no name at all. As being not really a person at all ... but a manifestation of will. I was a mechanism, a device. That's all I was."

The story is set in contemporary America, most of its historical details intact, except that the Civil War never happened – averted through last-minute legislation after Lincoln was assassinated (on a hotel balcony in Indianapolis). "Six amendments and four resolutions, preserving slavery where it was, preventing its extension elsewhere; balancing northern sentiment and southern interest, northern principles and southern economic welfare." Texas tries to secede, ending up a "Contested" area.

The book sometimes reads like a noir detective novel, sometimes an uneasy dystopian drama – or an episode of *Twilight Zone*. It is twitchy, paranoid,

haunting; remarkably conceived and delivered.

Winters challenges the general belief that the Civil War and abolition of slavery actually did much, if anything, to change the core of race relations in America. This challenge is sharpened in the story when, just as hunter closes in on hunted, the game takes a plunge into the deeper waters of the "Hard Four" slave states.

Underground-ness is a motif throughout the story, which tends toward claustrophobic places, interactions and circumstances. Victor is clearly a shape-shifter in terms of identity, but other characters also are not who/what they seem to be and everyone seems to have more than one name. The reader stays jumpy – keeps turning pages, homing in on resolution.

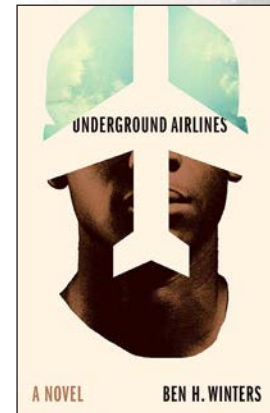
This reader was dubious about how the book ended: a resolution more hopeful than the racially unresolved truth of our society would yet seem to warrant. But, like all of Ben H. Winters' writing, this story is original and compelling.

Other recommendations from the U-Z shelves:

Jeanette Winterson – *Lighthousekeeping*

Jesmyn Ward – *Salvage the Bones*

Amanda Eyre Ward – *Sleep Toward Heaven*



The Idiot, by Elif Batuman

Reviewed by Loren Cruden

Turkish-American writer Elif Batuman gives a tip of the hat to Dostoevsky in her novel, *The Idiot*. As with the original Russian "idiot," Batuman's protagonist has the relentlessly observant, often blundering gaze of a social anthropologist. Selin, Batuman's Turkish-American protagonist, is a freshman at Harvard, signing up for whatever wide-ranging subjects might give her clues about people, culture, relationships, herself. "Already we were comparing to see whose way of doing things was better. But it wasn't a competition so much as an experiment, because neither of us was capable of acting differently, and each viewed the other with an admiration that was inseparable from pity."

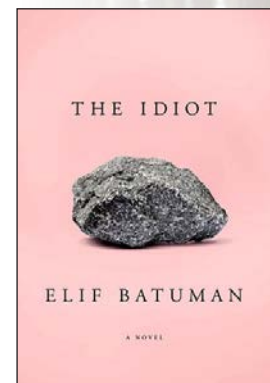
The story is set in 1995 – emails the latest thing. But coming of age is the same as always: first love, first time on one's own exploring the world. Selin, drawn by the Hungarian student with whom she is in love, spends a summer in Hungary teaching English in a village. Language is the lens through which Selin – who's actually not much of a talker – examines life. "I know I thought differently in Turkish and in English – not because thought and language were the same, but

because different languages forced you to think about different things."

Like real life, the story's day-to-day wanders along full of odd encounters, internal dialogue and moments that randomly stick in Selin's mind or are lost among a million other moments. "Hungary felt increasingly like reading *War and Peace*: new characters came up every five minutes, with their unusual names and distinctive locutions, and you had to pay attention to them for a time, even though you might never see them again for the whole rest of the book."

The Idiot is over 400 pages; it takes considerable skill and intelligence to hold a reader's attention that long without resorting to any of the usual sex-violence-crisis-tragedy ploys. Batuman's humor, the freshness of her characters and, especially, Selin's brilliant "idiot" questions and observations make this novel a rare, perhaps unique breed of page-turner.

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



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Persistent, or Just Stubborn?

By J. Merrill Baker

This “Lessons Learned” section of the *Monthly* may benefit from a disclaimer ... one of those notes that says, “If you use any of these ideas, the results are all of Your Own Doing, and You, and only You, are responsible.”

Sure, it's someone else's idea, but you *chose* to

try to throw the rock with the rope over your roof. Just because we didn't break a window, doesn't mean that you won't ... and I did try and encourage you to hire some “professional,” didn't I?

I wasn't successful in getting a rope over the

roof, and yes, we had to hire a professional after all of our best, and worst, efforts. That ended up being the wisest choice in that regard, one we will ponder FIRST before trying endless ways to accomplish something with what ends up being a shortcut. We can be stubborn until we realize this.

Ever see those “why women live longer than men” pictures, like the one showing some guys with three ladders stacked one on top of the other to change a light bulb in a vaulted ceiling? How about the guy on his riding lawn mover hanging from a crane to trim the hedge overgrowing his roof?

Yes, the chimney pipe was installed without one of us carrying it tied to our back all the way up to the roof (the 8/12 pitch roof) while clinging precariously to the ladder. Yes, we know we can be determined about what we want, and yes, that is the voice of experience. In an earnest effort to save anyone else any manner of grief, we are sharing our story. (By the way, our ladder accident was a different project!)

Google “why women live longer than men” and you will see images of why I, a woman, encourage discussion and, hopefully, the discovery of (heretofore) hidden considerations about our approaches to projects and improvements around our home.

Let me mention here that I am honored to be asked for my ideas on such matters. Realize I get to help pick up the pieces – or nurse Himself back to health after some awkward mishap because I am an over-responsible person and usually blame myself for some measure of those mishaps that we collaborated on. It's an accomplishment if you learn from your experiences. We are stalwartly, if not determinedly, persistent.

Being a big fan of those “Best Helpful Hints” for this-and-that books, articles, whatever, I understand the disclaimers. From *Mary Ellen's Best of Helpful Kitchen Hints* here is one disclaimer I like: “To obtain the best results and to avoid damage, the author and the publisher recommend care and common sense in the use of the hints in this book.” Written in 1980. In my humble opinion, there was much more “care and common sense” back then.

So, using any of the lessons learned in this article is strictly a choice you make, and we are not responsible for any achievements (or injuries), real or imagined, that you manage to make on your own stalwart persistence! We do wish you well, though, and would be interested in anything that you would share from your own

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- I'm fine on my own
- I regret what I've done in the past
- I fear the future
- Compared to others, my problems are small
- I HAVE forgiven; I just can't let go
- I'm not like THOSE people
- Time heals all wounds

God's Word says:

“You can't heal a wound by saying it's not there.” Jeremiah 6:14, TLB

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Living in NE WA: Lessons Learned

lessons learned.

Fast forward to the digital age, and the Asymmetric Language Trend Analysis (ALTA for short), a report derived from web bots, also known as “spyzers,” that search the internet to gather linguistic data, which then gets sorted into buckets by topic. Noting the fact that humanity uses linguistics, theoretically inherently linked by some level of quantum exchange of thought, the data are then interpreted and issued in a report mentioning possible events.

Clif High, the inventor of “predictive linguistics,” has a disclaimer that is current and makes a lot of sense to me: “This forecast is real. A person would still be an idiot to make decisions based solely on their interpretation of my interpretation of strange data patterns. Universe rewards thinking. Everyone should try it for themselves at least once. Now would be a good time.”

There IS something to be said for persistence, you know.

Per·sist·ent /pərˈsɪst(ə)nt/ adjective:

1. continuing firmly or obstinately in a course of action in spite of difficulty or opposition.
2. continuing to exist or endure over a prolonged period.

I prefer number two, because it is true, we have continued to exist over a prolonged period, in spite of some noteworthy choices. We did get to know everyone at our local hospital on a first-name basis, and did learn that mishaps with ladders are by far the most common accidents for hospitalization in our area. One long-time resident stopped ever going up a ladder after age 60, and highly recommends this choice to other seniors.

Yet there is a fine line between persistence and stubbornness, and we often confuse where that line is. We now recognize persistence as a rural lifestyle trait. My mother called us “over-achievers,” and we appreciated her noticing that, even though I think she meant it as a back-handed compliment. Thanks Mom! There’s also the word

“obstinate.”

Ob·sti·nate /ˈɒbstənət/ adjective:

1. stubbornly refusing to change one’s opinion or chosen course of action, despite attempts to persuade one to do so.
2. obstinate implies usually an unreasonable persistence.

Notice that definition number one has the word “stubborn.” It keeps showing up in this research ... but as far as “unreasonable persistence” goes, why is that mentioned in such a seemingly negative way?

Stub·born·ness /ˈstʌbɜrnəs/ noun:

1. dogged determination not to change one’s attitude or position on something. Stubborn as an adjective: refusing to comply, agree or give in; obstinate, difficult to handle, treat or overcome; persistent and dogged.

There it is. We need to have both a persistent determination for any course of action that seems worthy, as well as a stubborn sense of what made it worthy to us in the first place. Being stalwart to our lifestyle, our greenhouse was an excellent example. To get it finely tuned to keep critters (especially bears) out, we were obstinate about being determined to actually produce produce!

A persistent person will keep trying maybe because they are obstinate. Which is part of being stubborn, so let’s just agree to disagree that they may be two different things at all. But carry on, you are going to achieve!

A determined person will recognize they just discovered one more way something didn’t work, and they discovered that fact by being persistent. This can help you immediately.

An obstinate person ignores all of the fancy words, and does what they know best, until a better way is discovered, usually by accident or inspiration. This may take up a lifetime, or can start now with asking, “What if there IS another way? What would that look like?” It’s okay to

talk to yourself, but much better with a partner, a family, or a group of like-minded individuals ... especially if they are stalwart!

Stal·wart /ˈstɒlwɜrt/ adjective:

1. loyal, reliable and hardworking.

Stal·wart / noun: a loyal, reliable and hardworking supporter or participant in an organization or team.

In spite of any *unreasonable persistence* on our part, we are determined. We are just wired that way. We can be a tad late at times, like the time we did not get our garlic in by October 9, and found ourselves using our 10-pound breaker bar to punch holes in the ice sheet over the soil to be able to plant our garlic four inches deep. Hey, along with the chicken manure and alfalfa chops, that was a very good year for garlic. We then filled the holes with soil and covered it well with straw, leaving it to contemplate spring after the long winter.

Being determined and stalwart, it always comes up early in spring, oftentimes through the snow, and we are thankful for our persistence!

Onward!

J. Merrill Baker is living on the edge, determined to exist over a prolonged period!

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Along the Mountain Path: Legs

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

“It’s not the letting go that hurts: it’s the holding on.”

~ Judith Lasater, PhD



Consider your legs. They are half the length of your body and carry a third of the body’s supply of blood. They are the support for the pelvis, the “basin” out of which the tree of the spine grows. Balance in the big muscles of the legs goes a long way toward balanced and easy movement.

There are three major muscle groups in the thighs. The back of the thighs is filled with the hamstring muscles, which attach on the sitting bones, and go all the way down below the knee. When the hamstrings contract, the knee bends. The front of the thigh is covered by the four quadriceps muscles. They attach up on the iliac crest of the pelvis, and come down to the tibia. The sartorius, the longest muscle in the body, comes down to the inside of the tibial tuberosity.

The kneecap is situated in the tendon that attaches the quads to the tibia. When you contract the quadriceps, they lift and firm the kneecap. Contracting the quadriceps also lengthens the hamstrings. The inner thigh is filled with the adductor muscles, which draw the legs together. The adductors also stabilize the legs, especially when we stand on one leg, which happens with every step we take.

Hamstring muscles are often tight. The activities of walking, sitting, running, bicycling – everything that bends the knees tightens the hamstrings. If they are very tight, they pull the pelvis down in back and distort the lower back.

Everyone can benefit from hamstring stretches. My favorite is a passive stretch at the wall. Sit, facing the wall, knees bent, feet on the floor. Move in as close as you can while keeping the feet on the floor, and place a roll support under your lumbar spine, to support your lumbar curve. This also grounds your sitting bones, where the hamstrings attach. Take your right foot up the wall, square the foot and firm the quadriceps. This will lengthen the hamstrings. Stay for two minutes or more, with full balanced breath, then put the left foot up the wall, right foot on the floor and repeat. When you stand up, you will feel more freedom in the back of the legs, even if it didn’t feel like a big stretch. Remember to lengthen the hamstrings respectfully, backing off if the sensation is too strong, especially on the sitting bones or the backs of the knees.

Sitting in virasana is a good way to stretch the quadriceps. Remember to keep the feet square

and get some support under the sitting bones. Lunges are also good quad stretches, both high and low lunges. Warrior poses strengthen the hamstrings and stretch the quadriceps.

The quadriceps muscles are strengthened by conscious use. They are “lazy” muscles and will not contract unless you “turn them on.” You can heighten awareness of these muscles by sitting in dandasana, legs outstretched; flex the feet to contract the quads, and then let go. You can watch them contract and release. Do this frequently to support your knees.

A good way to strengthen your adductor muscles is to lie on the floor with a block between your thighs and a block (turned sideways) pressed between your open palms, with the arms stretched overhead. (If this is too much for your shoulders, support the upper block on a bolster or blankets.) Flex your feet, firm your

thighs and roll the inner thighs onto the block. Keep a natural curve in your neck, eyes relaxed toward your heart. Keep the palms pressing and feel how the entire core of the body is activated. Stay for two minutes or more, feeling what you are doing and what it is doing, and keeping your breath deep and steady. When you stand up, there will be a noticeable sensation of grounding and steadiness in the legs and pelvis.

Wide-angle forward-bending poses, baddha konasana and basic standing poses lengthen the adductors.

As you journey along the mountain path, be mindful of and thankful for your legs. They truly carry you through your life and deserve your attention!

Namaste.

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

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Meditating with Intent

By Linda Bond

What do you think of when you hear the word “meditation”? If you’re like me, you instantly picture someone sitting lotus-style on the floor, legs crossed, hands on knees, head slightly tilted and eyes closed. But is that the only way? Is there perhaps a less restrictive way to meditate? Something that fits the lifestyle of those of us more often on the move than sitting still?

I, for one, can get down on the floor, and I might even be able to cross my legs (at the ankles), but getting back up is another thing altogether. I’m afraid age has taken its toll and the joints are not what they used to be. Sure, I can sit in a chair, close my eyes and quiet my mind like the best of them. But I’ve discovered something even more useful for folks like me. And I didn’t even have to make it up.

A few years ago, I was watching a TV show about Buddhist monks. They were shown walking along pathways and sidewalks, across fields and in gardens. As they walked, their heads were tilted a little downward, their eyes were watching the

ground, and they moved slowly with a gentle rhythm. It was obvious to me they were in a state of peace and I learned they were moving with “intent,” purposefully noting their steps and the path in front of them. I was intrigued.

Before long, I began to follow their example – walking with intent as I traveled to my bus stop or enjoyed a walk in the local park or even moved between rooms in my own home. And that’s when I discovered that meditation can be done on the move.

My husband and I gave up our car many years ago, opting for a gentler lifestyle with less impact on our environment and an excuse to move more slowly through our days.

I used to walk at a quick pace, not paying much attention to my surroundings and allowing my mind to dwell on any problems I was fighting with – financial worries, the day’s tasks, what to eat for dinner ... any number of things that we all have to deal with in our daily lives. So it was not easy to give up this mad-dash sort of approach

for one a little slower-paced, with less mental energy involved. But I gave it a good try and soon learned how to let go and enjoy the moment. And I haven’t looked back.

In the Moment

Unless I am in a hurry to catch a bus, I enjoy the luxury of a mellow walk through the four blocks to my bus stop each day. Weight balanced (I carry a couple of bags with me), eyes down, I watch the sidewalk for obstacles. My peripheral senses keep a lookout for dogs, cars, anything that might startle me or threaten my safety.

As I move at a steady pace, I feel and then hear my steps – left, right, left, right – and the contentment of a body that is being appreciated and allowed to carry me forward. And as I walk, I don’t think. Instead, I notice. I observe the rain patterns on the concrete of the sidewalk, and nature’s hopefuls growing up in the cracks. Beautiful lichen, moss and tiny flowering plants push their way up from rivulets of soil, reaching for the sun.

The lawn strips feature a variety of weeds as well as grasses. I become aware of the sounds all around me – the faint barking of a dog somewhere to my right, the start of a car engine behind me, perhaps the swish of a gentle wind moving through the trees overhead.

And the smells – someone is cooking bacon nearby, they’re painting the house up the block, and sometimes I even smell rose bushes in the yard I am passing.

No need to think about any of this while on the move. Later, when I sit somewhere quiet and have a little time, I can recall the things I saw on my walk and allow them to inform me about life. There is a time to be in the moment and a time to ponder the greater questions of life, and I have learned to enjoy it all.

Meditation on the Move

As this new way of moving with the moment blossomed in my life, I gave some thought to what meditation must be, at least for me: I don’t stop my thinking altogether when I do a meditative walk, but I do let go of my “speculative” mind, the mind that wants to solve problems and be prepared. I found that meditation encompasses thought that lacks worry, analysis and judgment. Instead, the flow of images, sounds and smells, feelings and even tastes pass freely through my mind and feed my soul. What a gift.

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

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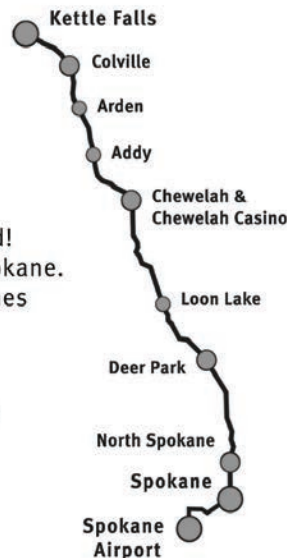
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A Year On the Farm

The Price of Farming

By Michelle Lancaster

The term “cheap food” makes me cringe. My definition of that phrase is “Food purchased from a farmer at such a low cost as to have not paid the farmer an adequate value for the product.” Some people seem to think cheap food is a right, but do they really expect farmers to happily lose money when growing quality food?

Consider the steps taken to get a food item from a traditional farmer to a consumer in a modern supermarket. Small scale farmers spend an entire year working to produce a crop. They care for the soil and animals or crops 365 days a year, often with few breaks, vacations, or time off. If a crop grows and matures properly, the harvest from that crop then travels to a food co-op or other type of food distributor. The distributor receives the harvest as ready for sale or they may clean the product and/or package the food in smaller quantities in a factory setting. That item then sells at a higher price to the store where the product is displayed for sale at an additional marked-up price. Each step requires effort and includes the potential for loss.

However, farmers can rarely know or budget for the prices they will be paid for their products. The co-op/distributor/supermarket all have their set fees and markups. The farmers do not get a set price.

When times were really bad for us, like they are for others now, my husband would joke that instead of sending us a milk check, our co-op would send a “thank you” card in the mail. Yet, each year our co-op sends out a “year-end financial status report” with a phrase along the lines of, “Despite a downturned milk market trend, we profited \$x amount this year – yay for us!” I always wonder, how can that be? I do not begrudge the processor/distributor/market making their living wage, but why does the farmer not get one too?

A few farmers can be profitable, slightly, by entering alternative markets such as organic, raw, local, or an independent market that can provide a set base price. One phrase I keep hearing is that “organic food is expensive.” I

would say that organic food is not expensive but is priced closer to the true cost of production, and therefore farmers can earn enough to maintain a sustainable farm. With organic, the risks are higher, as are the rewards, but many farmers unfortunately lack the financial backing or marketing skills to confidently enter a more independent market.

On the consumer end, though, Americans are spending the least percentage of income in

Is the organic corn from Turkey really conventional corn rebranded across the ocean? Is the inexpensive honey from Malaysia adulterated with rice syrup?

The next time you cringe at paying a particular price (I have done it too, and have to remind myself!), consider the effort put into that product and the country of origin. Might the price accurately reflect the true value of the product? Count up the inputs and value the product on its full merit – is that a fair asking price? Do you want to make a living wage for your effort? Can you be willing to pay another person a sustainable wage to farm for you or help lessen the food trail by growing or buying some of your food locally?

This topic reminds me of many things I am thankful for this November. I am grateful to have a part-time job to help pay the bills. My family is blessed to live in the country with enough land and water and soil fertility to grow crops and livestock to meet most of our needs. I am thankful for coffee, chocolate, bananas and a few other imported items (unable to be grown on the mainland US) that either feed my caffeine addiction or help provide a more well-rounded 21st century diet.

This year, my husband and I celebrate our first holiday season with no debt. For the first time in many years, I am a free woman, held under bondage to no bank! (Which meant selling the family dairy, which I am sad about. Life is full of compromises.) I am thankful to be able to break even financially on our new, smaller farm. We may not get rich, but our animals pay for themselves

plus feed our family.

My heart and prayers go out to the many farmers, particularly our dairy farming family and friends in the U.S., that are in their fourth consecutive year of low income for their work. I pray that someday something can change to make your lives more stable and full of hope for the future of farming.

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



history on purchased food.

This November when people head to the store to purchase their Thanksgiving Day meal, I hope they consider the effort taken to grow each crop, often at less than a living wage.

I wonder whether consumers are thankful that some of the food they eat is still produced within their country, the United States of America. In an effort to compete in the “cheap food” market, adulterated products are becoming a huge concern to consumers and farmers alike.

A Paradoxical Life

By Gabriele von Trapp

Not all the circumstances in my life have been comfortable or even bearable. I'm living proof of what the human spirit can endure and overcome. From surviving heartache, natural disasters, disease, love lost, betrayal and immense personal loss, my life has run the gamut. In my 61 years on the planet I have come to learn that only one thing, ultimately,

matters for me ... the ability to love without boundaries, preference or expectation ... regardless.

When I look back at my life, I realize that everything has been sacrosanct, the good, the bad and the ugly. Even my less than desirable moments are deserving of being cherished, valued and vindicated.

I have met many people who were not happy with their lives or how their lives turned out to be in later years. Many suffered great regret, disappointment, anger, hatred or frustration, or they simply had given up trying to strive for something better. The result was a bitter, friendless and lonely person.

My mother was one of those people. I rarely recall when she was happy. She found fault in everything and everyone. Her life, in her opinion, was a continuous succession of disappointment, starting at birth in war-torn Germany, through a joyless childhood, a culturally-inhibiting adolescence, and an emotionally-fractured adulthood. Her brief journey toward her final days was no different – joyless, painful and fractured. She died when she was 61.

She endured three failed marriages and could never find happiness in her circumstances nor bring herself to love the journey, through thick and thin. She rarely found joy in any moment, and the world and those in it perpetually contributed to her downfall or became her inevitable nemesis. The roots of her bitterness ran deep and, in the end, severed her relationships, including with family.

On the other hand, my mother was a generous person. She liked to bring me flowers when she visited, pay for my lunch when we had a date or buy me items I needed. I sincerely appreciated all her efforts, but I found that her gifts came at a very high price.

While on her deathbed, she divulged to me that her hidden motive when giving was to create a debt. I wanted to hear the words "I love you" but she never spoke them in those crucial last moments. It was a very sad ending to a life, but I loved her anyway.

My three children brought me unanticipated concern, especially during their rebellious teenage years. As a widowed single mother, I endeavored to give their childhoods and upbringing a healthy normality, under unfavorable and challenging circumstances. I repeatedly found myself standing alone in anguish, shedding many tears and enduring heartaches that lasted longer than I thought I could bear. Needless to say, I love them.

I have lost several long-standing friendships in recent years. I felt I was steadfast and sincere in my affections and appreciation, but at times I found myself subjected to intolerance, insult, rudeness and inconsideration. I stood firmly committed and endeavored to overcome my disappointments without judg-



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Saturday, Nov. 10, 11 a.m. - 1 p.m.
SCC Lair Auditorium, 1810 N. Greene St.
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Who, Me? Overwhelmed?

By Becky Dubell

The end of the year is trying to sneak up on us – are you ready? Between now and then there is soooooo much to do, to think about, to remember, to honor and to celebrate. Are you that organized person with all the ducks lined up, or are you even thinking about it yet? I'm in the "thinking about it" mode (kind of) and most definitely getting ready to think some more and get my tush into action.

Let me list a few days: Halloween, Veterans Day, Thanksgiving, Advent, Hanukkah, National Pearl Harbor Day, Christmas Eve and Day, Kwanzaa and, of course, New Year's Eve and Day. Then there are the family traditions that are so special this time of year: bonfires, year-end garage sales, harvesting and processing the crops, family visiting for the holidays, family work parties, hunting trips, that final boat trip of the year and, of course, that final motorcycle ride of the year.

This season, with most of my family living in Northeast Washington now, there will be new traditions added to my life and I'm sure I will be adding new traditions to their lives while trying not to become the "pushy ma."

There is so much to do in our special corner of the world and I know I will not catch everything, but I am drawing up the list of events around the area that I would like to see and have my family involved in:

Dancing to the "Arden Gang" on Wednesday nights at the Arden Community Hall. Halloween Haunted House at the Arden Fire Department with their annual raffle ticket fundraiser. The Pumpkin Patch and Corn Maze (so far this is JJ's favorite). Honoring our veterans by wearing the poppy and being present at the recognition ceremony (my dad is a Korea veteran). Disney on Ice (wow – what a show!).

Craft shows galore (keep your eye on the *North Columbia Monthly's* "What's Happening" calendar of events). Food Bank drives. Tree of Sharing. The Stevens County Historical Society Christmas Tour at the Keller House Museum. Christmas tree lighting events. Coat Drive. Moonlight Madness in Colville. Light up the Park in Chewelah.

Oh my ... now I'm really overwhelmed! Oh, wait ... can't forget the New Year's Eve fireworks at the fairgrounds. That will get me to the end of this year and I can start off the new year with a clear calendar, which I'm very sure won't be clear for long. Too much I'd like to see and do, even after 35 years in our neck of the woods.

I'm not done being overwhelmed yet. I think I'll just add to my list since I'm on a roll. Family traditions, new and old, before the end of the year celebration:

Parties that involve snowshoes, and downhill and cross-country skies. At least four bonfire parties. Storage shed garage sale parties. Wood cutting and stacking parties. Walnut harvesting parties. Apple picking parties. Trick-or-treat party with my granddaughter (poor Granny B has a really hard life, right?). A party to rototill the garden area for next spring's planting. I think I'll quit for now.

Please do notice that I included a form of the word "party" in each item on my list. And who doesn't like a party? I'm hoping this will keep me out of the "pushy ma" category. Do you think it will work? Nope? A ma can try, can't she? But ... really ... my family is the best when it comes to helping out at all these different kinds of parties I come up with.

Uh-oh ... I forgot the most fun party of them all. Get out the big blue shovel, turn the riding

lawn mower into a plow and push all that snow out of the way. I know, I said the dreaded "s" word. But you know what? It is such a fun party and the tractor is *so* much more fun to operate as a s____plow rather than a lawn mower. What can I say? I'm a little weirdo!

Thanks again for letting me ramble on here and share with you. I have found that giving and receiving hugs works to calm the overwhelmed-ness. I am very thankful for the family and friends that I have in my life, old and new. It has been another interesting year in our lives. Seems like something monumental has happened to all of us this last year. We make adjustments and embrace this life we have been given. I have made an adjustment to my mantra by one word: "but" has become the word "and" ("but" sounded way too negative). Give it a try. It works in all situations that I have had to call on it:

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