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——WHERE AND HOW WE LIVE——



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~ JOHN ODELL, WORDS OF WORDS



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Primary Care Access: No Patient Left Behind

By Dr. Barry Bacon, MD

It was 1999. A young woman sat in my office looking rather glum. Her story was not so terribly unusual. The difference was, I suppose, that she was my patient, and this was my territory. She was in her early 20s, a new mom. Her dark brown hair outlined her face in straight crisp borders.

"Doctor Bacon," she began, "I'm really sorry, but I can't come and see you anymore. I developed diabetes since I last saw you, and I didn't have insurance. I have tried to get insurance, but because I have this diagnosis, I couldn't get it for a while. Now that I have insurance, my diagnosis of diabetes isn't covered because there is a nine-month waiting period for preexisting conditions." I could see that she was not doing well. She had lost considerable weight since I last saw her. She had developed some nerve symptoms suggesting that her disease was already affecting other organ systems.

"Look," I said, "I'll see you for nothing. I just need you to come in. I'll write off the cost of my visits. Just don't neglect your care. Diabetes can cause so many complications. You really need help with this. Please don't neglect to come in. We can help you."

She thanked me. "But it's not just the cost of your visits. Even if you write off the office visits, I need to get labs and medicines, testing supplies. I can't afford these. Thank you for trying, though." With that she left the clinic.

I didn't see her for some time, but I didn't forget her. I began paying more attention to people without insurance, tracking their disease course, understanding the barriers they experienced in getting care. I wondered how many more there were who couldn't afford to come. I wondered how many were invisible to us, who stayed home and suffered because the cost of care was too high. I began to collect their stories.

A 50-year-old man with terrible mouth pain got as far as the clinic front desk but changed his mind because he feared the cost. He came into the emergency room the next day with a terrible complication called Ludwig's angina, couldn't open his jaw, needed to be flown to Spokane for emergency surgery. Needless to say, he didn't save any money by staying home.

On another day, a 60-year-old man having a heart attack and heart failure was in tears because he was told he needed to go to the hospital. He couldn't afford it.

A 55-year-old man bleeding from the rectum declined to have a scope due to the cost. He died a few months later of colon cancer. There were others.

We conducted community meetings to understand the plight of those without insurance. People described to us the agony they experience in making difficult decisions about themselves and their children when they have no insurance. Almost all told us that, in the previous year, they had made a decision not to see a doctor for a medical problem they felt they really needed help with because they had no insurance. Half of those with children said they had made the same decision for a child in the past year. And 97% said it was the cost of insurance that prevented them from purchasing it. It got us to thinking.

What if we created a program that helped fill gaps in healthcare for people without insurance? What would that look like? Could we pull it off without being considered an insurance company?

About fifteen years ago, largely as a result of the encounter with that first young mother with newly diagnosed diabetes, we launched a project called Tri-County Community Health Fund (TCCHF). This is a notfor-profit 501(c)3 organization whose mission is to improve access to care for those without insurance in northeastern Washington. With the help of some really fine people, including Ozzie Wilkinson, Jean Conger, Charlie Schuerman, Ron Rehn, Mike Hansen and others, we put together bylaws and formed a board, and since that time we have been able to help hundreds of people access healthcare who otherwise would have struggled alone. It's not a free program, but it makes care affordable. We negotiate on behalf of those without insurance for a discount on charges, and then TCCHF pays 75% of the remaining bill. The patient is responsible for 25%. The patient gets care, the provider gets paid, and the community shares in the load.

The most common cause of bankruptcy in this country, reportedly, is healthcare costs. TCCHF is trying to diminish the destructive power of sickness. TCCHF helps with lab costs, specialty care, medical procedures, x-rays, MRIs, CTs and ultrasounds. TCCHF initiated GetFitColville and helped us lose over 7,000 pounds as a community. TCCHF was the sponsoring agency for the narcotics addiction jail intervention bringing treatment to people in jail coming down off heroin or other narcotics. More recently, we have allocated funds for dental assistance. In October 2015, TCCHF held a healthcare summit to bring together everyone working on health-related disparities in our region. From that meeting, a community priority list inspired the homeless project that is now gaining considerable momentum.

It all started with one patient saying she couldn't afford to see me any more. We cannot

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Life Matters

shrug our shoulders at the plight of the poor. They are our neighbors. Justice demands that we speak on their behalf. Next time, it could be us or our children.

I have a friend, Carl Wilkens, who lives with his family in Spokane. He was director of an international aid organization in Rwanda at the time of the 1994 genocide. He was the only American to stay behind while all foreigners were evacuated. I asked him once why he did it. He replied, "It sounds so simple, it's almost embarrassing." I pressed him a bit more. "Well, here's the truth," he explained. "There were two people who worked for us, a young man and a young woman. Both were Tutsis. My family loved them. I knew that if I left, both of them would die. But I knew that if I stayed, both of them just might survive. So I stayed." And they lived. Such courage is rare.

We don't have to go that far in order to change the health of our region. Here is an excerpt from a recent patient's letter to the dental team at the Colville Community Health Center, which has a sliding scale for people without insurance and which partners with TCCHF for people who can't afford out of pocket costs.

"Life sometimes will come with some pretty hard experiences to deal with. I was not prepared for my husband's passing in 2003 but I survived. I had to face some hard facts and thought I could handle anything after that. I have been pretty self-reliant until this past year. When it came time for my annual screenings such as eye, dental and mammogram, I opted to go with the mammogram first. It was at that time I was diagnosed with breast cancer. After initially having the wind knocked out of me, I decided I could survive this too. And I did.

"However, I had to let my other screenings wait until treatments were over, which wasn't an ideal situation to be in. I had no choice. I checked to see what a dental checkup and cleaning would cost and was appalled at the outrageous cost.



There was absolutely no way to afford care on a fixed income. I have a part-time job and my employer and a good friend suggested the Colville Community Dental Clinic. They explained that fees are based on your ability to pay. I was skeptical at first but was absolutely elated when dental clinic personnel informed me I qualified. I have since begun a series of appointments that eventually will get my dental situation back to where it should and I want it to be.

"Being able to get great quality dental care at a price I can afford has lifted a great deal of weight from my shoulders. I have never been one to ask for help but in this instance there was no choice. I am absolutely 100% grateful for the help and care the clinic has afforded me. Without them, I don't know where I'd be. It's just so wonderful to be able to breathe easy knowing I can afford the care I need...."

TCCHF also partners with other dental clinics in the region that have sliding fees for those with low income. We are proud to join in improving care in northeastern Washington. I am delighted to be part of helping transform

healthcare access here. It's enough to make you

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



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Random Acts of Community

By Christine Wilson

Much has been made of our western cultural attitudes about aging. Entire books have been written on the subject, magazine articles abound, and discussions about the process of aging proliferate. The messages about preparing for aging are simple – slow down, take time, smell the flowers, be in the moment.

Unfortunately, there are at least as many books, magazine articles, and discussions with the opposite message. Pack a lot into your life, follow your bliss, dare to live your dreams, work out, hurry up and lose weight, learn something new, develop an expansive repertoire of slow food to cook, become bilingual ... you know the drill. All while working to pay that mortgage, maybe raising kids in your spare time. That fill-the-day-full list requires youth and vigor and can create enough pressure to make your head feel like it's going to blow up.

Our best bet is to seek a balance that works for each of us individually. We won't always get it right, but balance is never still anyway, so no need to worry. The head-blowing-up thing can be a problem, however, and I believe one of the ways to prevent that is to learn how other people have navigated the process. The communities within the circulation boundaries of the North Columbia Monthly have our fair share of older citizens who can pass on their wisdom. George Santayana famously said that "those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it." There is no reason to count only on our own history; human nature hasn't changed all that much, even as the details have shifted. Actually, the last few decades have cranked out so many changes that it is hard to remember they are just details overlying the natural world, but details they are.

One jewel of our local elder population is a woman named Janou who resides at Pinewood Terrace. Her most glamorous connection to the rest of the world is her close friendship with Julia Child. She sometimes cooked for her friend, she told me, as Julia would work on a current writing project. Janou also met with President Truman and, at his request, established a library in France through the US Information Services.

What strikes me as most wonderful about her is the delight she expresses when she speaks about the beauty of her beloved Paris. I was especially taken by her response to a question I'd been looking forward to asking her. "Which art museum," I said, "do you think I should go to when I visit my cousin in Paris this summer?"

"Oh," she said, with a big grin and eyes sparkling with joy, "It doesn't matter. They are all wonderful and they will all be a joy to see." We can have our favorites, of course, but she finds beauty itself so enchanting that any of it will be wonderful, even the art I might not like. She talked about the pleasure of being in a boat that slices through the city on the Seine, from which I will gain an overview of the city that holds so many memories for her, mostly sweet, but all important to her life now.

Janou was in Paris when the Nazis marched through the city. She will never forget the horror of that time and believes it can't happen again. I told her I was, on occasion, afraid that it might. She showed me her lovely smile and said "You want to make sure it doesn't, don't you?" "Yes,"

I replied. She said she still holds the Germans responsible for their use of fear to control people and foster prejudice. Janou's family was part of the resistance. The lesson she wants to pass on is that as people listen to their own hearts and refuse to give in to that kind of prejudice and overpowering aggression, history will not repeat itself.

I spoke with Sue McFadden, a nurse practitioner at Northwest Ob-Gyn and an instructor of geriatric nursing in Spokane. I told her that Janou would probably not remember that I had been there, but that she had made a couple of powerful points, one about not giving into fear-mongering and one about seeking out beauty. Sue's observation was that Janou is "a perfect example of the point that wisdom and intelligence are deeper than memory." It's a point that is worth remembering for all of us, since, if we are lucky enough, we will get there too.

I saw a quote recently: "My memory is getting so bad I could throw my own surprise party." For those of us who will live long enough for our short-term memory to slip away, what we will have left is our wisdom and the knowledge of what we have learned in life.

It makes sense to focus on learning what we can while we can, including seeking a balance between active goals we set for ourselves and the quiet joy we can find in slowing down enough to enjoy the beauty around us. As I was sitting at the computer working on this article, a lovely scent of flowers floated past me. My husband had walked by with some honey and the smell was captivating. Maybe it was because I was thinking about delight as a form of wisdom but, in any case, I found myself especially taken by the sensual aroma from that honey. Beauty from all its sources, most especially the natural world, can lead us into our own balance between achievement and peacefulness.

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





Travels With Dellie

Exploring the Stone Forest

By Eileen Delehanty Pearkes

Publisher's Note: NCM columnist Eileen Delehanty Pearkes received a Columbia Basin Trust grant to look at the connections among three rainforests: the northern California sequoias, the upper Columbia rainforest, and the coastal forest of Haida Gawaii, B.C. "Landscape speaks to me," Eileen says. "I have always had a dream to ramble across the great American open spaces, which are such an important asset to the country. I have lived outside of the U.S. (in Canada) for 30 years. This is a homecoming for me, at a time when I believe America is also emerging in a new form." What follows is Eileen's third installment of her travelogue with her faithful four-legged companion Dellie in their camper van, La Tortue.

As Dellie and I head southeast out of Nevada, we climb steadily, at times almost imperceptibly, until we level off nearly 5,000 feet above the Pacific Ocean. We have reached the Colorado Plateau, an arid expanse of cliffs, hillocks and canyons pocked by banana yucca, one-seed juniper and silver sagebrush. The cool, watery palette of the upper Columbia's interior rainforest of high trees recedes into memory, replaced by burnished red and vibrant copper-brown soils, glowing under an endless sky.

Eastern Arizona's land mass was once located near the equator, a part of the ancient super-continent of Pangea. Hundreds of millions of years ago, Arizona was a temperate forest filled with evergreen conifers, ferns and grasses. This lush, wet forest hosted many plants and animals that are now extinct. Numerous rivers carved their way through soils and silts, sometimes uprooting trees. Volcanic activity deposited thick layers of ash.

About 175 million years ago, Pangea began to split up into smaller continents. In the geological chaos, large portions of the temperate forest were buried under silts and sands. The high concentration of silica in these soils began almost instantly to work a chemical magic, with the wood losing its moisture content and becoming crystallized. Gradually, over many centuries, the wood from these ancient, wet forests petrified

into a new solid, one far more colorful and rot-resistant. This petrification process occurred in waves, over dozens of millions of years.

"...I begin to understand what the Navajo call Hózhó, or 'walking in beauty."

It's no wonder the landscape feels so old. I park for the night just outside the boundaries of Grand Canyon National Park and wake at sunrise with the light of a three-quarter moon reflecting off a thick frost. After what feels like an obligatory drive along the east rim of the scenic and inspiring canyon, I guide La Tortue further east and south to the Navajo-Hopi Indian Reservation. There are few cars on the road here, and no tourist buses. The dry buttes, canyons and swells of desert silt suspend time further. The splendor of the landscape washes over me as I begin to understand what the Navajo call Hózhó, or "walking in beauty." I slow down even more, moving quietly through the three mesas that mark the geographic and spiritual heart of the reservation. This is the place, say the Navajo and Hopi tribes, where the world began.

Once Pangea had broken up, what we now call Arizona drifted north along with the rest of the new continent. In the ensuing waves of geological change, as the continent stabilized and the Colorado Plateau uplifted, some of the petrified wood that had been deeply buried came to the surface. Along with the ancient wood came a record of rivers in the silt and other soils that had shared the forest's wet habitat.

It's a surreal experience to approach a national forest with no sign of a tree for miles. This is the first moment of surprise in a series of increasingly disembodied wonders that lay ahead for me. I enter the Petrified National Forest on a drive across sparse grassland to an overlook of carved rock canyons that have eroded from the twin cycles of dry desert wind and



heavy seasonal rains. The dynamic nature of creation spreads around me. I stop to take a walk in what the park map calls the Blue Mesa area. These are grey-blue hillocks of ancient mud and gravel, marked deeply by the erosion process and nearly inhospitable to plant life. I follow a path down through the badlands and am winding my way around at their root when I see my first petrified log, emerging reddish-brown out of a sloped, bluegrey surface marked by a dense sweep of alluvial gravel. From a distance, one might mistake the log for a living redwood tree, so close are the two in hue. But the profound stillness of petrification is obvious with a closer look. Here, partially embedded in this lifeless moonscape of soils, is the temperate forest I have come to see.

I leave the badlands and gobble everything I can of the national park's most accessible offerings, and even some of its less accessible ones. A few miles farther down the road, I pull out to hike to an archaeological site where an ancient pueblo has been exposed. Elsewhere in the park, a dig

had revealed a beautiful arrow point made from petrified wood, proof that the indigenous cultures had long known of the wood's sharp, almost glass-like

character. I also climb over a barbed wire fence to walk along a dry stream bed, stained vibrant red by the high concentration of iron oxide in the soil. I walk through whispering grasslands pocked by more exposed logs, with cross-sections flashing in every color of the rainbow. Depending on the minerals concentrated in the soil where the log had been buried, the petrified wood can be purple, blue, green, yellow, orange, red, white or even black.

There is no campground in the Petrified National Forest, but I am too enthralled to leave the area. I park just outside the park boundaries, next to a store that sells tourist goods for travelers and allows campers to stay overnight for \$15.

I wake at sunrise. The sky is open and cleanly dark. Out the east window of the van, the horizon flushes coral and pungent rose with the start of a new day. Out the opposite window, a full moon hangs low and luminous on the desert's western shore. In my narrow little bed, I turn my head first one way and then the other. More beauty. More wonder.

Later that day, I hike out across the badland soils to Martha's Butte. Here, on a south-facing boulder, indigenous cultures have pecked a large spiral petroglyph whose center lines up with the summer solstice every year. I've not come at the right time for the seasonal alignment, but I won't miss another thing that this remarkable landscape offers. I have found a map of revelation and awakening; a record of movement, stillness and embedded time. Whether this visit to Petrified National Forest has been a beginning of a journey or an end of one is, I realize, simply a matter of perspective.

Remembering Jono Esvelt

By Jack Nisbet

I met Jono Esvelt some years ago in a forestry class he taught at Kettle Falls High School. Jono had a dozen students who remained quiet while I droned on about the trees David Thompson encountered when he first arrived in our area two centuries ago, and none of the students seemed to be particularly engaged in the subject. Rather than press those kids to talk, Jono asked his own questions about what the forest back then might have looked like, and his enthusiasm for the subject put everyone at ease. By the time we stepped outside for a walk, the children of timber families were identifying different species of trees for their classmates.

After we arrived at the millpond above Meyer's Falls, I mentioned that Thompson thought of himself as quite a good fisherman, and the idea of a historic figure casting a line steered the conversation in a new direction. Jono, along with several students, nodded in sympathy when they heard how the fur agent couldn't get a single bite in the pools below Albeni Falls.

One girl asked how Thompson cooked the suckers that he caught everywhere in the Columbia country, and someone else wondered if he ever ate walleye. Together, we compared suckers, whitefish, trout, salmon, and sturgeon mentioned in fur trade journals with the introduced fish that locals angle for today. Afterward, Jono and I remarked to each other how much we had learned from the class.

That walk marked my first taste of how Jono's relaxed, free-flowing interests could draw knowledge from individual people about the place where they lived in ways that stretched most definitions of classroom curriculum.

The lesson continued next time I visited, when he put me in front of a wildlife ecology class. Early in the school year he had marched those students along the Kettle Crest to set up trip cameras, and now everyone was snowshoeing back to retrieve wonderful photos of wildlife roaming the high country. A group of students from hunting families, who were working on a deer count project, found it easy to leap from the dressed

weight of deer and elk as recorded by 19th century fur traders to population statistics and buck quotas for 21st century northeastern Washington.

Similar connections beyond school boundaries and across time became even more compelling as Jono developed a vocational high school program at the Colville Fish Hatchery. His junior and senior hatchery students, many of whom had struggled in the classroom since elementary school, put in the hard work required to develop a refined sense of the business's abundant yet fragile fish in all their stages. Along the way, the hands-on experience allowed many of them to glimpse a much larger world.

When an adult visitor came to look over the situation, Jono would arrange for a student to give the visitor a tour through the facility. Together they watched the crew make keen estimates of numbers and size in different age groups, measure out precise food weights for the growing trout, and convert grams to pounds to delivery dates to dollars received. Any member of the team could talk about the threat of some nasty infectious disease or a recent order from a private sport lake; they could dream about enrolling soon in a new fish hatchery management program at a community college, or what tasty fish might be biting in Lake Roosevelt right now.

From the beginning of this ambitious project, Jono envisioned ways that the hatchery could expand its role as a learning center. He regularly asked his students to guide groups from other schools around the concrete tanks, and supervise visitors of all ages who might want to participate in the daily chores.

During special field days, he mixed his classes with other levels so they could walk the grounds while engaging with a variety of local enthusiasts. Everyone in the group became a tracker who followed deer through snow-covered underbrush. Birdwatchers listened for the sweet whistles of bohemian waxwings. Hydrologists considered how the twin springs that had provided local tribes with winter campsites were rerouted

into the life force behind the hatchery's early success. Craftsmen could see the way a grove of branchy cedar mirrored the one that David Thompson used to construct a canoe for his epic trip from Kettle Falls to the Pacific Ocean. Naturalists spotted spring-blooming trillium, glacier lily, and ginger that exactly matched collections made by David Douglas in 1826.







In the fall, walkers could pick fruit off homestead trees and compare their taste to grocery store products today.

Jono, flopping around in rubber boots with a smile on his face, took it all in with the enthusiasm of the most engaged fourth-grader. He would compare the economics of the fish business with the cow-calf operation he ran just north of town, always exploring small changes that might tip the books just slightly in his favor. He understood that the fun was in the process itself: every ounce of fish meal, every new revelation of life outside.

When Jono passed away this winter at the age of 46, the community lost a valued elder - proving that the term has nothing to do with age, and everything to do with awareness, service, and spirit. His memorial service was packed with people who talked about all those things and more. Many of them were current and former students who had experienced Jono in a wide variety of settings, and were still trying to absorb the lessons he offered to them. Several of the most recent had been in the midst of a fishing rod project that was among Jono's favorites because it involved building something practical with your hands.

Part of the talk at the memorial had to dwell on how much life Jono should have had ahead of him, and the huge hole that his loss would leave behind. But for many individuals, Jono Esvelt's presence could be felt as a distinct glow, one that would last just as long as the people he touched made sure to remember what full use he made of the time he was allotted, and how willing he was to share it.

Ancient Places author Jack Nisbet has resumed his rounds of speaking engagements throughout the region. For a complete schedule, visit www. jacknisbet.com and click on the Upcoming Events.



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Laugh Your Way Through the Year

By Loren Cruden

Scoot over, Farmer's Almanac, for the North Columbia Almanac and its locally pertinent suggestions for each month.

January: Month of Improbable Schemes

This is an ideal long-evenings time for poring over Mother Earth News articles about spring projects such as "Quick and Easy Root Cellars Made of Flattened Soup Cans and Shed Cat Hair."

Design your dream beach house for January getaways when climate change turns Spokane into a coastal resort; plan ahead, get a jump on the crowd, invest now!

While in this financial vein, put together a (for now) Inland Empire business plan aimed at marketing dioramas featuring dried local insects in evocative historical poses and attires.

If suffering from chilliness or insomnia brought on by January's dwindling firewood supplies or mounting fuel bills, try animatedly jogging around the bedroom during low-temp wee hours. For bonus excitement, see how many layers of clothes you can put on and still move your arms to a vertical position. Or evaluate the potential BTUs of your furniture and interior paneling; or quietly sort your children's toys into burnable and non-burnable. No reason sleepless cold nights need be unproductive.

February: Month of Climate-Change Realizations

(formerly known as the Month of Frozen Noses)

Realization: The strange sound you're hearing on the roof this month is rain.

Realization: Startling signs of early spring mean you'll have to do a lot of yard work a lot sooner than expected.

Realization: You only got to ski/sled/snowboard/ice skate/snowshoe twice this winter.

Realization: Snow looks better than mud.

Realization: Bears are waking up. Realization: You're not ready.

March: Awkward Month

As you start your seedling flats in the house this month, safeguard them by earnestly instructing your cats not to use them as litter boxes. This always works.

Discover how amazingly unsightly your place looks this time of year. Note how your vehicle has become so muddy you can no longer tell what color it is. (This activity is seasonally appropriate for summer also, substituting dust for mud.)

Debate, with those near and dear, the benefit of being able to swiftly complete IRS returns vs. the disadvantage of it being due to your having a minuscule income.

The Almanac Guru assures you that despite climate change, having a late blizzard sweep in the day after removal of your snow tires remains entirely reliable.

Congress recently passed a bill proclaiming March "Infrastructure Month," with equinox recommended for a moment of silent remembrance of all the cars with their drivers and passengers who each March vanish into our nation's potholes and are never seen again.

April: Month of Ticks

Early in the month entertain loved ones by putting on shorts and seeing how weird your legs look.

April is a great time for outdoor explorations. The ideal tick-repelling outfit to wear is a wetsuit (with hood). Smaller versions are available for pets.

Get together like the old-timers used to do this time of year, to swap true tales about discovering and surreptitiously removing ticks from underneath your clothes in public.

As you may know, ticks await their meals by clinging to bushes or weed stems and waving their wee front legs when they sense a victim's approach – grabbing on as the warm-blooded creature passes. In some states, laws have been enacted requiring ticks to wear bright-colored gloves to make their presences more detectable.

May: Month of Amnesia

At this apex of spring, cold dark winter is forgotten and hot dry summer has yet to exist; therefore only gloriously amnesiac May is real, during which you vow to live here forever.

The traditional Maypole dance was an early tribute to the amnesiac qualities of this month, prolonging forgetfulness by going neither ahead nor back, just around and around.

An often forgotten fact: The original name of this month was *Mate*, in honor of the season's fertility aspects. It was changed to May-Not during the Puritan era, then shortened to May around 1968.

There was one more thing the Almanac Guru wanted to share about May, but she forgot what it was.





Monthly Muse

June: Month of Way Too Much Daylight

Summer solstice for North Columbia residents includes such ancient traditional aspects as not knowing what time it is, fearing that the day will never end, and placing cloth sacks over children's heads so they think it is night.

If you are the ceremonial type, you may want to honor the insect component of this month by making your voice sound like a mosquito's while chanting "OM" at a solstice gathering. Ethereal group harmonics can be attained using this high-level esoteric technique.

It is permissible during this month to shout at birds bursting into joyous song at 5 a.m.

Did you know: June – because of its rhyming facility – is mentioned in the lyrics of over one zillion songs?

The June way-too-much-light effect can be moderated, and more balance created, by painting the windows in half your house's rooms

July: Month of Unaccomplished Goals

August: Month of Uncertainty

During this month try not to think badly of people who already have all their winter firewood cut and stacked. In addition, also avoid trying to make yourself feel better by rationalizing that in not having any wood yet, your home is more secure from forest fires.

Appreciate that hundred-plus temperatures have an upside: making you too stupefied to concentrate on fire anxiety.

Distract and amuse yourself and your friends by creating disguises using fuzzy caterpillars - place one above the lip for a moustache, or above the eyes to augment eyebrows, or alongside the face for sideburns. (Not recommended during border crossings.)

Make a list of all the reasons you choose to live here. (Review photos taken in May.)

September: Month of Stinkbugs

A lighthearted game for this month requires that each family member race around bare-handedly catching as many stinkbugs in the house as possible in ten minutes, releasing them unharmed outdoors. Points are taken off for each "stink" provoked.

For variety, enjoy Stinkbug Racing, Put the Stinkbug on the Cat, or - at night - Find the Stinkbug in the Bed. Addictive!

Celebrate this month's bug in song by substituting "stinkbug" for other two-syllable nouns in familiar tunes. Such as "You are my stinkbug, my only stinkbug," or "Stinkbug on your collar, don't it tell on you-oo," and so on.

Stinkbugs make perfect figures for those dried-insect dioramas mentioned in January. Wee outfits - hats even! - can be fashioned for them using colored tissue paper.

October: Begin Summer Projects Month

The special autumnal splendor of this month may be overlooked in the scramble to do all the things it was way too hot to do in the Month of Unaccomplished Goals and the Month of Uncertainty. So do take a moment now and then (no more than 45 seconds, please! There's work to do!), to fully revel in the seasonal beauty. Or just snap a few photos to lose yourself in later, such as when you're sitting around worrying about survival next August.

October Fun Fact: In olden times Halloween was celebrated as a feast-day for the dead; currently it is enacted through trick-or-treating during which our grandchildren's teeth die.

Ceremoniously re-copy your list of summer projects onto a fresh



sheet of paper under the jaunty heading Next July.

Keep reminding yourself of the cheery fact that your lawn will soon stop growing for the year.

November: Month of Panic

Mark the first heavy frost or snowfall by dashing back and forth between your woodstove and the empty space beside the house, shrieking, Oh no! I forgot! I knew there was something...!

Set your children to gathering sticks and branches each day, keeping them on-task with vivid stories of pioneer families who ran out of fuel.

Pay more than you would've, for logs you would've refused as inferior the month before. This is an important step in developing proper self-esteem.

Going on a date? Find ways to innocently steer the conversation in the direction of chainsaws.

December: Month of Way Too Much Darkness

If you don't yet have snow tires, it may be an auspicious moment to hammer small roofing nails into your tires to serve as studs.

In keeping with long tradition, much of this holiday month should be spent trying to decide whether or not to go places based on road conditions.

Create charming, locally-resourced gifts for family and friends out of such natural materials as dried grasshoppers (pressed and glued with tree sap onto greeting cards), caterpillar fuzz (for stuffing tiny pillows or making Santa beards), or knapweed stems (bundled and... use your imagination!).

A little more light can be coaxed into your day-length by lingering in front of your opened fridge for long contemplative moments. Or inventorying and arranging your fridge condiments alphabetically.

May all you North Columbia Almanac readers have a wondrous 2016!



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Pine Siskin Surprise

Article & Photos by J. Foster Fanning

Walking out the door one early morning, I hear the Ponderosa pines abuzz with the twitters of tiny birds. Lots of tiny birds. I'd heard of pine siskins but hadn't had the pleasure of focusing in on their company. And here they were, a minor flock of them. Soon these small but nomadic Passeriformes of the finch family had taken over my bird feeders. They are enjoyable, gregarious birds that fly with a flash of yellow under their wings.

Previously, when I had thought of pine siskins, the visualization was of a larger bird (wrong), and one somewhat more solitary than not (wrong again). These flashy songbirds are very small, more along the lines of a nuthatch or chickadee. And their daily flight pattern is in somewhat tight clusters of a dozen or more birds appearing at the feeders at once. I have also noticed solitary siskins perched on or around the feeders. Watching them all closely I questioned whether they had consumed too many seeds and needed a digestive break.

Pine siskins have sharp, pointed bills more uniquely shaped and more slender than most finches. Their short, forked tails and pointed wingtips are readily noticeable in flight. Pine siskins exercise a variable migratory pattern in response to the seed crops they forage on. These acrobatic creatures are better suited to clinging to small branches than hopping about on the ground, thus their preferred habitat is the edge lands or open canopies of mixed conifer and deciduous forest even though they will forage gardens, cultivated fields and weedy patches in search of various seeds.

It makes sense that pine siskins have a fondness for the seeds of pines as their name suggests. But their diverse diet may well account for the highly adaptive range map these small birds cover. That diet includes seeds from other conifers, western larch, cedars, and spruce. Deciduous seeds are also on the menu – birch, alder, and maples. In addition, they forage for insects, spiders, and grubs throughout the forest canopy, occasionally snatching flying insects from the air. And, of course, as mentioned, they frequent many of our feeders

After studying birds for a bit I'll venture to say that my personal discovery of each bird having some unique-to-itself feature, behavior or characteristic is a

well-known phenomenon among true birders. Pine siskins are known for their unpredictable mass movements, or irruptions. This is when migratory patterns shift with some flocks of siskins entering non-usual areas while others fly west-east and still others north-south. Scientists suggest that though these movements appear erratic they are not necessarily random. In the wake of an irruptive migratory season some of these birds, especially those with dependable food sources, may breed far outside their normal range. For more info on this check out Project Feeder Watch online.

Not your typical songbird: With some pine siskins having year-round habitat in northern areas and at high elevation, they put on half again as much winter fat as their American goldfinch relatives and survive cold winter nights by ramping up their metabolic rates – typically 40% higher than the usual songbird of their size - and that equates to a lot of shivering. To protect their eggs from cold, the nest is not only highly insulated but the female remains on the brood continuously and is fed by the male throughout the process. And speaking of cold, the temporary seed storage that pine siskins have in their crop can total up to 10% of their body mass, equaling enough food energy to get them through several nighttime hours of below-freezing temperatures (and possibly accounting for their sluggishness at the feeder).

The Cornell Lab of Ornithology tells us that "the oldest recorded pine siskin was at least 8 years, 8 months old when it was found in Michigan in 1966. It had been banded in Pennsylvania in 1958."

Pine siskins are the type of migrator that can be abundant one winter and gone the next. As I write this, the feeder is quickly falling to the low point and soon the twittering calls of "fillitup, fillitup" will be heard throughout the yard. So grab your field glasses, camera and bird book and set out for a backyard adventure here in the Columbia Highlands. Pine siskins, if you have them, will be one of the tiny birds clinging to the ends of conifer branches, hanging off pinecones and flashing across the yard or meadow in a cluster with resounding twitters all about. Happy birding....

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. His wildlife and scenic photography show, Take a Walk on the Wild Side, is featured at various venues throughout the region. Learn more at http://fosterfanning.blogspot.com.



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Events

April 9 & 10: Junk Drunk Vintage Market hosted by Forget Me Not. Vintage, antique, retro, salvaged goods & craft market, at the Ag Trade Center in Colville. Admission is \$5. Sat. 9-4 and Sun. 9-3.

April 11 & 18: Community resources at the Colville Community College: Myths & Realities of Living Trusts and General Estate Planning. Medicaid eligibility is covered in depth and there are lots of handouts to take home from your experience. Chris Montgomery, Colville Attorney, teaches this class in person from Colville and broadcasts to other sites such as Republic, Inchelium, Ione, and Newport using ITV. 2803 from 6-8:30 pm. Cost \$23. Register for this and many other classes at: Community Resource Classes: http://sccel. spokane.edu/ACT-2.aspx.

April 15 & 16: RRVS Yard Sale benefiting Rural Resources Victim Services (formerly Family Support Center) at 147 S. Hofstetter @ Astor on Friday and Saturday, 10 - 4. Donations welcome call 509-684-3796 for delivery arrangements.

April 22: Friends of the Little Pend Oreille National Wildlife Refuge offer "The Ice Age Floods, A Perspective from Above and Within." The presentation is by Tom Tabberts, Cheney, geologist, light-weight Trike flyer, photographer and video editor, who offers breathtaking perspectives and viewpoints of flood features, carved canyons, potholes, and scabland washes from Lake Missoula to the Wallula Gap. Free and open to all; refreshments and a raffle. Doors open at the Colville Community College Rendezvous Theater at 6:30 p.m., presentation at 7 pm.

April 23: Fire District 10 is having its second annual fisherman's pancake breakfast on the opening day of fishing season at the fire station on the corner of Aladdin and Smackout Rd. (before the Deep Lake Boundary Road turnoff) from 7-11 am. Call Ron Beedles at 509-732-4195 for more info.

April 23: Casey McKern's Pay it Forward "Raise Your Glass" fundraiser. See back page for details.

April 29: We've got gadgets and gizmos a-plenty. We've got whozits and whatzits galore. You want thingamabobs? We've got twenty! Come and buy. Don't be shy, It's for real. Come look at our stuff - it will be neat! It will make your collection complete! From 9-3 at Parkview Senior Living 240 S. Silke, Colville. Call 509-684-5677 for info or to donate.

May 4: Amy Goodman is coming back to Spokane! KYRS Presents: "Democracy Now! Twenty Years Covering the Movements Changing America" with Amy Goodman, Live At Lewis & Clark High School Auditorium (521 W. 4th Ave., Spokane) at 7 pm. \$15 general admission, \$5 for students with ID. Limited \$100 tickets available for the pre-event reception with Amy Goodman which includes an autographed book and a reserved seat at her talk. All proceeds benefit KYRS! Tickets are available at kyrs.org or call 509-747-3012.

May 7: Bargain hunters should start preparing for Chewelah's 7th Annual Community Yard Sale. The big event is being held from 9 - 3. With over 45 sales expected in and around Chewelah, shoppers will be sure to find something for everyone. This event is again being sponsored by The Independent newspaper. Visit www.chewelahyardsale.com for info and how to get a map of all sales.

Music, Dance, Theater

April 1: Open Mic, 8-10 pm at Meyers Falls Market in Kettle Falls. The event is free and all singers, musicians, poets and audience members are invited.

April 1: Open Mic, at the Pend Oreille Playhouse in Newport. Visit http://www.pendoreilleplayers.org.

April 1-3, 6-8, 9-10: Playing at the Kettle River Grange in April is "Dr. Frankenbody in '3-D!" This "Frankenstein - Hillbilly Farce in Two Acts" is sure to entertain and not to be missed. You can bring the whole family for \$20 on April 6 or have dinner and a show on April 9 (tickets must be purchased in advance for Dinner Theatre Night). Tickets are available at McKern Bros. Insurance, Sandy's Drive In, Barstow General Store or call Patty McKern at 509-738-6050.

April 9: Hear the true country music of Morley & Twila George. Country music speaks about real life, truth and how things really are. Just come and join our family at Parkview 240 S. Silke, Colville at 3:30. Free.

Music at Northern Ales, Kettle Falls:

7th: Sara Brown, 6-8 pm

8th: Northern Aliens, 7-10 pm

14th: Michael Pickett, 6-8 pm

15th: Open Mic, 7-10 pm

16th: Sip and Paint, 4 pm

21st: Finessa Fann, 6-7 pm

23rd: Raise Your Glass 2016 Fundraiser, 6 pm

28th: Justin Johnson, 6-8 pm

29th: Working Spliffs, 7 - 10 pm

In NE Washington & Interior British Columbia

April 15: Broken Whistle, a Celtic band of young musicians perform at the Pend Oreille Playhouse in Newport at 7 pm. Visit http://www.pendoreilleplayers.org for info.

May 6 & 7: Northern Dance Theatre, under the direction of Laura Golphenee, will present their spring show "Shall We Dance" at 7 pm on the CHS Stage. Come out and enjoy 70 local dancers from the dance studio right in the heart of Colville. Tickets are \$10 and can be purchased at Happy's Hallmark or at the door.

Arts & Crafts

April 16: The Springdale Art and Craft Co-op will host a rummage sale of new and used art and craft supplies from 11-4 at the gallery, 500 block of N First Street.

Recycled Art Show: Everyone is invited to enter the 7th Annual Trash to Treasure Recycled Art Show! Submit your original artwork made from material that would otherwise be destined for the trash or recycling bin. Entries must be turned in to the Meyers Falls Market in Kettle Falls before the store closes on Sunday, April 17th and will be on display April 18th-23rd. Details at MeyersFallsMarket.com.

Featured Artistat Trails End Gallery (Chewelah):

Angennette Escobar. The mixed-media work of this Portland-area artist will be on display through early May. The show, titled "Ex-Voto," can be viewed during gallery hours, 2-6 pm on Wednesdays and Thursdays. Call Tim Nielsen, 503-516-8355 for more info.

Featured Artists at Meyers Falls Market: Anthony Gloss. His handcrafted bowls are roughed out with a chainsaw and turned on a lathe, dried for a year, and then finished. He considers his bowls to be practical, primitive and useful art. The artist in the gallery is Su Martens, a painter working in varied media using oils, acrylic and watercolors.

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

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

Farm, Field & Forest

April 2: Sowing Seeds Gardening workshop at the Community College in Colville from 9-2:30 pm. The workshop is \$20 with material fees for some classes. Learn helpful tips for your flower beds and garden. To register, call Adena Sabins at 509-684-2588,e-mailher at asabins@wsu.edu, or download a brochure at and mail it into the extension office.

April 13: Growing your own vegetables & flowers is easier than you might think! Dig into the DIY craze and learn how to make easy, upcycled seed starting supplies at 1 pm at the HUB, 231 W. Elep Avenue Colville. Please RSVP by April 8, 675-1479. Free!

April 21: Northeast Washington Permaculture Guild (NEWPG) meets at 5 pm to network and share info at the Community Connections Room, Meyers Falls Market, Kettle Falls. Please park in back; bring a snack or dish for afterward potluck. For info, call 509-680-8499 or email kud427@gmail.com.

May 21: The Upper Columbia Children's Forest will sponsor two BioBlitzes in Colville. Meet at 9 am on May Road 0.5 miles up the road beyond the end of the pavement on the west side of Colville Mountain. Leaders will guide groups up the dirt road on the west and south-facing side of the mountain tallying and snapping photos of all plants, animals, birds, and insects seen. The steep 800-ft hike is 11/2 miles to the "C" (3 miles roundtrip). Wear appropriate shoes and clothing, and bring water and snacks or lunch. The 1 pm BioBlitz starts at the junction of Hawthorne and Evergreen Streets and includes the flat 2.3-mile loop of the Rotary Trail and 1-mile Graham Hill Trail loop with a 50-foot climb. Let's see what's living in the ponds, creeks, and forests along the way. Bring something to drink and dress for the weather.

Wellness

Dopeless Hope Fiends of Narcotics Anonymous meets every Monday and Thursday night at 7 pm at the Garden Homes Medical Group, lower level.

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

Colville MS Support meets the second Friday of each month at 1 pm at Providence Mount Carmel Health Education House at 1169 East Columbia (lower level), Colville. Call 509-684-3252 for info.

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

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

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

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

Life of the Spirit

April 14: The Colville N.E.W. Lighthouse of Aglow International meets at 6 p.m. at the Colville Ag Trade Center. Pastor Delmar Barrans, who has been in the ministry for 60 plus years, will be guest speaker. For more info, contact Kathleen at 509-680-1411 or Kim at 509-684-3467.

April 21: The Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship in America will meet at 6:30 pm at the Stevens County Ambulance & Training Center, 425 N Hwy in Colville. Keynote Speaker: State Representative, Matt Shea, a ten-year Army Combat Veteran with tours in Bosnia and Iraq. For more info, contact Stewart Kent at 509-684-6144.

April 24: Spiritual Study Group, 4 -5 pm. All are welcome! The HÜMÜH Buddhist Center is hosting a Satsang spiritual study group to listen to the Wisdom Master's recorded words about "Energetic Forces Around Us" and explore their meaning with the Satsang. For more info call 509-476-0200.

May 10 & 17: All are invited to "Laudato Si': Care for Our Common Home," a free, two-part environmental stewardship lecture series presented by Bishop William Skylstad (emeritus) at 6:30 pm, both nights, at the St. Francis Parish in Colbert. The series is based on the 2015 encyclical letter of the same title by Pope Francis. Copies of the Pope's encyclical will be available for purchase on site. Come enjoy light refreshments, great discussions, and learn what we can do in our everyday lives to help protect and preserve the home we all share! For more information: 509-466-4991 or stjoseph@cet.com.

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A Good Read

Early Warning, by Jane Smiley

Reviewed by Loren Cruden

The novel of Pulitzer Prize-winner Jane Smiley's many books that I like best is *The Greenlanders*, about early Scandinavian settlers in Greenland. But Smiley's other novels regularly feature farmers too – those of the American Midwest. Readers may imagine her having a reserved writer's room at the Corn Palace.

Her recent novel *Early Warning* is one of those corn-fed American creations, rooted in Iowa, though spreading out in the course of its 476 pages. It is the second book in a trilogy about the Langdon family. I haven't read *Some Luck*, the lead-off novel, or the newly published concluding book but, with occasional reference to the mercifully provided genealogical chart, I could keep *Early Warning's* extensive cast of characters fairly sorted. The book stands well as a story on its own.

Smiley's finest literary trick with it is how she takes an ordinary family saga and revolves the characters like chicken on a rotisserie. We see them variously from each character's own view and from each other's views. Now and then Smiley even has one character, in the midst of his or her perspective of another character, notice how a third character's view of that person is different. This plentitude of projections, perceptions, and self-reflections not only adds dimension to each character, it forms the intrigue within relationships and interactions, seeming to loose characters from the author's control, their actions then determined

by their own perceptions. As in Louise Erdrich's stories, families seem to step off the page and generate momentums and fates.

Early Warning's characters are immersed in the mid-twentieth century's radical changes. From the Iowa farming nexus, most of the younger generation disperses. There's no major plot development; the story is more a myriad of ordinary details in an orderly series of vignettes, adding up to lives lived or lost, difficulties surmounted or not. Frank, Joe, Tim, Minnie, Lois, Debbie, Lorraine and the rest all trundling along post-WWII – Sputnik, Sky King, the Beatles, Reverend Jones. Like leafing through family scrapbooks and photo albums and back issues of *Life*, recalling what America went through.

Smiley doesn't over-dramatize, staunchly resisting gratuitous tragedy. The story absorbs rather than slaps the reader around. The arc of years, the people, becomes ours.

"...buthe knew enough at his age to know that dollars were like drops of mist – they fluttered around you and then dissipated. The real mystery was how your farm bound you to it, so tightly that you would pay any price (literally, in interest) or make any sacrifice just to take these steps across this familiar undulating ground time and time again."

Smiley's gather of threads in the ending is perfect.

Nora Webster by Colm Tóibín

Reviewed by Loren Cruden

Set in Wexford, Ireland, around the 1970s, Colm Tóibín's newest novel is – as the title suggests – driven by character rather than plot. We meet Nora Webster, a small-town woman in her forties with four children, shortly after Nora is widowed. Her husband, a much-loved schoolteacher, was a man of "ease and slow charm." Nora herself is not so easy and charming, and bereavement does not bring her closer to being so. "When she asked herself what she was interested in, she had to conclude that she was interested in nothing at all. What mattered to her now could be shared with no one.... [People] believed it was time that she stop brooding and think of other things. But there were no other things. There was only what happened."

Nora is acutely aware of what others think and say about her – their disapprovals, speculations, and expectations. Amid small-town claustrophobia the range of Nora's internal world seems to Nora (and the reader) luxuriously spacious. And defiant. It is not comfortable to be both acutely cognizant and defiant, but Nora is a cunningly brave character, so she relishes her wee rebellions. Financial pressures drive her to get a job, and at home there are still two younger children to tend to. Her sons

"had learned to disguise how they felt. She, in turn, had learned to recognize danger signs, thoughts that would lead to other thoughts. She measured her success with the boys by how much she could control her feelings."

Nora feels intruded upon by community, wants a dignified privacy as she slowly ventures forward with her life. Nonetheless, that life is peopled, interactions perceptively described, Tóibín unerring in his reading of Nora's thoughts. As when she buys a record player: "She would have to steel herself, no matter what comments they made, not to care. She had wanted this and now she had it."

Each step forward from her husband's death brings Nora more fully into life's busy stream, yet "Every room, every sound, every piece of space, was filled not only with what had been lost, but with the years themselves, and the days."

The years themselves, and the days; such a beautifully written, generously human book.

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

Now in Theaters: Deadpool

Reviewed by Sophia Aldous

The "Merc with a mouth" finally gets his own movie, and good readers, I loved every scabrous, irreverent moment of it. But first the basics: Yes, Deadpool is a movie based on a comic book, so in essence we have another superhero flick on the big screen, but the timing couldn't be more perfect, and Deadpool is not your average Superman in tights.

Wade Wilson (Ryan Reynolds) is a mercenary for hire, a smart-mouthed, self-aware former special forces operative with shady morals and no loyalties, save for his girlfriend, Vanessa (Morena Baccarin), whose own dark past enables her to relate to Wilson's morbidly quirky sense of humor.

Things are going swimmingly for our two young lovers until Wilson receives a terminal cancer diagnosis. Desperate for a treatment, he signs on for an experimental cure that turns out to be a below-the-board program that tortures patients in an effort to create super soldiers. The head of this devious operation is Francis Freeman

(Ed Skrein), who, along with his super-powered sidekick, Angel Dust (former MMA fighter Gina Carano), makes a suitably loath-able baddie.

After the agonizing experimentation leaves him maimed but bestowed with extraordinary abilities, Wilson adopts the moniker "Deadpool," dons a red and black suit, and goes out to extract a considerable dose of revenge.

So, what makes Deadpool any different than the slew of comic book films that have flooded theaters over the past decade? Well, first of all it's rated R, and deservedly so. There is enough violence in this movie that it might make even Quentin Tarantino guffaw just a little bit. However, it's handled with an almost Monty Pythonesque touch that signals to the audience just how flamboyantly ludicrous the action is that we're watching.

Second, the majority of films based on comic books these days have largely shed their more campy graphic novel roots, opting for storylines that pack grit and drama (Captain America: The



Winter Soldier and The Dark Knight trilogy, for example). Not that it's been a bad ride; if anything it shows that the ability of comic books to reach a wide demographic with good storytelling is alive and well.

The strengths of *Deadpool* though come from cheekily acknowledging that its roots are in that hybrid comic book/cinematic universe, and gleefully skewering its tropes and fantasticism. Basically, the character of Deadpool is like a pop culture and film critic with katanas and six-pack abs. Watching him caper, sulk, jive, jibe and fight his way out of a bad situation is a ball. If that's not your cup of tea, you're missing out on an unusually fun brew.

The Classics Corner: Vertigo

Reviewed by Sophia Aldous

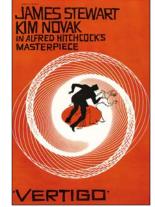
Alfred Hitchcock may have been called the Master of Suspense partly for publicity purposes, but it's a hype the director lived up to again and again. 1958's Vertigo is a crisp, unsettling, hypnotizing example of Hitchcock's abilities when it comes to the knack of spinning a good yarn. Movies like this make me think film should be taught in junior high and high school; I can think of no other art form so ingrained in American history and culture, but perhaps that's a column for another time.

However, back to this cinematic gold nugget. Vertigo was largely ignored when it premiered, which most film buffs and historians scratch their heads at now. The plot revolves around Scottie (James Stewart), a detective who develops a fear of heights after witnessing

a colleague fall to his death. Retiring after the incident, Scottie is drawn back into police work after an old friend, Gavin Elster (Tom Helmore) approaches him and divulges that his wife, Madeleine (Kim Novak), is possessed and he wants Scottie to investigate. Dubious, Scottie agrees to follow Madeleine and, after preventing her attempted suicide, falls in love with her (because why wouldn't he?).

However, Scottie's own mental state is tenuous, with his acrophobia coming into play later in the story.

While there is plenty of glamor



in Vertigo, which is par for the course in Hollywood Golden Age fare, this isn't a story about love as much as it's a tale of obsession, deceit, and the pitfall of searching for your identity in other people. Stewart's Scottie is the figurative itch under the viewer's skin; you squirm inside as his confusion blooms darkly into fixation, but you want the answers just as badly as he does. Novak is the quintessential "Hitchcock blonde," a term used to describe his choice of actresses for leading lady roles in the majority of his movies. Her Madeleine is beautifully flinty, cool and distant, just as much an exacerbating mystery to us as she is to Scottie, thus the basis of her appeal.

Also not to be overlooked are the filming techniques used in *Vertigo*. Hitchcock popularized the dolly zoom in this film, leading to the technique's nick-name, "the Vertigo effect." This dolly-out/zoom-in method involves the camera physically moving away from a subject while simultaneously zooming in (a similar effect can be achieved in reverse), so that the subject retains its size in the frame, but the background's perspective changes. It's a jarring effect used to relay Scottie's fear of heights and it still holds up to this day.

While certain plot points don't exactly go down easy (possession as an excuse for stalking? Really?), Vertigo remains an absorbing study in the craft of filmmaking. Make your next movie night a classic with this one.

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

The Powerfully Timeless Bonnie Raitt

LISTEN UF

Reviewed by Michael Pickett

After her late '80s/early '90s renaissance, Bonnie Raitt could really do no wrong. With easily the best slide guitar hand that ever graced spinning vinyl, and sultry vocals to match, she seemed content to generally lay low and make occasional albums and appearances.

But with a sound that is so immediately identifiable and soulful, Raitt would be robbing the world if she hadn't put out the funk-infused, smoking *Dig in Deep*.

Opening with the deep groove of "Unintended Consequence of Love," Raitt's vocals and glassy guitar fills are matchless. It's such a perfect fit, you almost feel like you've heard it before. By the time you get to the wrenching "Undone" or the slamming "Gypsy in Me," it's clear Raitt isn't back ... she never went away.

If the album proves anything, it's that Bonnie Raitt can still do no wrong, save for not putting out more albums like this one. In an era

ofmusic industry breakdowns, pop stars who don't even achieve 15 minutes of fame, and music that barely qualifies as tuneful, Raitt delivers from the one true place that can't really be contrived: her soul.

Influencing a whole new fleet of young artists who recognize real music for what it is – including Joss Stone and Beth Hart – Bonnie Raitt is still Authenticity 101 for



every musician looking to make something lasting and meaningful.

Booke Annibale Soars Over the Crowd

Reviewed by Michael Pickett

One of the big complaints from (former) major label artists is that too many people can make albums now. That is, the glut of music in the marketplace – online and off – gives heavy-hitting artists too much competition and there's too much audio information for a listener to wade through.

I call that out for what it is: an excuse not to make a greater product. The fact is, talent was never the final arbiter in who made it to the majors. How do I know? I had one of the guys who discovered KISS tell me. In actuality, we get better access to better music now than probably at any point in recorded history. We just have so much more to choose from.

Enter Brooke Annibale, with one of the finest voices in indie pop. Period. While there are way too many derivative soulful singers clamoring for bandwidth today, Annibale absolutely deserves to be heard.

Check out her tone – most closely aligned with Sarah McLachlan, Norah Jones or Natalie Merchant; Annibale possesses a warmth that clearly sets her apart from all those *The Voice* contestants.

Her website opens with the incredibly gripping and well-written "Like the Dream of It," with Annibale's ultra-restrained and breathy treatment propelling this gem forward. Check out the practically perfect "Finding My Way" and the soaring groove of "Go." I defy you not to close your eyes for a second and take a deep breath in the middle of a hectic day.

Indie music is the antidote to prefab art. That's all. Certainly we'll see lots of indie artists working to imitate rather than create, but we're far more likely to find an Allen Stone or Brooke Annibale striking the right chords with a bona fide muse



that doesn't compromise integrity for dollars in their PayPal account. Check out Brooke Annibale's music at http://www.brookeannibale.com/.

Download three Pickett music singles for free at http://m-overdrive.com/pickett, including the "World on Fire" reggae-rock single.





Along the Mountain Path is Back

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

"The limbs (of the Tree of Yoga) are as follows: Yama (ethical precepts), Niyama (personal practices to be observed), Asanas (the Yoga postures), Pranayama (the art of Yoga breathing), Pratyahara (the drawing in of the senses from the material world to the inner self), Dharana (uninterrupted concentration), Dhyana (meditation), and Samadhi (a state of truth and bliss)."

~ Silva, Mira, and Shyam Mehta, Yoga the Iyengar Way

"In relation to others, gratitude is good manners; in relation to ourselves, it is a habit of the heart and a spiritual discipline."

~ Daphne Rose Kingma

At this particular point in my journey, I have so much to be grateful for! I am grateful $to \, be \, a live, and \, getting \, well. \, I \, feel \, gratitude \, for \,$ my doctors, for the scientists who developed my treatment, to my family, yoga students, friends, and the greater community for loving support that truly broke my heart open. I also feel gratitude for 36 years of yoga practice!

Yoga has taught me to trust my body, and to believe in its ability to heal. Beyond that, it has taught me Isvarapranidhana (surrender to a higher power), one of the Niyamas. I intended (and still do!) to maintain a state of "cautious optimism" in which I cooperate with my doctors, and believe in my body, while at the same time realizing that the ultimate outcome is out of my control.

As my breathing was compromised, I had lots of opportunity to practice Pranayama, conscious breathing. At first just staying $present with \, my \, breath, employing \, conscious$ intention to the breathing treatments in the hospital, and being truly grateful for each breath! As I improved, I began to practice "3 part breath" and Viloma Pranayama, expanding the low, mid, and upper portions of my lungs.

I feel gratitude for Asana, which has given

me the flexibility to be in odd positions for long periods of time with relatively minor discomfort, and for the practice of Savasana, which is letting go. I have spent long periods of time over the past few months, in a state of relaxation and acceptance of what is. Savasana (corpse pose) incorporates stillness, Pranayama, taking the yogi to Pratyahara, Dharana, Dhyana, Isvarapranidhara, and Samadhi.

While I have tools to use, and amazing support, please do not think that I never experience impatience or fear. I get grumpy! Oh, how human of me! I consider impatience a sign of getting better. Fear happens, but that is a feeling which passes when you recognize it and accept it as part of your humanity. This is learned in Asana practice as you watch "what comes up" in your mind. Svadhyaya (self-study) is one of the Niyamas.

There are so many ways to practice Yoga, as it is such a comprehensive philosophy for living in the physical world. Right now, this is my practice. I have practiced some Asana, and as I grow stronger, will do more. But right now these more subtle practices are serving me well, and I am grateful. I am grateful to resume writing these articles, and to Brenda for the wonderful job she did in my absence.

As we journey up the mountain path of life, there will be bumps in the road, detours, and obstacles in our way. Yet, if we persevere in our practice, we find, as Erich Schiffman says, "It's already alright!"

Namaste

Sarah is presently in remission from a reoccurrence of breast cancer. She hopes to return to teaching soon.





From the Soil

By Louanne Atherley

I was excited to see one of the early signs of spring. The hazelnut buds are swelling and beginning to put forth their blossoms. Unless you know what to look for, though, you may not realize they are flowering.

As you might remember from high school science, hazelnuts have both male and female parts on one plant. The male part of the flower is the catkin, which is easy to see. It is a couple of inches long and looks like a string of discs. Catkins appear in the fall and bloom in the spring. They stay on the plant year round. In the spring the catkins grow to their largest and may look slightly fluffy when they bloom. In the fall and winter they are dry and brown. The female part is much more difficult to spot. If you look carefully at the buds around early March you will see a very small red protrusion near the tip. This is the stigma of the flower and is visible only for a short time while the plant is in flower.

Hazelnuts grow wild in northeast Washington and were a food source for early inhabitants. I have never tried to harvest any from the woods but I do see lots of opened shells under the bushes. Hazelnuts provide food and shelter for a whole host of critters. The nuts are eaten by squirrels, foxes, northern bobwhite, ruffed grouse, turkey, woodpeckers, and pheasants. The leaves, twigs, and catkins are browsed by rabbits, deer, and moose. The male catkins are a winter food for turkey and ruffed grouse. The dense, low-growth habitat provides cover and nesting sites for many species.

Hazelnut bushes are a nice addition to landscaping. Although it is possible to transplant the local variety, the nuts produced are much smaller than the varieties available from commercial growers and seed catalogs. The largest producers of hazelnuts in this country are in Oregon. Hazelnuts are also grown in the Fraser Valley of British Columbia. Where I grew up, just across the river from Oregon, there were small commercial hazelnut orchards. My mother and some of her friends used to help with the hand harvesting of the filberts, as they are also called, to earn a little "pin money" in the fall after the kids had gone back to school. The house I grew up in had filbert trees in the backyard, too, so we always had a good supply of the nuts on hand. After they spent time drying in the attic we would crack and roast them as a treat but I don't remember that my mother cooked with them much.

Hazelnuts are eaten both raw and roasted. Remnants of hazelnut roasting were found in an archaeological site in Scotland dating to 9,000 years ago. Toasted hazelnuts make a great addition to salads. Their slightly sweet flavor can balance bitter greens, especially when paired with apple or pear or even roasted beet. Roasted hazelnuts are

wonderful paired with chocolate, key ingredients for many fine desserts.

Nutella, hazelnuts blended with cocoa, was developed in Italy in the 1960s and is a popular spread similar to peanut butter. Another lovely treat made with chocolate and hazelnuts, also developed in Italy, is the liqueur Frangelico, created by Christian monks 300 years ago. The name is taken from Fra Angelico, a Dominican friar and painter who lived in the 1400s. The distinctive bottle is even designed to look like a friar, complete with a knotted cord around the "waist."

Some time ago I printed a recipe from an excellent food blog called Raspberry Eggplant. *The New York Times Magazine* voted it one of the 20 best potluck recipes of 2010. I finally tried it out and think it's worth passing along again. These are not like your granny's cupcakes. The frosting is rich and buttery. None of it is terribly sweet but the combination of hazelnut, butter and blackberry is very nice. I ended up eating it with a knife and fork in order to get both the frosting and the hazelnuts in my mouth at the same time.

Blackberry Hazelnut Cupcakes

For the cupcakes:

- ¼ cup hazelnuts
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- ¾ cup all-purpose flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/8 teaspoon salt
- ¼ cup low-fat yogurt
- 1/4 cup milk
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
- · 3 tablespoons butter, room temperature
- 1/2 cup packed light brown sugar
- 1 egg, room temperature

For the frosting:

- 4 ounces fresh blackberries (that's about half a cup plus some for a garnish)
- 1 tablespoon sugar (you could substitute 2 tablespoons blackberry jam for the fruit and sugar)
- 2 egg whites
- 1/4 cup + 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 stick (8 tablespoons) unsalted butter, cut into small pieces and at room temperature

Preparation

Cupcakes:

Heat your oven to 350 F. Line 8 wells of a muffin pan with cupcake papers. Finely grind the hazelnuts and sugar, then evenly distribute among the cupcake papers. In a small bowl, sift the flour, baking powder, and salt. Set aside. In another bowl, whisk the yogurt, milk, and vanilla.



Set aside. Use a mixer to cream the butter and light brown sugar on medium speed for 3 minutes. Scrape down the sides of the bowl, add the egg, and mix until combined. Mix the contents of all three bowls together. Distribute the batter among the cups. Bake until lightly golden around the edges and a toothpick comes out clean, 16-18 minutes. Cool the cupcakes in the pan for 5 minutes, then transfer to a wire rack to fully cool.

Frosting:

Set aside berries for garnish. Puree remaining berries with the tablespoon of sugar. Strain the puree through a fine-mesh sieve into a small saucepan. Gently simmer until it is thick and reduced to about 2 tablespoons (this takes 10-12 minutes). Transfer to a bowl to cool. Put the remaining sugar and egg whites in the bowl of a standing mixer. Bring 2 inches of water to a simmer in a medium saucepan and set the mixer bowl on top of the pan. Whisk the egg white mixture until it is thick and white, about 4 minutes. Transfer the bowl to a standing mixer fitted with a whisk attachment. Whip the egg white mixture on high speed until it is cool, thick, and glossy, about 7 minutes. Reduce the speed to medium-high and add the butter a few pieces at a time, making sure they are fully incorporated before the next addition. After all the butter has been added, continue beating the frosting until it comes together. Add the reduced blackberry puree (or jam) and mix to combine. Frost the cooled cupcakes and top each with a berry half.

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

 $F_{\text{OR}} A R_{\text{EAL}} M_{\text{EAL}}$ ~ John odell, words of words

From the Inside Out

Phoenix Rising

By Daisy Pongrakthai

I think this saying is also true in homeless situations. Upon participating in Dr. Barry Bacon's Tiny Home Project presentation for the homeless, a question sparked my mind ... what makes some people succeed in difficult, hit-bottom situations and others retreat or remain stagnant?

In general, we are intrigued by amazing recovery stories, and rightly so since most struggle-success stories show the human capacity of strength and tenacity. In rock-bottom recovery stories of Holocaust victims, veterans and PTSD patients, challenged athletes, the income challenged or physically challenged, broken homes and the like, poignant research designates resilience as the ruling factor as to how one recovers, improves and exceeds extremely challenging life circumstances.

Reflecting upon my life, I have been in homeless situations: once in a van, once by a river, and once on a snowy hillside in a tent. All were somewhat brief but at the time seemed relentlessly inescapable. All were financially related. I drudged through the hapless, hopeless conditions, still going to work and taking the kids to school. Food stamps and food banks were a source of survival, but I did not know about homeless shelters or housing. I felt responsible to pick myself back up and get back into a normal living state with proper shelter. And I did somehow, I think through a combination of grace and persistence. I also reflect now, what made me fight and rise above?

At first glance, one might surmise that the question of what makes people overcome difficult situations? might be the old survival of the fittest belief system, but my take is that our human psyche runs much deeper than just the dog-eat-dog world on the surface.

As we are waking up to new psychological

"More than education, more than experience, more than training, a person's level of resilience will determine who succeeds and who fails. That's true in the cancer ward, it's true in the Olympics, and it's true in the boardroom."

~ Dean Becker, President and CEO of Adaptiv Learning Systems

research today, scientists continue to reveal the glamor of the inner worlds of our minds and bodies and, in this specific case, the ability to overcome adversity is resilience.

Wikipedia notes that psychological resilience is defined as "an individual's ability to properly adapt to stress and adversity," and that resilience is not a rare ability. It is found in the average individual and it can be learned and developed by virtually anyone. An increasing body of evidence shows that resilience - whether in children, survivors of concentration camps, homeless folk or businesses back from the brink - can be learned.

In business & on the streets

Resilience is a buzzword in business these days. Forbes, Harvard Business Review, Psychology for Business, just to name a few, talk fluently about resilience in the business environment, maintaining that a person's level of resilience will determine who succeeds and who fails.

Most of the resilience theories overlap in three ways. Resilient people possess three characteristics: a staunch acceptance of reality; a deep belief, often buttressed by strongly held values, that life is meaningful; and an uncanny ability to improvise. Researchers say that a person can bounce back from hardship with just one or two of these qualities, but will be truly resilient only with all three. These three characteristics hold true for resilient organizations as well.

Looking at Holocaust victims, Maurice Vanderpol, a former president of the Boston Psychoanalytic Society and Institute, found that many of the healthy survivors of concentration camps

had what he calls a "plastic shield." The shield was comprised of several factors, including a sense of humor. Often the humor was black, but nonetheless it provided a critical sense of perspective. Other core characteristics that helped included the ability to form attachments to others and the possession of an inner psychological space that protected the survivors from the intrusions of abusive others.

But they don't do all the work alone. One of the cardinal findings of resilience research is that those who lacked strong family support systems growing up sought and received help from others - a teacher, a neighbor, the parents of peers or, eventually, a spouse. "Relationships foster resilience," says Washington, D.C., psychiatrist Steven Wolin. "They were not afraid to talk about

Continued on page 24

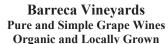


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Pheonix Rising (Cont. from page 25)

the hard times they were having to someone who cared for their well-being."

One research project on homelessness and resilience by Lyndsey Kotchapaw concludes that community support, relationships and individual attributes contribute to resilience in homeless adults. Through the study, she concluded that the most important factor in resilience among homeless adults is relationships. She also found that major community support services necessary to resilience include addiction services, housing programs, and services that help facilitate individual housing. Finally, individual attributes such as a positive attitude, being a forward thinker, having high self-esteem, and being determined and honest were all found to be important.

In a UK study, participants seemed to cope best with living in hardship and without a home when they engaged in creative and learning activities (including volunteering), felt part of a community, and had constructive relationships with family and friends. All of these factors contributed to a very positive impact in people's well-being. People who were able to do this gained in confidence, emotional support and skills in managing their problems.

In the case study "Valuable Lives," social scientists noted, "Employment and entry to the labor market are currently regarded as the main pathway out of poverty and welfare dependency.

But while it is important to provide more opportunities to develop skills that improve chances of employment, our research cautions against concentrating efforts merely on employment at the expense of activities that build people's self-esteem and the social interactions that will enable them to release their capabilities."

Take responsibility

"Resilient people do not let adversity define them. They find resilience by moving towards a goal beyond themselves, transcending pain and grief by perceiving bad times as a temporary state of affairs (The Art of Resilience: Research on resilience breaks down the myth that a troubled childhood leaves us emotionally crippled as an adult, by Hara Estroff Marano).

"One problem is there are elements of our culture that glorify frailty," Wolin contends. "There is a whole industry that would turn you into a victim by having you dwell on the traumas in your life. In reality you have considerable capacity for strength, although you might not be wholly aware of it."

Sometimes it is easier to be a victim; talking about how other people make you do what you do removes the obligation to change. And sympathy can feel sweet; talk of resilience can make some feel that no one is really appreciating exactly how much they have suffered.

"It is not about magic. Resilience can be cultivated," Wolin writes. Most people mistakenly op-

erate on what he calls "the damage model," a false belief about the way disease is transmitted. It basically says that if your family is having trouble, the chances are high that you will suffer lasting emotional disturbances. It's a prophecy of doom.

What the resilient do is refrain from blaming; they take responsibility for what goes right in their lives. Survivors cultivate introspection, the mental habit of asking themselves penetrating questions and giving honest answers. They also go on the initiative, taking charge of problems, stretching and testing themselves.

Homelessness is like reaching rock bottom. At least it was for me, and would be again. It's a disheartening, chaotic state to be in, especially for a female that likes a nest! The studies on resilience are fascinating and really show our personal ability to overcome material inadequacies. What we need to unlock is that personal lion we all possess.

After hitting the bricks, that's when I began to really question, and I had nothing to lose! I began to accept full responsibility for all the outcomes in my life and that I created all the good and all the bad, and only I could pull myself out of the dark hole I dug for myself. But not alone. I would have never made it without leaning on friends and services. There's some magic going on in our community right now – with those services and volunteers – and in our day of a symptom society, the beauty of the local hand-workers are conjuring the cures.





By Alex Panagotacos Mueller

Hey, folks! It's Waffle. I am really enjoying this springtime weather, but am also going to miss the snow. I am a Mountain Dog, you know, and that's kind of our thing. Anyhow, work and school are going really well. As you may already know, I'm training to be a therapy dog at Rural Resources Victim Services and Kids First Children's Advocacy Center. As I'm going through school to become a certified forensic interview, therapy and courtroom dog, I also hold a part-time job as the agency's facility dog and snuggle professional.

We're really stepping up my training these days. I've mastered sit, down, stay, wait, go through, shake and a ton of other skills and we're now taking it to the next level. I'm having a little trouble with "back." Curbing my enthusiasm is something I'm working on. Also, sometimes I see someone with a big hat or I smell a person who just went bear hunting and I'm a little unsure of what to do. My handler assures me that it's all good, and some really tasty treats help me understand.

One of the big things I'm working on right now is how to take commands from a distance. This will allow me to interact appropriately with a child or distraught adult by following the commands of my handler who may be sitting across the room. This permits the survivor and victim advocate to discuss things in private without worrying how to instruct me. It's a tough thing to learn because we dogs like to come to the person giving a command.

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Waffle Watch

In other news, I found out why I look like a Head and Shoulders "before" photo: I have allergies! My human took me to the vet and got me tested. Turns out I am allergic to pork, barley, corn, green peas and sage. Since I've cut those things out of my diet, I'm feeling a lot better. Less dandruff and less itching. This summer will be tough, though. I'm also allergic to rye grass and some other vegetation. So this summer I'll try to avoid



grass and stay either in an air-conditioned room or in the river.

One other exciting thing: I'm going to the Washington State Coalition of Sexual Assault Programs (WCSAP) annual conference this May in Vancouver, WA! My hander, Alex, is facilitating a workshop on sexual violence prevention. I am super excited about hanging out with a bunch of other people who are striving to end sexual violence.

Did you know my birthday was March 10! I'm almost a grownup; one year old. But as a Bernese Mountain Dog, I may not finish growing until I'm two. My trainer and my handler say that I'm pretty awesome for being an enormous puppy.

You can follow my journey here: facebook.com/RuralVictimHelp. For more information on the services provided to Ferry and Stevens County by Rural Resources Victim Services, call 844-509-SAFE.





What's Happening... continued from page 17

Explore meditation and mindfulness the first and third Wednesday of every month at 6:30 pm, at the Deer Park Library, 208 S. Forest. (This space is wheelchair accessible.) Contact us at 2.amindfullife@gmail.com, or Facebook page: A Mindful Life.

Youth/Parenting

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

Give a Preschooler a Head Start: Call 509-684-8421 or 877-219-5542. Head Start and ECEAP are programs of Rural Resources.

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

Miscellany

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 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. Check the website for schedule of events www.colville.com. The Kettle Falls Chamber of Commerce meets on the third Thursday of each month. For info, call 509-738-2300 or visit http://www.kettle-falls.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.

The Board of Directors for the Ferry County Rail Trail Partners (FCRTP) meets on the first Thursday of each month at 5 p.m. at Ferry County Professional Services Building, 319 E. Delaware in Republic. Please check our website www.ferrycountyrailtrail. com for more information.

Habitat for Humanity Board Meetings at the Habitat Store, 480 N. Main St. Colville, WA, are open to the public. For more info, call Lisa Meddock 509-684-2385 or visit www.habitatcolville.org.

The Stevens County Veteran's Information and Referral Line is available Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays (except holidays) from 9 am to 3 pm. Call





509-685-AVET (2838) for availability of Veterans Service Officers and for more info.

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

Child Advocates Needed: Join Stevens County Court Appointed Special Advocates (CASA) investigating child abuse and speaking up for a child's best interest in court. All training is provided. Call 509-685-0673.

Foster Parent Care Givers Needed: Children in Stevens, Ferry, and Pend Oreille counties are in need of safe, nurturing families. Contact Kinberly McNaughton, with Fostering Together at 509-675-0341, or call 1-888-KIDS-414.

PFLAG: Parents, Families, Friends and Allies United with LGBTQ. People to move equality forward

meets the last Tuesday of each month, 6:30 - 8 pm at the Garden Homes Specialty Clinic lower level entrance (143 Garden Homes Drive Colville). Contact: info@newapflag.org or 509-685-0448.

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

Local food banks need your help! There are a number of ways to contribute, from donations of nonperishable food items and cash, to organizing food drives in your church, organization or at work, volunteering your time at the food bank, or including the food bank in your will. Every donation to your local food bank makes a difference for area residents.

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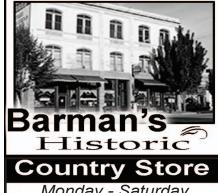
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Give Me A Mountain and I'll Give You a Story

By Tina Wynecoop

For the record, local birder Ron Dexter has listed all the bird species of Mount Spokane State Park. After nearly two decades, he has an amazing list of 117 species! His birding prowess is legendary in eastern Washington.

But he missed one.

Now as an amateur birder I am not even worthy to hold his binocular case, let alone point out such an omission. Dare I be so bold as to bring it to everyone's attention that he left off his list the bird that visits Mount Spokane every fall and stays till early spring? A bird visible to anyone looking out at the mountain - even from a distance? A bird as predictable and regular as the snowfall that mantles the mountain? I do dare! Perhaps it is because Dexter lives in the foot-hills of this mountain that this bird has escaped his incredibly thorough list.

Dear reader, would I further stretch my credibility by declaring that this bird signals when it is time to plant a garden?

What does a mountain and its birds have to do with cool weather crops? You see, each spring the summit loses its smooth white frosting of snow, which dissipates slow or fast depending on temperatures. My neighbor Willard Rowley, the



grandson of homesteaders on Half Moon Prairie north of Spokane, waited to plant his patch of potatoes when ALL the snow had disap-peared. The mountain gave the signal. As a newcomer to eastern Washington in the mid-1970s, and experiencing its more pronounced winter climate, I was eager but uncertain when to plant my garden. I appreciated the mountain lore Willard Rowley shared with me. Unknown was the additional lore described by others who also lifted their eyes to Mount Spokane to know when planting can begin: when a certain bird has lifted off from the mountain

For four decades I have lived due west of Mount Spokane. My family is always admiring the way she arrays her skirts over both the Little Spokane River Valley and the city that bears her name. We have witnessed the mountain in all of its seasonal moods, beauty, simplicity, colors, light and peacefulness. Most of the pictures on my camera are of her (well, except for the grandchildren whose charisma captivates me as well).

Until last year I had never heard of or even noticed the bird on the mountaintop. My friend Jennifer told me her mother learned about it from a question posed by Paul Turner in his "Slice" column in the Spokesman-Review (April 14, 2013) and she shared the answer with me:

Several readers said you don't plant your garden until there is no snow on Mica Peak ... others reported hearing the "Mount Spokane" version of that admonition all their lives. "If you look at Mount Spokane when it is covered in snow, it appears to be an eagle in flight," wrote Debbie Wolcott. "Our family never plants anything in the spring until the eagle is gone."

Some gardeners plant potatoes during a certain phase of the moon. Others place taters in the ground as soon as the soil can be worked. Still others religiously plant spuds on Good Friday (which arrives pretty early this year). Potatoes begin to grow when the soil temperature reaches 45 degrees. They need moist, unsaturated soil. They grow best when the eagle is gone.

There are few places in the immediate region where the mountain is out of view. It can be seen from Deer Park, Steptoe Butte, the Spokane Indian Reservation, Hayden Lake, even from North Baldy in Pend Oreille country. Earlier in March, while helping with a waterfowl survey at the Audubon Lakes in Reardan, I could see in the distance the uppermost part of the 5,883-foot mountain. Mount Spokane is a territorial marker. It is the domain and traditional cultural property of the Spokane Indians, who have long-frequented it for safety, spiritual quests, subsist-ence rounds and materials collection. They shared its bounty with other regional tribes. I was mistaken in thinking the mountain was in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. "It is in the Selkirk range and is part of three ranges which form the Columbia Mountains - an older range than the Rockies," according to Mount Spokane State Park: A User's Guide by Cris Currie; www.mountspokane.org. (This is also where to find Dexter's bird list.)

Planting season is just around the corner. And now Ron Dexter's list is complete. Really.

Forty years ago my mother visited our thennew home. She grew up surrounded by views of the Cascades, Olympics and Mount Rainier. When we proudly showed her our glorious view of Mount Spokane she exclaimed: "You call that a mountain?" Yes. We do:

O Bring Me a Mountain: Nothing else will do ... a mountain! One can never have too many ... Yes a small one will do with smoothed-over green slopes ... or snow frosting. I don't really care. Only come back from your travels with a [story] for me! ~ Margaret Tsuda

Tina Wynecoop lives on the southern edge of Half Moon Prairie, a landscape that is a family member of that sisterhood of prairies: Wild Rose Prairie, Orchard Prairie, Orchard Bluff, Green Bluff, Five Mile Prairie and Manitou Prairie, and Paradise Prairie.



Local Communicators - HAM Saves the Bacon

By Brenda Curkendall

Amateur radio station operators, also known as hams, are into the fun of communications and helping others. Many people in the Pacific Northwest quickly discover the inconvenience of being on the pass, across the mountains, or in a valley and totally out of cell coverage. In the event of an emergency, there is no way to communicate. With small, portable VHF and UHF transceivers, hams enjoy extremely reliable communications.

Remember the days of CB radio, like the old Burt Reynolds trucker movies "Smokey and the Bandit"? Truckers going down the road broadcasting how to dodge the rules would bring on the wrath of the Smokeys! CBs still exist and still have a recognized frequency band in which they operate.

However, Ione's fire chief, Jerry Spalding, who used the Citizen Band for years, found that CB just was not as good as the HAM 2-meter frequency band, especially when living in the mountains. This is what eventually got him into ham radio. Now Spalding spends hours a day using it. His wall is lined with plaques, awards and recognition certificates for his prolific amateur radio participation.

Another North Pend Oreille community resident discovered the horrific cost of using her cell phone, which had connected to a Canadian cell tower. She is now an avid amateur radio operator. This means of communication has bloomed into a hobby, where every morning she collects, compiles and reports the weather from several stations and forwards it to the National Weather Service in Spokane.

Hams, the common name for amateur radio operators, communicate with each other via equipment ranging from a hand-held radio, which fits in their pockets or is attached to their vehicle, to sophisticated radio equipment with computer links and tall antennas. They employ various techniques and equipment to transmit and receive communications over great distances, even including the Space Station. Some bounce signals off the atmosphere, or even the moon. They can reach friends and strangers nearby or all over the world. Some use radio repeaters. Morse Code hasn't been a requirement to get licensed since 2011, but for those who want to, it's still allowed.

Among the rules for ham communications: no music broadcasts and nothing for financial gain of any kind.

Volunteer amateur operators help with community events, disaster response, and various other programs including assisting with communications for marathons, triathlons, etc. Hams are ready to use their radios to provide emergency communication for many situations.

For the Colville Tiger-Tri, a triathlon of swimming the lakes, biking, and a run, ham operators are positioned along the routes from start to finish, calling the contestant start/stop times and other information as needed. Another example of ham participation is the Blazing Saddles bicycle race, which needs supporting coordination provided by volunteer ham operators.

Bruce Fortune drove the back roads of Stevens, Pend Oreille and Ferry counties in his 20 years of search and rescue work. During this period he learned the limits of cell coverage, and that brought him into amateur radio and Colville's Panoramaland Amateur Radio Club.

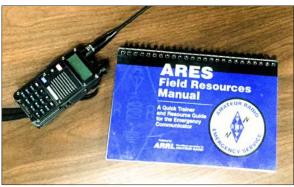
During the Winthrop Tornado emergency. Fortune drove a command center vehicle equipped for ham UHF/VHF/HF, police, and fire communications for 4-5 days and then lent it to the tribe for a couple more weeks for their emergency communications.

Amateur operators assist with emergency and other volunteer services whenever normal communications go out. Amateur operators handle messages for police and other public service organizations during emergencies such as floods, hurricanes, mudslides, earthquakes, ice storms, tornadoes, motorist accidents, fires, chemical spills, searches and rescues.

Supporting organizations include the Amateur Radio Emergency Service (ARES Net) and the American Radio Relay League (ARRL), which has the largest membership association of amateur radio enthusiasts in the USA. Amateur radio operators are encouraged to develop proficiency with their equipment and communications procedures. The opportunities to gain proficiency are in joining a "net," which is a regularly-scheduled communications network; participation in contests; message handling exercises; practice in hitting a repeater, and communication checks.

Contests are run continually. They represent an opportunity to hone communication skills so that they're ship-shape in times of need/emergency. Contests include trying to contact as many stations as possible in a 24-hour period. Awards are for such things as making contact with ham stations in all 50 states, or 100 different countries. Some ham operators participate in so many nets, police, EMT, and fire, that they sometimes even give their call sign on the telephone! Some nets have around 250-300 operators.

If you tune in using a shortwave radio or scanner, you can listen to the ham radio band, where you'll find hams talking to other hams. Remember (or maybe you've heard about) the



party-line calls in the early days of telephones? Everyone could listen in! It's the same with ham communications. They are person-to-person, but anyone whose equipment is on can listen to the conversation. However, to talk you need to be licensed, be issued an alpha-numeric call sign and follow international standardized radio procedures for communications.

During the 2015 fires, the Okanogan firefighters faced adversity when cell towers and phones went down. It was the amateur ham operators who made communications possible. One operator, John Jacob Schmidt (JJS) from Idaho, came over last summer. Without his help, the firefighters would have missed the deadline to submit their hours for payroll. All communications were down when JJS stepped up with his ham radio, laptop and terminal node controller (TNC), which allowed him to enter the data in an email, digitize the contents, relay it with the use of the TNC to bounce it off a repeater, and thus forward the message via the internet. He got the firefighters' work hours submitted in time for payment.

Amateur radio operations are invaluable to Washington State's emergency communications. Local hobby ham operators and ham radio clubs will continue to support and maintain equipment and communications, for fun and for emergencies. If you're interested, check it out. There's always room for one more!



Longevity Health Clinic

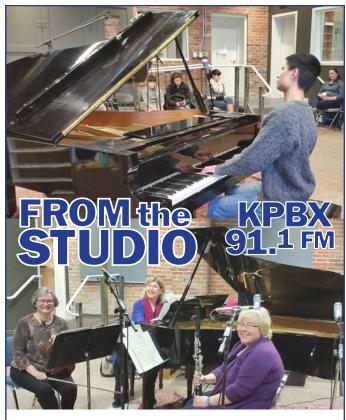
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Friends of the Little Pend Oreille National Wildlife Refuge offer as their Spring Event an Ice Age Floods presentation with a difference!



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That is a huge number. It would take you over 234 years to count that high. It is also about the number of people on this planet. With so many people in the world, it is amazing that a letter can be addressed to you from anywhere on this planet and come exactly to you. How is that possible? Think about how an envelope is addressed. It is actually read by the post office from the bottom up. Depending on where you are sending it to, you might have to put a country name at the bottom. This eliminates a lot of people the letter could be going to. Above this are a city



and state. This narrows the number of people even more. Next is your street address and house number, which means it is now only the people in your house and then finally, your name is at the top. It is amazing a letter can come to you out of 7.4 billion people, with just six little pieces of information!

Scientists use a system of classification to identify different species of organisms in a similar way. Instead of using things such as countries and addresses, they use a different system that also breaks up groups from large to small. The groups, from largest to smallest, are: kingdom, phylum, class,

order, family, genus, and species. This system was developed by Carlos Linnaeus in the 18th century and is still used today. Just like there are fewer countries than there are people, there are fewer kingdoms than species. Actually, there are only six kingdoms and about 1.8 million species that have been identified!

There are many field guides that can used to help identify plants and animals in the wild. There are field guides for trees, wildflowers, butterflies, mammals and many more organisms. Some field guides use pictures and general information to help a person determine what they are looking at. Other field guides use a dichotomous key to determine the species. A dichotomous key breaks things into two groups over and over. Imagine dumping a bunch of Halloween candy on the floor. You might separate the candy into chocolate and not chocolate. You could

then take the chocolate group and divide it into chocolate with nuts and without nuts, while taking the not chocolate group and breaking it into a fruity taste and not fruity taste. Eventually all of the candy would be sorted so that only those that were the exact same type would be in the same group. This is how a dichotomous key works.



The Colville National

Forest is home to many different species of plants, animals, and fungi. One way to appreciate this great diversity of life is to participate in an activity called a BioBlitz,



ADVENTURE RATING

A word of caution about Lake Ellen is that there have been many reports of rattlesnake encounters during the warmer months. If you want to enjoy a remote, quiet experience without this danger, think early spring. Drinking water is not available, but there are bathrooms. The remote beauty and great diversity in wildlife still makes this a four-boot hike.



FUN FACT!

You can get help identifying organisms by uploading pictures to a website called iNaturalist.org.

which is when you take a small area of wilderness and try to identify every living organism you can see – trees, shrubs, wildflowers, birds, chipmunks, everything! You can capture what you have identified with drawings, photographs or by writing down their scientific names. A scientific name is the genus and species of an organism. It is written with a capital for the genus and lower case letter for the species. If you are handwriting it, you should underline it. If you are typing it, you should italicize it. For example, a human is a *Homo sapien*.

One fun place to do a BioBlitz is Lake Ellen. This is a remote lake east of Lake Roosevelt in the Colville National Forest. It has lots of waterfowl, wildflowers and a huge variety of mosses. In two hours, we identified twelve species of flowers, six trees, four birds, one frog and five species of moss. There was so much to see! For more family adventures, visit UpperColumbiaChildrensForest.com.

SCIENCE FUN!

Want to try your hand at a BioBlitz with guidance? There will be two Colville BioBlitzes sponsored by the Upper Columbia Children's Forest May 21st. There will be biologists on hand to help you identify the species too! Please call 509-685-0937 ext. 101 for more information, and be sure to check out them out in the "What's Happening" section of the North Columbia Monthly.





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