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The night sky above Rossland, B.C. Photo by Ashley Voykin. See more at [ashleyvoykin.com](http://ashleyvoykin.com).

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**MARCH 2018  
ISSUE DEADLINES**  
**AD SPACE RESERVATIONS:**  
*Friday, Feb. 16<sup>th</sup>*  
**WHAT'S HAPPENING LISTINGS:**  
*Thursday, Feb. 22<sup>nd</sup>*

# Serve Help And Respect Everyone

- JOHN ODELL, [WordsOfWords.com](http://WordsOfWords.com)

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# Let's Connect Your Tribe and Mine

By Christine Wilson

**Jonathan Haidt, social psychologist:** *"Tribalism is our essence, tribalism is our nature, this is who we are, but it doesn't mean we have to live that way. We are a flexible species. We can live in lots of different arrangements.... Human beings are unsuited for life in large diverse democracies unless you get certain settings finely adjusted to make possible the development of stable political life."*

**Aaron Sorkin:** *"I like meditations on decency under any circumstances. In these times we are living in now, when you come face to face with decency, it's like coming across a cool glass of water in the middle of the desert."*

As with most aspects of life, nuance and balance are at play here. With a pure, narrow version of tribe, we hunker down with those we consider our only kin. When we move beyond that small version of tribe, we can foster a natural sense of decency and encourage our conscience toward grace in a larger setting. That places us at good advantage to live in the "finely adjusted" state our nation's founders created for us, as described by social psychologist Jonathan Haidt.

Freud used the term "id" to refer to our more base nature. It is a primitive, reflexive aspect of our character and it has its purposes. That part of our mind seeks comfort and pleasure and safety. When I think of the positive aspects of tribalism, I think of that comfort and of a safety born of loyalty and familiarity. When I think of the negative aspects of tribalism, my mind moves to a darker, more binary way of thinking that

creates exclusion and only an illusion of safety. I'm all for feeling safe and I consider loyalty to be a worthy trait.

Freud always meant for our id to be accepted as part of us but to seek balance with the two other aspects of our psyche, which can be thought of as our sense of self and our sense of morality.

I hear many people say we live in a world where there is no respect now; every person is after their own advantage and we are divided into those smaller tribes. That is only true if we live that as true. To collapse into that attitude is to solidify that view of the world. To allow our id to overtake us throws us out of balance.

Someone told me they overheard another person asking a couple "whose life are you planning on making miserable next?" I would love to think that was a joke, but the interloper on that conversation did not

## Recognizing Our **DECEMBER** **GYMNASTS OF THE MONTH**



From left: Layla-Ann Medlen (Starlets), Amelia Day (Starbrites), Parker Elliott (Starlites), and Kendall Anderson (Shooting Stars).

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# Random Acts of Community

think it was meant as such. I am of the opinion that, while it is easier to give in to our id, it is not what America was set up to be or how we will succeed together.

There will always be disagreements and diverse opinions. It is commonly said that there are no libertarians in a natural disaster because natural disasters create problems we need to solve as a group. In those incidents, we pull together and help our neighbors. Afterward, humans tend to slide back into a more contracted life.

Sustaining kindness and decency over the long haul takes that lovely front brain I'm always going on about. I love the emotional, history-based, instinctive part of our brain and I would never want to minimize its merits; it's where that loyalty and desire for kinship come from. Yet our front brain, in its turn, is charged with executive functioning and is a lot like Haidt's description of our finely tuned system of governance. It relies on linear thinking and can see a bigger picture. That is the part of us that can override our id-ish reactions ("Oh, yeah? Well, you're an idiot and all my friends agree with me") and find common ground ("You think differently than I do and you live here too. We can create a community we can all live in").

The front of our brain is the part of us that can see beyond having to have our own way and is open to engaging in dialogue. It is the part that seeks knowledge to counter our instincts. It is the part that can keep those finely tuned settings running nicely over the long haul.

We move beyond the small version of tribalism by seeing what is underneath our differences and finding what we have in common. I know that it is our nature to be afraid of what we don't understand. That is when the front brain can step in and work on communicating

and learning how to cooperate. For example, the leading cause of death now among Americans under 50 years old is drug overdose. Some of us want to incarcerate, some promote treatment, some throw up our hands and moan, but none of us want people to be dying in the houses next to ours. That which no one wants is a place to start. Most of these problems are not easy but they are more likely to be addressed when we see our whole community as a tribe united, rather than see a tribe of just the people we agree with.

This has everything to do with understanding our country's original premises. We were set up to share ideas, to find people who could represent us, and to foster conversations that give us a chance to speak our minds and develop creative solutions.

It starts in our own hearts and minds, where we examine our prejudices and face our blind spots. It moves to an acceptance of the other people in the smallest circle outside our lives – our closest friends and family members. I'm always making the joke that it is a supremely arrogant thing to say we will allow others to be who they are. ("Gosh, thanks? You'll let me? Awfully kind of you, old chap.") However, sometimes that's a difficult stretch in itself. Maybe we don't want other people to be who they are; it would be nicer if they thought like we did, believed what we do, lived how we live. But they diverge from our choices, and so we are charged with the task of finding that which we have in common and not clinging to our demand characteristics. And that is the larger sense of tribe that can help us solve problems together. That is decency.

Haidt describes a group of children, one of whom is holding on to a maypole. The children link forearms, forming a line that twirls around the pole. The faster they go, the more they are pulled away from the pole. They must grip harder to keep the group together. In that child's game, it is fun to loosen the grip and fly off onto the grass or snow. In this real world, that is not so charming. The tighter grip holds us together and is when our executive functioning becomes valuable. This is what a tighter grip looks like: We are in this together, we don't have to think the same to solve problems in a mutually satisfying way, and we can accept each other's right to be here.

Our "nephew dog" Mukutu was filmed on Christmas Day being handed a wrapped dog toy. He grabbed it and ran into another room where an older dog lay. Mukutu placed that toy in front of the old dog so they could unwrap it together, and then got that dog to play with him. He made it look easy. Maybe it isn't just our front brain that produces grace. The grace human beings are capable of does not need to be as rare as a cool glass of water in a desert. With practice, it becomes our default.

Biologists say we are wired to promote kin and other people who we think are like us. Neurologists, however, make the point that with these complex brains of ours, which operate well on conscious intentions and community support, we can create a new way of living in the world.

On this, the month we celebrate Martin Luther King Jr.'s birth, I continue to be inspired by so many of his comments. Since I used to work for the Samaritan Center and have always loved the story of the good Samaritan, I'm especially fond of this quote: "The first question which the priest and the Levite asked was: 'If I stop to help this man, what will happen to me?' But ... the good Samaritan reversed the question: 'If I do not stop to help this man, what will happen to him?'"

I cannot predict what the next shift will be or when it will happen, but I know that we all are in this together and we can help each other as we experience the next level of awareness in the diversity that, increasingly, is our community. I look forward to increasing my awareness and actions this year and hope you join me in this no doubt uncomfortable but nonetheless celebratory journey.

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



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# Nightmares and Hope

By Dr. Barry Bacon, MD

I am sitting in a small, quiet exam room, trying to make sense of the concerns of my patient. She is waking up with nightmares. She has stomach pains, she is losing weight and she is breathless. Her breathing has become so difficult that she fears to travel away from home to join her husband on a business trip. She needs a note from me to explain why she needs to stay at home. I am puzzled by her request. Her exam, her oxygen levels and her vital signs are all reassuring. Yes, she can safely go, I explain.

But a couple of days later, she was back in my office, again scared out of proportion to her physiology. I wrote a note excusing her from the trip, but I could not understand what her symptoms were trying to tell me. What was really going on?

A few months later she returned and said "there is something that I need to tell you. As my doctor, it is very important that this remain just between us. In fact, the reason for this visit must remain completely confidential. My hus-

band must never know, or I fear that my life would be in danger."

She began to disclose to me the depth of abuse that she was going through. In her case, it was not physical abuse that she was experiencing, but severe emotional and spiritual abuse, and social isolation.

She had discovered that her husband was living a double life, and that he suffered from narcissistic personality disorder. Though she was compassionate about his suffering, she had come to understand that she couldn't stay in this relationship, because she and her child were in grave danger. The abuse had escalated to the point where there were clear threats being made on her life.

Because her husband was a high-profile, internationally known public speaker, she didn't feel that she could be forthcoming, not to anyone. After all, it would ruin his reputation and his job. Out of kindness and compassion for him, she and her daughter stayed for years in

this situation, fearing desperately one minute, and feeling loved the next. Emotionally, she was on a roller coaster that was driving her to a dark abyss, and she felt she couldn't stop it.

I am so glad that she had the courage to talk with me. She had not known that there were safe people, that she could get help, and that she could then live in freedom. For many with a religious upbringing, there is a belief that marriage is forever, and that divorce or separation are completely off the table, no matter what happens. As a result, abusers take advantage of the commitment of marriage, and abuse their loved ones to the point of despair and emotional collapse while hiding behind the façade of religion.

No one knows the torture that goes on. Many of us health care providers don't want to know. We want to believe that things like this don't happen, especially in good church-going families.

But they do. Which is why I am telling Tammy's story. Her life is too dear, her family is too precious, to let their experience go without telling.

When Tammy told me what was really happening in her life, the lights finally came on in my mind. I told her that if she needed to come in and talk, we would always be a safe place, and we would find a spot in our schedule for her.

Tammy suffered much – physically, emotionally, spiritually, socially. She was isolated and felt cut off. She needed surgery because her medical conditions were aggravated by the stress placed on her by the abuse. She finally came to understand that to flee from the abuser in order to save the life of her child was to choose love, and she would never be condemned by God. This set her free to do what was necessary.

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# Life Matters



She found compassionate and supportive friends and professionals who would walk with her. I told her confidentially that if and when she needed to flee, we would personally have a place where she could hide. Middle of the night, didn't matter, she could come.

Then one morning, as I was in the Spokane airport, I happened to run into her parents. They told me that Tammy was about to make a decision. She was planning to flee.

I called my dear wife on the spot. "Be prepared for a phone call," I told her. "It may happen at any time, but likely it will happen soon. Can you have the lights on and the beds made? We may have guests, and they will be fleeing for their lives." Of course, I couldn't tell her their names, not until Tammy was ready to make the call. My courageous and trusting wife never missed a beat. "I'll have things ready," she replied. The hiding place was clean, swept, and stocked with good things.

When the call came, we found that it wasn't two people, but five who were coming, all of them fearing for their lives as well as surrounding Tammy with their presence. No problem. They could all come. It was our great privilege to be the ones who would give them a place to hide.

It still brings a smile to my face that Shelley and I were able to be a part of her escape. There is clear evidence to believe that, except for the hiding place, there would have been multiple casualties that night.

Abuse is not always apparent, nor is it easy to talk about. For years afterward, the trauma of their abuse continued to show up in nightmares that haunted the hours of sleep.

Even though it might not seem so at the time, it is right to leave an abusive relationship. At the time it is impossible to imagine that life could go on, especially when it's not clear where to go or where to hide. But if you are suffering abuse, talk to someone you trust – a friend, a pastor, a

health care professional or counselor. Not everyone will give good advice about what to do, but there are many who will understand and help you to know what to do, where you can get help.

Is there life after an abusive relationship? Tammy will tell you that there is, but it's not easy and it takes time. A lot of blame and shame, uncertainty about who to trust, second-guessing yourself about your decision to leave, pressures to return, putting the pieces of your new life together. Kids can suffer tremendously and may pressure you to return to the abusive relationship. There may be tremendous financial stresses and loss of assets, and custody battles. There will be moments of questioning that you did the right thing.

What Tammy wants you to know is this:

"It's been a long journey, but my heart is filled with gratitude to family, friends, doctors and my counselor that have been there to walk beside us through this journey. We are now free and can be who we were created to be and live our dreams. Today, through a ministry called Haven of Hope that I started, I have the privilege of helping other abused women find hope, healing, freedom and joy.

"I share my story at conferences on abuse and share ways to heal after narcissistic abuse. It has given meaning and purpose to my life and has helped those suffering behind closed doors know they are not alone and there is life after

abuse.

"If any of you are living in abuse, know you are valuable, you are amazing, you are not alone, and there is help available. You can talk to a counselor, or your doctor, or contact the women's crisis center in your area. You too can begin the journey to healing and live your dreams."

In case you need one, here is a starting place. Tammy would be happy to hear from you. Contact her at [havenofhopeforyou@gmail.com](mailto:havenofhopeforyou@gmail.com) or Haven of Hope, PO Box 308, Liberty Lake, WA 99019. She is a kind and caring person who genuinely understands what you are going through. It is her great joy to help people who find themselves in this situation. There is help for you.

*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.*

Tammy

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# Being Cedar

By Eileen Delehanty Pearkes

On a recent ramble through a North Carolina forest, I came across a tall, splendid evergreen that locals call Eastern red cedar. The tree has a shaggy bark similar to Western red cedar. Its leaves also form tight, overlapping scales, rather than the clusters of long, thin needles typical of many cone-bearing evergreens. But this “cedar” was growing east of the Appalachian Mountains, many climates and ecosystems away from the interior rainforest of the upper Columbia.

My curiosity about this type of cedar sent me down a long and complex rabbit hole, one lined by Latin plant names that purport to tell the real story of what it means to be “cedar.”

The Eastern red cedar, I discovered, is actually a juniper, *Juniperus virginiana*. The Western red cedar covering the hillsides of the upper Columbia region, with its graceful and fragrant limbs, is not a cedar either. Its botanical name is *Thuja plicata*. I was surprised. In the course of answering one question about a tree, several more came up, about many trees.

What does it mean to be a cedar? And who decides?

The 18<sup>th</sup> century naturalist Carl Linnaeus spent his Swedish childhood immersed in the plant world outside his back door, closely observing how plants behaved and the shapes and forms they took. Born in 1707, he grew to adulthood during an era of worldwide colonial exploration and discovery. At the age of 24, he set out on a journey to Lapland, where he explored and learned about more plants, many of which he had never seen before.

It was about that time that Linnaeus developed a simple system to make sense of what he was seeing. Defining the plant, animal and mineral worlds as separate “kingdoms,” he formed categories within them that he called *genus*. Within each category, he placed similar plants, or *species*. He categorized flowering plants by the similarities in their reproductive systems. Plants that had similar male and female pollen producers, seeds and cones, went into one *genus*, even if the overall size, shape and color of the plant was not exactly the same.

Linnaeus published his *Systema naturae* in 1735 and *Species plantarum*, in which he named and categorized over 8,000 plants, in 1753.

The scientific world was enthralled. As explorers and botanists made their way around the

globe, they could make sense of new plants by analyzing the reproductive systems, placing them within similar categories of plants they knew in Europe, or create entirely new *genus* and *species*. The scientific, global system objectified plants, naming them based on universal behaviors, not local knowledge and or experience.

Ethnobotany, on the other hand, acknowledges names for plants that are tied entirely to locality, as in the case of the Serviceberry bush (known in Canada as the Saskatoon serviceberry and by its scientific name, *Amelanchier alnifolia*). In the 1970s, ethnobotany researchers learned from Sinixt/Skoyelpi elder Martin Louie that the tribal world radiating out from the Kettle Falls fishery had over a half-dozen different versions of this plant, each with its own name.

Indigenous plant names also frequently pointed to the utility of a given plant, as in the white pine’s Salish language term that translates as “bark canoe wood,” not *Pinus monticola*.

Many European settlers living, traveling and working in the colonial world had little or no knowledge of the Linnaean system. They related plants to each other based on a broad range of characteristics that were cultural as well as scientific: The scent of the wood, the color of a flower, the shape of a leaf or type of bark might associate with a tree they knew and loved in the old world, resulting in a common name to reflect that. For this reason, local names don’t always cooperate with the overlay of scientific categories. This caused some naming chaos, as I found with the Eastern red cedar.

The Linnaean system identifies the *genus* *Cedrus* as any tree with spicy-scented, resinous wood, clusters of sharp, short needles and dense, egg-shaped cones. The Linnaean cedars are native to high elevations in the Himalayas and Mediterranean. Other than being evergreens with resinous wood, they bear little or no resemblance to the Eastern red cedar, or the moisture-loving Western red cedar populating rainforests from northern California to Alaska.

The Western red cedar’s Linnaean name, *Thuja*, describes a tree with stringy bark, scale-like leaves, flat branches and small, almost inconspicuous cones. Our region’s cedar is one of only two *Thuja*s native to North America. The other is the Northern white cedar, *Thuja occidentalis*, growing in eastern Canada, the Great Lakes and the Appalachians.

The Eastern red cedar belonging to *Juniperus* is part of a large and widespread *genus* with over 50 different species widely distributed across the northern hemisphere. The upper Columbia region has its own species, *Juniperus scopulorum*. The low, shrubby plant is also known as Rocky Mountain juniper. It was prized by some Salish tribes as a fumigant, particularly valuable to clear energy after a death in the home, or in the sweat lodge.

The scale-like leaves of junipers, and their rot-resistant wood, make them somewhat like cedars, but in all other ways they are extremely distinct from *Thuja* and *Cedrus*. The juniper’s pea-sized, berry-like cones are the key identifying feature in the Linnaean system. They are usually blue and highly aromatic. Junipers can grow as large as trees and as small as shrubs and have a wide range of habitats, from high altitude (16,000 feet in the Himalayas) to desert. Their slow-growing behavior produces wood of great rot-resistance and strength.

The Linnaean two-part Latin naming system is now 300 years old. For a long time, it has served to instill scientific order upon a rich array of plants around the world. Many scientists I know say they could not do their work without this way of naming and studying plants.

Yet, as our scientific understanding of plants grows more minute, the Linnaean system requires more and more names, more and more “sub-species” to explain variations. In fact, the system itself grows more and more chaotic. With the advent of DNA measurements, some scientists are calling for an entirely new system, one that classifies plants not by their sexual behavior, but solely by their molecular structure.

Meanwhile, common names cling steadfastly to a local, cultural understanding of what it means to be cedar. It’s not a very precise practice, as I discovered, but it works for people bonded to place. As a naturalist and culturalist, more than a scientist, I embrace the chaos and profusion of local names for plants, so long as the knowledge of what a tree smells like, sounds like in the wind, or acts like in a fireplace is never truly forgotten.

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

## The Real Thing *Ian McTaggart-Cowan in the Okanagan*

By Jack Nisbet

Over the summer of 1930, the National Museum of Canada wanted to complete a mammal survey along the international boundary in southeast British Columbia. To accomplish the goal, they employed the standard method of that time: trapping or shooting any animal they could find in order to verify what was there. The museum already employed a crack collector who had been on the job for years, but now advertised for an experienced field assistant. One of the applications said:

*Ian McTaggart-Cowan, 19 years old, 6' 2", 153 pounds. ... I have studied and collected birds for the past seven years ... and the small mammals of BC for three years. ... I have camped every summer for the past 15 years under conditions varying from sagebrush plains to the edge of glaciers. ... I can make up first-class skins of mammals and birds. ... I am a fair marksman, an experienced trapper, can ride horseback, and drive a car.*

In response, the museum's chief mammalogist wrote to his collector, apologizing for the very

idea of a student assistant but stating that, from everything that he had heard, "I think Cowan is the real thing."

Ian McTaggart-Cowan's long, full life proved that he was all that and more. His professional career, which began with that teenage job application, wound through museum stewardship, university academia and popular media, fields that molded Cowan into an effective advocate at the forefront of environmental science and public education. Along the way he published incessantly about all manner of living things, from chipmunks and rhinoceros auklets to bighorn sheep and gray whales. His enthusiasm burned brightly right up to his passing at age 99 in the year 2010.

A life of that span always includes some missteps, and a few of Cowan's actions early in his career do not read so well today. Growing up in British Columbia, he was nurtured by a tightly woven circle of male naturalists who excluded anyone outside their circle, and paid little atten-

tion to female or aboriginal ways of knowledge.

One example of such blindness came during Cowan's first trip to the Kootenay River above Tobacco Plains – a rich natural area on both sides of the border and home to Ktunaxa people for thousands of years. In his field journal, Cowan bragged about getting the "local dope" from white settlers there, but his sole mention of any Ktunaxa was a note about the curious absence of badgers around their Grassmere Reserve.

For modern readers, the most jarring of Cowan's habits lay with his museum fieldwork. Early in his career he killed countless birds and mammals for scientific collection, even to the point of taking rare specimens in limited habitats. It was simply the way things were done when he was a young man. But Cowan began to rethink that approach in 1936, at age 25, during a trip to the Okanagan country.

That June, Cowan married Joyce Racey, a naturalist in her own right. He was employed as a collector for the Provincial Museum of British

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Columbia, and his summer assignment was to follow the Okanagan from the 49<sup>th</sup> parallel north to the Cariboo country in search of specimens.

The young couple decided to combine their honeymoon with the expedition, and headed east from Victoria in a humpbacked Dodge panel truck. Plying the Okanagan Valley's pocket desert north of Osoyoos, Cowan collected a sage thrasher and a Brewer's sparrow in the grasslands. Near Oliver, he and Racey camped at what is now Vaseux Lake Provincial Park, where they hoped to find nesting canyon wrens and yellow-breasted chats at the northern limits of their range.

The wrens were nowhere to be found because the Cowans had arrived in the wake of an especially efficient colleague named Jim Munro. "Munro has shot all the canyon wrens," Cowan was told, as well as "most of the chats and bobolinks in the country." The newlyweds found the local response to this pillage to be "very bitter." Perhaps for the first time, Cowan began to consider the consequences of what he had been doing with so much enthusiasm.

At Vaseux Lake, he and Racey did succeed in locating a yellow-breasted chat, one of the totem birds Cowan had come to collect. These out-sized warblers, cloaked in a tropical yellow with a snazzy white mask, display a wild variety of vocal tricks and flight maneuvers first captured by John James Audubon himself. For many viewers, listening to chat ventriloquism while catching an occasional glimpse of their acrobatics in thick brush is a lifetime experience.

With Munro's wasteful habits clearly in mind, Cowan made a deliberate decision not to take the nesting bird. According to Cowan's biographer Briony Penn, this incident with the yellow-breasted chat marked the beginning of his philosophical break from his mentors on the question of collections, and provides insight into the kind of life-long learner he became. It is no wonder that the Okanagan drainage held a special meaning for the Cowans, and that they continued to return there for the rest of their lives.



*Ian Cowan (center) and friends at Vaseux Lake, on the Okanagan River of British Columbia, in 1956. Courtesy of UVIC Library special collections, image #Cowan PP 034.*

In 1966, Ian Cowan, by that time familiar across Canada as a conservationist and television personality, lent his support to the establishment of acreage around Vaseux Lake as a wildlife preserve for bighorn sheep. He was probably thinking of the canyon wren and the yellow-breasted chat from his honeymoon trip when he wrote about the interdependence of the sheep with other life forms in the Okanagan. "In establishing a badly needed reserve to provide winter food and refuge for the bighorn, the Parks Society is taking the first step in a plan to provide for the survival of all those living forms that, since the departure of the ice age, have clustered close to the bighorn on this unique bit of Canada."

The secret of Ian Cowan's charisma lay in the fact that he never stopped pursuing his passion for all aspects of natural history. Beyond that, he learned from what he saw, allowing his viewpoints and personal philosophy to evolve over time.

Those qualities helped Cowan to influence public perception far beyond British Columbia. From George Bird Grinnell's species theories to

Aldo Leopold's land ethic; from David Suzuki's easy manner in front of a camera to Margaret Thatcher's early declaration about the dangers of climate change, Ian Cowan interacted with instigators involved in every touchstone land issue of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. He wrestled with how to frame those issues, and thought hard about how they might play forward into the future.

In 2016, 50 years after the Vaseux Bighorn Sheep Reserve was established and 80 years after Ian and Joyce Cowan visited Vaseux Lake on their honeymoon, a single family of yellow-breasted chats was still nesting in rose bushes near the spot where Cowan decided not to collect a Provincial Museum study skin. It is hard not to credit those steadfast chats with a key role in the recent arc of Okanagan life history.

*Cowan information and quotes are from the excellent biography The Real Thing: The Natural History of Ian McTaggart Cowan by Briony Penn (Rocky Mountain Books, 2015).*

*Jack Nisbet is the author of several books including Sources of the River and Ancient Places. Visit [www.jacknisbet.com](http://www.jacknisbet.com) for more info.*

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# Messages In Stone

By Loren Cruden

Perched above the Columbia at St. Paul's Mission outside Kettle Falls is a one-ton boulder called the Sharpening Stone, rescued from beneath the waters after the Grand Coulee Dam drowned the falls and the river's original banks.

The Sharpening Stone's dark surface is grooved by the rasping of thousands of knives

and spear blades in the hands of centuries of pre-dam tribal fishermen on their way to catch salmon at the falls. The stone itself is a local oddity, a glacial erratic comprised of amphibolite, fine-grained and well suited for honing such blades. But spear-worn grooves may not be the only human-made markings

on the stone.

On a visit home during my years of living in Scotland, my Highland husband and I stopped at the mission one day to walk its looping, ponderosa-shaded trail, pausing at the Sharpening Stone. In Scotland, Rob and I had ventured on numerous road trips to peruse the country's Neolithic stone circles, chambered cairns and standing stones. I was writing a book about them, and Rob was my navigator, landscape and history commentator, mathematics consultant, Gaelic language and culture expert, and wellspring of puns. As a bonus, every once in a while, at Neolithic site stops, he'd take his bagpipes out of the car and play tunes among the megaliths.

Those configurations – thousands of years old, built of stone up to four billion years old – sit on hilltops and moorlands, farm fields and pastures. Some even stand in people's yards – like Neolithic lawn ornaments – or, in one case, in the midst of a golf course. Modern life flows around them, or leaves them to their remote privacy. They are part of the landscape, but tourists attend to only a few of the hundreds of them.

Some are up in the Northern Isles, in Orkney. Rob and I got snowed in there over New Year's. A tremendous blizzard closed the ferry ports. We couldn't go home, but could continue visiting what Neolithic sites were reachable.

At Maes Howe, a 115-foot cairn built around 3,000 BC, no one was at the visitor center except one tour guide. There was a power outage as well, but the guide obligingly took us into the tomb – an impromptu, private tour – and down its 53-foot passage to a chamber constructed of sandstone slabs. The corbelled, barrel-vault ceiling arched 15 feet above us, and there were three raised side-chambers besides.

Another marvel of the cairn's engineering is that the tomb was designed so that the dawning light on winter solstice shines down the passage to illumine the rear of the chamber. The guide left us in darkness as he went back to the entrance and aimed his flashlight into the passage, to demonstrate. There was a feeling of sanctity about the place even after years of tourist activity (and runic graffiti carved on the walls by Viking raiders). Just the three of us there, during a power outage, was magic. The guide said there's a 15-year waiting list of people wanting to be present in the cairn at winter solstice.

Scotland is a rocky place. Stone castles,

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forts, barns, houses, walls and churches harmoniously fit in with Neolithic stone cairns (some of which were pillaged for road-building and agricultural use), and other ancient constructions. Even today, Scots continue to erect standing stones and cairns to commemorate or indicate this and that. Past and present are superimposed on one another across the landscape, and in the national consciousness. Not untypically, my husband grew up intimately surrounded by evidence of an ancestral lineage stretching back to the 500s in Argyll. Scotland understands duration.

One of the most arresting features of the Neolithic configurations is their rock art. Some of it was carved on standing stones or incorporated into cairns, but even older than these applications were carvings on naturally occurring rock formations. The most frequent design, whatever its setting, was that of cup and ring marks – small scoops in the rock surrounded by circular grooves. They were associated with ancient burial sites and astronomically aligned stone arrangements. Such carvings are also found in Switzerland, Galicia and other places where Celts or their tribal precursors once lived. Cup and ring marks in general date from at least the Upper Paleolithic, through the Mesolithic and Neolithic eras.

In Scotland I also saw spirals, double-spirals and concentric rings, some breached by radial lines. One of the oldest carvings was a beautiful, sprawling triple-spiral. The rock art stirred resonances beyond the modern mind's fingertips. Sitting on a hillside, gazing at the plethora of ancient designs spilling across smooth, glaciated outcrops breaking through peaty, heathery ground, something deep within the cells hums like a tuning fork.

Spirals carved on rock show up in various

places around the world, including China, Australia, Ireland and North America. Double or triple spirals are more rare. But there is a culturally transcendent quality to all these designs, mirroring nature's curving, spiraling patterns of water, seashells, animal horns, growth patterns and turning constellations. They evoke commonalities of human experience that predated and perhaps informed the birth of cultures.

I went back again and again to some of the



Scottish sites over the years, to wander and sit among the stones. Sometimes I sat so long I felt like a stone myself. And sometimes Rob would be there with his pipes, playing old tunes wind-carried over the moors and lochs as they have for centuries in that land.

On the other side of the Pond, back in Kettle Falls as we stood at the Sharpening Stone, Rob's fingers lightly traversing its surface with the devotion he always brings to rock, he abruptly

lifted his hands and stared. As if meeting a long-lost relative in this place where he was a stranger. What appeared to be a cup mark had been carved into the stone. If he'd had his pipes on hand, I think Rob would've whipped them out and played an honoring tune on the spot.

Archaeologists don't know what cup, or cup and ring, marks signify. I've seen lists of theories on the subject. Perhaps tribal elders here or in other places around the world carry knowledge of the design's meaning to their people. In Scotland with all its rain, seeing water fill and overflow the cups and rings, gutters and radial grooves of horizontal rock art, it was tempting to picture offerings placed within the scoops. But the same designs were also carved on vertical and even overhanging rock. The relationship with place and cosmos articulated by these and other designs remains somewhere embedded within our ancestries.

Early people in North America may not have been megalithically inclined, but they carried on a pictographic and petroglyphic, mound and medicine wheel communion with landscape. Hunter-gatherer societies, around the world, spread their conversation with place and cosmos over a wide environment, but left less trace of their tenure than did settled peoples.

Down the shore from where I lived on Scotland's Isle of Skye was a raised beach where hunter-gatherers 9,000 years ago left the remains of an outdoor hearth, covered by sand for millennia. An archaeologist found it after noticing a fragment of bloodstone (which had to have come from a neighboring island) while strolling along the beach one day. He carefully dug down and discovered the hearth, complete with 9,000-year-old shells of roasted hazelnuts.

Settled or farming communities developed a very different relationship with habitat, human structures and enclosures built upon the natural landscapes, altering what was there, mindfully or not. Today we still converse in many ways with where we live, with varying degrees of respect for and attention to its flora and fauna, seasons and cycles, its dawning solstice light. With all our clever technology, it becomes easy to forget our dependency on landscape's patterns and providence, and that attentive relationship with place is a matter of survival as well as delight. Standing beside the Sharpening Stone, listening to the river, there were echoes of that oldest of conversations, between people and place.

## EAVESDROPS

*What people have written about the north Columbia region*

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*~ From Columbia Highlands, by Craig Romano*

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## Feathered Trousers

*Article & Photos By J. Foster Fanning*

"Ferruginous," he said with conviction. "Rough-legged," said I, equally so. The debate has been several weeks in process. Neither of us amateur birders giving ground. The bird in question, pictured here, is – if I am right – a *Buteo lagopus* in the order of *accipitriformes* within the family of *accipitridae* – a rough-legged hawk as far as I can ascertain. Multiple range maps and guidebooks back me up. Of course, my fellow photographer has his reference sources. We have both photographed the same bird at different times.

The rough-legged hawk is named for the feathers that extend down its legs. It is a winter visitor to our highlands area as well as all of the Pacific Northwest and surrounding states. Migration can be a 2,000-mile endeavor for these birds to reach our highlands from the far north. They spend the summer on the Arctic tundra pursuing lemmings and breeding and rearing chicks in cliff-side nests while the sun never sets.

There are only three North American raptors with feathered legs reaching their toes: the golden eagle, the ferruginous hawk and the rough-legged hawk. We both agree this is not a golden eagle.

The ferruginous hawk summers in the northern tier western states and provinces, wintering in the southwest. These images are from a December sighting in the Okanogan Highlands. But the rough-legged hawk is not limited to North America. It is found globally across most northern latitudes. Look to the open country of the Arctic, both in North America and Eurasia, to find the summer habitat of rough-legged hawks. They occupy both inland and coastal areas building large, jumbled nests of sticks, branches, driftwood and even caribou bones on cliff faces and rock outcroppings.

My first observations of this bird occurred as it perched atop power poles adjacent to fallow alfalfa fields, a locale quite common for this family of raptors. They also use fence posts and occasionally slender branches at the very tops of trees. That day my subject proved to be quite shy and offered no photo opportunity.

A few days later, I spotted this bird in a classic face-into-the-wind hover, scanning







the ground below for small mammal prey. It is common for a rough-legged hawk to soar with wings raised in a V-shape. But this encounter also failed to yield a decent photograph. At this point, I couldn't be certain as to what kind of hawk I was observing. But determination, in the end, paid off with my third sighting of this bird several days later.

One of my favorite sources, the Cornell Lab of Ornithology, declares: "Despite a strong affinity for rodents, rough-legged hawks were perceived as a threat to poultry up until the early 20th century. Since they are approachable birds that spend their time in open spaces, they were vulnerable to hunting by farmers. It's now illegal to shoot raptors and most other wild birds under the Migratory Bird Treaty Act. The oldest rough-legged hawk on record, a female, was at least 17 years, 9 months old when found in Illinois in 1979."

Puts me in mind of a number of years ago when I was standing with a farmer in my driveway. One of my hobbies back then was raising pigeons. There were a few tumblers and rollers overhead as we leaned on the tailgate talking. A moment later came the sharp report of feathers snapping as a hawk burst out of a dive and upon the scene, scattering the pigeons in a panic.

"Aren't you worried about that hawk getting one of your birds?" the farmer asked.

"No," I replied. "This has been the hawk's habitat much longer than ours. And if I lose a pigeon to it, well, it's worth the price of admission to see that hawk up close."

Rough-legged hawk population trends show surprisingly little data, though the periodic total appears to be constant. Partners In Flight estimates a global breeding population at about 500,000 individuals, with 43% spending at least part of the year in Canada, and 44% wintering in the United States. There are four accepted subspecies of rough-legged hawk, all differing in distribution, size and coloration.

For me there is something deeply fascinating about how the rough-legged hawk annually journeys from a land beyond where very few of us will ever venture – the amazing Arctic. Traveling approximately 2,000 miles across some of the most rugged mountain ranges and remote landscapes of the northern world, it finds its way to repose in our mild winter conditions until the coming of spring, when it will once again take to the winds of the North Pacific weather pattern and fly back beyond everything we know, beyond where we have ever gone, into the land of the Midnight Sun.

That, my friend, is something quite remarkable. Lace 'em up and wander the wilds. It is a good place to be.

P.S. My fellow birder had a chance to photograph a ferruginous hawk in Bend, Oregon, recently, and just told me he thinks our bird here is a rough-legged hawk.

J. Foster Fanning is a father, grandfather, retired fire chief and wannabe beach bum. He dabbles in photography as an excuse to wander the hills and vales in search of the perfect image. Learn more at <http://fosterfanning.blogspot.com>.



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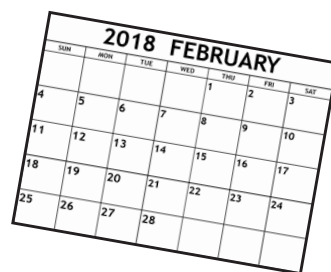
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# APPENZERS

## Events

**Feb 11:** Northport Lions Club BINGO at the Northport School Cafeteria, Noon - 4 pm. Early Bird, Regular, Fast Pick and Blackout with a \$500 Jackpot. A portion of the proceeds benefit the Northport High School Robotics Team. Refreshments available. Must be 18 or older to play. Call 509-690-2158 for more info.

**Feb 19:** Presidents' Day.

**Feb 24:** Western Dance and Activities for families at the Springdale Grange, 4-8 pm. Rope-A-Horse, Gold Panning, Stick Horse Races, Photo Booth, Western Themed Dinner and more. Fundraiser for MWS Senior Class. \$5/person, \$20 for families of 5 or more.

## Music, Dance, Theater & Film

**Feb 1:** Senior Citizens' Ball, Colville High School cafeteria, 5 p.m. featuring the Colville and Jenkins High School Jazz Bands. Free event honoring our senior citizens and their families.

**Feb 2:** Colville Jazz Fest, themed *Under the Sea*, and featuring the Washington State University Jazz Band, the Colville High School and Junior High School Jazz Bands, 7 p.m., Colville High School auditorium. Tickets available at the CHS office or at the door, \$12 adults, \$8 students and seniors.

**Feb 17:** N.E.W. Hunger Coalition Gala at the Colville Ag Trade Center featuring delicious food, and silent & dessert auctions for a great cause. Doors open at 4:30 p.m. Tickets are \$25 each through Susan Urhausen at 509-738-4565 or [sumau@centurytel.net](mailto:sumau@centurytel.net).

**Feb. 17:** Film showing of *Autopsy: The Democratic Party in Crisis* regarding national election fraud and disgrace threatening communities and principles of justice. Presented in association with People Power at Kettle Falls Public Library, Noon-3 p.m. Extended public policy discussion to follow video. Email to [sinixt@centurytel.net](mailto:sinixt@centurytel.net) for more info.

**Feb 18:** Dances of Universal Peace, simple, meditative, joyous, multi-cultural dances, 2-5 pm at the Colville Library basement. Donations appreciated. Potluck following. Call 509-684-1590 for more info.

**Feb 24:** Skookum Creek Music Company plays at the Pend Oreille Playhouse, 236 S. Union, Newport, 7

p.m. as a benefit concert for the Playhouse. Tickets are \$10 at the door. Call 509-447-9900 for more info.

**Trail & District Arts Council** calendar of events. Details available at [trail-arts.com](http://trail-arts.com).

**4<sup>th</sup>:** The Florida Project, part of Sunday Cinema, 4:30-6:20 pm

**8<sup>th</sup>:** J.L. Crowe Variety Show, 7-9 pm

**9<sup>th</sup>:** White Buffalo Storytelling, 7-9 pm

**9<sup>th</sup>:** Country Artist Lisa Nicole, 7-9 pm

**10<sup>th</sup>:** Turning Pointe Dance presents Sneak Peak Into Precision, 7-9 pm

**15<sup>th</sup>:** Jazz at the Griff presents: Melody Diachun Quintet, 7:30-10 pm

**16<sup>th</sup>:** Steps Dance Company presents A Showcase of Talent, 7-8:30 pm

**17<sup>th</sup>:** Free Beginner Youth Hip Hop Dance Workshop, 11 am & 4 pm

**17<sup>th</sup>:** Dance Battle at YAN, 7-9 pm

**18<sup>th</sup>:** Ouro Collective: Tangent, 6-8 pm

**20<sup>th</sup>:** Performing Arts Trail presents Zogma, 7:30-10 pm

**24<sup>th</sup>:** Finding a Wife for Gino, presented by the Rossland Light Opera Players, 7-9:30 pm

**27<sup>th</sup>:** The Mim Cuddy Band, 8-10 pm

**Music at Northern Ales**, 325 W. 3<sup>rd</sup> Ave., Kettle Falls, [northernales.com](http://northernales.com), 509-738-7382:

**1<sup>st</sup>:** Sara Brown, 6-8 pm

**8<sup>th</sup>:** Joe Petrucelli, 6-8 pm

**9<sup>th</sup>:** Cross Current, 7-10 pm

**15<sup>th</sup>:** Justin Johnson, 6-8 pm

**16<sup>th</sup>:** Open Mic, 7-10 pm

**22<sup>nd</sup>:** Michael Pickett, 6-8 pm

**23<sup>rd</sup>:** Christy Lee, 7-10 pm

**24<sup>th</sup>:** Trivia w/ Stevens County Rural Library, 3 pm

**Music at Republic Brewing Company**, 26 Clark Ave., Republic, [republicbrew.com](http://republicbrew.com), 509-775-2700. Note: some shows require tickets.

**9<sup>th</sup>:** Lowest Pair, 7 pm

**23<sup>rd</sup>:** The Jauntie, 7 pm

**Mar 1-3:** 5<sup>th</sup> Annual Wild & Scenic Film Festival, featuring *Groundswell* presented by the Kettle Range Conservation Group at the Alpine Theater, Colville, Mar. 1, Roxy Theater, Newport, Mar. 2, and Quartzite Brewery, Chewelah, Mar. 3. Advance tickets: \$15 adults, \$5 students, \$15 at the door. Visit [KettleRange.org](http://KettleRange.org) for more info.

## Arts & Crafts

**Feb 2:** Cutter Theatre photography contest meet and greet reception, 6-7:30 p.m. in The Cutter Gallery, 302 Park Street in Metaline Falls. The photography



contest is open to all amateur photographers of any age. All entries will be on display. Call 509-446-4108 for more info.

**Feb 7 & 14:** Learn to paint at The Hub Senior Center from 3-5 pm. Call 509-675-1479 for more info.

**Feb. 16-18:** The 18<sup>th</sup> annual Community Arts Show at the Chewelah Civic Center, 1-5 pm on Fri. & Sat., Noon-3 on Sun., featuring work by area artists of all ages, mediums, and proficiency. Get REQUIRED Registration Packets at [www.chewelhartsguild.org](http://www.chewelhartsguild.org), the Chewelah Library, Flowery Trail Coffee House, Jean Bean's Coffee (formerly Paul's), and Valley Drug Co. Participation and attendance are encouraged. This Chewelah Arts Guild event is free. Call Leslie at 509-675-0910 or Susanne at 509-935-4652 for more info.

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

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

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

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

## Literature & Writing

**Feb 2:** Local author Ray Bilderback will hold a signing for his latest book at Gold Mountains Gallery, 600 S. Clark, Republic, 3-5 pm. Refreshments will be served. The gallery's winter hours are Wed-Sat 10-4 pm.

**Writers' Group:** Open invitation to writers of all skill levels and categories of writing, to a writers' group facilitated by author Loren Cruden. Regular gatherings for feedback on one another's work and help in developing skills. If interested, don't be shy; call 509-675-8644.

**Kettle Falls Public Library Book Club**, every second Monday at 2 p.m.

## Farm, Field & Forest

**Feb 3:** Award-winning "Ties to the Land" succession planning workshop, 8:30 - 4, WSU Stevens County Extension, 986 S. Main Street, Colville. Registration is \$50 per family or ownership, and includes a workbook, a DVD, and refreshments. The deadline for ordering catered lunches was Jan. 27. Any attendee who feels s/he may need an accommodation based on the impact of a disability should contact WSU privately to discuss your specific needs (509) 667-6540. Enrollment is limited to 30 families and registration is on a first come, first served basis. Following this succession planning workshop, the WA Farm Forestry Assoc. and WSU Stevens County Extension intend to offer a companion workshop which will entail expert counsel from legal, tax, and financial specialists in estate planning. For more information, contact Andy Perleberg, (509) 667-6540, [andyp@wsu.edu](mailto:andyp@wsu.edu). To view all upcoming events, please visit <http://extension.wsu.edu/stevens/nrs/>.

**Nominations Requested for Notable Trees** to be featured in the annual Arbor Day Ceremony in April 2018, hosted by the City of Colville Tree Board. Email [annelaolson@colville.wa.us](mailto:annelaolson@colville.wa.us) for more info and nomination details.

## Miscellany

**Feb 2:** Information career day for Seasonal Wildfire Jobs, 9-10:30 a.m. at WorkSource in Colville. Call 509-685-6158 for more info.

**Feb 14:** Northeast Washington Genealogy Society meeting, 1 pm, basement of the LDS Church on Juniper Street in Colville, entry at the back of the building. The program is a repeat of the October program on how to interview loved ones. President Karen Struve will have a surprise "interviewee" and advice on how to be prepared for that special moment that may be a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. Visit <https://newgs.org> for more info. All visitors are welcome.

**Feb 14 & 28 (ongoing):** Wellness Naturally Group, 10-11:30 am, Meyers Falls Market Community Room. Inspiring people to improve the quality of their life with natural solutions, to make their own healthy lifestyle choices that transform the lives of themselves, their families and those they love with the truth about health. Call Laurie at 509-930-0953 for more info.

**NCPR annual fruit tree sale** to raise money to help support NCPR and the Northport Community Garden and green house. The trees are

2 years old, 4-7 ft. tall (depending on variety), and grown in Washington state, for our climate. Visit <https://www.facebook.com/NCPRinfo/posts/1591286027623036> or contact Jimae Haynes at 509-732-6106 or [jimaeh@earthlink.net](mailto:jimaeh@earthlink.net).

**Message Celebrate Recovery**, a 12-step program to help those struggling with hurts, habits and hang-ups, meets every Friday at 6 pm (beginning January 12) in the Healing Touch/Pneuma Spa building at 344 N. Main Street in Colville. Refreshments will be served. Free to all. Call 509-935-0780 for more info.

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

**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](http://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](http://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.

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

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

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

## MORE LISTINGS & DETAILS AT NCMONTHLY.COM

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

# LISTEN UP

## Mandy May Blest: Worth A Careful Listen

Reviewed by Michael Pickett

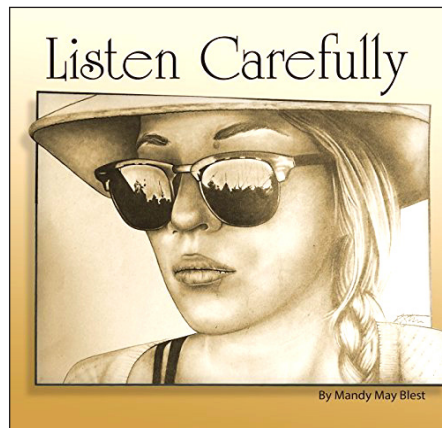
Like most reviewers, I find myself doing the social media shuffle to keep up on what's going on musically (and to find new recipes using large quantities of bacon and cheese). A few months back, a stunning blonde would show up in video form doing soulful versions of Etta James or Patsy Cline songs.

I got to where I really looked forward to clicking on a new video, which is a pretty good sign for Mandy May Blest – the artist in question – because music and video marketing is so incredibly competitive, and successfully keeping anyone's attention for very long is a green light for online success.

After hearing this great voice a dozen times, I

looked for some original music in album form, and found the very cool, two-fisted Americana-tinged rock of *Listen Carefully* on Amazon. Soulful, and with a just a hint of a snarl behind the gorgeous vocal style I'd seen in videos, Blest bobs and weaves with lyrics that go from seductive to downright slammin' on tunes like reggae-infused "Strange" and amped-up "Why So Vicious."

I'd almost like to hear Mandy May Blest jump into a project like Postmodern Jukebox, because she has both the sultry jazz chops and the rock sensibilities to blow the doors off at the mic. As it stands, her video covers are a departure from *Listen Carefully* but show the real range of such a killer artist.



## Eric Johnson: Old, New, Something Blue

Reviewed by Michael Pickett

Twenty-two years ago, I first heard Texas guitar virtuoso Eric Johnson live, sandwiched between Steve Vai and Joe Satriani. For my money, the Tone of the Night award went to Johnson, and he hasn't lost his touch in the decades since.

With *Collage*, Johnson combines original and cover tunes in a variety of his signature styles and tones. He is one of those guitarists who – at times – is instantly recognizable as soon as the first couple of notes start to fly, as this outing proves.



Leading off with a cover of Stevie Wonder's "Up Tight (Everything's Alright)," Johnson quickly establishes much of what will come with a mid-tempo, vintage R&B sound. Some covers work better than others, and Hendrix's "One Rainy Wish" is a phenomenal, stripped-down piece with incredible guitar playing bringing it to the top in an unexpectedly acoustic way.

Johnson's original work fares even better here, with "To Love You" and "To Whom It May Concern"

rounding out the album's best material, showcasing not only his jazz-tinged, Sting-y songwriting, but his soulful vocals as well. "To Love You" may also have one of the most memorable Eric Johnson guitar licks to fly by in recent memory at 1:19, as a split-second single-note phrase cruises through the headphones with a tone that can only be described as absolutely crystalline.

While "Cliffs of Dover" (his massive, tour de force hit from 1991) moments may be few, you won't find yourself missing them as *Collage* mines Johnson's love for pop, R&B and even vintage surf-rock in a fantastic offering that shows both where he came from and where he could be headed.

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

## *Imagine Me Gone*, by Adam Haslett

*Reviewed by Loren Cruden*

Reading Adam Haslett, a finalist for the Pulitzer and other top prizes, is like going to a doctor whose skills are unimpeachable, or attending a concert by a musician who can play any instrument: You sit back, trust the ride.

*Imagine Me Gone* is the story of a troubled but fiercely loyal family, each character drawn with Haslett's elegant economy of delivery. John and Margaret's marriage is built on broken foundations, John tormented by depression and Margaret by furious resentment. Their three children – Michael the anxiety-whipped genius, take-charge Celia, and Alec who can't quite get a grip despite his ambitions – complete a dynamic whose ingredients of love, resistance, hilarity, worry, alliance and alienation are familiar to most families.

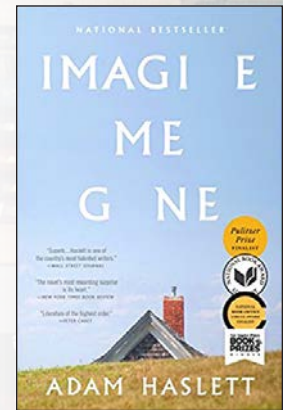
John, when depression descends: "I couldn't pretend to Margaret that I was working. The children receded into noises grating on my ears. I stopped moving.... The struggle is endlessly private." And, when gazing at his teenage daughter: "Of the three of them, she sees me most clearly, which makes it harder for her because she isn't protected by distraction. Michael has never been able to bear the tension, so he

disappears into other worlds. And Alec is too young to conceive of the situation independent of himself. But Celia's ways of coping are already the adult ones: discipline, drinking, the search for someone else to love her."

Michael communicates through parody and obsessive music; his mind's pace is manic – like Monty Python on meth.

Life's pace – how experience moves through time – is one of the story's themes. Watching a storm's approach over the sea, Alec feels, as he did as a child, "...that state of being wide open to time, not as a thing to waste or use, but as a motion of its own, an invisible wholeness made apparent by the motion of the world."

Without the least rose-tinging, what comes through each sharply insightful page is a sense of kindness. As when Michael wonders, "What do you fear when you fear everything? ... It has no components but is instead everywhere inside you all the time, until you can recognize yourself only by the tensions that string one moment to the next ... the relentless need to escape a moment that never ends." When observation is so naked, that sense of authorial kindness is a grace.



## *The Wanderers*, by Meg Howrey

*Reviewed by Loren Cruden*

I was intrigued by Meg Howrey's scenario in *The Wanderers*, but not sure I'd actually like reading the book, which is about three astronauts (two guys – one Russian, one Japanese – and an American woman) preparing for a pioneering trip to Mars by spending seventeen months in a state-of-the-art simulator in Utah. By the end of the second chapter, however, I was well hooked.

The astronaut angle was thoroughly researched: Howrey's space travelers feel authentic, even to their quirks. The story moves back and forth between what's happening in the simulator and what's going on with observers and members of the astronauts' families.

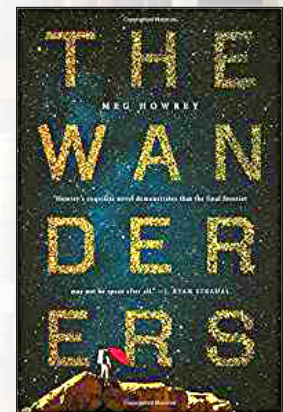
There is, for example, the Japanese Yoshi's musings about space walks ("Microgravity is the heroin, the God, the unrequited love, of astronauts. Nothing feels as good or does more damage.") and, as all the astronauts necessarily do, his on-going self-assessment ("Yoshi has come to see that one of the most important qualities he brings to the mission is a kind of mental fluidity. If Sergei is direct, and Helen dogged, then Yoshi is flexible. He fits. He fits in. A universal donor."). This is coupled with the observer Luke's registering that "Sergei and Yoshi and Helen were all very good at answer-

ing questions designed to reveal their personalities without revealing anything useful about their personalities. They were canny or artful in similar ways, which was potentially more useful than self-disclosure."

Another: Sergei's son Dmitri's experience of living in America ("His school has some good classes, but the students all seem insane: the girls too friendly in a fake way, the boys ineffectively violent and emotional."). In a message to his father Dmitri says "In America anything sad is called a trigger because of all the guns, I am thinking, and this is why they want a lot of places to be a 'safe space.'"

The action is mainly introspective, but lively – an inner-space book, entertaining, astute, nimbly paced. Do things get weird in the simulator? Of course. Whether astronauts, observers, family (or readers), we humans are all a little strange. As Helen says, "Sergei and Yoshi have forgotten that this was training. No, she'd forgotten it too. They should not be changed by this pretend mission to Mars. They should wait for change so they can be changed later, for real."

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



# Communication and the Art of Expression

By Linda Bond

It is not just writers who feel driven to communicate. Indeed, we are not the only species motivated to reach out to others. Many animals release pheromones in order to attract mating partners. We've learned that trees are able to warn other trees of danger, and to coordinate their timing to release seeds in order to bring forth a new generation. Birds express their mating desires with wing movements, flashing colors and sounds.

But today let's look at various substantial ways humans have expressed themselves since they first came into being.

## Body Language & Facial Expressions

Name any emotion and there is a facial expression and/or body language to go with it. It's nearly impossible to confuse the look of fear with the look of adoration, for instance. Or not to expect someone to "spit nails" with their eyes when we see their fists clenched by their side, head bow slightly and leg stance go rigid.

Some of us believe we can see the truth of motive and feelings in the eyes of another, but we have also learned there are people who

are able to control their expressions and body language to the point they can fool others.

## The Art of Dance

Speaking of body language, what better way to express an emotion or mood, and tell a story, than through the art of dance? A great dancer – whether it be in jazz dance, ballet or choreographed movements and stylized dance – is able to rivet us with performance, transferring understanding of an emotion to our hearts. Who can forget the ecstatic joy of Gene Kelly when he was "Singing in the Rain"?

## Musical Arts

Singing was one of the first ways that humans communicated – with their mates, their tribal members and even with their gods. Then drums (often in the form of logs), bells, flutes and other instruments were added to the mix. As time went on, stringed things like harps, keyboards and finally electric instruments came along.

But from the time paper was first manufactured, music was also a written art, which enabled pieces of tremendous impact to continue

reaching listeners centuries later.

## Visual Arts

The visual arts expressively communicate individual and cultural experiences. Major art forms include:

- Painting in oil, acrylics, watercolor and many other forms
- Weaving, sewing, knitting, crocheting, tatting and other work with threads and yarns
- Photography
- Metalworking and pottery
- Design work for architecture, advertising and promotions (e.g. posters)
- Fashion

## Poets, Actors, Playwrights, Spoken Word

For some, there's nothing more moving than the words of a fine poet read out loud, either by the poet or by someone who is moved to share them with others.

Speeches have brought audiences to tears or laughter. Speeches have helped to start wars (the French Revolution comes to mind) and to win them – think of the powerful words of Thomas Paine during the American Revolution. Speeches inspire, frighten and encourage. They entertain and they warn. Comedians make us laugh and actors can make us cry.

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

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# Mountain Meandering



*Photo and text by Patricia Ediger*

A new bird species visited us this winter: a flock of red polls or “winter finches” arrived, presumably from the Arctic, where they regularly nest. The red polls are tiny, restless birds about the size of the chickadee or pine siskin, the male and female both have a red forehead and the male has a variable pink wash on his chest.

They have a remarkable ability to survive cold temperatures so it is the search for food that brings them further south to southern Canada and the northern states when food in the north is scarce. They love the black oil sunflower seeds, millet and niger seeds I have made available to them.

The red poll moves and migrates in flocks and are amazingly tame. They have mixed well with the black capped chickadees, the nut-hatches and the pine siskens, which are all here in abundance.

We, who live so close to the border of Canada, can expect to see these little birds right now if we keep our eyes open for them.

## North Columbia Monthly Poet in Residence

### Our Poet

Lynn Rigney Schott is a retired English teacher. She lives near Kettle Falls, below Mingo Mountain, with views in all directions. Her poetry collection, *Light Years*, is available at Meyers Falls Market in Kettle Falls and Auntie's Bookstore in Spokane.

### Our Residency

The *North Columbia Monthly* Poet in Residence is a page presence position that passes from poet to poet in lyric celebration of where we live.

### Submissions

To be considered for the Poet in Residence position, send at least four sample poems to [ncmonthly@gmail.com](mailto:ncmonthly@gmail.com) or to NCM, P.O. Box 541, Colville, WA 99114. All Poet in Residence submissions will be acknowledged; none returned. All other poetry submissions are not being solicited at this time.

### **The Beeyard in February, by Lynn Rigney Schott** (*Silver Queen Canyon, 1987*)

Here in the unweeded regions the Christmas  
tree died, undressed, leaning against the swing  
next to five cockeyed, coupled boxes, white  
and worn as winter, heavy with waiting.

Today, ordained by instinct and a rare blade  
of sunlight, like particles on some sub-atomic  
mission, *apis mellifera* circle the square nuclei,  
the combed circumferences of safety, leaving

their ochre traces to freckle the snow.  
Wings driven to a wagging dance find the world  
wrapped in an unkindness of ice, the faceted eye  
fixes on no petalled throat through polarized blue

and we find the unwed mothers of cold circumstance  
stranded after dark, stunned by the suddenly  
sunless air, scattered over snow bones  
dreaming syrup and stamens and painted tongues.

# The Owl Who Knew What Was Coming

By Tina Tolliver Matney

We played "musical owls" on a recent Friday evening here at the raptor center. It's not a regular routine but occasionally it has to be done. We do the shuffling of critters from one pen to another so that raptors of varying degrees of health and flight can be housed appropriately.

It's not always owls that need to be moved; that just happens to be the raptor of the month right now, with the occasional red-tailed hawk thrown in just so we don't get too comfy.

Giving medications to children or animals is not something I've ever been really comfortable with. Perhaps childhood memories of my mom trying to disguise the taste and smell of the pink antibiotic still haunt me. She was clever in her ways of getting us to take our medicine and generally we didn't know what hit us until it was on its way down, leaving behind just the hint of an unpleasant taste.

Owls have a reputation for being wise and I'm convinced that they truly are. They take in every movement and sound and their intense stare can make my own confidence wane when I need it most. Supposedly owls don't have an olfactory sense. I read this in a book. But in reality, and from what I've learned from the latest raptor "patient," owls can taste and they can smell and if there's evidence to prove me wrong, well then go ahead and send it my way.

Raptors use their talons as a weapon of defense. They will roll over onto their backs and strike with those razor-sharp talons when they feel threatened, or if they sense that you are coming at them with the pink stuff. This latest patient is a great horned owl that had the sad misfortune of tangling with a barbed wire fence. I'm planning a future article on the evils of said fences and the number of casualties they create in the wild world.

This owl is the fourth since the fall months to arrive here after getting wrapped up in barbed wire. So far, he is the only one to survive, and I might as well add that chances for his release to the wild

are slim. But we're giving him every opportunity.

One of the veterinarians at Mt. Spokane performed surgery to patch up his wing. She carefully stitched him up and pieced together the tangled mess of muscle and tissue before she sent him here with a two-week supply of medicine and detailed instructions stressing the importance that he finish it all up like a good little owl.

The medicine was loaded into syringes, in theory making it easy to just pop into his mouth, push the plunger and "Voila!" That simple strategy worked great. Twice. And then ... then ... he morphed into the likes of a three-year-old child who did everything he could think of to not swallow the ickiness. While some evenings I found his stubborn ingenuity comical, I also found it frustrating and so very sad that he was in this unfortunate predicament.

The third evening, I proceeded with cleaning his crate while his food thawed. His medicines were laid out as usual. I picked up the first syringe with the seemingly less-nasty-tasting medicine, which he accepted with simply a hiss followed by swallowing then a clack of his beak. It was the second medicine, the antibiotic, that was the issue.

Every indication was that he could smell it, or somehow could sense what was coming. If he had a nose to hold I would have tried that. I tried prying his mouth open. First with the syringe, then with my gloved fingers. The closer I got to his face the farther back he leaned. When I drew my hand away because he had leaned back so far I couldn't reach and my shoulder would ache, he would sit back up, straight and tall.

We went back and forth with this seesaw motion until he nearly tipped over backwards. But as he righted himself I got lucky mid-hiss and squirted the medicine into his mouth. There was no doubt whatsoever that the foul-tasting liquid had hit its mark. His eyes, already huge, opened even wider and he shook his head like you might see a person do who just inhaled a tablespoon of

straight lemon juice.

Regal raptors can be reduced to heaps of pathetic gagging messes before they recover their sense of dignity ... and it's not pretty.

I tried everything I could think of to make the process easier. One night I placed eight little pieces of meat on a little plate. The only one left in the morning was the one that had the medicine in it. When I left him only one big piece of medicated chicken, he chose not to eat. The direct approach was the most successful.

The other night I opened the door to the greenhouse where his crate was up on one of the potting benches. I saw him sitting tall on the little log I had placed for his perch. He looked quite content and comfy and, while I didn't relish the thought of disturbing him, it had to be done.

I gathered up the last of the medicines - we were finally down to the last round. I was eager to get him out into a pen where he could move more freely and we could be done with this unpleasant ritual. His eyes were on me, very intent on my every move. I slowly opened the door to his crate and his eyes moved to the syringe in my right hand. He sat up as straight and tall as he could and then, as my hand came up, he picked up one foot and, in seemingly slow motion, simply turned around.

There he stood, wing kind of droopy from his injury, his back to me, just as still as could be, staring at nothing but the back wall of his crate, like a child in a time-out corner.

I sighed and resigned myself to the fact that I could wait for him to turn back around or put up a fight and catch him and do it the hard way. I chose to wait and finally just gave up and went to bed. He finally was hungry enough the next morning that I was successful in getting that last dose of medicine down him. He shook and shuddered and swallowed it down like the good doctor told him to. You know, if he ever needs to suffer through another round of foul-tasting medicines, I'll give him to my mom.

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## Along the Mountain Path: Pelvic Balance

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

*"Flexibility, Strength, Balance, Alignment, Awareness, and Breath."*

~ Principles of Iyengar Yoga

Finding correct alignment for the body brings freedom of movement, ease of breath and clarity of mind. When we are in poor postural positions, nerve messages do not move optimally from the brain to other parts of the body. Our mood is affected and, over time, we may have pain due to muscular imbalance.

It was taught to me that the feet and legs need to be in balance to support the pelvis. The pelvis (literally "bowl" or "basin") is the pot out of which the tree of the spine grows. If the pelvis is not in balance, the natural curves of the spine are distorted, and this can cause problems from the hips up through the neck.

When the pelvis is balanced, the thighbones sit nicely in the center of the hip sockets, and the hips can move freely. Since most healthy movement comes from the hips, pelvic balance is important!

There are "signposts" on the pelvis that can help us feel our balance. In the back, at the bottom, are our "sit bones" (*ischial tuberosities*), and in front the frontal "hip bones" (*anterior superior iliac spine*). Lying on your back, knees bent, feet flat on the floor, you can roll side to side and feel the sit bones. Balance those, and take your fingertips to the ASIS points. They should be even from the waist and straight across the body – even sit bone to sit bone, and hip bone to hip bone.

We can strengthen three muscle groups to help keep our pelvis balanced. They are the transverse abdominal wall, the adductors on the inner thigh, and the abductor muscles of the outer hips.

My favorite exercise for the transverse abdominal wall is called "strap press." Lying on your back with the knees bent and feet on the floor, place a yoga strap under your lumbar curve. Inhale and draw the knees up until your thighs are perpendicular to the floor, and your lower legs are parallel. With an exhale, draw your navel toward your spine, and press the strap to the floor. (Do not let your knees move toward your chest!)

Keep the strap pressed for three to five exhales (your inhales will be shallow and automatic), intensifying the press with each exhale. Point your toes and quickly touch one foot to the floor on an exhale, alternating feet until you have done it three to five times on each side. Then flex your feet and extend through a heel to touch the floor. Again, alternate sides and keep the strap pressed the whole time.

When you are done, place both feet on the floor and relax. The transverse abdominal wall controls your lumbar curve and stabilizes the lumbar vertebra.

For the adductors on the inner thighs, press a block between your thighs, rolling the thighs in onto the block. This can be done lying on the floor, legs straight out, with a block pressed between the palms of the hands, arms extended out, above the head. Reach through flexed feet and out through the arms, and hold for two minutes. This shape is like *Urdhva Hastasana*, upward hand pose.

For the abductors, which are smaller, and need to be strong enough to balance the adductors, begin by lying with the pelvis on a bolster. Let the tail bone hang off. Extend both legs up to the

ceiling, and back slightly toward an imaginary wall, with a strap across the arches of the feet. (You will feel gravity taking the tail bone.) This is *Viparita Karani* without a wall.

Extend your arms up the strap and hold gently, finding the balance between push and pull. Stay for two minutes, then part the legs slightly and press the outside edge of each foot into the strap. You will definitely feel your abductors!

Practicing these strengthening exercises regularly will help to keep your pelvis balanced and bring increased awareness into these important muscle groups in your asana practice and through out your daily life.

As you walk along the mountain path, may the tree of your spine grow tall and strong!

Namaste

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

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# Not My Lunch

By Louanne Atherley

For many years, one of the things we really enjoyed about our ten-mile drive to the highway was going past a field where quail lived. We loved to see their perky little topknots and the way they would scurry across the road like cartoon characters. We often joked about nabbing some to take home.

And then one spring morning we heard the distinctive call of a male quail as we sat having breakfast and found him perched in an old pear tree just above our house. We were excited to think that we might finally have some quail of our own. He called and called all spring but with no visible results. The next year it was the same thing; one solitary male and his heartfelt call.

Then, later that summer, we saw a few quail down the road a bit and, at some point as fall approached, Ben decided we should throw out a little bird seed and see if that didn't encourage them to move closer. Well, it worked, and all that winter we watched every day as a family of seven quail made their way down the steps from our patio and stopped to scratch and feed just in front of our kitchen window. Papa quail kept watch while mama and the young would feed. We spent a lot of time watching the little family coming and going.

That spring I began to learn what it meant to have full-time resident quail. As things began to sprout in my garden I started to notice emerging seedlings disappear, and in the dry dirt I began to see shallow dishes formed with the occasional stray feather nearby. The quail had discovered my garden.

About this time, we acquired a new dog. Suki was an Akita/German shepherd mix. She was the last of her littermates to be chosen from a box of puppies at the feed store. She was sweet but extremely shy. When we brought her home, she took up residence in the shop, where she would go to great lengths to find the deepest, darkest corner to hang out in. To introduce her to visitors we usually had to go searching. When she did

finally make her way to the house, there was a table on the porch that she liked to hide under when she was nervous about visitors, and she continued squeezing herself under it even after she was way too big to fit.

Although she was shy, Suki proved to be very smart and was invaluable when Ben went out to do chores. She quickly learned what it was he was trying to do with the cows and calves and would jump right in to help.

That winter the quail had settled into the draw above the house and we decided it would not be a good idea to encourage them to come down close to our new dog. We saw very little of the quail that winter. The following spring and summer I could tell they visited the garden, but they were cautious. We only saw or heard them occasionally.

Then, about the time we started to get frosts, they discovered the grape arbor, which was loaded with grapes that had not been harvested, and they became less cautious. We were surprised by how large the flock had become. We estimated about fifty birds. If they were startled it sounded like a boat motor when they took flight. But they cleaned up the grapes in no time.

Encouraged by the good eats, they became bolder about venturing into the yard, and when it snowed, Ben started feeding them again. Eventually the inevitable happened. Suki helped herself to a quail. Fortunately, Ben was there. When Suki was small she learned that the command "leave it" was her sign that she was to stop whatever she was doing immediately. Ben sternly told her to "leave it" and she did.

The birds decided our lilac hedge was a great



place to hang out. We look forward to hearing their soft calls and flapping of wings from the porch. Suki accepted that they were now part of the farm and we settled into a routine again of watching the quail feed twice a day. We often noticed Suki would be lying very close to their food, but neither paid much attention to the other.

One day, Suki, who by now was spending more time in the house, became unusually agitated and asked to go outside, where she began barking aggressively. This happened several days in a row. One afternoon Ben came in and said he saw a hawk circling the yard. Sure enough, the next morning we looked out to see Suki lying in the snow at the base of the lilac hedge. Directly above her in a walnut tree was a very large hawk. They seemed to be in a standoff.

The quail perched in the branches of the hedge, the hawk eyeing them, and Suki stationed herself between the quail and the hawk, staring up at the hawk, determined that nothing was going to happen to her quail. Eventually the hawk gave up.

I know I usually include a recipe and I guess I could catch some quail and roast them for lunch, but I don't think so. Not on Suki's watch.

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

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# A Year On the Farm

## Balm-y Recipes

By Michelle Lancaster

Winter is a great time to work on indoor projects. This is also a time of year with dry air and dry skin. Here are some of my favorite body care recipes for farm and home use to make the winter a little easier and your body feel better.

**Evergreen Scrub:** I keep a small jar in the shower with a little spoon to scoop with. I most often use the scrub for my hands and face – two areas that come in contact with cold air and water and dry out easily in winter months. After making this, let set for a day to allow the scents to infuse.

- 2/3 cup salt
- 2 Tbsp. fir needles
- 1 cup lard, room temperature
- 40 drops pine essential oil
- 10 drops lemon essential oil

Place salt and fir needles in a food processor or blender. Blend until needles are finely chopped and mixed into the salt. Pour out into a bowl. Add lard and essential oils, then blend with a hand mixer until fluffed and well blended. Pour into a pretty container. Sprinkle a few minced needles and sea salt on top.

You can replace lard with olive oil, omit needles, and input your favorite essential oils (lavender is my favorite).

**Un-Petroleum Jelly:** Use as an all-purpose salve. I've given this at baby showers as a "baby balm" approved by moms. This is far superior to petroleum jelly, yet with a similar consistency. The salve is smooth (not sticky-feeling like bag balm) and has a pleasant beeswax-y smell.

- 1 cup lard
- ¼ cup beeswax
- 2 tsp. lanolin
- 20 Vitamin E capsules

Measure ingredients and place in a saucepan on the stove (or microwave 30-60 seconds at a time). Warm on low until beeswax has melted, then remove from heat. Stir occasionally with whisk or electric mixer until solid. (I like to place in fridge or outside to cool and whisk every few minutes.) Pour or scoop into a small jar.

\*I prefer to leave this salve unscented so that it can be used on open wounds without stinging. If desired, essential oils could be added – for example, peppermint and orange make a nice lip balm.

**Tooth powder:** Last year, I signed up for a yearly dental exam program, figuring that if I hadn't been to the dentist after seven years, I'd better get

a check-up. Knock on wood, I had zero cavities and they said my teeth looked great. What can I attribute that to? Trying to eat healthy, and using homemade tooth cleaners.

I experimented with homemade toothpaste and tooth powders for several years, and finally found a healthy and easy method. If you aren't one for recipes, simply brushing with baking soda will do, but adding some other ingredients enhances the palatability and cleaning features of the tooth powder. I also appreciate that tooth powder is non-foaming.

- ¼ cup baking soda
- 1 Tbsp. clay powder
- 1 Tbsp. salt
- 1 Tbsp. ground cinnamon
- 1 tsp. ground clove

Combine ingredients in a bowl and stir until blended. A potato masher works well for blending. Store in a glass jar – one jar per person. To use: Wet toothbrush with water, then dip toothbrush in the powder and brush teeth like normal. This style of teeth cleaning may take time to get used to, but now I find I much prefer it to toothpastes. Also, I can safely eat or drink again right after brushing my teeth with no worries about fluoride poisoning.

**Clay Detox Foot Bath:** Soothing on the feet, this increases circulation and helps draw out toxins from the body. It's especially a relief for feet that have been in boots all day or are tired, sore or cold. If your whole body needs help, this recipe works well when doubled and then added to a bath.

- ¼ cup Epsom salts
- ¼ cup baking soda
- 1 tsp. clay powder (optional)
- 5 drops peppermint essential oil (or ¼ cup crushed, dried peppermint)
- 5 drops lemon essential oil or slices from ½ of an organic lemon

Mix all ingredients together. In a container just wide enough to comfortably fit your feet, pour several inches of very warm water (as warm as you can comfortably put your feet in). Add contents of mix to water. Place feet in container, stir to dissolve ingredients. Soak until the water cools (or 15-20 minutes). Drink plenty of water afterwards!

### Where to find ingredients

**Lard** (for creamy, smooth consistency): Ask a neighbor or a butcher if they have extra lard. Or, ask at your grocery store; odds are they either have lard or can order it for you.

**Beeswax** (for texture, consistency and aroma): Local beekeepers and stores sell it or order online.

**Lanolin** (for healing and soothing properties): All-purpose stores and online.

**Vitamin E** (a natural preservative): Capsules are in drugstores. Or you could try the one-ounce bottle of squeezable Vitamin E from health food stores, often found in the aisle with lotions.

**Clay**, such as Bentonite (draws out toxins): Health food stores and online.

**Slippery Elm** (draws out toxins and soothes tissue): Health food stores. Oregon's Wild Harvest and Mountain Rose Herbs have bulk pricing. Buy a pound – there are many great uses for slippery elm!

**Activated Charcoal** (draws out toxins): Capsules at health food stores. A good source of powder in bulk form is <https://www.buyactivatedcharcoal.com>

**Essential Oils** (for medicinal properties): NOW is a popular, affordable brand available in stores and online. Bulk essential oils are available online.

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







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# Achievement Built on Long-Ago Games

By Tina Wynecoop

An event that took 29 years of extraordinary effort and vision made history in early January 2018: The Spokane Tribe of Indians opened the first phase of their Airway Heights casino. It is located on the West Plains – within their ancestral territory.

Many tribal members came to a “soft” opening ahead of the grand opening. Before we entered the casino for the first look-see, four flags were raised in ceremony by the tribe’s VFW members as the drum circle played and sang their honor song.

Once attendees were seated inside the casino, Jim Sijohn delivered a heartfelt prayer, which was followed by an eloquent welcome spoken with fervor by Carol Stearns Evans, Spokane tribal business council chairwoman. She summarized the multitude of hurdles the tribe patiently persisted in overcoming during the previous three decades. Her fellow council members addressed the group as well.

Then the new casino’s splash and shine became the main focus of our attention with its multitude of gaming stations.

Refreshments were provided. Of the three in-house eateries, one stood out in particular to me: Wahluks. North of the Hanford Reservation and the nearby White Bluffs that border the Columbia River, just south of the Saddle Mountains, there is a geographical feature on the state map named Wahluke Slope. A school district and businesses in the area are named Wahluke. It is an important word in the language of the Interior Plateau people. A place name. A game. A very old tradition. A word in neon inside the casino.

There are variations on the spelling of the word and perhaps the Salish meaning of Wahluke is lost on most of us. Internet and Salish dictionary searches show there are wahluke contests at various area casinos with cash prizes. What little I know about the word is that wahluks is embedded in my husband’s boyhood recollection of powwows held on the Spokane Indian Reservation.

Arnold “Judge” Wynecoop, the second of seven sons of Clair and Phoebe Wynecoop, was born at Wellpinit in 1934. The family’s cattle ranch bordered the powwow grounds. Here is an excerpt from his book, *The Shooting Star: Growing Up on the Spokane Indian Reservation*:

*The old powwows were great events, officially called “fairs,” which they pretty well were. There was a large building, two stories, which was the exhibit hall. There would be produce exhibits, and special talent exhibits such as beadwork, quilts, embroidery, baked goods and other fine work members were proud to display.*

*During the day, a horse race along the lines of a “pony express” was held. In this race a horse and rider would start with other contestants in front*

*of the grandstand making a complete circle on the track that circled the powwow grounds. He would dismount, usually leaping from his horse and remounting another horse and off he would go around the course again. Some of these riders were really good at dismounting and quickly remounting. Some would land on their feet and run and leap over the rump of the next horse and fly out of there. There would be several riders doing these things at the same time.*

*Most nights there were stick games going on and gambling of other types: poker, dice, wahluks, a traditional card game, and other games. The players at wahluks games kept their money in their Levi pockets, so it was kind of a rolled, wadded-up mess the player would throw out for his bet. It didn’t seem to bother the other players ‘cause they threw out something just as messed up to cover the bet. Years later we would kid each other if we had a dirty looking dollar bill – it was wahluks money.*



*The stick games were great! The further back I can remember the games the more haunting they are. Being there with some old time stick game players – well, the feeling is hard to describe. All manner of Indian people from all over the north-west would be there. There were long-standing teams and individual competitors. Flatheads, Colvilles, Kalispels, Coeur d’Alenes, San Poils, Lakes, Yakamas, and probably other gamers visiting from the west side of the Cascade Mountains or from Oregon, joined in. The playing would go on all night. Since we lived across the meadow from the powwow grounds we could hear the singing and pounding very well. I really loved the sound – and the interesting songs sung along with the pounding. There were both male and female voices. The tempo of the singing would change as some exciting thing would happen. Somebody won a stick maybe, then the song may go on normally for stick game singing and all at once there would be a very high voice ... very high and strong. It would make the hair on my neck stand up!*

*There were also war dancers. Seems like the regalia and dancers from the earlier days were more authentic. The dancers I most enjoyed were our own Spokans: Paul “Stink Bug” Elijah, Paul Phillips and Little Dan Sherwood would really put on a show. They danced wearing breechcloths, moccasins, and bells strapped to their ankles. You could really imagine they would be up and heading out with a war party the next morning.*

Andrew Joseph Sr.(Colville-Okanogan) has his own description of the wahluks/wallooks card game. Andy grew up on the west side of the Columbia River and is eight years younger than my husband. He describes in his book, *The Country of Sen-om-tuse (sn? amtus): Growing Up the Traditional Colville-Okanogan Way* many of the same remembrances Judge shared – including watching his mentor and friend, an old Indian named Choon (Nichols), win at card and stick games:

*I really liked the Indian war dance songs and was able to remember them. I liked the stick game songs too. It was the best time of my life.*

*Choon had the stick game bones and was winning sticks. When the other team couldn’t guess which of his hands held the white bone, he would really clown around and wave his hands as if he were drunk, but he didn’t drink. When he won the other team’s last stick, he laid on his back and kicked his feet in the air. Choon never did act like an old man.*

*Choon was having the time of his life. He was playing the card game wallooks. The dealer shuffles the cards and lays down two cards face up, then a person bets which card will come up first. If the two cards were a two and a jack and you felt the jack would come up first, you might bet a dollar on the jack. The dealer would call your bet with a dollar. Then the dealer turned the deck up so everyone could see the cards, and took card after card off the deck until one of the two cards showed up again. Either the dealer or the other play[er] won if their card was the first to turn up. Choon was winning most of the time and having fun with the people. He had many friends to visit with at the [Nespelem] powwow.*

Congratulation to the Spokane Tribe for turning their long-held dream into reality. Neither Judge or I know much about gaming, but we were so happy to receive an invitation to the opening. We were reminded that we too “gambled” on marrying each other over 44 years ago – uniting two people from very different cultures, two individuals who sometimes found “the road to many a wonder” as challenging as that pathway faced by the tribe in their effort to build this casino. The “payout” has been enriching. I gained the most from the union, of that I am certain. May it be so for the Spokane Tribe as well.

# From the Inside Out

## Aesthetics: Subliminal Visuals

By Daisy Pongrakthai

***“The subliminal aspects of everything that happens to us may seem to play very little part in our daily lives. But they are the almost invisible roots of our conscious thoughts.”***

~ Carl Jung

A Buddhist monk taught me to “be careful what you put on your eye.” His English translation was curious, but he meant: Take care what you choose to look at and surround yourself with. For example, when you go out, he said, put your eye on nature anytime you can because you are guaranteed “peace to be returned.”

In my home environment, I value my “aesthetics” – *items that reflect beauty*. OK, yes, I have studied Feng Shui, and understand the importance of order in my home-space and incorporating nature’s five elements of earth, water, fire, air and ether. Much of its philosophy boils down to mimicking nature because that’s our original environment.

Aesthetics, simply said, are *visuals that give our lives meaning*, whether it’s through family photos, hobby relics, nature or animal mementos, a favorite video – whatever brings a resonate, beautiful feeling inside you.

Things carry meaning and *what your eye sees imprints upon your conscious, subconscious and unconscious being*. The way I see it is that things have a little consciousness of their own. Here is the key: *When these chosen aesthetics are hitting my eye, they are giving me meaning*.

What kind of meaning are these things emanating? For example, when you look around in your space right now, what meaning does *every thing* give you? Do you know?

Rev. Tiffany Barsotti, biofield scientist, has devoted considerable studies to what our eyes are doing and how they operate. Her honor-winning master’s thesis said:

“If you see something, even if you’re not sight-conscious, you still sense and have many receptors that are tuned to your environment. Our fields are processing 4 billion bits of information at any given time and the brain is only capable of 128 bits, give or take. So you *know* your environment, whether you are conscious or not.”

Our beings at a subatomic level vibrate at frequencies, or energetic levels. Everything in the universe does, and some work with the approach that these frequencies can be “programmed” into objects. This practice enters into the art of “vibrational healing,” such as the Tibetan mandalas or spiritually embedded artwork. Their purpose is based on an intention-behind-the-thing concept: that the art viewed impresses higher vibrational codes onto the seer or listener because of the intent (code-vibrations) embedded, just like advertising does.

Another phrase for this type of intentional placement of items and messages is “visual subliminal programming.” Subliminal messages are words and images – spoken or seen – that operate below our conscious awareness. They are conveyed to the subconscious mind, which I think of as somewhat of a closet storehouse for our desires, motives and experiences.

Visual cues, for example, that are flashed in a few milliseconds have been proven to influence our thoughts and behaviors. This shows that visuals can influence us to be successful in a creative way or controlled by something other than our free will.

There are plenty of studies on subliminal pro-

gramming. Professor Benjamin Wolman has done more than 40 books on how conscious thoughts are influenced by impulses outside conscious awareness; Dr. Norman Dixon cites over 700 references of positive subliminal communication results; Dr. Eldon Taylor attests that positive subliminal information is biologically invited and acted upon; Dr. Bahador Bahrami used scanners to show how the brain absorbs subliminal messages when passive.

As you may know, advertisements have been operating in this repetitive audio-visual manner for years now. They embed images hiding in plain sight, such as a dollar bill in a KFC ad. I create my own subliminal messages in my environment so I don’t need Colonel what’s-his-name. I choose to surround myself with beauty and objects of meaning, such as a decorated altar, my daughter’s paintings, an inspiration board by my work desk, whiteboards open to fluid messages, an owl for wisdom, a giraffe for setting my sights high.

Every little positive programming tool helps these days with so much negative programming going in our minds, or trying to. We can program our own messages in our own visuals. *We can create what we want to reflect back to ourselves*, and what the eye meets is like the science says: a sublime reality.

You can program your visuals to bounce back at you what you want to imprint on your mind – something you want to become better at or gain more knowledge of. Aesthetic programming is a great addition to affirmations on sticky notes!

P.S. – There is good news challenging the old subliminal advertising tactics. Authors of recent children’s books and videos, such as Eckhart Tolle and Louise Hay, aim at embedding positive messages. For videos, do an online search for “positive subliminal videos kids” or the like.

See more From the Inside Out on Daisy’s blog at [www.thepartyinside.com](http://www.thepartyinside.com).



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## Getting My Groove On

By Gabriele von Trapp

"Getting your groove on" has several meanings, but in general it indicates that one is doing what one normally does well, usually in a situation suited to one's abilities or interests: a niche. Having your "groove on" means your life is going your way, is promising and positive, and you feel well-being and confidence. You are dancing to the music of life, focused and productive, and everything you do comes together mentally and physically. It is a balance of the good with the bad; the easy with the difficult; needs with wants.

Several factors in life affect your groove.

Weather tends to be at the top of the list. A grey, wet, cold, colorless and dreary winter can put a serious damper on your groove. This season also brings with it a host of illnesses that slow you down, shut you down or stop you in your tracks. It is difficult to feel your groove when your symptoms seem bigger than you are. Coughing, sneezing, vomiting, diarrhea, yuck! How can you feel confident, be vibrant or have interest in anything other than getting better?

Life-changing events can also derail you from your groove track. A relationship ending, divorce, losing your job, an accident, or any unanticipated change that does not work in your favor can put a huge divide between you and your groove. All these factors place you in a position where you have to pull yourself up by your boot-straps, lean forward with a heavy load of skepticism and take a leap into an unknown future.

Your faith and determination are tested, your morale may be seriously debilitated, your motivation could be at an all-time low, your energy level sags, your timing may be off and you won't be able to catch the train. And, as you contemplate the direction you should take, time passes by faster and faster. Your schedule

is misaligned, your skills are suffering and you are out of practice of being your wonderful, amazing self. You find yourself in a rut. Not a good groove.

I bring this subject up because, in one way or another, I have recently experienced all of the above. After several life-changing events and a long string of illnesses, I can't seem to find my groove. I'm in a rut, at a low, and not doing a lot of dancing.

As I reflect on all this, I conclude that I was a person who usually had a good groove on, professionally, socially and as a member of the community. I was happy with my job and invested in my career. I had a string of good fortune and my timing was impeccable. I was content, happy, fulfilled, balanced and looking forward to the future. I felt unstoppable. But a few whammies put me in my place.

I relocated to a new home in November. The process was grueling. I had renovations to make, contractors to hire, money to be spent, decisions to be made. Timing on every project was delayed, work was stalled and I was back and forth daily to push the work forward. After three months, I was finally in the new home but my environment just wasn't coming together. It was awkward, smaller, darker, furniture didn't fit, colors didn't go, stuff didn't work. I felt like a misfit, out of place, and my new groove was not coming on.

Functioning from a platform of frenzy is also not conducive to a good groove. Soon after I moved into my new home I began to develop symptoms of illness. Coughing, fever, congestion, bodily aches and pains which laid me out for three weeks! I had the flu. Even my cat was throwing up everywhere.

Soon after I recovered from the flu I began to experience dizziness, numbness, severe headaches, stomach aches and a complete loss

of appetite and drive. I began to panic. Going to the doctor meant an out-of-pocket expense and what about the cost of testing? I decided to lay low and do some self-diagnose research on the internet. I don't recommend this approach because it troubles the mind and is not a good harbinger to grooving.

I have been searching for a new career for the past five months. I have applied for countless positions that I am well qualified for. I have had some good responses but have not found a good fit.

I was recently asked by a prospective employer to take a battery of tests to establish my skills for a secretarial position with a distinguished university. The tests were all online and took about three hours. I was ready, optimistic and feeling confident.

Apparently the phrase "use it or lose it" has validity. Tasks I previously performed just were not coming to me. Simple functions in Word, Excel, mail merges, inserting links, graphs and basic computer skills were not at my fingertips. I bombed. Needless to say, I was not offered the position. This is not a confidence builder and not the kind of music I am used to grooving to.

Too much time has elapsed since I have felt my oats. I am thankful for all the blessings that surround me but something is missing ... me! I want to be back on top, in the swing of things, a productive contributor, part of the big picture, a helper, supporter, active member, successful, ambitious, enthusiastic, full of energy, alert, functional and optimistic.

Getting my "groove on" would be really groovy. I'm wishing for an early spring.

*After 28 years in Stevens County, Gabriele von Trapp is relocating to Deer Park in Spokane County with her memories, dreams and reflections in tow.*



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# Family Ties

## 50 Years Full of Life

By Becky Dubell

Who knew where this hunting trip would lead? 1967: A buddy offers you and your family a place to hunt in Northeast Washington. 1968: "We are moving!" 2018: 50 years later, still here and loving it.

Jan and Janet Doppenberg, with two calves, two beehives (one of which lost its lid after a tire blowout – oops!), four boys and one girl in tow, moved from their two-acre lot on the west side of the state to a piece of property 240 times larger located in the Arden area on the twisty, curvy Highway 395.

Janet, who was the "pusher" of this idea, now has 480 acres to play with. The boys Gary, John, Raymond and Leroy (Dirk stayed on the west coast) had all kinds of room to get into trouble. But, you know, talking to John and Gary was interesting in that they could not come up with stories to tell on each other, but they sure talked about sister Missy and her incident with a motorcycle and the barn door – makes me wonder what she could tell me about her brothers.

Oh – they did share the time the rototiller was turned into a three-wheel go-cart, with a steering wheel and speeds of fast or slow, and then back into a rototiller. Missy sat back, observed and decided, "Nope. I'll stick with horses."

Janet was, and still is, the boss at the farm. Animals and feed to tend to. This was back in the days when the milk and eggs were out on the side of the road along with the calendar where you left your IOU for what you picked up, and you sent a check in the mail at the end of the month.

Lots of bales of hay were bucked by the Doppenberg clan back then. In fact, Dirk came to spend three months during the summer for his "haying vacation." Janet evidently didn't have enough to keep herself busy with the farm and the kids so she decided to become a 4-H leader –

from farm animals to knitting.

Meanwhile, Jan started out on his business adventure, which became the current ABC Heating and Electric. What began as a business on the farm moved just one year later into the current location in Colville, the Case Building, where the original Case orange is still on the floor (must be some really good paint).

The first time I walked into the building, I was reminded of my Granddad's repair shop – the smells, the stuff on the shelves and the "organization" system that only he could understand.

Just short of 50 years in this location and now run by the boys and some of their boys, working on the third generation! That is what I love about our neck of the woods – generational businesses.

But don't you try to go in and organize the shelves, cuz then the boys will not be able to find anything. It's been stocked that way for almost 50 years, so don't you dare move it. They grew up with it on that shelf!

John and Betty bought ABC from the folks. Jan and Janet decided to retire and downsize – 160 acres, 100 cows and employees in Blue Creek. Downsized? Really?

Gary is an employee at ABC and loves it – John gets to take care of all the worries. Gary goes on vacation every day by heading home to the ranch after a day's work.

Raymond and Sue now have the dairy farm in Blue Creek, and as a hunting guide he gets to continue with the hunting that brought them to the area all those years ago.

Missy is at Sandra's on Main Street in Colville. Leroy stays busy with the haying, farming, cows and ABC (when needed). All but three of



this family are still in this area and at last count the family is 46 strong.

The Doppenbergs enjoy what they do and how they live. Janet is still on the farm in Arden with her boss whip. Gary was in the Navy and saw the world – nothing is as good as Colville. John has taken trips – beaches are nice but nothing is as good as Colville.

As far as the work in their lives? Being able to take a customer's family heirloom – a 100-year-old oil lamp – and have the capability to upgrade it to a functional electric light. WOW! Installing upgraded electrical panels in homes where the original panel was installed by their dad. WHOA!

With all this upgrading going on there are still some areas in Colville you can get away with saying, "Back in the day..." Gary still uses a flip phone and has a personal e-mail that gets checked about once a month. Welcome to Northeast Washington, where we can still live our lives without all those techno gadgets.

Personal note: Thank you Dana for letting me know the PSA test results. Congrats!

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**MLS# 34599 \$289,000**

This is a must see! Large and spacious home on just over an acre across from Jump Off Joe Lake with community access and a view. Approximately 3,056 sq. feet with 3 bedrooms and 2 1/2 baths, a double car garage and a 24X24 shop. New laminate hardwood floors on the main level and master bedroom. Large open living room, dining room, family room with a beautiful gas fireplace and kitchen. Spacious, large open loft upstairs with laundry. Master bedroom has a jacuzzi bath tub and a private balcony. Second bath and bedroom are upstairs. Relax on the covered wrap-around porch & enjoy the views & wildlife. Beach access and fishing within walking distance, multiple lakes within 15 minutes. Chewelah is about 10 minutes away and Spokane is about a 35 minutes.



**MLS# 34237 \$325,000**

One of a kind 1310 Waterfront. Custom built log home on 6.6 acres. Beautiful views of Lake Roosevelt. Large living room, floor-to-ceiling rock fireplace with a pellet insert. Lots of windows to let the sunshine in! Main floor bedroom and bath. Big kitchen with expansive counter space, electric range, butcher block island with a Jenn Air and 2 pantries. Loft bedroom, a daylight basement with a sleeping room and amazing bathroom. Covered deck with hand carved bear posts, 30x40 garage plus 3 bay shop w/12x20 lean to.



**MLS# 34700 \$169,900**

Near schools and the park...nice large yard with what could be the biggest Christmas tree in town! County says built in 72 - but that was remodel & addition, really built in the 50s and has the charm of that era along with a nice large dining/living area with an inviting fireplace. 2 bedrooms up + cool "in style again" retro bathroom with nice storage areas. Stairway access to basement from enclosed porch off kitchen, plus entrance from outside off of carport. Third bedroom could be a basement family room. Another basement room could be a non-conforming bedroom. Laundry, utility area, work shop room & 1/2 bath also in basement. Don't miss the concrete patios in the back yard, workshop and 2 bay carport. Is an estate - so no disclosure and sold AS IS.



**MLS# 34770 \$595,000**

Brand new price on this destination home/compound! Fly-in to your own beautiful rolling grassland! Great place for horse ranch or cattle. Comes complete with very low maintenance home. Built for ease with commercial style kitchen. Relax on covered patio and watch the wildlife. Private end-of-the-road location but close to town with EZ access. There is an aerated pond for fish, deer-fenced orchard, and a year round creek! Good producing well and approved septic. Home has radiant floor heat and wood stove. Very modern, easy care kitchen with stainless counters and appliances. Everything on one level. Large attached shop with same radiant floor heating for those cold days. Second garage/shop building, bunkhouse, root/cool storage and airstrip complete with hanger! Don't miss the drone video.



**MLS# 33892 \$129,000**

Peaceful Setting with well kept manufactured home on a .55 of an acre across from Jump Off Joe Lake. This property has lake access and amenities. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths with a large living room with picture window over looking the deck, with territorial views. Spacious rooms, walk in closets, front and back decks for relaxing. Fenced yard, large garage with workshop and attached greenhouse with several outbuildings.



**MLS# 34675 \$179,900**

Nice Colville Valley views from this daylight basement, 3 bedroom 1.5 bath home on a big lot. Newly refinished kitchen cabinets, large living room upstairs and downstairs. Lots of big storage areas. There is even a laundry shoot. Nicely landscaped yard with extra storage sheds. Currently a USDA Guarantee Loan.



**MLS# 34189 \$169,000**

Completely remodeled "Champion" double wide home, 3 bedroom 2 bath on approximately 11 acres, with timber and mountain views. Brand new roof, flooring, kitchen, bathrooms, doors, fresh paint and 1 new deck and 2 restored decks. Detached garage/shop, room for toys and lots of room for a garden. This home is like new! Short drive to Chewelah and only 44 miles to downtown Spokane.



**MLS# 33810 \$280,000**

Quiet time with nature right at your doorstep with. Motivated Seller! Home and possible business with the enjoyment of beautiful views of Kettle River and an extra large deck. Remodeled kitchen and bathroom and a large laundry room on the main floor. Two bedrooms and a room without a closet upstairs, 1 bath on the main level with an additional bedroom room and bathroom in the basement. Also in the basement is a separate room set up for a Salon with its own access door and 1/2 bath for your clients. All levels of the home have access to the deck to sit and relax and listen to Matsen Creek. Single car carport attached to the home. Large shop. RV parking with hookups.



**MLS# 34343 \$229,000**

Check out this 3 bedroom, 2 bath, 2 story home on 35 heavily treed acreage with 3 creeks and a fire pit! This Shouse (Shop-House) was recently remodeled with new windows, flooring and doors. Several small outbuildings, good well and a pressurized septic system. A 20 X 40 concrete foundation is ready for your building site.



**MLS# 33935 \$219,000**

3 bedroom, 2 bath home on Lake Roosevelt, secondary govt frontage lot by Barney's Junction. New flooring in Kitchen & living room, new water heater & a custom light fixture in the living room. Separate master suite upstairs with a good view of the Lake. Mudroom off garage has a shower. Plenty of room for gardening and recreation!



**MLS# 34771 \$449,950**

Wonderful family farm. PRODUCTIVE FARM GROUND! Currently in hay. Lovely manufactured home with plenty of room for family. Two large hay covers (2,400 sq ft each) and a 24X48 ft shop. Great place for horses or cows, and comes with your own feed lot! Large garden. Seller always sells out of his hay. EZ commute to Spokane.