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What's Inside

- 5 **Random Acts of Community**, by Christine Wilson
- 6 **Life Matters**, by Dr. Barry Bacon, MD
- 8 **Boundaries**, by Jack Nisbet
- 10 **Monthly Muse**, by Loren Cruden
- 12 **In Nature**, by J. Foster Fanning
- 15 **This Great Big Life**, by Tina Tolliver Matney
- 16 **What's Happening**, Arts, Music, Dance, Events & More
- 18 **Listen Up**, Music Reviews by Michael Pickett
- 19 **A Good Read**, Book Reviews by Loren Cruden
- 20 **Living in NE WA: Lessons Learned**, by J. Merrill Baker
- 23 **A Year On the Farm**, by Michelle Lancaster
- 25 **Lessons from Nature, Ever Relevant**, by Joanie Christian
- 26 **Sewage Wars**, by Joe Barreca
- 28 **Inner Landscapes**, by Gabriele von Trapp
- 30 **The Locket**, by Karen Giebel

CORRECTION: Last month's article by Eileen Delhanty Pearkes, "A Quest to Renew the Natural Home," accidentally omitted the photo credit, which, both the canoe paddle with scute design and the photo of it were by Shawn Brigman.

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Tundra swans and other water birds congregating in Pend Oreille County on their way north. Photo by Joanie Christian. See more at joaniechristianphotography.com.

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Friday, March 22nd



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Reinstating Resolutions

By Christine Wilson

March. That halfway point between the start of New Year's resolutions and the time to exchange bulky layers of clothing for thinner apparel. The apparel that will expose the evidence of Swedish Tea Rings, chocolate chip cookies, and scones. Am I projecting my own experience here? Yep.

Perhaps your intentions on January 1 had nothing to do with portion control or exercise. Maybe you wanted to drink less alcohol, be kinder to others, be kinder to yourself, read more. Maybe you have given up on intentions all together. That would be unfortunate, in my opinion, because, according to Lewis Carroll, we ought to "imagine six impossible things before breakfast." I think of intentions as the GPS coordinates we can use to create more of what we want in our lives.

We are three months into the year and it is assessment time. I had vowed to go off sugar and have been shocked at the depth of my addiction. There is a good chance I have eaten or been fed something sugary every day since my beginning, aside from an occasional diet plan.

I know for a fact that navigating my two pregnancies involved keeping a lemon grove owner in business through two separate seasons of lemon squares. My maternal grandmother knew the favorite cookie of each of her many grandchildren and made sure to prepare her cookie jars for our arrival.

Defaults are shockingly powerful, whether they are good or bad. When I start to type a word into an email, my email account wants to suggest the rest of the word. It can be handy if I'm struggling with spelling, but sometimes it's just annoying. Out here in the real world, beyond keyboards, defaults dominate our lives and have the same range of effect. We might yell at our children the way we were yelled at. We might apologize more than necessary or maybe not enough. We might automatically offer aid to someone. Our minds love to take the easy way out, I think, which is why creating those positive defaults is so important.

In Tibetan Buddhism, the term *shenpa* is a

description of the moment when we come up against something difficult. Pema Chodron calls it an itch. I think we recognize it in the moment when the New Year's intention is tested. We get uncomfortable and might do the opposite of our intention. Why would we do that? It does not seem rational to go against that higher voice. That's because our default may not be from the part of the brain that is rational. Instead, it may be from a part of the brain that is emotional and bossy, and operates with more efficient, speedier neural networks.

How many therapists does it take to change a light bulb? Only one, but it has to really want to change. So that tells you step number one: devotion to your goal.

Writers and therapists might suggest you let go of the why, but really, sometimes knowing why is awesome. I recommend we let go of the why when random bad things happen to us. When it comes to change, however, my opinion is that asking why I just blew it might give me corrective information.

I think creating a specific plan can help as well. Teachers will tell you they can't just say they have a goal of teaching math to their students. They develop detailed objectives and create lessons to achieve them. At the end of a school year, they measure success not on vague goals but on how well their plans worked out. (Thanks to all you teachers out there in *Monthly* land, who are models for how to succeed in achieving goals.)

In order for me, as an example, to stay resolved about sugar, I have to know enough about myself to know what I can and can't do, what's realistic and what's crazy talk.

Some people recommend never eating sugar again; it's an addictive poison. As the year moves along, I know that an extreme position like that won't work for me. For every diet, there is an equal and opposite binge. There are amazing vegan treats being created in our kitchen and I'm pretty happy with coconut oil, bananas, and even applesauce these days. However, I still see chocolate as a major food group and, so

far, seem to have been able to maintain a balance. So, yeah, if you see me out there in the world eating a cookie, just kiss me on the cheek and move on.

When I picked cigarettes as the thing to quit, all those many years ago, I knew I could never smoke again. I had to test that at some point, and smoked part of a cigarette a few times before the urge started sneaking back in. Never, that's my only option on that one.

Most specialists will say alcohol is that way. Once there's a problem, they say, there's no alternative to complete elimination. When I was in graduate school at the UW, there was a professor who was publishing research on developing social drinking skills. I have no idea how chemical treatment specialists think about that now; he got really panned back in the day. It just seems to me that some things must create deeper grooves in our brains and we have to be more stalwart with our intentions.

And then there are the patterns we learn growing up, about being judgmental, getting angry, focusing on other people's misdeeds, feeling like a victim. These can get pretty entrenched. Achieving success with those types of resolutions usually starts with catching ourselves afterward. I'm a big fan of repairing attachment breaches over expecting perfection. If it's an internal habit, then we can lovingly catch ourselves in our old pattern. I say "lovingly" because if, for example, you are trying to improve some aspect of your self-worth, harsh badgering is probably not going to move you forward. This may seem obvious to the front of our brain but that negative default is, by definition, automatic.

So, here we are in March. Since every day is the first day of the rest of our lives, as my old dorm poster used to remind me, we can reinstate those resolutions, correct for unrealistic expectations, and keep our eye on the prize. Happy spring!

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

Fishing Matters

By Dr. Barry Bacon, MD

"Hey, doc, I've been wanting to meet you." I was greeted by a firm handshake in a small hospital in a remote part of north-east Washington. "I read your stories every month. I really like what you write. But I have to say, you need to write one about fishing."

Hmm. Fishing. I will have to dig deep. Here goes, dedicated to you, friend.

I grew up in the northeast corner of Minnesota five miles outside Two Harbors on the north shore of Lake Superior. The town was economically depressed and down on its luck, having passed its heyday of timber and iron mining. My dad and mom, hardworking conservative Minnesota folk born out of the Great Depression, bought 80 acres carved out of the mixed pine forest, complete with a two-story farmhouse with a 14-foot-deep well on a clay hillside overlooking a meandering creek.

The second story was uninhabitable in the winter with only newspaper for wall cover. We had a wood stove for heat. It also served as the cook stove. We shared bath water once a week on Friday nights.

Mom would wash the clothes in a wringer washer, then hang them out to dry. Legend has it that when my favorite blue blanket was on the line, I would wander outside and find it there, hold its soft satin edge against my skin, my rag doll in hand.

My best friends growing up were Danny Lane, Pete Sandy, David Eimer and Jim

Wick, country kids all with the exception of Jim. Together we navigated junior high, learning the art of card playing, spying on teachers after school and fishing. In those days, my mom never seemed to worry about what we were doing or how long we would be gone. She always seemed to trust that on our boyish adventures, we would stay out of trouble and find our way home in time for supper.

We would fish the small rivers that flowed south into Lake Superior's north shore – Lake Superior, that vast ocean of fresh water, where every stone on its shores is worn smooth from ten thousand storms roiling across its surface, funneling east into the bays, scoured by its basalt base. On a crisp January morning after a nor-easter, you could find huge stacks of blue ice piled high in chaotic art-forms on the rocks, and ice-sculptured trees heavy with frozen spray from the wintry blasts of the night.

Those icy rivers where we learned to fish drained the bogs to the north, cut through the prairies and forest, then carved through the basalt cliffs and dropped into the lake. They were stocked with native brook trout, a beautiful char species painted with worm-like green backs, orange, brown and yellow spots on its side, orange flanks, cream bellies and white accents on orange fins.

Rainbow trout thrived in those waters, and occasionally brown trout could be found. Early on a May morning when the water ran high from the spring melt-off,

one could steal down the half-mile path to the edge of a smooth waterslide rock formation. There at the bottom, in a six-foot-wide shallow pool, one could find a half dozen steelhead rainbows waiting, their backs half out of the water, for their turn to make a run up the slides to the spawning grounds in the waters above. I remember the clear streams, foamy and tinted brown from the red clay soil, the thunder of the rushing water, the air heavy with the scent of Balm of Gilead. I remember the fight of the fish.

There were occasional trips to the Boundary Waters to the north, where we experienced the call of the loons, the quiet crackling of a campfire, fishing for walleyes and northern pike and bass. I remember reeling in a rock bass, then suddenly feeling a tremendous tug, only to have the line go limp. I pulled in what was left of the bass – only the head remained – and looked down into the waters to see a very bewildered northern pike who seemed to be wondering how he had swallowed the back half of his prey, only to have the head swim away.

There was much to learn from fishing. The hand-eye coordination of the cast, allowing the bait to find its way down the stream to where the fish lay deep in the pool, waiting for morsels of food to drop in from above. The stealth of walking down the creek bed to the next hole, and the next, where the summer's heat evaporated the river into still pools, and the brook trout hid, hungry, but unwilling to bite.


I wandered for hours in the forests and the creek beds. I loved those wild places. I



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could not know then that I and my friends – Danny, Pete, Jim, and Dave – would part ways, never to return.

Pete would meet an early death, obscure still in its cause. Danny, Dave and Jim would stay in Two Harbors. I would pursue a professional career, which would take me thousands of miles away to northeast Washington. But I never forgot the value of living in the forest near a small town on the side of a hill overlooking a small creek and raising my children there.

I never forgot the value of wandering the forests, exploring her secrets, or of teaching my children the art of fishing. Bailey Lake, Potters Pond, Black Lake, Little Twin Lakes. I taught them the art of the cast, the importance of stealth, reading the lake or stream, knowing where the fish will hide, where they will find food, what the various species will recognize as bait. How to set the hook, bring in the fish, grab behind the gills and take out the hook as painlessly as possible. To look at the fish, appreciate its beauty and wonder at its design, then release it back to live another day, or not.

You have to understand that the first time I introduced my bride-to-be to the beautiful art of fishing, I was lucky enough to catch a 10-inch brook trout in the upper reaches of Silver Creek at one of my favorite fishing holes. I brought the fish to shore and showed my beloved the prized fish.

Tears came to her eyes. "That poor fish never did anything to you," she cried. She walked away, heartbroken.

Bewildered, I let the creature go. That was the last time I took her fishing. It's a wonder she still married me, heartless kill-

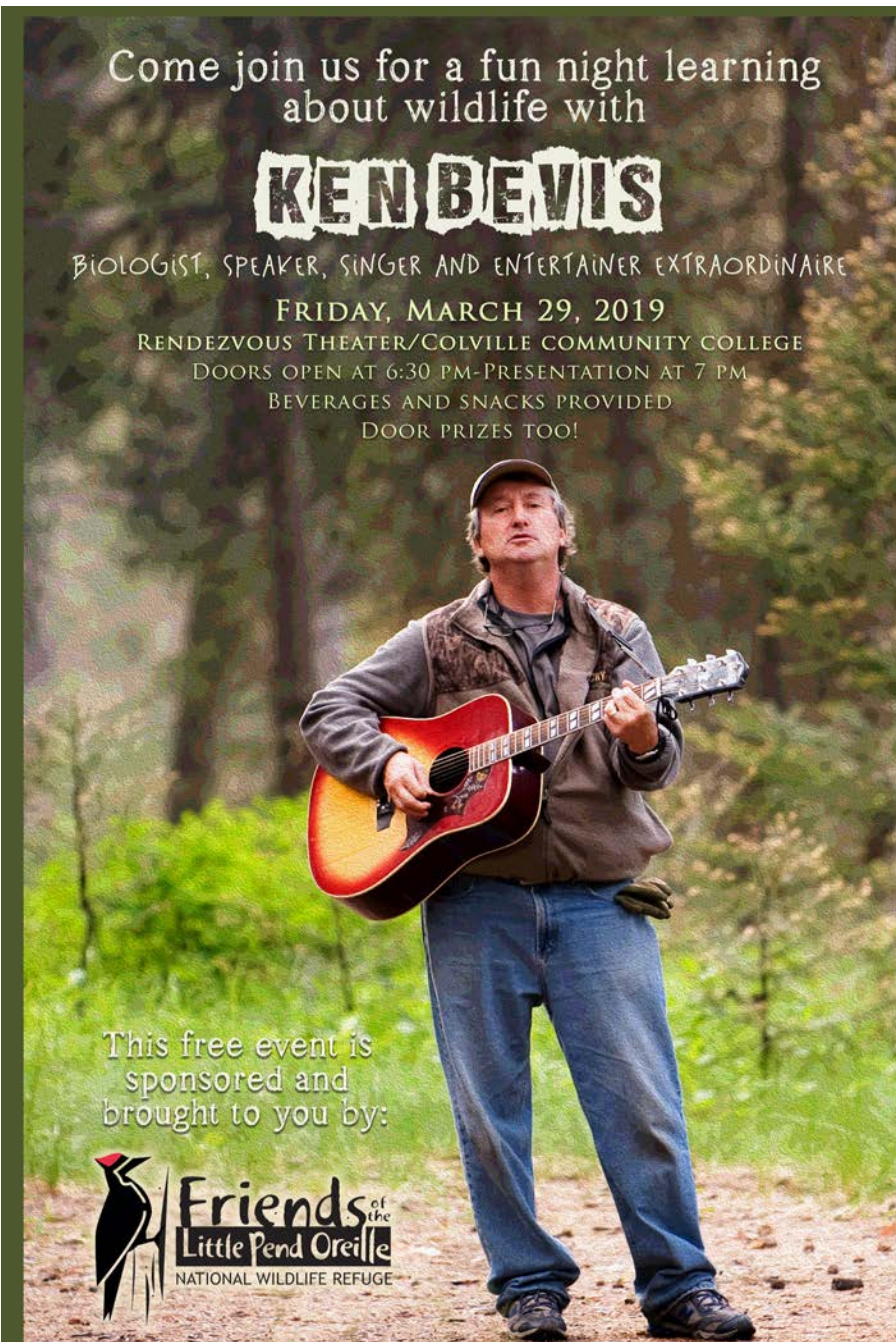
er that she had discovered me to be.

When I think of fishing and why it matters, I remember those early days wandering through wild places, developing the confidence to find my way home, finding value in the beauty of the earth, the wonder of nature, the balance of life. Those are things worth knowing and experiencing.

To Danny, Pete, Jim and Dave, though our paths diverged years ago, somehow I believe that if we picked up a fishing pole

and wandered down to the Stewart River, we would find that our lives were not so far apart. We would pick up where we left off, where human life finds its value firmly connected to wild places.

Barry Bacon is a physician who has lived and practiced family medicine in Colville for 28 years. He now works in small rural hospitals in Washington state, teaches family medicine, and works on health disparities in the U.S. and Africa.



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Dr. Edward Latham

By Jack Nisbet

On May 29, 1928, an obituary in the *Spokane News* revealed that Dr. Edward Latham had passed away at his home on Lake Chelan the previous week. The article stated that Latham had been born in Cincinnati in 1843 and attended Ohio State University before acquiring his medical degree at Miami of Ohio Medical College. The newly minted doctor worked briefly in the southern U.S. before veering West to take up an office in Spokane's Blacklock Building, arriving just before the great fire of 1889.

After practicing medicine in Spokane for a spell, Latham accepted a position as the first medical school physician on the Confederated Tribes of the Colville Indian Reservation. In serving more than two decades there, his death notice declared, he had learned to speak "the Indian language" and was "a personal friend" of Chief Moses, and that "all the tribes regarded him highly." The obituary made no mention of any other legacy that the doctor might have left behind.

When Edward Latham arrived in what he called "the beautiful Nespelim Valley," the Colville Agency still extended all the way north to the Canadian border and included the recently established Spokane Reservation. After his first year there he figured that he had "between 800 and 2,000 people to look after, who are scattered over a distance of 300 miles. I am ready and willing at all times to respond to the calls of the Indians, and state that I have done all within my power to alleviate the suffering.

Yet I feel and know that I am not doing them justice. Should I spend my entire time in riding over this vast territory, I could not possibly make more than seven or eight trips during the year."

Details of Edward Latham's work with the tribes appeared in his letters and reports to his superiors. He treated many eye ailments and saw cruel outbreaks of influenza, measles, and smallpox. He lobbied for help – eventually there were three additional doctors assigned to the agency – and for the establishment of a central hospital in Nespelim, which he planned to locate on a parcel of good high ground with an artesian spring to provide fresh water.

Latham's writings also revealed many common prejudices he felt toward the Native Americans he was charged with tending. In his 1892 report, he summed up the supposed character of each tribal band, usually based on how they had adapted to Christian religions. He expressed admiration for some families but also complained about those who did not conform to his

expectations. He found one group "hard to get acquainted with" and complained about the "moral condition" of another. Some were "not industrious," and Latham declared another group to be "the worst people that I have anything to do with."

Some tribal members had problems of their own with Latham. In 1901 Chief Joseph sought the doctor's dismissal on the grounds that he was negligent in visiting the sick in

their homes. Latham disputed this charge, but at a time when alcohol abuse was a scourge throughout the agency, he was known to be more than a casual tippler himself. In a 1905 letter to agent Captain John Webster, he assured his immediate boss that "I have reformed and am strictly on the Water Wagon. I am giving these fellows all good advice and offering myself as the terrible example."

Latham's life on the reservation was full of similar contradictions. He undertook many tasks outside his duties as physician, such as negotiating carpenter's fees on the Nespelim flour mill, taking a turn as a teacher at the local schoolhouse, and contracting with locals to cut firewood for its



Dr. Latham and N. Sutherland on Little John's claim, Nespelim, 1905, by Frank Fuller Avery, Washington State University Special Collections.

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Boundaries

heat. When Nespelim and Sanpoil families expressed dismay at the government's plan to open the North Half of the reservation to white settlement, he acted as an intermediary between the tribes and the agency. While his reports describe dogged efforts to treat patients, Latham's leisure pursuits, including hunting, fishing and, during later years, an annual month-long vacation at his cabin on Lake Chelan, seem to speak of a more casual approach to his work.

Yet there is no question that he developed an intimate knowledge of the people around Nespelim, because during his tenure as the agency doctor Latham took hundreds of photographs of the community around him. They serve as his testament, and his gift, to anyone interested in tribal life on the Plateau at the turn of the twentieth century.

Latham and Frank Fuller Avery, a school-teacher employed during the same period by the agency who also took pictures, used the gelatin or dry plate process for their hobby. They had to begin by coating glass photographic plates with a light-sensitive gelatin emulsion of silver bromide. After the coating dried, the plates could be carried around, exposed, then processed at their convenience. One example is Avery's portrait of Latham and a friend on an allotment near Nespelim, which looks like it was made in the course of a casual afternoon jaunt.

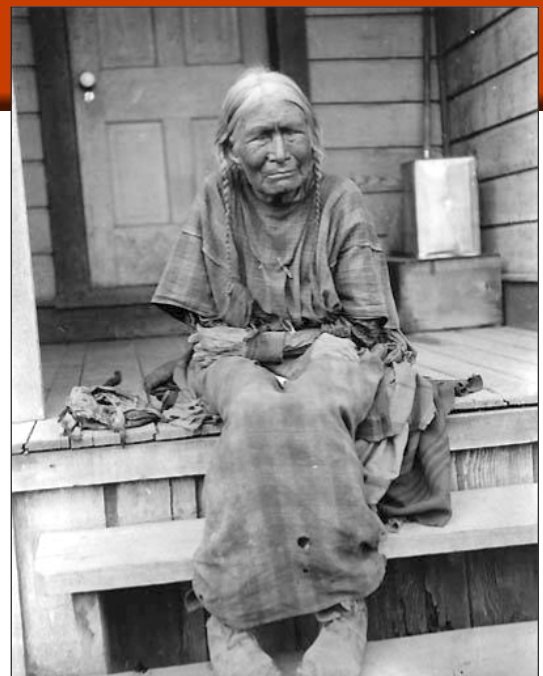
After Latham's death, the full extent of his photographic work remained practically unknown until British researcher M. Gilbert, pursuing an interest in Chief Joseph and the photographer Edward Curtis, found a trove of Latham plates among an extensive third-party collection that had been donated

to the University of Washington. Gilbert kept searching and turned up more of the doctor's images in Cashmere, Moses Lake, Spokane, and Pullman. In 1979 Gilbert published a book titled *With One Sky Above Us*, which uses Latham's photographs to provide context for stories of tribal families in the early years of the Colville Reservation.

Curtis, the man Gilbert initially wanted to pursue, was a serious professional who traveled all over the continent to create artistic compositions of his own design. Latham's amateur photographs focused on the place where he lived and the people he dealt with, capturing scenes and individuals that he saw many times over the years. The difference in their approaches can be seen in one Latham photograph of a Nez Perce woman who he called "Chic-ma-poo or Old Jean."

By all accounts his relationship with this woman contained discordant elements of companionship, nurture, anger, and spite. The doctor made several portraits of Chic-ma-poo, and apparently took pride in the fact that she never demanded money from him to pose. In one of them Old Jean sits on the front steps of his agency office. She has folded her large hands, still full of power, rather uncomfortably across her lap.

Chic-ma-poo had survived the 1878 War with Joseph's band and the long march that ended far from her homeland. As a non-treaty Nez Perce, she had to establish a new life among people who spoke an entirely different language. She and other women



Nez Perce woman known as Chic-ma-poo or Old Jean, ca 1900-1910, by Edward H. Latham, University of Washington Special Collections.

removed to the Colville Reservation had to learn to share new places to dig roots and harvest berries so they could both follow and adapt their traditional cultural ways.

Latham's photograph of Chic-ma-poo on the porch steps captures the character of a person who endured all of that and more. She remains a living human being, in control of her own story. And Dr. Edward Latham, by systematically recording what he saw over an entire generation of life on the reservation, had a hand in keeping that story alive.

Thanks to Jackie Cook, repatriation specialist for the History and Archeology Department for the Confederated Tribes, for her perspective on these photographs.[end ital]

Jack Nisbet's latest book is *The Dreamer and the Doctor*. For information on public appearances, visit www.jacknisbet.com.

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An Eye on the Trees

By Loren Cruden

Long before reading Tolkien's books describing Ents and unruly forests in Middle Earth, or coming across global myths about people transformed into trees, I had a feeling that trees, in their own particular way, are sentient. I have no proof of this, though research suggests that this intuition may not be altogether wrong. But, like the feeling that cats secretly relish panicking and horses like it when you sing to them, feeling that trees are sentient is another blithely experience-based facet of my relationship with the natural world.

When our family moved from Florida's stilt-legged mangroves, moss-bearded live oaks, canny palms (they allow themselves to be pushed flat during hurricanes and gradually rise again after), moody cypress swamps and blossom-intoxicated miles of citrus groves, I was ten years old – had never seen mountains or snow or the glory of autumn leaf-colors. The North was an eye-opener.

We settled in mid-New York State and, during some summers, spent time on an island in Tupper Lake, in the Adirondack Mountains. The cluster of cabins in which we stayed had been built by my father, uncle and grandfather and later sold to a friend of the family.

The island – named Bluff for its landmark cliffs – was heavily treed. Most of our activities took place on the water or along the rocky shore and sandy cove. The island's forest realm was left to itself.

One of the boats we used while visiting was a homemade wooden canoe about six feet long with a rounded bottom, painted red. Perfectly designed to flip over, it was the tippiest canoe I've ever paddled. In the era in which I grew up, children tended to range abroad unsupervised. In Florida we'd investigated swamps, played and warred with other kids and encountered a variety of poisonous snakes and spiky plants. At Tupper Lake we fished, rowed, hiked up to the top of the bluffs, swam off the dock and in the cove, and learned to operate an outboard motor and jounce around the lake. So it was no big deal when, unaccompanied, I decided to circumnavigate the island in the red canoe.

Tupper is a big lake with many islands, Bluff being a not inconsiderable-sized one of them. I paddled mightily, battling the wind and choppy waves that ever-threatened to capsize my precarious craft.

At about the halfway point around the island, weary, I came ashore and dragged the canoe above the high-water mark. Stowing the paddle and intending to continue my voyage next day, I set off through the unfamiliar forest, hoping to find my way home overland.

It was no simple stroll. The terrain was rough. Forging along, I found no paths. Once out of sight of the lake I was enclosed in a dense, listening silence. Trees and brush and rock everywhere I looked. I felt observed – by the trees. Not only that: The

trees had faces.

Screaming, I bolted, crashing through the forest, panting and running until miraculously bursting out on the other side of the island where my mother was calmly pinning wet laundry to a line next to the main cabin. I flung myself at her, babbling and sobbing about tree faces. Her response was stern, angry – not at my paddling off alone or wandering in the woods – but at my hysteria. I think it was the last time I mentioned arboreal sentience to anyone during my childhood.

But trees had my attention. I kept an eye on them, as they seemed to keep an eye on me. Trees were not to be underestimated.

Over time, I noticed that each forest as well as each species and individual tree conveyed distinctive qualities and atmosphere. The more I lingered with trees the more sense of connection and communication unfolded. I never again panicked and construed tree faces; what was perceived as I got older was less oriented to human terms than that. More subtle. More felt.

My mother knew a lot about nature and ecology. I remember her stopping by a roadside maple in northern Michigan and spreading bagfuls of leaf mulch under it because she said it looked undernourished. She was unhappy with people parking cars close to trees (compacting their roots) and cutting down snags (wildlife habitat). My father in his later years confided that he sometimes spoke to trees around his

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place in central Oregon, and that when his wonderful hand-built house burned down in a forest fire it was the loss of the trees he most mourned. Maybe tree fascination is genetic.

When very young, my son thought trees walked around at night when no one was looking, and created breezes by waving their leaves. His theories may've been imperfect, but trees indeed do an astounding range of things that they've been busy with for a long, long time: processing sunlight, enriching and cleaning soils and waterways and air, regulating the planet's temperature and moisture, and sheltering and feeding its inhabitants, for starters.

Celts venerated trees. In Ireland and Scotland they developed alphabets based on tree names. Two of the Gaelic tree alphabets dated to or before the period of Roman occupation of England; the third was used around or before the 15th century. In that one, A was *ailm* (the elm tree), B was *beith* (the birch), C was *coll* (the hazel), and so on, through the 18 letters of the Gaelic alphabet, whose 13 consonants form a tree calendar of lunar months (28 days each) and five vowels point to sacred stations in that year.

My Scottish husband, mindful of this (and having worked in forestry), during our courtship wrote a poem in Gaelic that, translated, says:

*Were I to send a love letter to you,
I would send every tree
in the wood:
because
every poem and fate of love
under moon and sun*

*has been
(and will be)
expressed
amidst these groves.*

(Untitled tree poem by Rob MacIlle-Chiar.)

Several times in Scotland I visited a famous 5,000-year-old yew tree, marveling at all the prehistory and history and poems and fates of love that tree had witnessed in its lifetime. In Ireland, still, there are special "cloutie trees" hung, as in ancient times, with cloth ties imbued with people's hopes for children or healing or prosperity in their lives.

I remember my mother describing to me how to identify tree species by their characteristic shapes: She formed those shapes in the air with her hands as though each was a sign language between earth and sky, a message whose decoding she was passing on to me.

I think of the World Tree of the old Scandinavian cultures in their cold-forested lands, the Tree of Life in the Bible and in Hebrew mysticism, the sacred druid groves of old Gaul, and the natural cathedrals of California redwood forests.

On First Thought Mountain, near Orient, where Gabriel and I built our straw-bale house, there was a grove of western cedar we particularly cherished for its peaceful atmosphere. The ground beneath the trees, nearly bare of vegetation, was cushioned by generations of fallen, decayed cedar foliage. Even in summer the grove was cool and contemplative, offering perspective, heart's ease. Among the cedars the mind seemed to quiet and clear.

When Gabriel was a child we lived for a time among cedars in Michigan, too – different species, same cushiony ground – beside a creek. Our cabin was a Gothic arch (like an A-frame but curved) set on piers. Kind of a hobbit-house, but above ground. On October nights, lying in bed, we could hear the splashes of spawning salmon as they ended their arduous journey from Lake Michigan. The sheltering cedars and tiny, clear creek made it an enchanted place. When I taught workshops there, everyone sat on the soft ground beneath the cedars.

One night at our house on First Thought Mountain I dreamed I was walking through the forest during an extraordinary meteor shower. I came into the presence of a giant Douglas fir tree illumined by hundreds of stars that had fallen from the sky and lodged in its branches. The dream was so vivid that I made it into an illustrated children's story for one of my granddaughters.

Our forests in eastern Washington are stressed these days from longer, hotter, drier summers, and winters too mild to suppress the proliferation of lethal pine beetles. It makes me wonder what the beloved landscape here will look like by the time my grandchildren grow up – whether forests and big trees, with all their gifts and mysteries, will, too, have become only a story, a magnificent dream.

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



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Elusive Furry Gliders

Article and Photo by J. Foster Fanning

Up in the towering Ponderosa pine boughs, a shadow flits across the deepening twilight. And then, from yards away on another highlands pine, low on the bole, comes a brief but distinct catching and scuttling sound.

Be still. Watch closely. You may be in the company of *Glaucomys sabrinus*, the northern flying squirrel. These nocturnal members of the *Sciuridae* family commonly dwell in close proximity to us but are rarely seen. While the name “flying squirrel” is a misnomer, these squirrels are very adept and agile at gliding 70 feet or more, and can stretch the glide between trees on a downhill slope up to 300 feet or more.

So how is this “flying” accomplished?

Let's start with a 100-foot mature Ponderosa pine, although any tallish tree will do. The squirrel will climb to near the top of the pine, then scurry out on a branch and drop

head first, legs tucked tight to its body, into a free-fall angled very slightly away from the bole of the tree. This is the speed-gaining maneuver. Approximately 20 feet into the fall the squirrel will lift its head and spread its legs. The change in body deploys the patagium, a furry, parachute-like membrane stretching from wrist to ankle. And the high-speed glide commences as the creature now begins a roughly 30-degree descent.

Anatomically, flying squirrels resemble their non-gliding cousins, but they also sport adaptations to suit their aerially-acrobatic lifestyle. Their limb bones are longer and their hand and foot bones and distal vertebrae are shorter. And then there are the wrist spurs.

Flying squirrels steer and exert control over the glide path with their limbs and tail. Long glides are often interspersed with maneuvering to avoid objects in the flight path.

Landing is a radical change in the glide path, often within 10 feet of the ground, just prior to reaching the target tree. The squirrel will elevate its flattened tail, lift its head, curve its spine and abruptly alter its trajectory into an upward thrust. Contact with the landing tree is made after pointing all of the squirrel's limbs forward to create a parachute effect with the membrane, to reduce the shock of landing. The squirrel's limbs absorb a portion of the impact and the wrist spurs dig into the bark to keep it from bouncing backwards and falling off. Then, almost always, the squirrel will dash to the opposite side of the tree trunk – assumedly to avoid any potential predators.

During flight they have the ability to zig-zag like a slalom skier, making it harder for predators (and humans) to track them. In the nature of things, not all flights are executed precisely. Distances can be misjudged, branches can be hit, owls can intersect.

There are 50 known species of flying squirrel worldwide, most of which are found in Asia. Our northern flying squirrel is one of three species of flying squirrels found in North America. The most recent delineation of species for North America occurred just two years ago. According to Humboldt State University, for over 200 years scientists assumed it was a northern flying squirrel gliding through the canopies of Pacific coastal forests. A recent in-depth investigation changed all that when DNA tests proved otherwise. This furry critter is actually a distinct species, which has been named Humboldt's flying squirrel, *Glaucomys oregonensis*.

The northern flying squirrel of our region



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In Nature

is found in coniferous and mixed coniferous forests across the top of North America, from Alaska to Nova Scotia, south to the mountains of North Carolina and west throughout much of the Pacific Northwest. The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service put the flying squirrel back under protection on June 6, 2011, due to loss of habitat. A prerequisite for flying squirrels is tall trees.

This is a nocturnal rodent with thick, light-brown fur on the upper body and pale underparts. They grow to a length of 10 to 15 inches and weigh in well under a pound. Quite notable are their large eyes and flat tail. They can also be identified by their long whiskers, common to nocturnal mammals, plus all the loose skin tucked against the lower side of the torso.

While they are good gliders, they are clumsy walkers, often preferring to hide rather than to try to escape, if found on terra firma.

They feed on a variety of plant material as well as tree sap, fungi, insects, carrion, bird eggs and nestlings. Establishing a food cache is another important survival strategy for the northern flying squirrel. Their caches can be in the primary nest, a secondary nest, or in nearby tree cavities. Lichens and seeds are frequently cached. They mostly breed once a year, nesting in tree cavities lined with lichen, moss or other soft material.

I'm almost always surprised by some unique character or adaptation of the creatures I research and the northern flying squirrel is no exception. At birth they are hairless, helpless, uncoordinated, and unable to even roll over. They are entirely dependent on motherly love, which fortunately they receive in abundance.

Within the first week their ears open, some fur develops and they squirm continuously while emitting faint squeaks. It will be at least three weeks before they can see. They remain dependent on their mothers for several months and often overwinter as part of a family unit.

Despite inhabiting frigid forests, flying squirrels are not hibernators, although they do reduce their metabolic rate and body temperature during cold weather and spend more time in their nests and less time foraging, even huddling together to benefit from each other's radiant heat. They will lapse into a torpor for a few hours at a time, causing a reduction in body temperature of just a few degrees. While seemingly insignificant, studies have shown those few degrees save a substantial number of calories from being burned, thus reducing the need for foraging and limiting the exposure to harsh winter weather.

Northern flying squirrels, along with other squirrels, are an important prey species for the great horned owl, spotted owl, some hawks, the American marten, the Canadian



lynx, bobcat, and several species of fox.

The scent of spring is in the air. A good time to get out there, leave some tracks in the remaining snow and mud and enjoy the natural world. Be sure to stop, look up and listen closely. You never know what might be watching you...

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



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Squeezing in a Vacation

By Tina Tolliver Matney

A vacation, in my humble and homebound opinion, can be a state of mind. That's not to say that having the backs of your thighs embedded into the webbing of a poolside chair while someone hands you a tall drink with a little umbrella garnish isn't the real deal. But there are those of us who can't get away to a tropical paradise during the long winters we endure in our neck of the woods.

So, in lieu of a plane ticket and a new swimsuit, we do what we can to create a mindset that gives us the same peace and tranquility that squishing sand between our toes might bring. That was my intent a few weeks back when I suddenly announced to my friends and family that I needed a vacation.

Many of us utter those words when life seems challenging, but on that occasion, I was serious. I truly needed a break. Life events had stressed me to the point that I felt I might snap like a dry twig. And by snap, I mean I truly felt the need to rest and reset before a rubber truck appeared at my back door.

So, I gave myself permission to take a five-day vacation. Or as some people like to call it, a "staycation," since I chose to stay home. And by "chose," I mean my budget doesn't currently have room for palm trees and mai tais.

The house was clean and the fridge was stocked with good food so that I could immerse myself in my art or any of my many hobbies that I've been too busy to really enjoy these past several months. That was my intention, anyway. But if you've noticed in my great big life things seldom go as planned.

The first morning of self-imposed solitude was spent enjoying my coffee while I did a bit of spinning on my beloved spinning wheel. It was late morning when I turned on my computer and checked the weather forecast. Admittedly, I have been one of the people who was secretly cheering the mild and nearly snowless winter. I know we need the moisture and that the snow packs were

lacking. But this first winter of being alone had been relatively easy as far as keeping the house warm, the driveway plowed and the animals safe. I was glad for the light hand Old Man Winter had dealt our area so far.

But the forecast painted a dire picture. Snow, and lots of it, was predicted to hit our entire state. Snow doesn't scare me much. Friends and neighbors are generally just a phone call away if my driveway needs plowing, and I find the snow shovel is a great upper body workout! It was the temperature predictions that made me nervous. Sub-zero for a week doesn't really scare me, but this forecast showed no end in the 21 days of predictions I was seeing.

I hung my head over my keyboard and realized that after just six short hours vacation had just come to a screeching halt. Immediately I tackled the long list of things that would cave in, break or die if I didn't take precautions.

One of the bigger challenges is keeping my greenhouse above freezing. I gave up years ago, after losing some beloved plants to the cold, when the heater I thought would do a good job quit in the middle of the night when it was -20 outside. My solution since then has been to simply bring the plants into the house if I know the lowly baseboard can't keep up. Generally that amounted to ten-to-fifteen plants that include my lemon tree, my bird of paradise and perhaps a few other lovelies I couldn't bear to lose to a freeze. But this year the greenhouse held the over-run from my plant shop along with several flats of cuttings. It had become a true working greenhouse with hundreds of plants covering the benches.

It took an entire day to move all of those plants inside. From the kitchen counter, the dining room table, the entryway and the spare bedroom, every corner and flat surface now holds a plant or a flat of cuttings.

After dark that evening I ticked a few other chores off the "frigid" list with plans to finish up

the next day. I sat down that night exhausted and feeling somewhat defeated and perhaps even a little weepy. Stress had once again taken over my emotions and it like my vacation ended faster than it had begun.

Then, as fate would have it, I was perusing my social media page and came across a post that, in essence, stated "Find the vacation in every day. Even if it's something simple like feeling the grass between your toes." There was more to it than that but that is what caught my eye and made me stop and realize that it was up to me to find my joy when it might seem scarce.

So, I reached for a brand new yoga DVD that had come in the mail just the day before called "Candlelight Yoga," a simple and relaxing routine set to soothing music. It was purchased with the intent of creating a nightly routine that would help me sleep like a normal person. I changed into my yoga gear, dimmed all of the lights and lit two candles before I threw my mat down right in the middle of the entryway that now felt like a jungle paradise.

I knew then that I had found my vacation. And it felt wonderful.

After the routine was over, I lay there on the floor amid the candlelight and looked up at the beautiful lemons on my lemon tree and smiled. I wasn't mentally whisked away to some far-off place. I was in my own house feeling grateful because I knew the animals and the plants and I were all safe from the cold. I knew that outside the snow was blowing and the temperature was diving but in my heart I felt content and happy. Finding the vacation in every day may not be easy sometimes, but when life literally gives you lemons, well ... that helps.

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



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WHAT'S



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APPENZERS

Events

Mar 1-3, 8-10: Pend Oreille Players presents "Good Neighbors" by John Arnold, as part of our New Works Program, directed by Kristi Bell. Fridays and Saturdays, 7 pm, Sundays 3 pm. Tickets available at the door and at www.pendoreilleplayers.org, \$12 for adults, \$10 for First Responders and Seniors, 65 and over.

Mar 1-3, 8-10, 14-17: Woodland Theatre presents "Mamma Mia!" This sunny and funny tale unfolds on a Greek island paradise. Friday and Saturdays, 7 pm, Sundays 2 pm, March 1 & 14, \$10 all seats, all other dates \$12 Seniors 65+/Students (HS & under) & \$15 Adults. Tickets at brownpapertickets.com. More info at woodlandproductions.org or call 509-389-1148.

Mar 2: Wild & Scenic Film Festival, 6:30 pm, Quartzite Brewery, Chewelah, \$15.

Mar 2: Annual Farm Fresh Food to Families Gala, Colville Ag Trade Center, 317 W. Astor, Colville, hosted by the Northeast Washington Hunger Coalition of area food banks and community partners in the tri county area to coordinate access to healthy foods. Doors open at 4:30 for a social hour, preview silent auction and dessert items. Event tickets are \$25. Enjoy a fantastic farm-to-table dinner provided by local producers and prime rib catered by Lori Roberts assisted by Al Kowitz. Northern Ales will provide a no-host bar of beer. For tickets, visit newhungercoalitiongala.org or call 509-738-4565 or email sumau@centurytel.net.

Mar 3: Northport Lions Club BINGO at the Northport School Cafeteria, Noon-4. Early Bird, Regular, Fast Pick and Blackout with a \$500 Jackpot. Proceeds benefit Northport High School Softball. Refreshments available. Must be 18 or older to play. Call 509-690-2158 for more info.

Mar 6: Artist's talk by Tricia and Stan Evenson, Quartzite Brewing Company, Chewelah, 6:30-8 pm, opening reception March 7, Trails End Gallery, 101 N. Park, Ste B, Chewelah, 5:30-8 pm.

Mar 7: First Thursday Art Walk, 5:30-8 pm, downtown Chewelah.

Mar 8: Tools for Running an Effective Nonprofit, 9-3, CREATE Arts, 900 W 4th, Newport. Workshop provided by Nancy Bacon of Washington Nonprofits for leaders of small, all, or mostly volunteer organizations wanting to learn the basics of how to deliver on mission. Register at <https://washingtonnonprofits.secure.nonprofitsoapbox.com/2019-03-08-newport-tools> or call 509-675-3791.

Mar 8: Colville Library Improvement Club book sale, 10-1, downstairs in the library.

Mar 8-9: The 19th Annual Rock and Gem Show, Fri. 8:30-6, Sat. 9-5, Ag Trade Center Colville. Free event with gold panning, wheel of fortune, silent auction, door prizes and more! Call 509-684-8887 for more info.

Mar 10: Daylight Saving Time - clocks ahead.

Mar 11: In honor of Women's History Month AAUW of Colville with Stevens County Library District and Humanities.org will present Mayuami Tsutakawa from Humanities Washington, 6 pm, Rendezvous Theatre, Spokane Community College, Hawthorne Ave, Colville. Tsutakawa is a writer, editor, curator and activist who focuses on Asian/Pacific American history and arts. Tsutakawa managed grants for the Washington State Arts Commission and directed King Country's arts and historic preservation programs. She will present five "women warriors" whose inspiring stories reach back to the early years of our region. The event is free.

Mar 12: Blood Drive, 11:30-4:30, Ag Trade Center, 411 W Astor, Colville.

Mar 15: Opioid Response Conference, Pathways to Prevention, a free conference that takes place simultaneously at multiple sites across the region. A unique opportunity to address the opioid epidemic by taking action to increase awareness and prevention. Share your ideas. Be part of the solution. Seating is limited. Register at www.eventbrite.com/e/ncw-opioid-response-conference-pathways-to-prevention-registration-56045603910 or email debra.hansen@wsu.edu or call 509-684-2588.

Mar 15-16: Colville Home & Garden Show, Friday 10-5, Saturday 9-4, Spokane Community College – Colville Center, 985 S. Elm St., Colville. More than 40 vendors and over \$1,400 in fantastic prizes. See ad and 2-for-1 admission coupon on page 2.

Mar 16: Tundra Swan Festival, 10-4, Camas Center for Community Wellness, 1821 LeClerc Rd. N, Cusick. For reservations and info, visit www.porta.us or call 844-767-8287. See ad page 23.

Mar 21: Gear Up! disABILITIES Resource Fair, 9-3, Spokane Community College – Colville Campus, 985 S. Elm St., Colville. Pizza and peers, 11:30am. Free event! Call 509-685-0680 or email newacsdd@stevenscountywa.gov for more info. See ad on back page.

Mar 21: Washington State Poet Laureate Claudia Castro Luna, 6-8 pm, CREATE Arts, 900 W 4th, Newport.

Mar 22-24: Kettle Falls Grange #1120 presents “Suitable for Hanging” by Donald Payton, directed by Hannah Smith and Kirsten MacTavish. Friday, 7 pm, Family Night, \$20/family at the door; Saturday, 6 pm, Dinner Theatre \$30, tickets in advance at Barstow Store, Beardslee Family Restaurant, and Sandys; Sunday, 2 pm, tickets at the door: Adults \$10, Kids 6-12 \$5, 5 and under free. See ad on page 26.

Mar 23: Let's Roll, An Amazing Race, presented by Casey McKern's Pay It Forward, 9-1 (check in by 8:45 am), Happy Dell Park, Kettle Falls. Call 509-675-5421 or email vmckern@yahoo.com for more info. See ad page 27.

Mar 29: Friends of the Little Pend Oreille Wildlife Refuge present Ken Bevis, biologist, speaker, singer and entertainer, 7 pm, Rendezvous Theater, Spokane Community College – Colville Campus, 985 S. Elm St., Colville. Snacks, beverages and door prizes. Free event! See ad page 7.

Mar 30: Sowing Seeds gardening workshop, Spokane Community College, Colville Branch, 4 sessions each with 4 classes over the course of one day, including waterwise gardening, preservation topics, native pollinators, gardening on a dime, hops, wine grapes, composting, backyard poultry, soil testing and Firewise landscaping. Register at early at <https://www.brownpapertickets.com/event/4055323> and

get \$20 off. Email a.thompson@wsu.edu or call 509-684-2588 for more info.

Mar 31: Dances of Universal Peace, simple, meditative, joyous, multi-cultural dances, 2-5 pm at UCC Church, lower level, 2nd and Maple, Colville. Donations appreciated. Potluck following. Call 509-684-1590 for more info.

Trail & District Arts Council calendar of events. Details available at trail-arts.com.
9th: Worlds of the Puppets, Peter and the Wolf, 2-3 pm; Metamorphosis, 7:30-9 pm
14th: Laura Landsberg at Jazz at the Griff, 7:30-9 pm
19th: Lizzy Hoyt: New Lady on the Prairie, 7:30-9 pm
20th: Hotel California Eagles Tribute, 7-10 pm
29th: The Slocan Ramblers, 7:30-9 pm

Music at Northern Ales, 325 W. 3rd Ave., Kettle Falls, northernales.com, 509-738-7382:
7th: Rusty, 6-8 pm
8th: Fire Creek, 7-10 pm
14th: Patti O', 6-8 pm
15th: Open Mic, 7-10 pm
16th: Pre-St. Patty's Party w/ Chipped & Broken, 7-10 pm
22nd: Northern Aliens, 7-10 pm
28th: Michael Pickett, 6-8
29th: AC/DC Experience & Guest, 7-10 pm

Music at Republic Brewery, 26 Clark Ave., Republic, republicbrew.com, 509-775-2700.
8th: Matt Mitchell, 1-2 pm
23rd: Dive Bar Theology, 7-10 pm
30th: Kory Quinn, 7-10 pm

Meetings & Opportunities

Mar 13: Northeast Washington Genealogy Society meeting, 1 pm, LDS Church basement, Juniper Street in Colville, entry at the back of the building. Visit newgs.org for more info. All visitors are welcome.

Library Events: Check out the extensive calendars of libraryeventsatncrl.org (Ferry Co.), scrlcd.org (Stevens Co.), and pocld.org (Pend Oreille Co.).

Celebrate Recovery, a 12-step program, meets Fridays, 5:30 pm, Mt. Carmel Health Education Building, 1169 East Columbia Avenue, Lower Level, Colville, WA (across street from emergency room). A light meal is served. Call 509-935-0780 for a ride or more info.

Deer Park Business Referral & Networking group, Tuesday mornings, 8-9 am for breakfast at Paulines, Deer Park. 509-276-8556.

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

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

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

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.

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The Northport Times

NORTHPORT - MARCH 2019: As we look about the Town and countryside, it is apparent that Spring has arrived. Many aspects that no other time of year can compare are present. While Winter can be cold and cause discomfort, snow is still much easier to traverse than the mud so prevalent, which we encounter every time we step outdoors. Mr. Howard rode into town today to get supplies with his sleigh. Not realizing that the snow had melted so quickly, he presently got so stuck that it was necessary to ride his horse home and fetch his wagon. Shopkeepers have the daily struggle to maintain a cleanly appearance in their establishments. Just yesterday, one of rancher J. Murphy's expectant cows suffered an almost tragic misfortune by slipping in a boggy pond and getting stuck in the mud. It took him most of the day along with the help of a kind neighbor, Mr. Leadan, and his team of horses to free the poor beast. Springtime is not completely deplorable although the muck may at times be simply overwhelming. The Spring Ball and Seed Exchange held in the Kendrick Ballroom will offer a much-needed respite from the sloppy mixture of soil and melting snow. This should sufficiently satisfy the element of refinement desired by all of whom are currently battling the mire.

—Viola Murphy

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

LISTEN UP

Reviews by Michael Pickett

The Triumph of Jason Becker

Guitar albums are about as common as guitar picks in a household dryer. Great guitar albums are less common, but you can still probably pull 800 of them off your favorite streaming service without breaking a sweat. One-of-a-kind, brilliant soundtracks that feature the composing genius of Jason Becker are, in my estimation, some of the rarest six-string audio treasures.

Having taken the guitar world by storm in the late 1980s, Becker seemed to be able to play anything. Videos of him wowing Japanese audiences while playing incredible shred-licks with one hand, and working a yo-yo with the other, still drop jaws every day on YouTube. As he made his way into Steve Vai's vacated guitar slot in David

Lee Roth's all-star band, you couldn't have asked for a more exciting player to break new guitar ground.

Over 30 years later, Jason Becker masterminds a sweeping, inspiring, 14-song album that incorporates everything from symphonic rock to ukulele-shred on *Triumphant Hearts*. Enlisting the "axe-pertise" of Joe Satriani, Steve Morse, Uli Jon Roth, Steve Vai, Trevor Rabin and dozens of other world-class musicians to bring cuts like "Valley of Fire" (inhabited by a dozen guitarists), "Magic Woman" and the

soaring "Hold On To Love" to life, Becker is like the director and producer of an audio blockbuster movie.

While Becker actually played comparatively few guitar notes on the album (he has been using a wheelchair since the early '90s as he contends with ALS), the triumph here is that you wouldn't know the difference.

Becker's overwhelming compositional chops make *Triumphant Hearts* a spectacular listen, and you'll be hard-pressed not to feel his abiding sense of optimism from start to finish.



Calling All Astronauts

What do you get when you mix vintage hard rock, punk, industrial and a clever way with words? You get everything that is fantastic about Calling All Astronauts.

With two full album releases and a growing, rabid following on social media, CAA only adds to their appeal with the release of *Influences*. Carrying only four songs, this EP-length offering taps the classic material that fuels this trio's

consistently interesting catalog by showing just where they came from musically.



Made up of Bowie's "Scary Monsters," T-Rex's "Metal Guru," Gary Numan's "Are Friends Electric?" and a refreshing industrial take on Deep Purple's overplayed "Smoke on the Water," Calling All Astronauts has the knack for making every classic they cover all their own.

It might be the full-throttle grooves, the gritty Nine Inch Nails-ish production or David B's post-punk, warm-but-menacing vocals, but whatever "formula" these Astronauts find for each piece of music, it works every time.

Fully embodying the rebellious spirit of rock-n-roll, and with just enough nods to retro greats to be charming, Calling All Astronauts manages to blend tried-and-true influences and elements of their own snarling ingenuity to make albums that will still be fun years from now.

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A Good Read

Reviews by Loren Cruden

Nappy-Headed Negro Syndrome, by Oneita Jackson

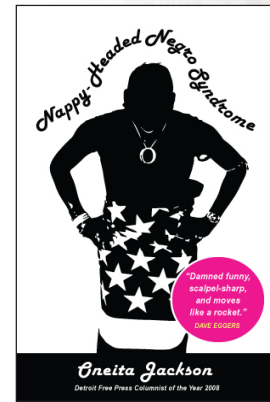
The title of former *Detroit Free Press* columnist Oneita Jackson's new book is an instant clue that *Nappy-Headed Negro Syndrome* – billed as a “handbook to social etiquette in the racially charged 21st century” – is not of the literary sleep-aid genre. I read the slim, under-200-page book in a single sitting, then paced around the room for a while digesting its contents and suspecting I'd continue doing so – minus the pacing – for a long time to come.

At first the sharply pointed incidents, quotes, and letters that comprise the book may provoke resistance in non-persons-of-color readers. Jackson appears so together, so on top of it, and her unenlightened tormentors are so lame. Plus, she's razor funny, with a spicy, pared writing style, seemingly invincible in her designer outfits, wide-ranging friends, and cool competence at whatever she chooses to do – be a brilliant mother, drive a cab, win writing awards, hostess at a celebrity restaurant.

After a while though, if the reader drops defensive shields and instead lets sheer intrigue with this remarkable book take over, the full dimensions of Jackson's perspective open – along with a great deal of her vulnerability. It is apparent how brave she has to be every minute. How alert and indeed on top of it.

The crux of the issue is “... when someone comes to a conclusion about you and they don't know anything about you...” All the book's examples really boil down to this, and it is something most anyone can relate to from experience. But it is in the reader's *suspending* resentment about the ways she or he, too, has been disrespected and harmed due to assumptions made about her or him, that a shift happens; the space widens, ceases to be a contest of grievances, becomes a threshold to things vitally worth knowing.

Jackson is not writing about being a victim – is not seeking sympathy, but awareness and change. She comes across as instructive with her inventory of (mostly) White misdemeanors. But the real message goes deeper, into the core of how we see ourselves as well as how we treat others. It is this that gives the book not only its impact, but also its complexity.



The Orphan Master's Son, by Adam Johnson

American writer Adam Johnson sets his novel, *The Orphan Master's Son*, in Kim Jong Il's North Korea, a society most Westerners cannot imagine – and are unlikely to forget after finishing Johnson's novel. Locked in hopeless embrace, American and North Korean characters dance through the story executing their strangely twinned but oppositional choreography.

The narrator, Pak Jun Do, ricochets from circumstance to circumstance – like most North Korean citizens, with no control over his life. His situations are grotesque, Kafka-ish, and the book's darkly satirical bent adds to this. Possibility of trueness haunts the reader throughout. “In Comrade Buc's eyes, Jun Do saw a look he knew well from childhood, the look of a boy who thought the next day would be better. Those boys never lasted. Still, Jun Do liked them the most.”

If the rapidly twisting plot is bizarre, it is also electrifying. Jun Do hurtles upward and downward in status, the degree of insecurity and arbitrariness extreme. “Most people in North Korea work in pairs, so there is always a co-worker ready to give evidence or denounce his partner.” Though there are also moments of altruism, even tenderness.

The story is about stories: the ones we tell ourselves, the people we know, and the people we don't know; and

the ones told about us by people we know and don't know. “Where we are from,” [a North Korean tells Jun Do], “stories are factual. If a farmer is declared a music virtuoso by the state, everyone had better start calling him maestro.... For us, the story is more important than the person. If a man and his story are in conflict, it is the man who must change.”

Jun Do, one of literature's most challenged and interesting characters, is kept hopping by the state's stories, yet somehow finds integrity. He “thought of how difficult it was to come to see the lies you told yourself, the ones that allowed you to function and move forward. To really do it, you needed someone's help.” Like Adam Johnson's.

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



Ides of March?

By J. Merrill Baker

What the heck is an “ide” anyway? Turning to the internet, I found that in the days of old Rome, they did not number their monthly calendar days from one to thirty or thirty-one. An “ide” was a calendar measurement, a reference point. There were three fixed points in a month with “nones” being the 5th or 7th; then the “ides” were the 13th or the 15th, with the “kalends” being the 1st of the following month. Wikipedia was not clear on what happened with the days between these fixed points, but in ancient Rome, every month had an “ide.”

Their calendar counting is confusing and makes as much sense today as Common Core Math, which has nothing in common with any core logic that makes any sense to me. I prefer Dr. Seuss’ logic in many ways, and if he used the word “ide”

it was to encourage your imagination.

The middle of March on the Roman calendar was the target date for debts to be settled. It is much like our own Tax Day, which originally fell on March 1, 1913, when the Federal Reserve was established, then changed years later to March 15, and finally moved to the “ides” of April, on the 15th.

While I am writing this, it is the 14th of the month – the day between the 13th and 15th of an “ide,” and because it is Valentine’s day, I wondered if the ancient Romans celebrated it. Turns out (yes, Wikipedia, again) that in the third century the day was named in honor of two men executed by Roman Emperor Claudius II on February 14, on differing years. The Catholic church honored their martyrdom with St. Valentine’s Day. Now, somehow, we celebrate love on this day, in spite of the gruesome history.

Personally, I think love is worth celebrating every day, whether it falls on an ide or not. (And our lovely 2019 Valentine’s dinner had THE best potatoes!)

On the day that William Shakespeare later made famous – the ides of March in 44 BC – Roman leader Julius Caesar was killed by a conspiring group led by Brutus and Cassius. While that may not have been the usual way of settling a debt, it was a memorable one.

Julius Caesar had a seer, Spurinna. She would tell him what she saw in the future. Wikipedia (and Shakespeare) mention she had warned the Roman ruler, “Beware the ides of March.” Later, as he was going out, he paused and spoke to her rather presumptuously, “The ides have come,” to which she cautiously replied, “Yes, but not gone.”

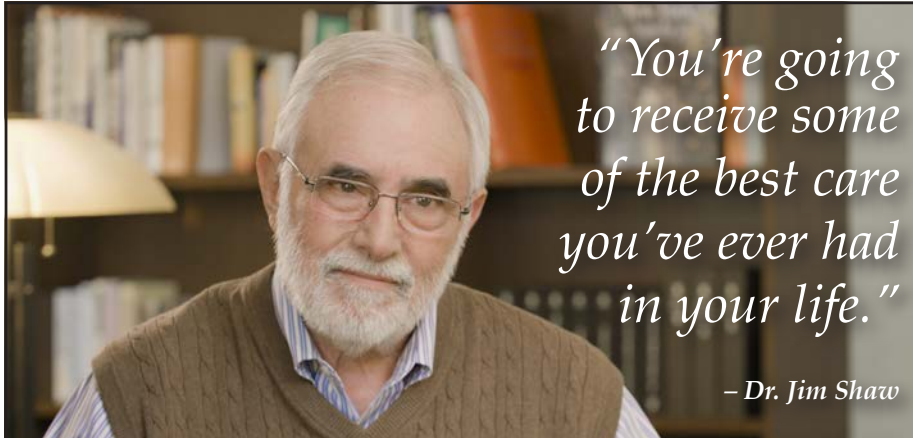
Caesar’s assassination gives us the “ides of March” with its sense of impending

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Living in NE WA: Lessons Learned

doom, or at the least the confusion about what an “ide” is. That event started the downfall of the Roman Republic, which eventually morphed into the Roman Empire. Republics and empires have been battling ever since, which leads us to the modern-day Star Wars franchise and evil emperors.

When asking the husband what he knew about the ides of March, his reference in response was to planting potatoes. He is a big fan of potatoes. Did they grow potatoes? He did not think the ancient Romans grew potatoes, because, he claims, potatoes came from South America.

My research with the “ides” came up with Caesar. At first I thought of the salad, hence the gardening. A different Caesar, an Italian, reputedly invented the salad in 1924 in Mexico. Then I looked at seasonal calendars. I learned that we are in Hardiness Zone 6, according to the U.S. Department of Agriculture map. The suggestion is to plant potatoes when the soil is 45 degrees, and not overly damp. We


have snow on top of our soil right now, and it will need to melt first. Maybe evaporate even. Unless we plant inside a greenhouse, which we are considering this year.

We are now waiting for the first day of spring, which, according to *The Old Farmer's Almanac*, a 227-year-old annual publication, will be Tuesday, March 20, at about 9:15 a.m. That is five days past the ides. We are filled with anticipation.

Evidently famous author A.A. Milne (*Winnie the Pooh*) was also a fan of potatoes. “What I say is that if a man really likes potatoes, he must be a pretty decent sort of fellow.” And the husband, a pretty decent sort of fellow, will grow potatoes. *The Almanac* has more helpful information on that subject.

J. Merrill Baker: avid rural resident, potato observer, spring equinox hopeful.

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Speedy Seed Starting

By Michelle Lancaster

Last spring, I wrote about my failed attempts at starting peppers by seed. The seeds sat in soil for months without germinating. Only then did I research whether there was a trick to starting seeds more successfully. Voilà, of course there is. And an easy one at that!

Seeds, water, a paper towel, a container, and a source of heat are all that is needed.

Wet a clean paper towel with water, then lay it across the inside of a container that has a lid. A used plastic bakery container works well. They are clear, so the seed shows through the paper towel a bit, making it easy to remember to keep the paper towel moist.

Next, sprinkle seeds evenly across one half of the paper towel. Gently spread them out with your finger so they are not touching each other. That way, the future roots are less likely to tangle. Fold the empty half of the paper towel over the seed side to cover the seeds, making a seed

sandwich. Pour a little water over the top, just enough to make the paper towel moist to the touch. The paper towel provides consistent moisture compared to soil that can dry out irregularly.

Loosely close the lid. Label the top of the container with the name and type of seed and the date. Place the container on a heat mat, or another source of warmth such as the top of a fridge or on a shelf near a fireplace. I keep a thermometer on the heat mat (between the container and the heat mat) to monitor the temperature. My heat mat keeps the seeds at 80°F when I start seeds in my kitchen. I turn it off if it goes up to 90°F and back on if it cools to 70°F.

Check the seeds daily. Add water if needed to keep the paper towel moist. I use a plastic syringe so that I can apply water just where I want it. A faucet works, too, but I worry I will drown or wash away the seeds one of these days.

Different seeds germinate in different amounts of time, but I have found that seeds tend to germinate very fast with this method – in 1 to 5 days. I let the seeds stay in there until most or all of them have started to sprout, then transfer them carefully to a soil medium such as Black Gold organic potting mix. From there, treat them like seedlings and proceed with the early growing days of plant starts.

Some think that this procedure is extra or unnecessary, but for more difficult seeds to sprout (such as peppers) or old seeds that may not be viable, this step ensures the seeds will either sprout quickly or not germinate at all. The good seeds get planted, off to a running start, and the bad seeds can be thrown out.

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

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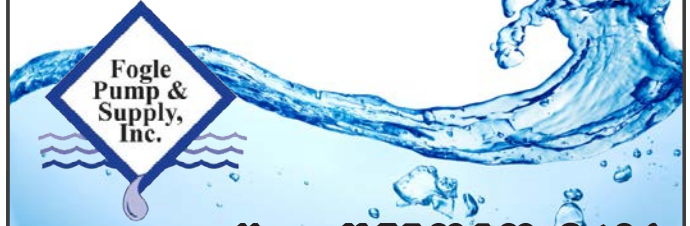
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Lessons from Nature, Ever Relevant

Article & Photo by Joanie Christian



Bernie Siegel once said, “If you watch how nature deals with adversity, continually renewing itself, you can’t help but learn.” And I might also add, you can’t help but have hope. In my adventures, one of the lessons from nature is that the arrival of spring reminds us that no winter lasts forever. Spring can be a time of new beginnings, both literally and figuratively.

While spending time in nature over the years, I have become more aware of the many parallels between what I see in the great outdoors and our own human experience. As I ponder those parallels, I have come to see lessons.

It is a sure sign that spring is on its way when the daylight lengthens and temps become warmer. In our northern clime, winter brings hardship for many animals and birds. Food and water sources are scarce, and weather conditions are harsh. Those that survive the winter have often overcome tremendous odds.

In the fall, I watch as many plants freeze, wither, die back, and decompose in gardens and in the forests. Even when kayaking in a lake, we see the water lilies shriveling, disappearing beneath the surface and being reabsorbed by the lake. Kokanee salmon at Lake Coeur D’Alene spawn and die. Those that aren’t eaten by eagles are washed ashore and eaten by other scavengers, while the rest decay along the shoreline. But that is not the end of the story.

As the cold and dark envelop us in winter, nutrients from the decaying plants and fish become vital elements for the new life soon to spring forth. Decomposed plant matter fertilizes the seedlings that come

up in spring. Nutrients from decaying spawned Kokanee salmon nourish the Kokanee fry that hatch in the spring. The lesson for me is that the difficult things in life are often a foundation for new beginnings for us too.

When we lived on the west side of the state in the 1990s, each spring I always went out in search of one of my favorite flowers, lilacs. There were plenty of lilac bushes, but surprisingly few flowers. As it turns out, the conditions on the coast were great for producing huge and lush lilac bushes but not the flowers themselves. The more common forms of lilacs require a dormancy to produce flowers, and the relatively mild and warm winters on the coast don’t provide what they need. Despite our tendency to go-go-go, I think we need down time to be at our best, too. And though we may prefer pleasant and comfortable conditions, sometimes the negative situations and challenges of life create a climate that helps us grow and bloom to *our* full potential.

In late winter, I travel to Pend Oreille County in search of tundra swans. These swans begin arriving at Lake Calispel for feeding during their migration north at the end of winter. A non-traditional lake, Calispel is a shallow flood plain that attracts not only the swans but many other waterfowl. At the migration’s peak there are thousands of birds swimming and feeding in this area.

The first time I witnessed this, I was amazed by the sounds of all the birds we could hear long before they came into view. It is a rather humorous cacophony of honks, quacks and other bird calls.

But, surprisingly, the different birds species peacefully co-exist in pretty crowded conditions. I’m sure there were squabbles and some territoriality, but in the lengthy time I observed them, it was generally uneventful. It all worked.

Pondering this left me hopeful that we, too, can peacefully exist with others who are similar yet also different from ourselves.

Ospreys return to the same nest each year and often find it a little worse for wear and sometimes even destroyed by winter storms. They methodically go to work fortifying their nest, or start from scratch, building a completely new nest.

This reminds me that sometimes the things that I built or relationships I thought were solid become damaged in the storms of life that are beyond my control. Like the osprey, I discover there are times I have no choice but to start over. To learn from my mistakes. What worked. What didn’t. And with that new knowledge, make different choices. Fortify and rebuild my life. With each storm I can become stronger.

I go through cycles and chapters where the challenges of life produce great change. I adapt. And march forward hopefully toward an ever-changing future. I can learn much from nature if I pay attention. As we head into spring, I am learning to trust and respect the process. The best time for new beginnings is now.

Joanie Christian, a freelance nature photographer, has lived in NE WA for 40+ years. View her work at joaniechristian-photography.com and follow her paddling adventures at stillwaterpaddling.com.

Sewage Wars, *by Joe Barreca*

After touring the Colville Wastewater Treatment Plant, I met some old friends while shopping. They asked how it was going and when I told them I had just toured the sewage plant, they gave me that “Oh, oh, Joe’s gone off the deep end...” look and quickly slipped away.

Generally, we are not comfortable talking about poop. But I have become interested in the billions of microbes in a teaspoon of fertile soil and many of those same microbes in our guts. I was thinking that there should be some boost to soil fertility from properly processed poop. So, I asked waste treatment plant operator Scott Thomas for a tour, which he made time for on the spur of the moment.

According to what I learned from Thomas, the plant can treat almost five million gallons of wastewater a day and has a bypass system if it goes beyond that. Staff at the plant track 36 common activated sludge microorganisms as a succession of organisms digest each other, with “water bears” being one of the last stages – and one of my favorites. Tardigrades, AKA water bears, can enter a state of cryptobiosis, a dried-up little spot to my way of thinking,

that can survive in outer space. Actually, they prefer ferns and lichens but there are plenty of them at the far end of the sewage plant.

The plant itself is like a giant digestive system. Everything coming in is ground down by the “muffin monster” in the headwaters building. It’s a little like chewing your food, but in this case feminine hygiene products and other junk need to be prevented from clogging the system. The bigger chunks are filtered out in the preliminary treatment plant, along with heavy grit, and packaged in long plastic tubes that are sent to the dump, AKA sanitary landfill.

Now the real action begins in the selector tanks. Anaerobic (airless) digestion is started by recycling organisms into these tanks, where they proliferate in the raw sewage over an average holding time of 12-24 hours. From there the wastewater is fed into the biologic digester, which is like an artificial river with aerators that introduce air into the water and propagate the next level of microbiotics. This two-stage digestion eliminates a lot of troublesome microbes that would survive anaero-

bic digestion.

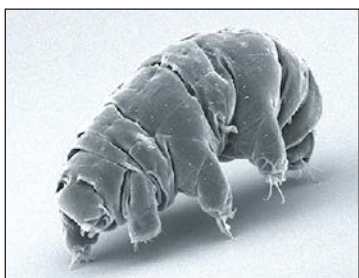
With microbes in the final stages of development at the plant, the water is clarified and irradiated with powerful ultraviolet lights that make the microbes incapable of reproducing, and then aerated to make sure it has enough dissolved oxygen in it before it is sent to the Colville River. Every five years the water is tested for nearly 200 pollutants.

The sludge is sent to a holding lagoon where it is kept for years. The current cycle is from 2006 to 2022. Eventually the dried sludge needs to be tested by the Department of Ecology before it can be spread as fertilizer on fields. At that point it will be classified as either Class A or Class B bio-solid.

These plants need to keep their microorganisms alive and to eliminate metals such as arsenic, cadmium, copper, lead, mercury, molybdenum, nickel, selenium and zinc. The Colville plant does not test for other metals or any of the 352 pollutants categorized as hazardous in federal programs other than the EPA’s bio-solid’s program, as it is not a requirement.

To get the lowdown on opposition to the application of sewage sludge on agricultural land I talked with Chrys Ostrander who, along with other residents of Mill Canyon, just north of Davenport, Wash., stopped the application of sewage sludge in fields above the canyon, which is also home to Tolstoy Farm, an organic grower.

Their battle was with Fire Mountain Farms of Onalaska, Wash., a company that offers to apply sewage sludge on farms at no cost to the farmer (the company is paid by sewage treatment plants to take the sludge away). Ostrander told me that several years ago he talked to neighbors of Fire Moun-



Tardigrade, courtesy Schokraie E, Warnken U, Hotz-Wagenblatt A, Grohme MA, Hengherr S, et al. (2012).

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tain's sludge processing facility who experienced an epidemic of miscarriages in their livestock. In 2015, the Washington State Pollution Control Hearings Board found that Fire Mountain was illegally mixing industrial waste with sewage sludge and was shut down for a time by the Department of Ecology. Ostrander is of the viewpoint that there is no safe amount of sludge for farmland or the ecosystem.

In the opposite corner is Chris Eckhart, whose family owns 1,500 acres near Deer Park. They have biosolids applied to their property from the City of Spokane, which scans for 250 chemicals. Chris visited their plant and is glad that the organic matter in his soil is now up to 3%, which is thought to be a worthwhile number.

Those who consider sludge on farmland a problem point to persistent organic pollutants (POPs). Basically, these are things that bioconcentrate in living organisms. Professor Chad A. Kinney from Colorado State University at Pueblo and a team of scientists from around the country decided to look

at phylum *Annelida* – earthworms – for POPs. Their article about land treated with sewage sludge in the journal *Environmental Science and Technology* (2008, 42, 6, 1863-1870) states, "The anthropogenic [involving the impact of humans on nature] waste indicators, AEWs, detected in earthworm tissue from the three field sites included pharmaceuticals, synthetic fragrances, detergent metabolites, polycyclic aromatic hydrocarbons (PAHs), biogenic sterols, disinfectants, and pesticides, reflecting a wide range of physicochemical properties."

In their 2008 paper "Case for Caution Revisited: Health and Environmental Impacts of Application of Sewage Sludges to Agricultural Land," the authors Ellen Z. Harrison, retired director, and Murray McBride, director of the Cornell Waste Management Institute, detail their concerns about: (1)



Photo courtesy the Sustainable Sanitation Alliance.

aerosols including coliforms and unhealthy reactions found in several studies; (2) POPs including antibiotics and other pharmaceuticals; (3) antibiotic resistance in sludge bacteria; (4) prions that contain spongiform encephalopathies (mad cow disease), and (5) ecological impacts including that "a number of human-use compounds (such as triclosan found in many personal care products such as antibacterial soaps) bioconcentrate in earthworms where soil has been amended with sewage sludges."

Are biosolids good or bad? I would ask the worms.

Joe Barreca makes maps, grows grapes, makes wine and posts blogs on BarrecaVineyards.com.

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A Transformative Walk in Time

By Gabriele von Trapp

In the mid-nineties I had a dear friend who bred llamas. Cathy had a significant herd and when we spent time together, there was always a llama or two involved.

I learned much from Cathy about llama behavior, handling and calming techniques, breeding rituals, diet, health, social preferences and herd dynamics, and found the enigmatic and often misunderstood creatures fascinating.

As a selective breeder, Cathy had several male llamas that she bred for their characteristics and market desirability. Heavy wool, pleasant disposition, confirmation and bloodlines were all a consideration in a competitive market. She had one llama in her herd that she was no longer breeding, a mature intact male named "The Black."

The Black had been placed in a separate pen on her property, alone and apart from

the breeding females. I noticed he continuously paced the fence line, hummed incessantly and was not eating the fresh hay laid out for him. Cathy shared that llamas are known to be sensitive to stress, to the point of it being potentially lethal, and a social situation such as his was an obvious contributor to his sorry state. Cathy needed to find a new home for The Black and quickly. She asked me for my consideration.

At the time, I had a small herd of goats and had learned that llamas made great guards for goats and sheep, able to detect a predator and put up a fierce fight if the herd were infiltrated. Consequently, our family welcomed The Black and the curious goats accepted their new guardian with playful displays of consent and approval.

I welcomed several more llamas to our family soon after and came to realize there

was something special about The Black. He was very easy to catch, halter, lead and handle, unlike the other llamas who preferred to be left to themselves and tended to have startling ways of letting you know their preferences.

The Black had a very sweet nature, a gentle disposition, and I trusted him implicitly with my three young children. He and my young daughter developed a special bond and she eagerly spent time with her llama, walking him, grooming him, and feeding him grainy treats.

I enjoyed my time with this special guy as well.

Winter had a long reach into the early spring of this particular year. Mid-March had been colder than usual and the stubborn patches of snow clung tight. Feeling cooped up, I was itching to get out of the house that day. The children were at school, all my chores were finished and

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Trails End Gallery

Inner Landscape

it happened to be a bright and sunny day with temperatures reaching the high fifties. So I laced up my boots, grabbed my jacket and gloves, haltered The Black and out past the beyond we went.

I opted to take the Old Stagecoach Run trail, which led through a deep canyon cradled between steep granite formations and stately old-growth trees. The familiar trail was home to an occasional cave, animal dens and scattered old bones of creatures that had made a tasty meal for a crafty coyote. Mount Godfrey, at 3,400 feet, rose to the west and provided a vast primordial wilderness that hosted an abundance of wildlife which often traipsed into this neck of the woods. I had no concerns for my safety because I had my scout with me and a sharpened Swiss Army knife full of useful gadgets.

As we walked together, I breathed in deeply and the atmosphere filled my chest with freshness and vitality. The electric blue sky rimmed the rock walls and warm breezes swayed the branches, revealing the hearty grass shoots inching their way through the patches of crusty snow. The Black was alert, his nostrils flaring, neck arched proud and head held high. It was evident he was eagerly anticipating this adventure. We soon began to head northeast toward Red Lake, paralleling Long Lake, which was far below the plateau. After exiting the canyon we found ourselves approaching a grassy, golden-brown highland field.

As we threaded through the tall tan corpses of yesteryear's lush field, I could hear the sound of rushing water. The Black

noticed it too, perking up even more, focusing his gaze and scanning the horizon, humming softly. I watched his reactions for a possible "alert." He could sense danger long before I even had a notion. His demeanor stayed calm and he was ready to move on.

I watched him intently as he moved purposefully and nobly through the landscape and it occurred to me that he was in his natural habitat, the kind where his ancestors roamed eons ago. (Llamas were native to North America long before they migrated to South America). I dropped the lead rope and let him move in his own intuitive direction. He stayed close to me as we continued walking, his protective instinctiveness assuring my safety. After all, I was a member of his harem.

As we waded through the field, I continued to hear the distant sounds of water crashing and splashing, which I had never heard in this area before. The warm temperatures were creating a snow-melt apocalypse. The resonances came from all directions and captivated me. The Black paused for a quick nibble of tender new shoots and suddenly a strange feeling welled up in me. I felt as if I had been transported back in time. Far back, 10,000 years back, to the time of the great Missoula Floods that sculpted the very terrain upon which I stood.

As I glanced around, the landscape seemed unusually vibrant and there was no sign or sound of civilization, just me and a llama, and two prehistoric-looking raptors circling in the cloudless sky.

My senses were acutely rarefied as I

gazed upon the primeval vista. Suddenly I felt "at one" with the earth, sky and animal. I found myself magically transformed into an ancient huntress, gatherer, nomad, bride, shepherd and priestess, all in one moment. I continued to move through the terrain with this new sense of self, with levity and buoyancy. I became much stronger, more agile and acutely aware. The experience transfigured every aspect of my existence. I felt a new freedom I had never known before. I became a new being in an ageless land of long ago.

I do not remember how long this extraordinary experience lasted. When I finally came to my senses, I found myself still walking, lead rope back in hand, and I realized that The Black was leading me home.

Gabriele von Trapp lives by Deer Park where her memories, dreams and reflections fuel her vigorous engagement with the present as she forges an ever-evolving future.

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The Locket

By Karen Giebel

I hold the small, round, gold locket gently in my hand as I sink down into my grandfather Burchett's creaking, ancient oak rocking chair.

The locket is attached by a round gold link to a black silk mourning ribbon. There's a photo behind glass on the front with three mischievous-looking little boys wearing the newsboy caps that were so popular in the early 1900s. In front of the boys sits a beautiful little girl with a sad little face wearing a sunbonnet.

I carefully open the locket to find a tiny lock of blond hair tied with a thread. There's an inscription in faded ink that reads "Grace, 1-1/2 years old." The boys were my uncles, my mother Clare's brothers, and Grace was their baby sister.

My mother's parents lived with us in a small apartment attached to our house. One day, when I was 11 years old, my mother called us in to dinner. Dad sat down and said to Mom, "Your mother fell outdoors. She's not hurt. I brought her inside but she's crying." Mom got up and went to check on Gram, returning after a bit, and sat back down to the table. Looking at my father, she said, "She's alright, but today marks fifty years since Grace died." My parents exchanged looks.

After dinner, I stayed in the kitchen and asked Mom, "Who is Grace?" My mother sat down and pulled me close. "Grace was my sister. She died 10 years before I was born." This is Grace's story.

In Chicago, back in the first decade of the 20th century, my grandparents, Walter and Emma Burchett, had three sons, and in 1909 they were blessed with the birth of their first daughter, Grace Clare. Grace was doted on not only by her parents but by her three big brothers. This little girl was so loved. A gentle, sweet child. My grandpa was a poor Baptist minister and every day was a struggle to make ends meet. My grandma provided home nursing care to those who could afford it. She would leave home in the early evening and stay overnight to nurse the ill, returning the next morning.

One week in the coolness of April in 1914, Grace had a cold when Grandma left for her job. Grace was coughing and un-

able to sleep, so Grandpa picked up his darling babe. Nestling her in his arms, he sat down in his rocking chair and rocked her in front of an open window. Grandma came home in the early morning to find them both asleep in the rocking chair and Grace burning up with fever.

She admonished my granddad for having left the window open, fearing Grace would become even sicker. She did. Grace developed pneumonia. Decades before the invention of antibiotics, there was little that could be done except pray.

My grandmother was beside herself watching her precious little girl struggle to breathe. In those years, the milkman came to your house with his horse and cart. He ladled milk from a large can into your home milk pitchers and then went on his way. When the milk was gone, it was gone until the milkman came by again. Grace, dying, asked her mother for milk and my grandmother told this precious babe that they had no milk. This haunted her for the rest of her life. My mother asked her, "Why didn't you ask a neighbor for milk?" My grandmother, so distraught with grief, said, "I never thought of it."

On April 28, 1914, Grace, age five, died in the arms of her parents. A lock of her hair was taken and encased in this glass-faced gold locket, which was hung from a black silk ribbon and worn on the clothing of her bereaved mother.

I remember being sadly wordless as my mother told me the story of Grace. I adored my grandmother and did not want her to cry. Fifty years had passed and still she mourned her little girl. My mother, I am certain, told me this story as I, like my grandmother and mother, was destined to become a nurse. Though not necessarily unique to nurses, we have a way of seeing and feeling things that others may not. I was entrusted with the story of Grace for a reason, just as I was then entrusted with the locket containing that snippet of blond hair and my grandfather's rocking chair. The same chair he rocked Grace in that April night.

When it comes down to it, I think that



we all would want to know we were remembered. That after we are gone, we didn't just disappear as if we never existed. But that our lives had meaning and purpose and that we were loved enough by someone to remember us. It does not matter if someone lived five years or 95 years. You did live and your life had value to someone.

I knew that someday I would need to write the story of Grace.

Time and distance have a way of separating us from the past and we lose what we should value; our story. The story of how we became us and how our families came to be. We are not just a single generation, we are our own history. Our thoughts and actions and responses are the result of multiple generations of the same. We need to remember who and where we came from and honor our past. We are the sum of our history.

My grandmother died at age 85, my mom at age 70. I am 65 years old and know that, with one single heartbeat, the locket and the story of Grace as well as so many, many other stories of the people who made me can be lost. It's time to pass the locket and grandpa's rocking chair to my daughter Katherine Grace, and someday I hope she will share the story of Grace with her daughter Olivia Clare.

My beloved grandmother died on New Year's Eve 1967 and was buried on her birthday, January 3, 1968. Someday I will write the story of my grandmother. But for now, I wish I could just tell her, "I have not forgotten your Grace. I remember and now after 105 years, I have told her story."

Karen Giebel is a "happy, optimistic retired RN living out my dreams with my husband Dan in the back of the beyond in Ferry County."

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