

NORTH COLUMBIA MONTHLY ——WHERE AND HOW WE LIVE———



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\$129,900

Look what found me, a quiet, 10-acre parcel with a 12x12 cabin and 32x40 shop under construction. Power installed. 3 areas tested with perk holes, 3 spots witched for water. All six spots have been marked. Good cell service. 4G WiFi available. Good timber. Well constructed driveway to prepared building spot. The parcel has had boundaries flagged. Buyer to verify all boundaries. Looking to cash out. Note, seller will not agree to be obligated to finish construction of shop. Be aware of price changes reflecting improvements

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MLS# 35300 \$199,500

Peaceful 21+ acre home site with a large well-built shop/home. Home needs your finishing touches. Great gardening areas and plenty of room for your animals. Lots of fantastic locations to build your dream home should you want and use the existing shop/home for guests or Mom! 12 miles from Colville. Chicken coop, fencing and firewood stay. Don't miss the 900 sq ft shop loft for all your storage needs. Additional 1,680 sq ft of covered area to store your equipment/vehicles and toys. ment/vehicles and toys



MLS# 35085

\$149,000

Well-built home with 2 bedrooms and 1 bath on the main level and 1 non-egress bedroom and 1 bath in the basement. Beautiful hardwood floors and wood built-ins with a great view of the mountains. Retro metal kitchen cabinets and a farm-style sink. Lots of storage in the basement and even a workshop for all your hobbies. Garage was converted into a laundry room and extra living space. Large yard with fenced garden area with 2 sheds.



MLS# 35134

\$68,000

You can't appreciate this one until you stand in the middle and take in the spectacular views in all directions! Nice, flat 4 acres with a wonderful shop and landscaping started. Power pedestal with RV hookup. Established and graveled circular drive and multiple building sites ready for your plans and dreams. Minutes to Colville and Kettle Falls. Killer garden spot with sunny southern exposure. Several variety of wilding on prophers does not be the property of the control of ety of wildlife as neighbors, deer, elk, turkeys, etc. Easy access off county maintained road. Property is being surveyed.



MLS# 34634

\$109,900

20 acres and several choice locations to build your dream home! Insulated 30x40 shop and a completed survey. The land has a mixture of trees, rocks, flowers and views. Government owned parcels adjoining with non-privately owned parcels surrounding it.



MLS# 34700

\$169.900

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



\$72,000

Private small town living on .62 acres with remodeled mobile home. New siding, plumbing, custom cabinets and fireplace. Nice sized deck with an added storage room. Some fruit trees and close to the Columbia River. Still has some interior finish work to be completed. Owner will carry with half down



\$65,000

2 bedroom/1 bath on large corner lot in Northport. Home can be either starter home or rental. Close to school and nice views. Lot is large enough to fit a decent shop. Covered porch and small shed.



Great usable property just waiting for you to build a recreational cabin or home. Close to Lake Roosevelt and Haag Cove. EZ access off Inchelium Hwy. Comes with abandoned cabin and well. There was a septic, but do not have records. Nice mix of meadow and trees and a spring in the draw. Good signs for water development. Flat, level building area. Nice neighborhood of quaint little cabins. Come and see!

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June 2018

Vol. 26 ~ Iss. 1

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Cover Photo

Mare and foal. Photo by Patricia Ediger.

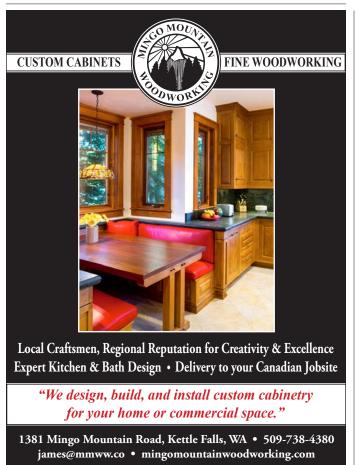
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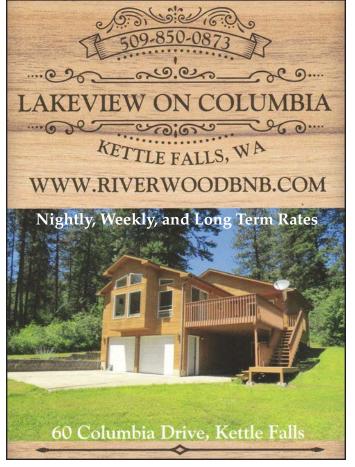
JULY 2018 ISSUE DEADLINES

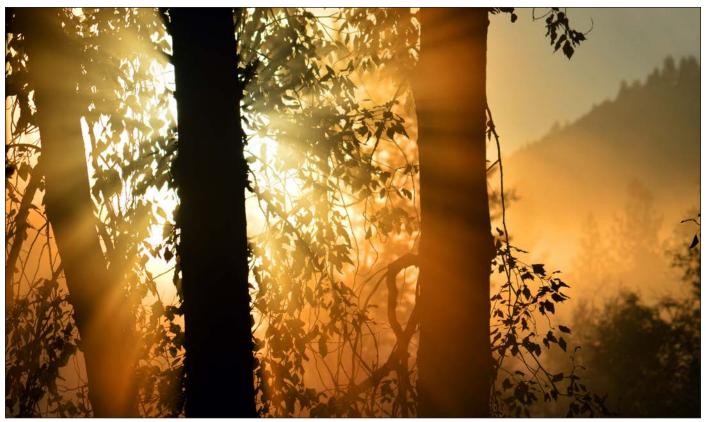
AD SPACE RESERVATIONS: Friday, June 15th WHAT'S HAPPENING LISTINGS: Friday, June 22nd











Morning cottonwoods, by J. Foster Fanning. His usual column was not provided this month due to life circumstances, including having to evacuate when the Kettle River flooded his home with five feet of water. Unbeknownst to him, firefighter comrades set up a donation account for him at https://www.gofundme.com/foster-fanning-flood-fund to help with the replacement of property and repairs to his home.



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Beer...Trucks...and Great Ideas

By Christine Wilson

We missed a wild party, you and I. At least I am assuming none of us locals attended.

The party involved 280 people who paid six dollars apiece to test phone apps. They were mostly men, mostly tech industry people, mostly in their twenties, all urban. That's a pretty specific crowd with an especially odd twist to their evening. The attendees were given limitless beer. Apparently, people in the tech industry strive to create apps simple enough for a drunken person to manage.

So, these twenty-somethings were given beer and snacks in an old warehouse in San Francisco and were then set loose in a room full of testing areas. As they set about navigating unfamiliar apps, people with clipboards took notes on their successes and difficulties.

Around the same time but across the country in Detroit, a depressed man stood on an overpass contemplating a leap onto an interstate. Some fast-thinking police officers rerouted traffic and then got truckers to park under the overpass next

to each other in tight formation. The presence of these trailer-trucks assured that if the man did jump, he'd fall only five or six feet instead of a more lethal distance.

The truckers, all of whom would no doubt have preferred to be getting on down the road, stayed for three hours while the man was coaxed off the bridge and on to a more hopeful plan.

The techies and the truckers were 2,400 miles apart geographically but similar in the level of creative problem-solving.

What I find myself thinking about is: Why don't those tech people come up here and throw a party like that for rural AARP members. They'd have to include expensive wine and probably change their snacks to accommodate us, but I just can't see male, twenty-something techies being much of a generalizable sample.

But wait, enough about me. What I meant to say was, how did the developers of these two plans come up with such clever strategies? They must have accessed their curiosity and imagination in an inspired way, and then tapped into the confidence needed to implement them.

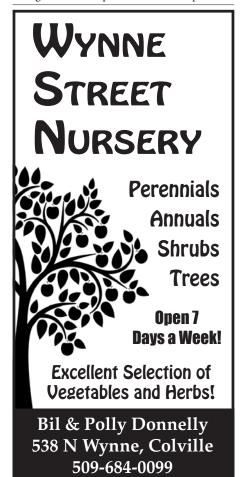
When I started my internship at the end of graduate school, I discovered a vast gap between the needs of our clients and the services available to them. My supervisor suggested that instead of looking at what existed, I would do better to start with what they needed and see what we could create.

At that point in my career I was limited to theory and active listening. Theory is close enough to

idealism for me to tap in to my idealistic nature, and I combined that with the listening skills that had been drilled into us in my master's program. I asked questions. I brainstormed with those clients about what was going on in their lives. I made mistakes, some of which still make me cringe. I am grateful to my clients over the years who have allowed me to team up with them to explore their lives.

Curiosity allowed me to ask and observe and wonder. Idealism allowed me to help them imagine solutions I had not learned about in school and they had not seen modeled or offered. The steep learning curve in those first two or three years toughened me up like a knife blade in a refiner's fire. I no longer fear that fire; it solidified a permanent state of curiosity and the courage to tap in to it. That courage comes from a confidence, not of being right or convinced of my position, but of knowing that using my imagination and launching into a plan of action feels better than sitting around with the inertia of indecision and a sense of powerlessness.

So, back to those two seemingly divergent groups of people described at the beginning. I imagine there was a struggle with an identified problem and, with a level of frustration or desperation, a drive to resolve the specific dilemma. The easiest way to be like those problem solvers would be to have had a parent who delighted in your experiments, questions and unique view of the world. That kind of parenting can create visionary people, solving problems and enjoying





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Random Acts of Community

life in more satisfying ways.

But what if you did not have a childhood that fostered curiosity and imagination? Can they be learned? Absolutely. However, it's a bit like the question of how many therapists it takes to change a light bulb. The answer is: "Only one, but it has to want to change."

Because so many of us did not have those options as children, we might feel intimidated at the prospect of learning them now. Not to worry. We can develop curiosity and imagination as adults. We have to upgrade our intentional effort. Think about how much more energy it takes to learn a language or a musical instrument as an adult. Initially, that may mean shifting our focus from what is easier to what delights us. We encounter situations on a daily basis that could benefit from that sort of attention. Being curious enough to wonder and imaginative enough to brainstorm can create improvements in the personal, communal and bigger world.

Once we've mustered up the energy, we can increase our curiosity and imagination in a number of ways. Alice, of Wonderland fame, suggested we imagine six impossible things before breakfast. That would prime the pump of our imagination. Einstein suggested reading fairy tales because he believed imagination was more important than traditional intelligence. The specific type of intelligence he was promoting involved "out of the box" thinking. Spending time with creative people increases the likelihood of clever solutions we can all live with.

My preferred method of therapy is EMDR. It is worthy of a column in itself, but for now, I just have to sing the praises of the mentors I've studied with in the EMDR world. They have taught me to slow down the process of sorting out issues. There can be a nerve-wracking sense of urgency, but when we slow down our process, we allow for a more detailed collection of information.

Curiosity can rout out observations that help define whatever question we are struggling with in new ways and that can lead to more imaginative solutions. Of course, imaginative solutions aren't always suitable in themselves. Imagination without a heart for the results can be dangerous. On the other hand, compassion without curiosity has its own flaws. As with most endeavors, I would say that balance is necessary and never still.

For many, getting out of our comfort zone

is not easy, but it can widen our perspective and enrich our experiences. Most of us won't be testing apps or saving lives on a freeway, but you never know when your practice at curiosity will find fertile ground for creating a better life, in either subtle or more obvious ways. Get out there and imagine six impossible things today.

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

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An Unreconciled Life

By Dr. Barry Bacon, MD

A 70-year-old man was brought in to a hospital where I was working by his neighbors, and it was clear that he didn't want to see me. His well-meaning friends were meddling in his affairs, he told me, and he was there just to appease them. He didn't want anything done, though he was experiencing chest pain. Was he willing to go through some testing? Yes, he would go that far. He could be having a heart attack, after all.

He was crusty, rough, unkempt and debilitated beyond his years. I asked him the usual doctor questions about his chest pain. I ordered labs, an EKG, a chest x-ray. His symptoms were not unlike many others his age. But he was suffering from a condition that I did not expect. He was addicted to heroin.

Heroin and other narcotic addiction is common. The incidence is rising at an astounding rate. Deaths from narcotics overdose have dramatically increased, estimated to be 32,445 in 2016. The most dramatic rise in narcotic-related deaths are from fentanyl and heroin. These are cheap, readily available and deadly, flowing at us from Mexico and China primarily, mainly because we consume them.

But what intrigued me about this man was that he was poor, alone, living on a mountain in rural Washington, and 70 years old. What drove his addiction? What was behind it and kept it going? Why not get help? Surely he was too old for this. I probed a bit further. He was a veteran of the Vietnam war. He didn't want to be seen by the rest of us, didn't want to deal with us, didn't trust us, didn't know how to relate to us.

I sat for a time and listened to him, respectfully asking about his life and his addiction, offering him help, but I didn't push the issue. I went over his labs and studies, offered referral, offered some medicine. He appreciated it, thanked me, but preferred to go it alone. I gave him my name and contact information in case he changed his mind, then I watched him go.

It got me wondering, what drives a man to be lost, alone on a mountain, addicted to heroin at the age of 70? How many more are there, hiding out from the rest of us, preferring not to be noticed?

I decided to ask some of my friends who have had similar experiences. One was a helicopter pilot and instructor during the Vietnam war. He flew many missions during the conflict, had his legs shot out from under him, somehow survived and today lives alone on a mountain-side with a yellow dog. Another friend was a special ops soldier, a Green Beret from the same era, who lived among and worked with the resistance, the mountain people of Vietnam and Laos. Today he lives alone in a modest house in a field in the mountains with a dog.

I wanted to know from these men, how is it that soldiers from the Vietnam era have remained unreconciled? I wanted to ask them, is there something the rest of us could say that would make a difference? Is there something we need to hear from them that would make a difference?

One of my friends thought for a bit, spoke with me candidly about his own personal suffering, his low self-worth and self-esteem, the mental torture he has endured, and said he didn't know the answer to my questions. The other reminded me of the reality of Vietnam, the difficult, mind-shattering days, hiding in a swamp up to their necks for three days, surrounded by Viet Cong, just trying to survive. Coming home to a nation they didn't recognize, dealing with their own suffering, only to have

added to it the rejection of a nation that didn't understand and didn't honor their sacrifice.

A couple of weeks later, I was in another place caring for a patient of another race. He was a stranger to me, suffering from a respiratory condition, giving the nurses a hard time. I spoke to him of our care plan, our treatment, the test results. I sat down beside him and he began to tell me of the life he had experienced as a combat soldier in Vietnam. He wanted me to know. When he entered the army, he weighed 116 pounds. A person with his physique was especially desirable, because he could go into the tunnels created by the Viet Cong. He was a tunnel rat. Every corner was booby trapped. Partners lost their lives in his hands. Somehow he survived.

When he returned to the States, he didn't realize that his head was about to explode. He wandered the country for a year, drinking, carousing, trying to escape what he couldn't escape. One night, he told me, he had a dream. Rabbit, Coyote, Rat and Fox were all there with him, drinking, laughing, talking like old friends. Suddenly, Fox looked at him and pointed his finger. "You lost something," he said. The soldier came back to his ancestral home in northeast Washington, moved up into the mountains, began to interact with children, people, put his life back together. Then he found what he had lost. Himself.

The story may not make sense in all of our cultural understandings, but I bet we can all relate to it. Something has been lost. Somehow this was important enough to my patient for him to spill his guts to me, having only known me for ten minutes. He was telling me without saying it that this experience had molded him, shaped his life for every day that followed. He



Life Matters

couldn't escape. It had broken part of him.

Yet somehow, in spite of his brokenness, he had found within himself the capacity to love and be loved, to try to communicate to the rest of us what cannot be said in polite company.

Many have not found their way. My two veteran friends feel it acutely. For decades now, they have lived unreconciled lives. This has cost them dearly, in broken relationships, mental anguish, physical disease, and a lifetime of not belonging.

Maybe it is too late, but maybe it's not. Maybe it's not realistic to think that we can fix what likely can't be fixed. Maybe our words would sound hollow at this late date, like pompous platitudes echoing against a concrete wall. I can't say.

I do know this. My wife and I open our home every Friday evening we are in town, and we invite our friends to come. They don't seem to grow tired of us. The formula is simple. Just some good soup made by a lovely woman, some bread with homemade jam, and ice cream. We don't have an agenda, we just talk and listen, about whatever they need to talk about. And that formula - soup, bread, ice cream, a listening ear, a kind word, a hug at the end of dinner, and a promise to call again next week - it makes a difference, at least for us. It helps us to understand what can't be fixed.

Being unreconciled comes with a tremendous price, a huge personal toll. Being a friend doesn't mean I really get it. It's not the same as a shared experience. It just means that I am trying to understand, and that they haven't fallen too far to be loved and respected by another human being.

I have heard that northeast Washington has a higher concentration of Vietnam vets than anywhere else. There are many who have chosen to live out their lives here, off the grid, not wanting to be noticed, simply wanting to be left alone.

WHITE LAKE PICTURE FRAMING Pam Milliette, CPF Please call for an appointment! Quick turn-around time! 571 White Lake Way, Colville 675-5675 684-1694 www.whitelakepictureframing.net Such, I imagine, is the case with the man whose story I shared at the beginning of this piece.

I don't know the place where my heroin-addicted veteran patient lives, but maybe these words will reach him. I want to say to you, you are not too far gone to be loved and respected, whether you step into recovery or not. Let me honor you with these words. Thank you for

your sacrifice. I know the cost was too high. I know we haven't thanked you. Let me help change that. Thank you.

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



The Floods that Destroy and Nourish

By Eileen Delehanty Pearkes

This year marks the 70th anniversary of the 1948 flood, a big water year that swept through the Columbia River basin at high levels and caused everyone to sit up and take notice. The upper Columbia region's unusually deep snow accumulations that year, combined with a long hot spell in May, were followed by some heavy spring rains to create a flood that damaged human communities built in low-lying plains.

Nature thrives on chaotic events like the 1948 flood. As Sinixt/Skoylepi elder Martin Louie once said in a prayer to the four directions:

"The North changes the world. In the winter snow comes, covers the land. When it breaks up in the spring, the mountains and the hills will gather all deteriorated stuff and bring it down to the Columbia, the main channel, and take it away. The water gathers all deteriorated stuff and takes it south, piles it up on each side of the shore, and what goes out on the ocean will never return. And we have a brand new world in the spring. The high waters take everything out, wash everything down."

Louie speaks of an ancient natural rhythm, the flushing of the narrow valleys north of the international boundary. This snowmelt brings material from the land (silt, vegetation) into the water system, where the material enriches the rivers with nutrients. Anadromous fish, born of spawn deposited the year before, enter the system at that time. Before dams, the fast-flowing upper rivers gave these small fry an extra boost on their journey to the ocean. Salmon, steelhead trout and lamprey all moved freely in and out of the upper Columbia landscape's watery highways.

In her memoir of life on the Columbia River as Sinixt daughter of a chief, In the Stream, Able-One describes how flooding waters benefited the land all along the upper Columbia River, where women cultivated the abundance of Camassia quamash, the Blue Camas root food.

"The high water had receded from the banks, and the rich sediment provided a place where camas grew large and shallow along the slough and back water. Indian tepees bristled over the land, and women toiled all day, digging the king roots of the culinary department."

Able-One's words reflect what Sinixt salmon advocate D.R. Michel today calls "applied science." That is, the ability to know and understand intimately how a natural system functions, and also how a culture might find its way within that system. Michel regularly reminds those who hear him speak that indigenous people had a vast system of applied science.

Settler communities, established in the past 150 years, had a much shorter timescale to learn from. They had a tendency from the start to view floods as damaging rather than helpful, especially after a different sort of cultivation in the floodplain began. As early as 1843, Catholic missionary Pierre DeSmet described in his Letters & Sketches, 1841-42 how "...mountain torrents have overflowed, and the small rivers had suddenly left their beds and assumed the appearance of large rivers and lakes, completely flooding all the lowlands."



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North of the Border

Farming communities established in the late nineteenth century planted crops in a cycle that could be at odds with the natural flood rhythms. They often did so in places that the Columbia River and its tributaries had long used as overflow during big-water years. A flood in 1894 was so severe that it washed away many recently-constructed settler communities.

By the time of the 1948 big-water year, these reconstructed communities had come to see the river's natural patterns as more negative than positive, and the spring torrent much in need of control. The result is the system we have today, and with it an ongoing effort to save the salmon who once depended on the upper Columbia for a large portion of their spawning habitat.

The Columbia River basin is not prone to great floods on a regular basis, as is the Mississippi, for example. Hydrologists are inclined to describe the Columbia's flow as "erratic."

This year the river system has been erratic indeed. It's another big-water year north of the boundary, with Grand Forks, B.C., experiencing overflow of the Granby River, a tributary to Kettle. Homes in that floodplain have been damaged and people evacuated. Salmo, B.C., was on evacuation alert for several days, due to flooding of the Erie Creek, a tributary to the Salmo River. Near the end of May, the Slocan Valley joined the list of potential evacuees. Highway 3, a high mountain pass that skims the international boundary between Salmo and Creston, was closed for several days due

to a large mudslide near its apex.

Sometimes it's not easy to live in North Columbia Country. As Martin Louie's words remind us, "the North changes the world." Every year, the melting snow and spring rains create a unique pattern of changeability. Some years, the change has a large effect on daily human lives. As much as the major storage reservoirs north of the boundary have made an effort through the 1964 Columbia River Treaty to even out the erratic nature of the Columbia, the river's watershed continues to surprise us.

The natural systems within this upper watershed evolved to have a high degree of resilience, so that human beings, plants, animals and fish could withstand temporary floods, periods of drought and the capricious ways of snow-melting streams. The events of spring, 2018, bring us to the heart of how we relate to natural systems today. Weather is still a mysterious process. And, so, too, is the ancient work of water: to empty the mountains of their melting white burden, and carry the salmon to the sea.

What is our human role and place in this system? What are our attitudes toward the rich resources that swirl around us in this common home? What is predictability worth, and what might greater resilience look like?

Eileen Delehanty Pearkes lives in Nelson, B.C. Her recent book on the Columbia River Treaty, A River Captured, was recently released by Rocky Mountain Books. For more of her explorations of the western landscape, visit www.edpearkes.com.



Boundaries

A Scent of Honey

By Jack Nisbet

Scottish naturalist David Douglas spent much of the year 1826 investigating the interior portion of the Columbia River drainage. In May he used Fort Covile (as it was spelled then) for a headquarters, gathering plants of every description along the Spokane, Colville and Kettle Rivers, but as the weather heated up, his eyes turned to the high country. When Douglas expressed his desire to tackle the Blue Mountains, Hudson's Bay Company agent John Dease lent his visitor a canoe and crew of paddlers who whisked him down the Columbia River in early June.

Douglas continued to pile up collections as the boat paused at Fort Okanogan and Rock Island Rapids below modern Wenatchee, then made the long portage around Priest Rapids before pulling ashore at Fort Walla Walla. It was on this summer trip through the Big Bend country that the naturalist encountered a late-blooming sand verbena he described as "abundant throughout the dry sandy deserts of the interior."

The plant featured loose umbels of white

trumpet flowers that looked modest compared to the flashy yellow blooms of another sand verbena Douglas had admired on beaches around Cape Disappointment at the mouth of the Columbia. Fleshy, elliptical leaves formed whorls around the stems, and downy hairs covered every part of the plant. This new-to-Douglas sand verbena revealed its most compelling trait only under cover of darkness: After the sun went down, it emitted a pleasant scent in order to attract pollinating moths.

The naturalist collected several specimens from dunes around Priest Rapids, and taxonomists at the London Horticultural Society dubbed his new find Abronia mellifera - the genus name means graceful or delicate, and mellifera refers to that distinctive odor. "The blossoms have a powerful honey-like smell in the evening," declared an article in the society's magazine in 1829. They gave their new acquisition the common name "honey-smelling abronia," and were pleased to have it growing, even tenuously, in what would soon become known as Kew Gardens. "By Mr. Douglas it was introduced into the garden of the Horticultural Society, where it flowered in the summer of 1828. At present it is very rare: but being easy of cultivation, and thriving luxuriantly in sandy peat, it may be expected soon to form a valuable addition to our flowering borders."

A handsome color plate, executed by Douglas' mentor William Jackson Hooker, accompanied the article. Hooker, who would become the first director of Kew, pictured the plant in bud, flower, fruit and seed. He emphasized the distinctive five-winged fruits, which, when sliced in cross-section, look like delicate dancing stars.

Three decades later, naturalist J.G. Cooper encountered the plant on a single occasion while surveying a proposed trans-Pacific railroad route across Washington Territory. "Collected in flower on the sandy desert south of the Columbia, near Walla-Walla, and noticed nowhere else," wrote Cooper of his find. The date

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he recorded was an eyebrow-raising November 12, confirming that this modest dune dweller could handle all the blistering heat, scorching winds, and withering cold the Basin had to offer.

Another forty years passed before John B. Leiberg, a Swedish immigrant based on Idaho's Lake Pend Oreille, signed on for a U.S. Department of Agriculture plant survey meant to take a more careful measure of the region. Working with fellow Swede J.S. Sandberg from Minnesota, the expedition set out to determine the limits of what was then called the Columbia Plain by wrangling two horses and a farm wagon from Spokane to Stevens Pass over the summer of 1893.

As the team worked their way toward Rock Island Rapids in mid-July, Leiberg collected Douglas' honey-scented sand verbena in sand dunes at the mouth of Moses Coulee. But as he encountered the plant several times in related locations, Leiberg noticed an unusual cultural connection that he later explained to a friend. "I found on our trip this summer 'kitchen middens' in the Columbia valley with all the old litter accompanying them," he wrote, referring to numerous archaeological sites and disused tribal campgrounds that he had rolled past in his wagon. "On and around them, noteworthy in a botanical way, grew an Abronia which seemed to have been introduced by these ancient dwellers purposely or otherwise and spread from their old camping grounds."

This slight human connection, which Leiberg did not mention in either his daybook or his expedition report, begs for some explanation. Was it by mere chance or direct intention that the sand verbena thrived around traditional campsites? Did people encourage it to grow around them simply to enjoy its pleasant smell in the



Honey-smelling abronia, or honey-scented sand verbena. Hooker, Curtis's Botanical Magazine, 1829.

evening? Could the fleshy leaves have provided ticking for bedclothes? Was some aspect of the abronia employed for medicinal use? Or could there have been a deeper bond between plant and people that has drifted away with the years?

John Leiberg was a man of his time as far as the tribes were concerned, perfectly capable of ignoring their presence around his lakeside homestead and at first dismissive of their skill at fitting comfortably where they lived. As time went on, however, he learned to pay attention to their actions, writing a descriptive paper about Lake Pend Oreille petroglyphs, sending a pair of folded cedar bark baskets back to a friend in Washington, D.C., and trading for edible and medicinal plants whenever he crossed paths with people on their annual rounds.

During a pair of plant surveys around southern Oregon's Klamath Lake, he watched women gather the seeds of yellow pond lily and roast them till they cracked like corn. He continued to observe as the Klamaths pounded those seeds into flour that formed a dietary staple.

When one of Leiberg's colleagues from that trip compiled a Klamath ethnobotany that topped ninety species, he was suitably impressed. "Your list is much larger than I thought would be the case. It should be a most valuable addition to our knowledge of the aboriginal tribes," Leiberg wrote in admiration. "If a botanist could spend

a year, at least, at each of the agencies west of the Missouri, what a vast fund of interesting information could be obtained."

Indeed. And if Leiberg had asked people he met about the sand verbena growing around cultural campsites in the Columbia Basin, we might understand a tiny bit more about the landscape today. As it is, most of the dune systems that played across the shrub-steppe have disappeared, along with the suite of plants tied to that constantly-shifting habitat. Abronia mellifera hangs on wherever it can, in places like Juniper Dunes National Monument and at the mouth of Crab Creek, just upstream from the Priest Rapids site where David Douglas first collected it.

Most regional plant books give its common name as white sand verbena, and as far as I can tell it does not appear on any modern ethnobotanical list. In order to place this species in a slightly different light, it seems like the least a modern traveler can do is to pause in the evening for a deep whiff of air whenever there are dunes on the horizon, and to call it by a name that might resonate with David Douglas, John Leiberg and tribal travelers from the more distant past: honey-scented sand verbena.

Jack Nisbet's book about John Leiberg and his wife, Carrie, The Dreamer and the Doctor, will be available this October from Sasquatch Books.



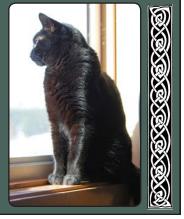
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Painting With Light

By Joanie Christian

The word "photograph" originates from the Greek words *phos* and *graphe*, that mean *light* and *drawing*. The most literal meaning of the word "photograph" is to *paint with light*.

Long ago, entrepreneur George Eastman, founder of the Eastman Kodak company, said, "Light makes photography. Embrace light. Admire it. Love it. But above all, know light. Know it for all you are worth, and you will know the key to photography." This remains true today.

I could write several articles on lighting alone, and it is a topic worthy of doing so. Light is a photographer's friend. It can also be a photographer's nemesis. It can make or break a photo. Once you learn how to harness light to your advantage, your images will really improve. Lighting also has an amazing ability to convey and elicit an emotion in the viewer, which is an important aspect of a really good photo.

We are blessed to live in a region with four seasons and I look forward to photographing in each of them. The lighting conditions in each season are unique. Vegetation, the sun's position, time of day, weather

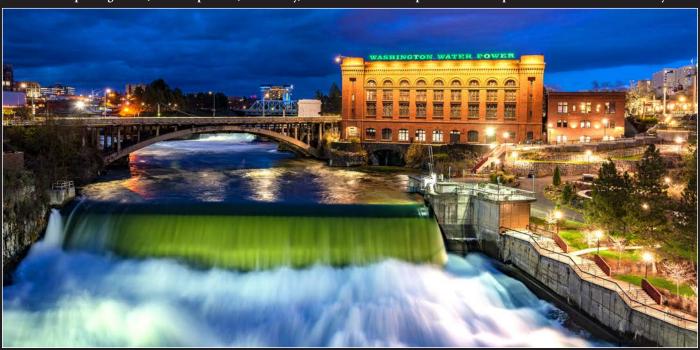
sun behind them as much as possible, and use a fill flash to lift some of the shadows from their face.

The hour just before sunset is often called the "golden hour." In summer particularly, a warm and exquisite light is cast during the golden hour and is a popular time of day for portrait photographers. Using this time to backlight your subject can produce magical images.

On a recent photography field trip, I learned about the "blue hour" (I LOVE learning new tips and tricks). The blue hour is the first hour after sunset. It requires timed exposures with a tripod, and the sky or clouds appear a deep blue in images taken at this time. After the blue hour ends, the sky will be primarily black in images.

Another distinct lighting situation – alpenglow – presents itself just after sunset, but is only seen a few times a year when atmospheric light is reflected onto snow-covered mountains, creating a pinkish orange glow. It lasts just a few minutes, so you have to be quick!

Weather patterns are less predictable but can dramatically affect



This long exposure shot brought out the "blue hour" and made the lights glow and the rushing water turned to a blur.

patterns and atmospheric conditions all strongly influence lighting in outdoor photography. To some degree, using natural light to your advantage requires some spontaneity, or being at the right place at the right time. However, there are some general things about lighting that are somewhat predictable.

Seasonal changes in foliage can wash a photo in tinted light, such as the abundant fresh green shoots in spring, or the autumn leaf colors that bathe everything in a golden or orange glow. Winter photography tends to produce very cool or blue tones. The hues of each season sometimes produce a desirable lighting effect. Other times, natural seasonal tints can overtake a photo, and your images may need color correcting on your computer to achieve a more natural color balance.

The sun's position changes throughout the year, influencing light and shadow. In the winter, the sun is lower on the horizon, casting longer shadows. In summer, the sun is very high. At midday, when the sun is at its highest, the lighting is harsh, particularly for portraits, where it casts downward shadows over a subject's face. Lighting is softer in the early and later parts of the day, which is more flattering for portraits. If you have to photograph people during midday, position them with the

lighting. Dark thunderclouds laden with rain. The sunshine or rainbow just after a storm. Foggy mist rising from a lake in the early morning as the sun rises. Even the eerie and smoky conditions that exist when wildfire smoke permeates the area create lighting with a beauty of its own. If you pay attention to weather patterns and conditions, you learn over time to anticipate certain lighting conditions. It doesn't always work, but sometimes it pays off in a big way.

I use lighting conditions to enhance my subjects, but there are times when lighting conditions alone inspire me. The lighting is so sublime that I quickly find a subject to take advantage of the incredible conditions.

While natural lighting conditions can really add to a photo, the technical aspects of lighting are equally important. These days, most people have digital cameras with various settings. But most people tend to shoot in automatic mode. Let's face it, it's easier. But it has its drawbacks.

The human eye is an amazing thing and can see a scene with remarkable accuracy. Cameras do not even come close to capturing what we see with the naked eye. In general, the camera sees an image in darks

and lights, and attempts to balance lighting that is disproportionate. If it sees a lot of light areas in comparison to the dark areas, it will darken the image. This often happens when taking pictures of snow (turning the image kind of a grey color), or at sunset (darkening all objects in the

foreground). Conversely, it will lighten an image with a lot of dark areas in it, such as a forest.

It is important to remember that the camera is just a tool, and sometimes it can be fooled. Sometimes, you just have to outsmart your camera. Read your camera manual. Learn about the features it has, and how to use those settings instead of shooting in automatic mode all the time.

Shutter speed, aperture and ISO are camera settings that determine how much light is sent to the camera sensor. The

Blurring a darker background with a low f stop makes the lit petals stand out.

faster the shutter speed, the less light that hits the sensor. If you are shooting an action shot that needs 1/500 shutter speed or faster, and you don't have enough light at 1/500, you need to adjust f stop or ISO to compensate and properly expose the image.

The f stop is the aperture, or diameter of the hole that lets light in to the sensor. The lower the f stop, the wider the aperture, and the more

light it lets in. However, the lower the f stop, the more the photo will be out of focus in front of and behind your subject. A higher number f stop produces a greater range of focus throughout the entire photo, but lets in very little light.

Adjusting the ISO or film speed (formerly known as ASA in old SLR cameras) is my last resort if I still don't have enough light after adjusting shutter speed and f stop/aperture to my preferences. But there is a price to pay in doing so. The clarity becomes grainier as the ISO increases. It is a juggling act to adjust shutter, f stop and ISO to get the right amount of light while retaining the other effects you desire in an image.

Practicing in many different lighting conditions is the best way to

learn and master the triad of shutter speed, f stop and ISO to get the desired image. Using this bag of lighting tricks will help you to paint with light in a way that is uniquely your own.

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



The morning mist side-lit by the morning sun creates a striking image of the kayaker and trees in silhouette.

The Doorway Is You: An Interview with Marilyn James

By Loren Cruden

The American launch of the book *Not Extinct* was celebrated at an intimate cross-border gathering in April at the Kettle Falls library – like launching a canoe on the Columbia on one of our first truly spring-like days. After being introduced with traditional protocol by their publisher, K. Linda Kivi, Sinixt elder and activist Marilyn James and her daughter Taress Alexis engaged us by telling two Sinixt creation stories.

The stories prompted questions, digressions, eddies of perspective. Time slid by, river-like.

Afterward, I spoke with Marilyn James, starting by asking how she'd learned these stories. She'd already mentioned her late elder – Eva Orr – her mother, and the classic biography of Mourning Dove as sources.

"I've always been interested in stories always was into cultural experiences. Taress and I were part of the Northwest Indians Storytellers Association. Hearing stories from other tribal perspectives makes you thirsty to see if there are more of these comparative stories. The coastal Salish have a Mosquito story that's similar to our Mosquito story. There are story differences among the tribes,

but they have a lot of the same elements."

During the launch, she talked about translocations of some of the Sinixt from their original territory. I asked if Sinixt ever come back to visit and hear the stories from their ancestral headwaters, as some Navajo do in pilgrimages to their northern Diné lands.

"No, there's actually a diminishment of interest. The Diné people are still very strong in their first language – folks still speak it. We've been scrubbed from the landscape. We don't have those speakers, those cultural opportunities that exist in other places. Even today, what with the treaty process and other tribal groups coming in, claiming our territory [the Sinixt in Canada,

despite non-reservation presence, were declared extinct by the government in 1956, prior to the signing of the Columbia River Treaty], there's a high level of disrespect and disregard."

"How do you respond?"

"In the only way you can. By valuing your culture and carrying forward those values. By knowing what you know and sharing what is important. I feel an obligation to do that; I want

nixt creation stories. Important. I feel an obligation to do that; I want coming out in washing

Marilyn James (left) and Taress Alexis with their new book, Not Extinct, which is part of a larger cultural project.

that knowledge to be out there, for people to be exposed to it.

"It makes me happy when grandchildren and great-grandchildren and other children hear it, get it. It's a seed. How the seed sets within each one is how it sets, how it grows, prospers. I'm not the end-all, be-all; I don't know everything. I wish there were more people coming forward with their knowledge bases, willing to sit, debate, dialogue. We don't get past the colonial fire until we sit down and understand how each of us has been affected – are still being affected.

"So, it's a process. That's the first step and it will go on all our lives, because we have been affected every day of our lives."

As we talked, a contingent of Sinixt kids rattled chairs and ate pizza. I asked, "What of the youth – will they take the next steps?"

"We can only hope. We can begin the process, planting the seed, creating the value; you give them what you can. At some point they're on their own, making their own decisions.

"With the 'Time Immemorial' curriculum coming out in Washington State, teachers will

begin to intersperse cultural knowledge into their teaching bases. When I was in school I got five minutes of Indian in the fourth grade and another five or ten minutes of Indian in the ninth grade, and that was that. Weweretaughtthere were four kinds of Indians: the kind that lived in igloos; the coastal ones with longhouses and totem poles; the kind with tipis and feathers, and the mound builders. If you weren't any of those kinds of Indians, you weren't of any significance at all. You were culturally devalued, erased.

"You can't create cultural value in isolation. You have to set a place for culture to be valued

in every child. It's a perspective. The stories help create this in relation to our landscape. So, you unfold it and hope that every child – including Sinixt children – gets an opportunity to hear these stories."

I commented: "When you speak of tribes falling through the cracks in terms of those four kinds of Indians, I think of the Columbia River people and how, without the salmon, that sense of cultural significance might seem diminished."

"It is part of their being, their existence. The salmon are the essence of who they are as a people. If you take that away – or if that quality is regained by bringing back salmon that are now carriers of pathogens – you destroy them

Conversations

either way."

As the book launch closed, James spoke about documented levels of toxins and heavy metals now found in ocean-going salmon, and the ongoing sources of ocean and Columbia River pollution that would be carried by salmon released into the upper Columbia ecosystem.

I asked her about lessons gleaned from Sinixt Coyote stories, which portray Coyote's mindboggling range of helpful and harmful actions.

"You can't have a better example than a good example of a bad example. So, when I can point to that behavior as an example of how not to be, I have that profile. My own brother has a Confederate flag. I look at him and say, 'Hey - you need to go look in the mirror; I think you're a little dark to be flying that flag.'

"I know I'm not going to change his mind he's always been that way. But you don't have to throw the baby out with the bathwater. Like Coyote, people may do good in some ways and bad in others. You do what you can to counter the bad behavior, and what you can to educate, to offer children different ideas and knowledge - even, sometimes, what needs to be known about their own family history.

"I started walking this path because I was told by Eva [Orr] to help repatriate Sinixt remains. Eva was in charge and she said, 'We can't lay a ceremony over them.' Some were 1,500 years old, some 3,000 years old, some 5,000 years old. They'd already had proper ceremony when they were originally put in the ground. She said that anything we tried to put over them as a ceremony now would be disrespectful. We're not them. We're different now.

"What we can do now is the one thing we know from our funerals: to serve traditional food in a traditional ceremonial way, so that we're presenting the meal with some honor and integrity. Other than that, Eva said, all we can do is apologize."

"Reading the book," I said, "I got the sense that what is being asked for - by the Sinixt - from non-Indians today is just listening and consideration, not shared experience. Is this true?"

"I think, in some ways, yes. But when we got involved in doing the recordings [of the stories for the audio series], the settlers' reflections on what they heard was included, and our response. How do you know that your thinking isn't skewed - whether you're a settler or an Indian - unless you roll it back, open it up to see your reflection, how you are viewing the world?

"Sometimes that view comes from a very solid place, like culturally. Sometimes it comes from what you think is a very solid place. When I did my master's degree I studied ontology. I began to roll back the layers of what I thought I was as an Indian, and reflectively saw that a lot of the perspectives that we think are cultural are really settler perspectives, rolled into Indians who take them on as cultural.

"It's the same unrolling of settler colonial mentality when someone who sees themselves as liberal-thinking, social justice-thinking, right-thinking, begins to roll back their colonial perspectives. It begins with a dialogue, an examination, struggling to create a better understanding.

"The journey begins with one step, then another, and another. Some people are already past the first step, but you have to go back as if the journey is just

beginning. That's all you can offer, even though other people may be dialoguing and coming to other perspectives in a much deeper, more profound way.

"I don't have elders, I don't have access to elders: My elders are dead. I can just hold up what I do have, see the honor and integrity of how I hold it up, how I walk to the next step, how I make that next step. I'll never know what my people knew; it's way beyond me. I only have the integrity of my behavior.

"There are people I can have real conversations with, where I can say, 'That comment you just made was racist,' and they'll go, 'How do you see it as racist?' And there are also people who come up to me and say, 'Oh, you can't say that!' But I can say what I want to say and how I want to say it, and they have no right to tell me otherwise. I try to represent what I know - it's all I can do."

I added: "One thing you said in the book that resonated for me was, 'I want a world that's already gone. And I don't think it's coming back anytime soon. But that doesn't mean we shouldn't vision it.' How do you do that visioning in your own life?"

"I take care of my grandchildren. What I do - what sparks me - is when my grandson - he's two - wants to speak our language and pray with tobacco like I do. Or when the aboriginal ed teacher comes into my granddaughter's kindergarten class and my granddaughter comes home and tells me how she reminded the teacher again that she is Sinixt. And I say,



Marilyn James telling a story at the Kettle Falls Library for the launch of the new book, Not Extinct.

'Because you're proud to be Sinixt?' and she'll say, 'Yes, Gramma!'

"It's all you can hope for. She'll go through all her stages, but if you lay that foundation, maybe, maybe, it'll turn out to be reflective of that pride, that culture. Maybe they'll carry it right through."

See page 23 for a review of Marilyn James' and Taress Alexis' book, Not Extinct, and for details about accessing their audio series and educational materials.

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

EAVESDROPS

What people have written about the north Columbia region

"The chief told me that he had taken as many as 1,700 salmon weighing an average 30 lbs. each, in the course of one day. The chief distributes the fish thus taken during the season amongst his people, everyone, event to the smallest child, getting an equal share."

~ Paul Kane, 1877









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Wildlife Is My Life Too

By Tina Tolliver Matney

If you live in northeastern Washington, it's quite possible that you've had the occasion, or perhaps many occasions, to take in the beauty of some of the local wildlife. I have had many such opportunities over the years, often without even leaving my back or front porch, from the tiniest little golden field mouse to the largest moose I've ever seen, and everything in between.

I've learned to keep my eyes and ears tuned and the binoculars close by. Wildlife moments happen quickly. They are fleeting and then they are gone, leaving behind nothing but their footprints and your pounding heart when you realize what you just saw could have very well chosen you for its next meal instead of your favorite rooster.

Those are the moments for which I would give anything to turn back the clock a bit and go busy myself with some mundane task or bury my head under a pillow so I would not have to hear the cries of some unsuspecting critter being

made into lunch, brunch or dessert by something that stands at a higher rung on the ladder of survival.

But it's the animals that wander through here that help keep life interesting. They are what make living in this place so special to me. Not much in life stays constant, or easy, or lovely forever. That holds true for the nature around us as well.

We all learned hard lessons during the fires a few years back. Our wildlife suffered even more than we did, in my opinion. And as I sit here sipping my coffee and writing, I hear the roar of the Kettle River. Although it is still loud and somewhat angry-sounding, it has calmed considerably from its historically high crest just days ago.

One of the things I noticed when the river was at its highest was that the birds had stopped flying over the water. We saw very few water fowl; the geese had taken to higher ground; ducks had gone to calmer waters. The deer stayed away from the water's edge where normally they come to drink regularly.

I'm not overly fond of the lodge the backyard beaver family has constructed over the past few years, right next to my own swimming spot. It has become a rather elaborate stick and log mansion that I know for a fact is built well back under the sand of the river bank. I know this because twice I've traipsed along the bank and gone hip deep through the sand where Mr. and Mrs. Beaver obviously need to shore up their ceiling. But as the river rose I worried over their home and feared they had young ones that may have been washed away.

A few of my own critters have met their tragic end when a wild critter has wandered through and stopped for a quick easy meal.

I sat here one morning sipping coffee when I looked up to see a large coyote carrying my favorite rooster across the yard, leaving a trail of his beautiful feathers to remind me that free-ranging chickens definitely has negative aspects.

Another day I drove home from work around noon to find my partner trying to calmly talk a bear out of the yard after he had found the chicken coop torn apart and the bear had been having lunch. This reminded us why penning chickens all in one space has even more negative aspects.

The bear left peacefully, at his own slow pace. He was gone for about five minutes, just long enough to go out the gate and circle around the flight pen and then come back up through the front yard. He then climbed up on the lawn swing, where it looked like he might settle in for



a nap. He managed to give the swing a permanent wonky bend before we finally convinced him he wasn't welcome here.

Usually the bears that come through are just wandering and often don't even realize they are in the yard until they come to a fence. We have had to fix a lot of fence over the years. Bears tend to bend, crush, rip, tear and even sometimes just run right through fencing.

Other animals do the same, wander through the yard on their way from the river or to the river. Having dogs here has been as much a necessity as a pleasure. We keep dogs for their loyal companionship as well as for their frantic bark that lets us know there's something in the yard that we should be aware of. The downside of that, however, is that they'll bark at just about anything that moves, including a branch slapping against the top of their kennel. At three a.m.

It's always a pleasure to find a less threatening wild surprise in the garden. A few years ago I discovered a red toad among the bricks by the side of the house. I had never seen a toad that color before and wondered if it took on the colors of its surroundings, perhaps like a chameleon. But I found him again a month or so later, among the green lush lilies of the valley on the other side of the house. He was still the same brick red color. I don't know, maybe he was some sort of mutant, but I prefer to think he was just a unique visitor to my garden.

The little frogs I find almost always startle me a little bit, sometimes because I think I'm looking at a snake, other times because they seem to have the innate ability to jump out from wherever they may be hiding and either land on my face or down the front of my shirt. These encounters often lead to a sore throat as the result of a broken yocal cord.

I have learned over the years that, generally,

no amount of screaming scares away a wild animal. Throwing sticks at snakes doesn't make them go away. Throwing rocks at skunks is never a good idea and screaming at a skunk isn't a good idea either. I tend to react by yelling or throwing things when I'm scared and I doubt I'll ever get over that reaction. Wildlife is so very important to me and I'll never stop reacting. Admiring. Respecting. Fearing. But I am fairly confident that I have become more adept over the years at respecting and admiring first and foremost.

Last night I looked out through my studio window to see a very large lumbering creature climb out of the river just at the edge of the yard. At first I thought it was a bear cub. I ran down-

stairs and grabbed my camera as I made my way outside, without raising the alarm of the dogs. It wasn't a bear cub, it was our backyard beaver.

She had survived and, from the looks of her, she hadn't suffered at all from the raging river. And to my relief I realized she probably didn't have babies that had been washed away because she hadn't had her babies yet. She looked like she might have them any day. This made me smile. And reminded me that it might be a good idea to put up a little warning sign above the beaver lodge to keep people like me from falling through their ceiling.

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. Write her at grandmamatina@gmail.com and check out the Kettle River Raptor Center on Facebook.

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Events

June 1-2: Town & Country Days, Kettle Falls Pride, featuring live music, dancing, beer garden, kids parade (Fri 4:45 pm), Grumpy Grouch Run (Fri 7 pm), Slam Jam 3 on 3 basketball (Sat), parade (Sat 11 am), Car Show, Sk8 Competition, food and craft vendors, kids games and more!.

June 2: Colville Animal Sanctuary Fundraiser, Northern Ales, Kettle Falls, 2-9 pm.

June 2 & 3: Scenic Pend Oreille River Train rides, 11 am, 1 pm, 3 pm. See ad page 4 for details.

June 3: Curlew Barrel Derby Day, volunteer firefighter's breakfast, BBQ, parade, Rockin' Robin Ellis, 3-on-3 basketball & more! See ad page 7.

June 3: Celebration of life for William E. Allen (Bill), Noon, Chewelah City Park Pavilion.

June 7: Colville Blood Drive, Community Colleges of Spokane-Colville Campus, 985 S. Elm, 10 am-1 pm. Schedule an appointment at inbcsaves.org.

June 8: Wildland Firefighter Foundation Fundraiser, Northern Ales, Kettle Falls, 2-9 pm.

June 9: Meals on Wheels Fundraiser, Northern Ales, Kettle Falls, 2-9 pm.

June 9, 23: Eagle Track races, Republic.

June 13, 15, 18, 25, 26, 28: Public Transportation Open Houses seeking input on transportation services needs in Ferry, Stevens, Pend Oreille and Spokane Counties, and view plans for coordinated transportation services. June 13, Wellpinit, Spokane Tribal Admin Bldg, 6195 Ford-Wellpinit Rd., 1-4 pm; June 15, Nespelem, Lucy Covington Govt Center, 21 Coville St. 1-4 pm; June 18, Republic Elementary School, 30306 E Hwy 20, 9-11 am; June 25, Colville Public Library, 195 S Oak St, 9-11 am; June 26, Newport, Hospitality House, 216 S Washington Ave, 9-11 am; June 28, Cusik, Camas Center, 1821 LeClerc Rd N, 1-4 pm. More info at tricountyedd.com or call 509-684-4571.

June 14: Taste of Chewelah art walk, musicians, eateries, auction, raffles, 4:30-8:30 pm. See ad page 18.

June 15: Prospectors' Days, Republic, fun run, parade, car show, vintage trailers, vendors, artists, hills Skills games, rock climb course & more! Call 509-690-1528 for info about joining the vintage trailer camp and parade. See ad page 7.

June 15-16: Pro-West Rodeo, NE WA Fairgrounds, Colville, featuring the McMillan Stock Contractor and Freedom Riders Drill Team, dance with Firecreek, parade, food vendors and more. Call 509-246-7114 for more info.

June 17: Father's Day.

June 17 & 30: Dirt track racing at Northport International Raceway. northportinternational raceway. com for more info.

June 19: Mobile Blood Drive, Deer Park Physical Therapy & Fitness Center, 707 South Park St., Deer Park, at the gym entrance, 11:30 am-4:15 pm. Call Bev Roberts, 509-590-4110, for info.

June 22: Live music fundraiser to END Alzheimer's at the Pour House in Colville, Noon to closing.

June 23: Public Policy Forum: Connecting Dots.

Discussion on topics such as foreign policy, people of color and women, human rights violations, mass killings in U.S. K-12 schools, military spending, U.S. Bill of Rights, and youth voices in leadership. In association with St'al-sqil-xw and ACLU People Power, at Kettle Falls Public Library, Noon-3 pm; lunch and snacks offered, non-alcohol beverages. Email info@stalsqilxw.org for more info.

June 29-July 1: Down River Days, Lions Cowboy Breakfast, North Pend Oreille Lions Club RailRiders. Enjoy pedaling a four-seated RailRider along the North Pend Oreille River. See ad on page 18.

June 30: Historic Block Party in downtown Republic. See ad page 7 for details.

June 30: A Day in the Park, by Habitat for Humanity, Colville, 8 am-5 pm. Car show, craft vendors, info booths, kids activities, music & more!

Music, Dance, Theater & Film

June 8-9: Northern Ballet & Performing Arts Dance Festival, 7 pm, Chewelah Center for the Arts, 405 N 3rd St E, Chewelah.

June 8: Comedy Jubilee with Davey Wester, Hollywood Comedy Store, Colville Pour House, 8 pm.

June 15-17, 22-24: Addams Family, a New Musical, Pend Oreille Playhouse, 236 S Union, Newport. Fri and Sat 7 pm, Sun 3 pm. Call 509-447-9900 or visit pendoreilleplayers.org for tickets and more info.

June 20: Documentary Screening of Alien Intrusion. Aliens and UFOs: are they real? Free and open to the public, 6 pm, Community Room at Meyers Falls Market. Call 509-675-8583 for more info.

June 24: Dances of Universal Peace, simple, meditative, joyous, multi-cultural dances, 2-5 pm at the Colville Library basement. Donations appreciated. Potluck following. Call 509-684-1590 for more info.

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

1-2nd: The Wizard of Oz, by the JL Crowe Players 9th: A Midsummer Night's Circus, by Studio Labelle 14th: Music int he Park, by the Maple Leaf Band 21st: Music int he Park, by the Trail Pipe Band 23rd: Artists in Motion, by Turning Pointe Dance 28th: Music int he Park, by HY2 30th: Kenny vs Spenny Live

Colville Pour House, 202 S Main, Colville, colvillepourhouse.com:

9th: Local Talent Night, 6-9 pm 23rd: Local Talent Night, 6-9 pm

Music at Northern Ales, 325 W. 3rd Ave., Kettle

Falls, northernales.com, 509-738-7382:

7th: Sara Brown, 6-8 pm

14th: Refugees Unplugged, 6-8 pm

15th: Open Mic, 7-10 pm

21st: Jim Murphy, 6-8 pm

22nd: Killing Time, 7-10 pm

28th: Aaron Burch, 6-8 pm

29th: Murphy's Law, 7-10 pm

Music at Republic Brewing Company, 26 Clark

Ave., Republic, republicbrew.com, 509-775-2700.

16th: Alki Jones, 7-10 pm

23rd: Danville, 7-10 pm

29th: Gregory Rawlins, 7-10 pm

30th: The Pine Hearts, 7-10 pm

Arts & Crafts

June 1: Stories from the Lost and Found by mixed media artist Laurie Dorrell, 4-7 pm, Gold Mountains Gallery, 600 S. Clark, Republic. Artist demo at 5 pm.

June 6: Art Talk, 6:30-8 pm, Quartzite Brewing in Chewelah.

June 7: First Thursday, 5:30-8 pm at Trails End Gallery, ChewVino, Jean Beans & Gather, Chewelah.

Sandy Dotts, featured artist at the Meyers Falls Market gallery in Kettle Falls, recently started creating "quilts" using a non-traditional medium - reclaimed wood. Sandy gets her inspiration from quilt patterns, barn stars, Navajo rugs, Pendleton blankets, and geometric shapes.

Literature & Writing

June 16: Canadian book launch of Not Extinct: Keeping the Sinixt Way by Marilyn James and Taress Alexis in Grand Forks, BC, USCC outdoor covered picnic area. Potluck at noon, welcome by J.J. Verigin of the USCC (Doukhobors), storytelling and presentation by the authors, 1 pm. Free. All welcome.

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

Farm, Field & Forest

Northeast Washington Farmers Market, Wed. and Sat., 9-1, Main and Astor in Colville. See ad on page 13 for details.

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

Miscellany

June 13: Northeast Washington Genealogy Society meeting, 1 pm, basement of the LDS Church on Juniper Street in Colville, entry at the back of the building. NeWGS President, Karen Struve, will review the well-known website Find A Grave, detail recent updates and explain the changes that make it the "New Find A Grave." Visit newgs.org for more info. All visitors are welcome.

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

Continual Yard Sale At The Cutter, 302 Park Street in Metaline Falls, M-W-F, 9 am-4 pm, until closing day of the Hwy 31 Yard Sale, Sept. 8 & 9. Call 509-446-4108 for more info. See ad page 6.

Mondays Learn & Jam with Dib Earl, ages 10 and up, Northport New Hope, 200 8th St., Northport. Workshop at 5 pm, jam session from 6-8 pm. Free.

Free Movie Night, 4th Sunday of every month, 6 pm, Northport New Hope, 200 8th St., Northport. Family friendly movies, cocoa, coffee and popcorn. Call 509-732-6640 for more info.

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

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

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

Celebrate Recovery, a 12-step program, meets Fridays, 6:30 pm, 138 E Cedar Loop in Colville (enter from downstairs parking lot). A light meal is served. Call 509-935-0780 for a ride or more info.

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

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

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

Colville Toastmasters meets on Tue, 5:30 pm, Health Education Center, 1169 East Columbia, across from the hospital in Colville. Visitors encouraged - come see what we have to offer those who want to boost confidence and sharpen communication/leadership skills and be a part of a life-changing program with a free mentor to help guide you! Call 509-690-7162 or email eleanor.mattice54@gmail.com for more info.

Fire District 10 volunteer firefighters meet on the 1st Tuesday of the month at 7 pm at the FD10 Fire Station on Aladdin Road. FD10 Commissioners meet at 4 pm at the Station on the 2nd Tuesday of the month. The Friends of FD10 meet at 6 pm, following the commissioners' meeting. Visitors and new volunteers are welcome.

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

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

MORE LISTINGS & DETAILS AT NCMONTHLY.COM

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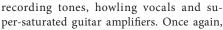
Jack White's Boarding House

Reviewed by Michael Pickett

I didn't used to like Jack White. Which is to say, I thought The White Stripes were ridiculous.

Over time, though, his solo releases so won me over with their inventive insanity that I actually started to go back and like Stripes' stuff (a little).

So with Boarding House Reach, all the thingsyou'd expect (and dig) show up pretty quickly: unusual and tortured sounds from vintage instruments, great grooves, warm



White shows a creative approach to composition, arranging and just throwing your ear for a loop that makes you wonder how he has succeeded in mainstream music.

Because he's just not mainstream. Check out the soulful groove of "Corporation" or the brain-bending "Hypermisophoniac," with its crazy, clever use of strange sounds to create an off-kilter groove and vibe. White doesn't miss an opportunity to mine other genres either, as the hip-hop inflected "Ice Station Zebra" and Jim Morrison-esque "Over and Over and Over" only bolster the album's sonic scope.

In the end, White doesn't just create stuff that's great to listen to, he gives a lot of hope to musicians and listeners alike. Every age of modern music – as an industry – has its "funnels" of popular, consumable art. And while some of this music is actually great and fun, the industry often isn't interested in artists as fiercely creative as Jack White. So the fact that he exists and thrives is a huge nod to the power of great art succeeding in spite of industry funnels.



McRocklin Heads for New Territory

Reviewed by Michael Pickett

In some ways, it's hard to get excited about new guitar albums. There's such a proliferation of jam videos, Facebook ads and media saturation around humans doing inhuman exercises on six (or more) strings that it's hard to know where to start (or care).

McRocklin breaks through this with ease. With a long history as a prodigy (he first hit guitar consciousness as a virtuoso kid at about age 13), his fun, inventive and superbly listenable album, *New Beginnings*, showcases his slightly off-kilter (in a great way) world-class guitar chops without ever forgetting about the music that supports them.

Effortlessly weaving EDM (electronic dance music), rock and ambient sounds with superb

electric guitar tones, McRocklin (Thomas McLaughlin) wastes no time creating instantly enjoyable sounds with "Storm" and the title track. "Square Dreamz" fuses funk and jazzrock musicality with absolute ease.

In short, even if you aren't a huge guitar hound, this album is just musically great. It feels bright, imagina-

tive and fun, which is something instrumental



albums can sometimes sacrifice for scales and speed records.

McRocklin has taken a path many shredders navigate, which is evolving over a period of years to where your axe serves the music as a whole.

Stream Pickett music free on Apple Music, Spotify, Rhapsody and Beats. Just search "Pickett magnetic feedback"

and enjoy a whole album's worth of music!



Gretchen Cruden, Presenter

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Gretchen Cruden is a National Board Certified Teacher with a graduate certificate in Mind, Brain and Teaching from Johns Hopkins University.

Anyone interested in the latest brain research about learning is strongly encouraged to attend.

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A Good Read

Not Extinct: Keeping the Sinix Way, Reviewed by Loren Cruden

by Marilyn James & Taress Alexis

In 1956, prior to the signing of the Columbia River Treaty, the Sinixt tribe - who had traditionally controlled fishing on the Columbia - was declared extinct by the Canadian government, conveniently sweeping a whole people under the treaty carpet. Not Extinct is a collaborative, life-affirming signal of continuing Sinixt presence in Canada.

One facet of this cultural project, in which storytellers Marilyn James and Taress Alexis were recorded for an audio series called Sinixt Stories: Ancestral Roots, Cultural Seeds, can be accessed through www. kootenaycoopradio.com.

The traditional creation stories told by the two Sinixt women in the audio series are summarized, and beautifully illustrated by seventeen regional artists in the book, Not Extinct. Each summary is accompanied by James' written commentary. These succinct perspectives are followed by short, humble reflections from non-Indians, a combination of cultural elements that, to my knowledge, is unique.

All but a few stories are old, from a traditional $process\,of understanding\,and\,interacting\,with\,habitat.$ Both community and habitat have been stretched dangerously thin during catastrophic changes in recent centuries.

It seems miraculous, really, that the stories and their bearers have survived: timeless, layered teachings that can now be applied in a contemporary setting. Fierce tenacity is certainly heard in introductory and

commentary statements such as, "There is no reconciliation possible with the Sinixt without recognition of the Sinixt."

Many of the stories feature Coyote, the epitome of paradox - lecherous and self-centered, creative and visionary, a full-spectrum mirror of humanity.

The stories tell how creation came to be the way it is, and what can be learned from that. They are about how a living landscape informs, orients, guides and nourishes a people when they stay within right relationship with it - and with each other. They offer codes of belief and behavior, cultural consciousness embedded in language, art, song and ceremony, setting forth protocols, responsibilities, roles, how to live accountably to the whole. Stories: in all cultures, humanity's oldest teachers.

The book includes glossaries of Sinixt and English words, and biographies of contributors. A supplementary resource kit for elementary through college educators will soon be available from the Blood of Life Collective's Facebook page or www.maapress.ca.

Half a Life, by V.S. Naipaul

Reviewed by Loren Cruden

Half a Life is told from the perspective of a mixedcaste Indian man in the mid-twentieth century, who keeps trying to find or poach or fabricate a satisfying identity. V.S. Naipaul, born in Trinidad, educated at Oxford and living in England, is at home with themes of how race and class and origin shape one's experience of self.

Naipaul's East Indian protagonist, Willie Chandran, is trapped within the passivity of the uncertain, coupled with impulsive bursts that lead him into startling, often problematic situations, the consequences of which he in no way is prepared to face. The inevitable complications keep him rebounding from one situation to the next.

From self-created disaster in India, Willie rebounds to London. "It was as though, like a child seeing the sky reflected in a puddle after rain, I had, wishing to feel fear while knowing I was safe, let my foot touch the puddle, which at that touch had turned into a raging flood which was now sweeping me away." (Like Jose Saramago, Naipaul uses old-fashioned long sentences that precisely convey but do not ramble.) From university and the unsavory bohemian scene within which he concocts another identity (and takes up writing), Willie rebounds to an unnamed Portuguese colony in Africa, with a mixed-race woman with whom he has fallen in love.

"All he had now was an idea – and it was like a belief in magic - that one day something would happen, an illumination would come to him, and he would be taken by a set of events to the place he should go." Going to the African plantation that Ana has inherited terrifies him, and when he gets there he is sure he won't remain – doesn't intend to even unpack – but stays for eighteen years. "Ana was important to me because I depended on her for my idea of being a man ... and to an equal degree I believed in her luck. I would've gone anywhere with her."

It is this theme of identity as only an idea, or series of ideas, that makes the story fascinating. How people try to manipulate other people's ideas of them, meanwhile wrestling with whatever self-image(s) they conjure for themselves. Scene to scene, context to context, Willie's projected ideas mutate as society mutates around him. And in the end, does he gain any clearer or deeper truth of himself than when he began?

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.



North Columbia Monthly Poet in Residence

Our Poet

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

Our Residency

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

Submissions

To be considered for the Poet in Residence position, send at least four sample poems to ncmonthly@gmail.com or to NCM, P.O. Box 541, Colville, WA 99114. All Poet in Residence submissions will be acknowledged; none returned. No other poetry submissions are being solicited at this time.

Begin Again

For Elinor by Lynn Rigney Schott

Even before you know it light, with such a space to cross, bravely insists on bringing you back from night's frozen dream, you with such a space to cross on your way to the spangled forest, the bean-rows, the bird-filled air, robins never reluctant to share the blessing.

Do you ever wonder where such syllables begin, in which gray twilight the sap hastens suddenly, the bud shivers, the dolorous mud awakes? This is how I find you always and again: luminous cheek turned slightly from the shadow, dark eyes drawing mountains and sensuous rocks, reaching for color, the line to speak each name in season.

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Mountain Meandering

Photos & Text by Patricia Ediger

At a friend's house, this male Bullock's Oriole (left) was convinced that another male was in the window, confusing his own reflection for a rival perhaps?



The Bullock's Oriole winters in the tropics yet travels north all the way to southern British Columbia. This species breeds in deciduous trees and forages for insects in the foliage.

Their call is very distinct with a squeaky, flute-like whistle in single or double notes.

At right is a flowering dogwood, a small, deciduous tree. The hard, dense wood has been used for products such as golf club heads, mallets, wooden rake teeth, tool handles, jeweler's boxes and butcher's blocks.

It was at one time used to treat dogs with mange, which may be how it got its name.









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Recognizing Our April INASTS OF THE MONTH



Pictured, from left: Esther McGuire (Starlets), Linsey Crosson (Starbrites), Izzy Sublie (Bronze), Emily Thornton (Starlets), and Kaylee Crosson (Starlets).



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Mountain Billboard

By Tina Wynecoop

As I write this article I recall my Mom saying a little ditty: "Fools' names and fools' faces often appear in public places." I think she was discouraging me from even thinking of defacing something. Maybe it was her way of admonishing her daughter for the negative remark my fifth grade teacher wrote in my report card: "Tina is always drawing on her desktop." I was bored. He was boring. It was pencil marks – little pictographs. I needed to do something with my restless self other than twiddle my thumbs. I wasn't a fool.

Instead of paper or desktops, aboriginal people inscribed their images on rock walls. Their inscriptions convey messages down through the

ages, and while the "language" of rock images is beautiful, it is full of mystery, unobtrusive, and difficult to interpret.

We *can* and do interpret the recent and seemingly permanent graffiti now marring the face of Mount Spokane. Its message's visibility is discomfiting and unconscionable.

Perhaps you have seen the several clear cuts now carved out of the old-growth forest on the north and west sides of the mountain. Eighty acres of timber were removed last winter to create additional ski runs despite widespread, decades-long public opposition by numerous stakeholders, including local tribes. Developers were persistent in their appeals and were given the go-ahead to inscribe their new "look" on the face of our regionally iconic and beautiful

Step back with me prior to the mid-1800s. The mountain, in all her glory, mass, seasonal

moods, simplicity, color and grandeur, remained unchanged by humans. The Coeur d'Alene, Spokan and Kalispel Indians were her frequent visitors, gathering bear grass, huckleberries, medicinal plants and wildlife with respectful intent. Meanwhile the mountain's spring snowmelts contributed streams of water that traveled in unobstructed paths to the Columbia River.

For thousands of years cataclysms swirled around the base of the mountain. Refuge was sought on the mountain during the era of Ice Age floods; we know this because those who first inhabited this land still have, in their oral traditions, remembrance of these floods.

A different type of flooding occurred in the

mid-1800s. Wave after wave of immigrants poured into Indian country. The overwhelming presence of the newcomers pushed the first inhabitants, by government decree, onto reservations. Indians were given allotment parcels to farm. This imposed agricultural practice was far removed from their traditional subsistence ways of living lightly on the land. For Indians, these assigned allotments became their "property," which was a foreign concept since they never thought to own the landscape. Individual allotments were marked by heavy granite stones incised with the letters I A, the initials for "Indian Allotment." These markers were intended to keep



the Indians in their place. Throughout countless generations their *place* had encompassed the vast area of their aboriginal territory that lay within three peaks: Steptoe Butte, Cayuse Mountain and Mount Spokane. Once the Indians were forced out of the way, their territory became "owned" by settlers who fished, plowed, dammed, mined and logged without regard.

As Easter's sunny holiday drew to a close this spring our families gathered along the shore of the Spokane River, many miles from Mount Spokane. My husband's grandmother's land drew us home. It is our tradition to gather there.

(For the reader who is not familiar with the outlines of the Spokane Reservation: The

southern boundary is the Spokane River, which joins the Columbia River at the confluence. The Columbia defines the reservation's western border. Its eastern boundary is delineated by Big Tshimakain Creek. The north boundary, once following the lines of another waterway – Hunter Creek and Tshimakain Creek – became an arbitrary line drawn on maps, much like the international boundary to the north.)

Two years ago the mountain's abundant snowpack unleashed torrents of water through the Spokane River's channel, scouring the sediment deposits choking the shoreline. Markers of humanity's past presence lay exposed. Here

we found, in a landscape so familiar to us, one of those allotment stones. It remained steadfast where it had been placed nearly a century-and-a-half earlier. We were touched by its presence. We knew full well what it represented to the tribe. We recognized it as one of the markers dividing former freedom of movement within a huge territory to confinement on a much smaller tract pocked with stones saying I A.

Then, in the 1930s, Mount Spokane was "gifted" by a prominent settler family to the state park system for management and recreational use. Wildlife and recreation managed to co-exist fairly well ... until the winter of 2017-2018.

So, you might wonder, what is the connection between the reservation's allotment stones and last winter's new markings on the mountain? What is this new "writing" on the mountain's face that tells two stories?

It was during the 2018

spring snowmelt that a "billboard" surfaced on the west face of Mount Spokane. It advertised both the folly and the irony of the mountain's defacement. Huge forms of I A appeared as whitened runs carved deeply in the old-growth forest, just like the allotment stone we found over fifty miles away.

To my husband's people this is a visible reminder that the mountain will always be their beloved landscape no matter what developers have done to it. The mountain cannot – will not – be owned. She continues connected with all who respect her. It is She who All-ots. The Indians know this. Her torn dress will mend.

May fools take note.

Living in NE WA: Lessons Learned

Adaptability: An Essential Tool Here

By J. Merrill Baker

"Adaptability as a Survival Mechanism." That bit of wisdom arrived in my awareness via a social media link to Daisy Luther's piece on The Organic Prepper website. Catchy title, and I was intrigued. Not that I think of what we do here as "survival," nor a "mechanism," but "adaptable" is what I have concluded you must be if you venture into the rural landscapes of the inland Pacific Northwest!

A quick look-up on the internet brought me face-to-screen with an article printed in Forbes by Jeff Boss, an "adaptability coach," titled "14 Signs of an Adaptable Person." It said:

"The need for adaptability has never been greater than it is now. The ability for people, teams and organizations to adapt to changes in their environments, stay relevant and avoid obsolescence is the defining characteristic between success and failure, growth and stagnation, business and bankruptcy."

There it was, in black and white, that the need has never been greater for adaptable people, and for those of us who actually escaped, uh, moved away, from the Forbes model, to understand through hindsight just how useful this trait is to develop in an ever-changing environment. A "must-have," actually.

Greeting new neighbors, for instance. They are, after all, your new "team members." You want to discover any relevant, adaptable equipment they bring to the business of living a rural lifestyle. Rototillers, portable saw mills, homemade bread (or beer) recipes ... all to avoid obsolescence. From Wikipedia: "Obsolescence is the state of being which occurs when an object, service, or practice is no longer wanted even though it may still be in good working order." Kinda' like some grandparents feel on occasion.

We can share last frost dates, or mention bear avoidance tactics (I still like the sportshorn - it is easy and portable), or discuss which root crops thrive. But mostly we make "suggestions." Like plastic owls on top of your garden gate, and that the fence only looks like it is six feet high, those two extra wires at the top make it eight and the deer know that, even if the bear insists it can pull over the corner of your garden fence to dig at your rhubarb because of the fish fertilizer you didn't want to waste by leaving it in a tote in your greenhouse that they can smell anyway. Bears are adaptable. It is their nature. We've adapted too. We grow horseradish now.

The assertion that "adaptability" is THE defining characteristic between success and failure seems a bit much. And I really appreciate Jeff Boss writing that because it defines more of an attitude we have in order to avoid our own obsolescence.

Moving to a mountain with a mile-pluslong driveway, in an area where winter is oneand-a-half times longer than spring, summer and fall together - at least at our elevation - I agree with Daisy Luther that my "adaptability" is a unique way to continue to enjoy our wonderfully spirited lifestyle that does not feel like "survival" nor a "mechanism." But I get the reference for her readers.

Onward!

J. Merrill Baker is a self-described reformed suburbanite, avid rural resident, simple living advocate (attemptee).







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To Your Health

Along the Mountain Path: Warriors and Rainbows

By Sarah Kilpatrick, E.R.Y.T. Virabhadra = a warrior from Indian mythology

"Swirling intersections of life forces, each chakra reflects as an aspect of consciousness essential to our lives." ~ Wheels of Life, Anodea Judith, PhD

The chakra system is one of many ways to describe energy and consciousness in the body. Each chakra is expressed as a location in the body, particular energy, color, sound, and many other symbols and correspondences.

As a brief overview: Chakra 1: feet, legs and pelvic floor, survival, red. Chakra 2: pelvic bowl, relationship, orange. Chakra 3: abdomen, personal power, yellow. Chakra 4: the heart, love, green. Chakra 5: throat, expression, blue. Chakra 6: third eye, intuition, purple. Chakra 7: crown of the head, connection to the divine, white.

Taken together, they make up a rainbow of human potential. Interestingly, the chakra system corresponds roughly to Maslow's Attention Hierarchy in western psychology.

Virabhadrasana 1, 2 and 3 are the warrior poses. Nonviolence is the first precept of the philosophy of yoga, so why are we practicing warrior poses? The yogic warrior is grounded, strong, present in the moment, and able to respond appropriately to whatever comes. These are not aggressive poses. They are strongly rooted in the power of the present moment. The warrior poses are brave, able and strong for the challenges of life. Life requires us to be brave and adaptable. As such, Vira 1 is often considered a first chakra pose, but when properly integrated it expresses the whole rainbow of existence.

As with all standing poses, Warrior 1 begins in Tadasana, the Mountain. Standing with the feet balanced, and solidly under the pelvis, flex the toes right off the ground. Feel the lift of your arches and the energy of the earth channeled right up your legs to the pelvis, the spine and the crown of your head. By engaging our muscles, we draw organic energy up to lift and support us.

With the thighs firm, turn the left foot out about 15 degrees, and step the right foot forward about the length of your thigh. There should be a direct line of energy down the inside of the right leg to the base of the right big toe.

Now, square the pelvis by drawing the right side of the pelvis back, and rotating the left side of the pelvis forward so that your hip points face straight ahead.

Pause here. With your feet balanced and reaching into the earth, your legs firm, and your pelvic floor lifting, you are fully engaged in the first chakra. You have established your support.

With the pelvis balanced, you have rotated in your hips, demonstrating the fluidity needed in the second chakra. The transverse abdominal wall engages as you internally rotate your thighs, the navel draws up from the pubic bones, and you are strong in the third chakra, your sense of personal power. Sweep the arms up, palms facing each other, and allow the stretch of the sides of the body to lengthen and energize the spine. Now, your breastbone lifts, your heart is open. Your shoulder blades move down and into your back, and your neck is free. The yogic warrior leads from the heart.

The fourth chakra is the center of the body, the center of our individuality, and embodies the strength of love. As we lift the heart and free the neck, the fifth chakra, expression, is free, light and easy. We can express our truth. The head is now balanced on the top of the spine

with the crown of the head reaching up toward the sky, the forehead relaxed and broad so the sixth chakra is open to guidance, the crown chakra open to the sky. Bend the right knee to 90 degrees, keeping a strong anchor in the left leg and foot.

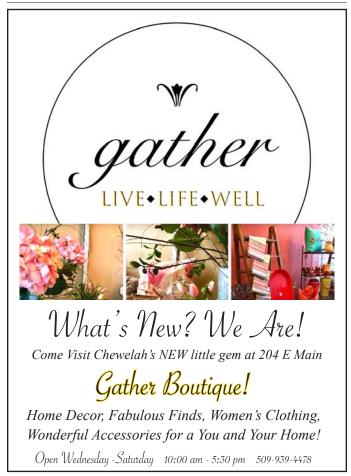
To complete the pose, the head may be stretched up and back, dropped, and the eyes gaze heavenward. The rainbow arches through the upper body.

Stay for several full breaths. Inhale, bringing the head up. Straighten the right leg, release the arms, and step back to Tadasana.

Now, repeat with the left leg leading.

Each yoga asana is an expression of all the energies in the human body. All of the colors are present in clear light. As you journey along the mountain path, let the light in your heart shine forth to lead you ever on and upward.

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



The Versatile Onion Relatives

By Louanne Atherley

I recently found myself at a gathering of Icelanders enjoying a lunch of soup, which we later discovered was made from spinach and rutabaga. Discussion around the table began with comments about the soup. We were trying to guess the ingredients and a couple of people said they found it a little too spicy. Initial comments ran something like, "My mother never cooked with anything but salt, pepper and onion."

Most people at the table agreed this was also their experience. My own mother, who was half Icelandic, obviously came from the same school. Most of what we ate was fried or roasted meat seasoned with salt and pepper, gravy and mashed potatoes and plain boiled vegetables. I remember having onion most often paired with liver.

Although I tend to enjoy cooking with a wide variety of herbs and spices, onion and its close relative, garlic, are about as common as salt and pepper for my cooking. The genus allium, to which both onion and garlic belong, contains hundreds of species, including scallion, shallot, leek and chive. Baked, boiled, fried, breaded, battered, caramelized, grilled, steamed or added to almost anything I cook, onions and/or garlic find their way to the table at just about every meal.

When I was first married in the early 1970s I set about seriously exploring cooking for the first time on my own. I used to make this recipe for stuffed onion when I wanted to feel especially fancy or if I wanted to impress someone I had invited to dinner (like my in-laws). Add some grilled or roasted meat, salad and good French bread and you had an easy but elegant meal.

Spinach Stuffed Onions

3 medium-sized sweet onions 1 TBSP lemon juice 1/4 cup olive oil or butter 1/3 cup freshly grated parme2 bunches fresh spinach Salt, pepper and nutmeg to taste 3TBSP mayonnaise, cream cheese or heavy cream Pimento strips

Peel and halve onions horizontally. Parboil in salted water until just tender and easily pierced (10 – 15 minutes). Drain and remove centers, leaving a shell about 34" thick. Chop center portions and sauté 34 cup of them in oil over low heat until translucent. Raise heat, add spinach and cook until it wilts. Drain thoroughly, squeeze dry and chop. Combine spinach and onion with mayonnaise, cream cheese or heavy cream, lemon juice, cheese and seasonings. Spoon mixture into center of each onion half. Place in shallow pan and bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes. Garnish with pimento strips. Serves 6.

Even if you only have a small garden space, any of the many allium are easy to grow. I usually try to plant as many members of the allium family as I can. I have chives tucked into the rock garden beds just outside my kitchen that come back every year. I love using the blossoms in salads as well as the stems. I also have a wild onion in the same bed that I brought home from some jaunt. It is slightly bigger than the chives and has been producing merrily for over 10 years. I use the tops, just as I do the chives.

In the main garden I plant garlic, enough each year to have some left to plant in the fall. For me that is somewhere around 30 cloves. I have recently started growing leeks, which are always nice to have on hand, although I haven't yet figured out how to get them as big as the ones you can buy.

I usually plant copra onions, which I know are good keepers. However, I have never planted enough to get me through the winter. I usually also plant some sweet onions to use during the summer, since they are not good keepers, and a few red onions. Shallots are another variety I grow that keep well. Like garlic, they are harvested when the tops begin to yellow. I leave them in a cool dry space to dry for a few days and then I just peel off the outer dirt, trim and store.

I was recently trying out a different recipe for hummus that included avocado and suggested making a sandwich with it and adding these marinated shallots. We really enjoyed the shallots, which added a sweet and tangy flavor, and have started keeping a jar on hand. They go great with any number of sandwich fillings.

Pickled Shallots

6 sprigs fresh thyme 3 large shallots (about 8 oz.) 1 fresh bay leaf 1 1/2 cups red wine vinegar 1 TBSP balsamic vinegar 1/4 tsp sea salt

1/2 cup sugar 1/4 tsp red chili pepper flakes

Peel the skin off the shallots and cut them lengthwise in 1/8" slices. You should have about 2 cups of finely sliced shallots.

Place the vinegars and sugar in a medium saucepan and bring to a boil. Add the thyme, bay leaf, salt, pepper flakes and shallots. Stir well and remove pan from heat. Cool to room temperature, then transfer to a glass jar and refrigerate for a minimum of 24 hours, or for up to one month.

If you haven't already, there is still plenty of time to plant some onions in your garden.

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



Year On the Farm

Historical Gardening

By Michelle Lancaster

In 2011, my husband and I visited Monticello, Thomas Jefferson's home in Virginia. The tour interested us, yet the best part of the trip ended up being the gift shop.

I am not normally a shopper, but Monticello boasts an impressive supply of seeds and plants. I came home with bloodroot and wild ginger (although both, sadly, succumbed to chicken scratchings, but they awakened in me an interest in historical plants). I also found unusual seeds such as Yellow Arikara Bush Beans - a variety originally collected by Lewis and Clark on their voyage west, named after a Dakota tribe. Arikara beans were part of the Expedition diet during the winter of 1805 at Fort Mandan. These beans mature in a very short growing season and are wildly prolific, meaning they are well suited to NE Washington. How cool that each winter we can eat the same variety of beans that Lewis and Clark ate over 200 years ago!

I love that seeds can come from different parts of the world, yet can be successfully grown right here. I feel like a world traveler who gets to experience the exquisite tastes of international seeds without leaving home.

One night this spring, I was unable to fall asleep after poring through the Baker Creek Whole Seed Catalog. Lesson learned: Do not read exciting magazines at night. Did you know there exists Oaxacan Green, Hopi Turquoise and Glass Gem corn? Those are on my wish list, while Painted Mountain, Bloody Butcher and Striped Japonica are on my already-tried list and this year is Strawberry Popcorn, Mandan Red Clay Corn (a four-foot-tall "bush" of corn stalks, from seed sent by Lewis and Clark to Jefferson in 1805) and a hybrid Sugar Buns that my dad found (the only legitimate sweet eating corn that I successfully harvest on our dark, cold mountainside and the

only hybrid seed I have).

I held off on buying seed for several years, using up an old supply and saving seed from favorites. This year, I finally needed to restock, and so started with Baker Creek (my favorite seed company). I got a little crazy in that I did not limit myself to one of each type of crop. I justified that by saying to myself that this year is an experiment year to see which crops taste best and which grow best in our area. That way next year, the rest of the seed packet contents can be used to grow only the variety I want to save seed from.

Squash cross-pollinates easily, so I will have a tough time choosing only one or two from this year's selection: Buttercup, Delicata, Hubbard True Green, Jack Be Little, Rouge Vif D'Etampes, Canada Crookneck, Sweet Meat and the one I'm most curious about: Yakima Marblehead (a rare slate-grey Hubbard heirloom grown in the Yakima Valley of Washington in the late 1800s). I am rooting for the Yakima Marblehead to win.

After putting in a Baker Creek order, I remembered I was hoping to find a "Cinderella style" tomato and maybe I found that in the Costoluto Genovese Italian preserving tomato. Monticello offered free shipping on seeds in March, so I put in an order for those tomatoes and a few other specialty items. The blue-podded Capucijner pea packet came with about 15 seeds, so I carefully pre-sprouted them and placed them in a cool section of the garden. This year is "seed saving only" for the blue peas (originating from 1600s Franciscan Capuchin monks in Holland and Germany). Maybe by next year there will be enough seed to enjoy eating a harvest's worth. I also bought into a short-season melon called Brutto ma Buono (translated "ugly but sweet"). We generally cannot grow warm-climate crops, but you cannot know for sure unless you try!

All this variety comes with a certain amount of failure. Of the nearly 1.2 million pepper seeds I started (OK, not that many, but it felt like it) only a handful sprouted. So much for trying out the Ajvarski sweet, Figitelli Sicilia, Oda Purple and Red Mini Bell. I found a quick germination method that will help for next year. Thank you to Front Porch farm for growing sturdy large King of the North red peppers - I bought a couple so that we may at least get to eat a few fresh peppers this year.

Another problem with buying seeds is that sometimes they are misrepresented or lack important information – such as strawberry spinach (tiny and useless) or Mexican gherkins (so small you cannot see to pick them) or Tatuma squash (not as tasty as zucchini, like claimed). And, of course, seeds may not mature into plants that grow well in your climate.

For the few negatives, there are so many more positives. Exciting histories, flourishing names, unique tastes, and the chance of finding new favorite garden crops. As Jefferson said:

"I have often thought that if heaven had given me a choice of my position & calling, it should have been on a rich spot of earth, well watered, and near a good market for the productions of the garden. No occupation is so delightful to me as the culture of the earth, & no culture comparable to that of the garden. Such a variety of subjects, some one always coming to perfection, the failure of one thing repaired by the success of another, & instead of one harvest a continued one thro' the year."

What fun seeds are you excited about this year? I would love to hear from you!

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

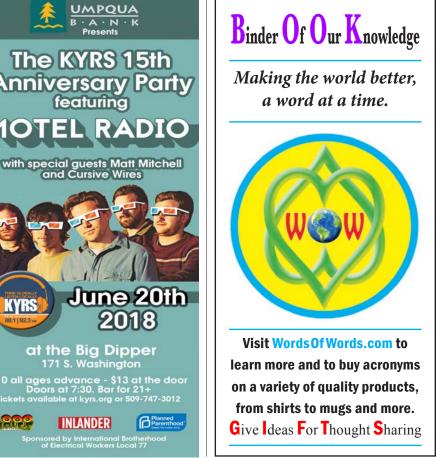


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The Backyard Philosopher

It's About Time

By Linda Bond

Time is an elusive concept. We use it constantly in our daily lives, yet we have to define it in relationship to other things. We've made up ways to measure it, even though we know it is not a real, tangible "something."

How did we determine how to measure what we call "time"? Put simply, it was by observing nature. The study of time is called horology and we have records that indicate water clocks were in use as far back as the 16th century BC (Wikipedia).

"Our 24-hour day comes from the ancient Egyptians who divided daytime into 10 hours they measured with devices such as shadow clocks, and added a twilight hour at the beginning and another one at the end of the day-time," according to an ABC Science interview. "Night-time was divided in 12 hours, based on the observations of stars." There's more at: http://www.abc.net.au/science/articles/2011/11/15/3364432.htm.

The Influence of Time

Time is more than its history. It has come to have a major influence on our daily lives and in many ways we have become slaves to time. Most of us with jobs have to clock in at work and then clock out again when we head home. Many of us spend a lot of our daily allotment of time in traffic jams, waiting in lines, sitting in waiting rooms, timing our meals in the microwave or the oven, and generally measuring out the ticking moments of our lives, just like clockwork.

Yet time also helps create the stability we find in society. As the population of the world has grown, resulting in larger and larger cities, we have more and more businesses providing us with products and services, receiving and transporting goods and materials. Without a reliable way to measure time and coordinate their efforts, all would be in chaos. So time may not be a "real something," but its influence is felt every day, around the world, and even in space.

Time and Purpose

One of my favorite quotes from the Bible is found in Ecclesiastes 3:1-8. If you are not familiar with it from this source, perhaps you will recall it from the 1960s when The Byrds released one of their greatest hits: "Turn! Turn!" In any case, the words go something like this:

To every thing there is a season,

and a time to every purpose under the heaven:

a time to be born, a time to die;

a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;

- a time to kill, and a time to heal;
- a time to break down, and a time to build up;
- a time to weep, and a time to laugh;
- a time to mourn, and a time to dance;
- a time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together;
- a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;
- a time to get, and a time to lose;
- a time to keep, and a time to cast away;
- a time to rend, and a time to sew;
- a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;
- a time to love, and a time to hate;
- a time of war, and a time of peace.

There is more than just clock time. There is seasonal time, there is mid-life, there is youth and old age. We have times of joy and times of sadness. Sometimes we have to watch the things we've built be destroyed, as when tornados, hurricanes, floods, earthquakes or fires take away the stuff of our dreams; sometimes even our loved ones.

Then the time of healing comes, when we are circled by our friends and neighbors, who help us to rebuild, replant, and replace that which can be replaced. And we have our memories, like recorded time that we can relive in our minds; we can re-experience what we have known from before the pain and loss.

Perceived Time

In addition to clock time, and seasonal time, there is also perceived time. We've all experienced the way time can drag when we're trying to wait patiently for our favorite show to come on TV, or the way time can speed up when we're facing a dreaded test at school or a trip to the dentist. The practice of meditation can seem to stop time. A near-death experience can slow time to the point where we feel we can see our entire life before us in a matter of seconds. Slow motion cameras can show us the details of the flight of a bee or hummingbird, and sped-up film can squeeze a much longer sequence into just a few seconds.

Just for fun, make a list of all the phrases you can think of that include the concept of time. I'll get you started: "Go ahead. Take your time."

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



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From the Inside Out

I Think I Can

By Daisy Pongrakthai

66-

Remember the children's story of *The Little Engine That Could* where it believed "I think I can, I think I can" when faced with surmounting a great hill? Then it overcame the challenge by thinking he could? I loved that story as a child and it has held truth for me throughout many challenges in life.

Whether you think you can or think you can't - either way you are right. ~ Henry Ford

Years ago, I didn't know the ins and outs of residential cleaning but when I *decided* I could, I achieved my goal after a few years. I not only became more sagacious in my cleaning capabilities, but I was able to operate off of referral and trust. I intentionally chose to achieve that goal and succeeded.

When I was younger, I was spatially challenged and lucky to get a C in geometry. I still have some residue of that when I am transferring leftovers to a container. I've been getting better, but usually I see the goods to transfer as more than the container, so I choose a larger-than-the-mass-size storage container.

In my late 30s to early 40s, I thought if I could learn about building I could see spatially, so I joined the union. Soon enough, after a few years, I started to see geometrically. In rough carpentry, I was pretty proud to finally nail my measurements and constructs down to 1/16" variance.

There is magic but no magic in these success formulas. When someone says, "I can't cook," I say, "Yes, you can." You just decide you're going to and apply yourself. Make a choice and apply the math of the efforts it takes to make it happen.

I believe anyone can attain and master a skill by beginning with the affirmation of "I can" or, like the Little Engine, "I think I can." Consequently, the negating "I can't" or "I'm not" claims get reversed – merely by our minds.

Your body hears everything your mind says. ~ Naomi Judd

I see obstacles and negations as *catalysts* for me to take action. When there are people who tell me that I cannot do something, I am being given an opportunity to accomplish something that I did not think was possible. The other person is the reflection who is telling me exactly what I am afraid might be true, and this can be a lovely catalyst for me to move beyond my self-imposed limitations. It is mental constructs that first build a wall or a block. To get beyond them I have to take the wall in my mind down first.

I understand that athletes apply mental math to success, utilizing the principle that over 90 percent of winning is in the mind. In that mental work, positive biofeedback, such as the "I can" thinking, is a staple to their triumphs.

The "I choose" path of personal transformation requires me to clear away the cobwebbed beliefs and assumptions that fill my brain, and open to something more delightful: thoughts that generate optimism, play and self-cheer. New studies show those who believe themselves lucky are more prone to synchronicity and to fall into fortuitous events. Conversely, when you tell yourself you're unable to create something wondrous with your life, your subconscious mind will make it so.

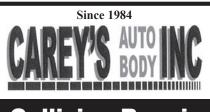
Is there something that you want to become better at? Cooking, writing, speaking, computer skills, gardening? Do you want to experience true forgiveness or feel more gratitude? Become more athletic or fit? You can if you think you can.

See more From the Inside Out on Daisy's blog at www.thepartyinside.com.



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Inner Landscape

Transforming Loneliness

By Gabriele von Trapp

I have recently taken notice of the many articles in various publications and broadcasts about loneliness and how it is plaguing our society. It is afflicting the elderly, teens, couples, people surrounded by people, and families. It is considered by many mental health professionals to be a pandemic.

I do not believe I suffer from loneliness now. I did as a child and in the worst and cruelest of ways.

My first conscious awareness of the insidiousness of loneliness found me when I was somewhere between two and three years old. Because of family circumstances, I was placed in an orphanage. I clearly remember the room where I spent all of my time. The walls and center aisles of the large ward were stuffed with cribs containing young children. Occasionally a "nurse" would come flitting through to

do a check, but not often and there was never any touch involved.

All I heard, endlessly, day and night, was crying, moaning, wailing and cribs rattling as children shook their cold steel rails for lack of anything else to do. It was a relentless mass begging, pleading, longing, protest and outcry for the end of loneliness and a hope for salvation. Our only connection to the world and anything that might resemble nurturing was when the emotionless nurse made her quick rounds.

As I was sitting in my crib on a particular day, I happened upon a little plastic bead, a white pearl of sorts. I played with it as if it were a toy, lacking any such amenities in my crib. I decid-

ed to stuff it up my nose and push it far up. I knew it would get me the attention I deeply desired. I began screaming and a nurse came in. I told her that I had something in my nose and upon inspection she could see the plastic pearl lodged in my nasal cavity. She fetched a doctor and they both proceeded to remove the obstruction, which they did successfully although it was painful and done with unloving hands. I was blissful and contented by having been touched even after the harsh spanking I received for shoving the pearl up my nose.

My parents split up when I was two. I remember once seeing my father at the orphanage. He brought me a bag of gummy bears. It was a surprise, not having visitors very often and wonderful for me to see him, though it was only for a short few moments. I felt special because he snuck the candy in just before meal time, a real no-no. I cherished each bear and made each one last as long as possible, savoring the sweetness that comforted me and surreptitiously filled me with the love and nurturing I desperately

longed for.

After a couple of years in the orphanage and several other living situations, I was placed with a family who had a young son half my age. The home was on the third floor of a city building on the corner of a busy intersection. The living area of my new home was separated from the rest of the apartment and was rarely used by the family. This was where I was put every evening, after dinner, by myself, with the door locked until someone fetched me in the morn-

There was a crib in the corner next to a window that looked upon the busy intersection. On many occasions I would open the screen-less windows wide and hang on the sill, searching the cars driving by and the faces of the people walking below. I was



hoping to find my mother, but the search was always

The large room provided no childish comforts or amusements. In the intense hollowed loneliness I felt each night, I always feared that someone would not come for me in the morning. I found a scant form of comfort in the crib, which I would climb into and curl myself into a small ball, rocking and crying myself to sleep night after night.

The agony of my plight became unbearable. I was ready to implode and explode all in one.

Late one morning, still locked in the room, staring at the lock, waiting for it to turn, I could not contain my feelings any longer. I ran to the window, opened it wide and climbed out onto the ledge. I had an overwhelming urge to jump. I knew it would be my demise. I leaned out farther and farther, waiting for the moment to nudge me and hurl me down to the cold, hard pavement. At four years of age, I intended to end my life. Then I heard the jingle of keys and a key in the lock.

Throughout my teen years I was haunted by intense loneliness of a different kind. At fifteen, I realized there was a large part of myself, my identity and personality, that I did not know or understand. I felt like a stranger unto myself. I was somewhat like my mother in certain characteristics, but the rest of me was an enigma.

I needed to know my father and how I was like him. I dwelled on the emptiness of not feeling complete and I longed to find him. I felt that I could not bear a life without knowing him, and to finally come to know myself.

I asked my mother to write to his family to find out where he might be. I was mature enough, ready and eager to make a connection. I wanted to fill my emptiness with the discovery of our likenesses. I

wanted to be my father's daughter and find all the missing parts of who I was.

A letter came back from his mother several weeks later. She said that I would never meet my father because he had died just a month before she received our letter of inquiry. She explained that he succumed to colon cancer at the tender age of 37. I was devastated and hurled into a deep, long-lasting depression. I was consumed by a loneliness that I could not fill with my own sense of self, ever, it seemed.

Several years ago I was asked by my employer to take a "Strengths Finder" assessment. All other staff were asked to do the same as a professional development exercise to identify our

strengths and apply them in our work environment productively and as a potential for growth. The assessment described the 34 most common talents and human strengths.

When I reviewed the results, I was not surprised that my most significant strength was "connectedness." Through my enduring misery and wretchedness as a child I came to understand the deepest meaning of loneliness, longing and despair. In knowing those feelings so intimately, I was compelled to define its opposite within myself: caring, association, community, closeness, hopefulness, inclusion, cheerfulness, happiness and camaraderie. I have, since adulthood, not known any other way to

And, as you might imagine, I have a fondness for pearls and gummy bears.

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



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Family Ties

How It Begins

By Becky Dubell

Have you ever just sat back and spent time watching these little people that get brought into our world?

I'm sure you have, and have spent some more of your time wondering how in the world they developed into the young people that they have become. I know that I have done this many times in my daughters' lifetimes – through the baby years, school years, the "Mom and Dad are so stupid" years, followed by the "Mom and Dad weren't so stupid" moments, weddings, grandkids and great-grandkids. Jim and I did good!

I recently became the secretary on the board of the Libraries of Stevens County Foundation and I just might have stumbled onto part of the reason Darcy and Jamie are like they are – BOOKS!

In raising kids, you just do the best that you can and give your young people all the help/tools that are available to you. Growing up outside Florence, Arizona, in the early '80s there was not much around to play with except the tarantulas, jackrabbits and the occasional rattlesnake, but we did have books in the house, mainly thanks to the grandparents. Darcy is going kill me ... but ... my most memorable picture of her? Reading the *TV Guide* while sitting on her little wooden potty chair.

When we moved to Colville, one of the first things we did was get a library card at the Colville Library. The girls, Darcy then 6 and Jamie 4, just loved checking out their own books. Many things have changed over the years. But books are still available at our fantastic local libraries and through our schools. There are, however, more programs out there making more books available to our young people.

My granddaughter, JJ, is involved in one in Fairbanks, Alaska, called "Reach Out and Read." This is a program run through her doctor's office. At each "well baby check-up," the doctor incorporates an age-appropriate book into the check-up, getting Jamie (mom) involved. JJ gets to take a new book home each time and, hopefully, it is not fully "eaten" by the time she gets home. Reach Out and Read is in the final phase of starting up in our area and, since we are told that 98% of the area's families with infants participate in the "well baby check-up," we hope to reach just about everyone.

Another program JJ participates in is Dolly Parton's Imagination Library. JJ, you got mail! She receives books through that thing we now call snail mail – boy does she get excited. These books are, as she says,

"Mine." This foundation just mailed out book number 1,000,000. Yes, that is ONE MILLION! That is a pile and a half of books. Books in the hands of our young people.

The Libraries of Stevens County Foundation, along with Colville Rotary, Colville School District and the library director's daughter, who is conducting her 4th-grade community service activity, have set the ball rolling here with Dolly Parton's Imagination Library.

The more I'm thinking, writing and editing this article, the more excited I get about what our future generations may accomplish. Just look at what my daughters' generation has done. To heck with that – my grandad (born in the late 1800s) would be pretty proud of what his sons' generation brought to this world. He might not understand it, but he would see that it doesn't take days to mow that field anymore. Kinda' like me. I don't understand all this techno stuff but I do know it won't take three days (or shouldn't anyway) to get this article to the publisher when I finally get done with it – just hit that send button, Becky!

I'm hoping I am correct in thinking (which I really don't get paid to do) that most new, inventive ideas are born in the world of the written word and the ability to think outside the box.

Just a little history for you taken from *The World Book Encyclopedia*, 1958 edition (off the bookrack in my living room): "The library is sometimes called 'the memory of the human race." As far back as the ancient Babylonians with their tablets of clay, to Wikipedia (I think that's what it's called) on the computer – WOW! Even the ancient Babylonians needed to know how to read. I feel like I'm back in junior high again and writing a report using the only thing that was available to me – the Encyclopedia. (Note: Wikipedia was not mentioned in the 1958 edition.)

I have seen pictures of some fantastic buildings that house books. But you know what I think is the best part of these facilities? The books themselves. And the people that take the time to go in, wander around the shelves and take in the smell and feel of the books. You may just find an old friend on one of those shelves.

Personal note: I am a volunteer on this foundation board. My recommendation? Find something you believe in and get yourself involved. It is a feel-good experience. Now, gotta' go put my Encyclopedia back on the shelf, for future use.



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2018 Dining E

Enjoy dining out in Northeastern Washington at any one of our fine eateries listed below. If traveling or just looking for a special night out, be sure to check out the lodging options listed here first!

Chewelah

THE BREAD BOX: Try our fresh breads, gooey pastries, fruit pies and more. We offer the best deli meat and cheeses and a great supply of packaged bulk foods. Open Wed-Fri 8am-4pm, Sat 8am-1pm. 105 W. Main Ave. 509-935-8950.

CHEWELAH CASINO:

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8am-10pm, Fri-Sat 8am-12am. chewelahcasino.com 509-935-6167.

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

JEAN BEAN'S COFFEE: Come experience our array of daily specials, pastries and breakfast options in a warm & cozy environment. Hours: M-F, 7:30am-2pm, Sat., 8:30am-2pm. 211 E. Main Ave. 509-936-9033.

MONDO'S: Enjoy delicious pastas, salads, paninis and more. Dine in or take out. Patio seating. Family friendly. 404 E Main Ave. Tue-Fri 3pm-8:30pm. Sat 2pm-8:30pm. 509-935-8811.



QUARTZITE BREWING COMPANY: Serving up craft beers of all varieties. All ages and pet friendly. Open Thur 3-8pm, Fri 3-9pm, Sat 2-9pm at 105 W Main Ave. Check us out on Facebook or call 509-936-3686 for more info.

CHEWELAH CREEK INN: Clean, quiet, comfortable lodging on the banks of Chewelah Creek. Free wifi, cable TV, queen-sized beds, full-sized bath, excellent rates. 414 N. Park Street. Please call 509-935-8166 for reservations.

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Colville

ACORN SALOON & FEEDING STATION: Breakfast, lunch & dinner 7 days a week. Daily specials, cold beer and cocktails, pool tables & pull tabs. M-Sat: 7am-midnight. Sun: 8am-10pm. Happy Hour M-F 2-5pm. 262 S Main., 509-684-3337, find us on Facebook!



BROWN BOYZ OHANA EATERY: The "best hidden treasure in Colville" offering a unique dining experience, fresh ingredients cut daily, and homemade sauces to give you a "Hillbilly Hawaiian" taste sensation. Ya gotta try it! M-F 11am-7pm. 576 N Wynne St. 509-684-2888.

CAFE ITALIANO: Authentic northern Italian cuisine featuring local, organic veggies and daily specials from around the Mediterranean. 151 W. 1st. Mon-Fri 11am-8pm, Sat 2-8pm. 509-6894-5268.

CHATEAU VIN: Artisan-prepared salads, chef-inspired tapas, gourmet sandwiches, and delicious entrées paired with a great selection of wine, beer and wine-based martinis at 161 E 3rd Suite F. Wed-Sat 11:30am-8pm. Sunday Brunch 9am-2pm. Orders to go: 509-675-6243.



DRAGON VILLAGE:

Authentic Cantonese, Hunan & Szechwan Cuisine. Dine it, take out, catering, beer, wine, cocktails. 155 S. Main. Tue-Sat 11am-9pm, Sat 11am-3pm. Facebook.com/dragonvillagechineeserestaurant 509-684-8989.

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





MR. SUB: Fresh baked bread daily. Hot and cold subs, wraps, salads, fresh baked cookies, U-bake pizza, party Subs, daily specials. Gluten free available. Event catering and phone orders welcome. M-F 9am-8pm. Sat 10am-6pm. 825 S. Main. 509-684-5887.

Lodging Guide

Look for more communities and listings in upcoming editions of the North Columbia Monthly!

To have you business listed, please email us at ncmonthly@gmail.com or call 509-675-3791.

TAZI'S COFFEE SHOP: A cozy and cheerful oasis featuring Crandall Coffee and specializing in espresso, cold brew and specialty iced tea. Also a selection of Republic of Tea. Mon-Sat, 7am-3pm at 119 E. Astor, by the clock tower. 509-684-2722.



TONY'S ITALIAN EATERY:

Open 7 days/week for your authentic Italian cuisine with cold beer and wine in a fun family atmosphere. Daily specials. Salads, pizza, pasta & desserts. M-F 11am-8-ish, Sat & Sun Noon-8-ish. 645 Louis Perras Rd. across from Sears. 509-684-1001.

WESTSIDE PIZZA: It's all about the pizza! Eat in or sit back and enjoy our delivery service! Combo, specialty, build your own pizzas, plus dessert stix, appetizers, and salads. 555 S. Main, Sun-Thur 11am-9pm, Fri-Sat 11am-10pm. 509-684-8254.



BEAVER LODGE: At beautiful Gillette Lake, 24 miles east of Colville on Hwy 20, RV parking, campground, cabins, store, gas, restaurant open 7 days a week 8am-8pm for breakfast, lunch and dinner with everything from scrambled eggs to prime rib. Come and relax with no cell service! 509-684-5657, beaverlodgeresort.org.

BENNY'S COLVILLE INN:

With 106 guest rooms, suites, spa and largest local indoor pool, Benny's has big city accommodations with that small town charm and friendliness. Check out our fish museum lobby. 915 S Main. 800-680-2517 or 509-684-2517.



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

Kettle Falls

MEYERS FALLS MARKET CAFE has a wide variety of natural & organic food! Tacos, salad bar, paninis, homemade ice cream, kilkshakes, floats, coffee & more. Open daily 11-5. Hwy 395 in Kettle Falls. 509-738-2727 meyersfallsmarket.com.



CHINA BEND B&B: Luxurious lodging at the China Bend Winery Estate. Enjoy a gourmet breakfast and complimentary wine tasting. Custom menu dinner available by reservation. Located on the Northport-Flat Creek Road along the Columbia River at 3751 Vineyard Way. 509-732-6123, www. chinabend.com.

Newport

DANNYANN'S B&B: Enjoy a hearty breakfast and explore the beautiful Pend Oreille River Valley. Three appointed guest rooms with private baths. Relax. Renew. Retreat. 131 N. Spokane Ave., dannyanns.com, 509-447-3787.



Northport



RIVERTOWN SUDS N GRUB:

Meet our friendly staff and enjoy daily specials, the best prime rib around (Fridays), awesome steaks, and fantastic salads! Open 7 days a week, 11 am till closing at 302 Center Ave.. 509-732-6678.



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Orient



BEARDSLEE FAMILY RESTAURANT:

Where everyone is family. Home cooking and specials every day. Also serving spirits, beer and wine. Karaoke every Thur and Sat. Open Tue-Sun, 7am-8pm. Hwy. 395 in Orient. 509-684-2564.

REAL ESTATE

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\$289,000

Darge, spacious home on just over an acre across from Jump Off Joe Lake with community access and a view. Approximately 3,056 sq. ft., 3 bed, 2 1/2 baths, 2 car garage and 24X24 shop. New laminate hardwood floors on the main level and master bedroom. Large, open living room, dining room, family room with a beautiful gas fireplace and kitchen. Spacious, large open loft with laundry. Master bed has jacker in the part of the place. cuzzi tub and private balcony. Second bath and bedroom are upstairs. Relax on the covered wrap-around porch & enjoy the views & wildlife. Beach access and fishing within walking distance, multiple lakes within 15 minutes.



MLS# 35380

Meyers Falls Market & Cafe is a Top Quality Business. Located in the Heart of Kettle Falls. It was just voted #5 out of 10 as one of the "Best markets in Washington!" This business offers a Natural Food selection from local neighbors, a full array of bulk items, a cafe where the food is made from scratch and WiFi is free, gift area with local vendors, a Community Connections room for classes & events. The building has been updated and has many extra amenities, including a newer roof.



MLS# 34851

\$164,000

Well established nursery located in the heart of Colville. 18 yrs and going strong. Great location on the corner across from Safeway, Builders shopping and Napa. Good income, open 3 to 4 months a year. Solid steal greenhouse with all the amenities. Many possibilities to expand this business to vear around.



MLS# 34343

\$219,000

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

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\$440.000

MLS# 35371 \$440,000 Charming updated 2-story 1900's farm house located on 98 Gorgeous acres with pastures, trees, & meadows. Included is a large garage/workshop, separate cabin and an extremely large pole barn that includes tack area, hay storage, four box stalls and room for parking farm vehicles. Central boiler heating system is located outside next to the wood supply. This property offers you privacy and



MLS# 35159

\$495,000

New price on this destination home/compound! Great place for horse ranch or cattle. Sweeping views of gently rolling pasture land. This lovely home was built with ease of maintenance in mind. All stainless appliances, stainless counters & lovely wooden cabinets and built ins. Home has polished concrete floors with in-floor heating. Wood ins. Home has poisined concrete floors with in-hold heating, wood stove provides cozy warmth. Attached shop is in-floor heated too. Additional shop, bunkhouse with root cellar-type storage, and finally to top it all off, your own private hanger and airstrip. A windmill aerates the upper pond for fish. Garden and orchard is completely deer fenced. Watch for the upcoming drone video!



MLS# 34959
This 1.29 acres on the 1310 line waterfront has it all! Beautiful views of Lake Roosevelt and surrounding area. Exceptional custom built 4 bdrm, 3 bath home w/large open kitchen, dining and living area. Kitchen equipped with island w/seating, plus a separate island with a propage stove top and sink, plus an electric stove and pull out drawers. Full pantry and laundry room. Wonderful main floor master suite w/large walk-in closet. 2 car garage on main level, 19x25 garage for lower basement level, 24X36 wood shed/shop and a 24x60 amazing shop with all the amenities. Walk to the beach. Concrete driveways make this property easy to maintain. 2 fenced garden areas, wrap-around deck. Snag cove boat launch is minutes away.



MLS# 35058

Nestled along the banks of Lake Roosevelt is this lovely family-owned orchard. Comes with amazing water rights, 3 homes, cold storage warehouse, wind machine and equipment needed to run. This is the largest orchard in the area with 24 kinds of apples, half dozen varieties of peaches, apricots, cherries, pears, nectarines, plums, prunes and garden area with well established berries. Approximately 8,000 trees total. Entire property is fenced with 8' fencing. Bring the whole family, or multiple families! There are 3 homes, 1-4 bedroom, 1-3 bedroom, and a 2 bedroom. Well established with show room for selling to the public. Water for homes is a natural spring, filtered with ultraviolet. Water right for orchard irrigation. All of this surrounded by Haag Cove wildlife refuge



MI S# 33277

\$349.999

Awesome historical building on Main Street in a prime location in Colville and on the National Historic Register #95000807. Many good stories and artifacts throughout the 19,600sq.ft., with an additional 8,400 sq.ft. basement. There are Three floors with generous rooms and a working freight elevator. You have to see this to appreciate the possibilities



\$399,900

Come experience this beautiful home & peaceful retreat setting...you will not want to leave. Architectural elements & quality construction come together here in a modern, classic home featuring generous living spaces that are comfortably elegant. Amazing views and expansive deck. Nicely appointed A-frame guest house, large fenced organic garden & orchard areas, hedged flower garden, detached 2-car+ garage w/work area, storage shed, covered wood storage, gazebo, gated entry and much more. Acreage is open around the home site and heavily treed on remainder of property.



MLS# 35282

This easy care one level home embraces you when you walk in the door! Every attention has been paid to detail. From the leaded glass entry door to the antique hickory custom cabinets. Entertain in the vaulted ceiling great room. Invite friends to bring the RV, hook up, and enjoy walking trails along the Pend Oreille River Tiger Inlet and public access to the water. Soak in the heated, jetted tub. Barn has two stalls with rubber floors, a tack room, and central area. Huge garage has door large enough to pull in Boat or RV.



MLS# 33329

\$159,000

Historic building located in the heart of Kettle Falls. Many possibilities! Main floor has a retail area with bath and private office. Plus a studio apartment. Upstairs has 6 rooms, 2 bathrooms, and a small kitchen and dining area. Awesome woodwork and old style character. Full basement with gas and wood heat. Lots of storage and a loading ramp and a 3-bay carport. Please, you must have an appointment - don't disturb tenant. Thank you. Square footage is approximate.