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— WHERE AND HOW WE LIVE —



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They're All There Tags On Our Skin

- JOHN ODELL, WordsOfWords.com



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**MAY 2018
ISSUE DEADLINES**
AD SPACE RESERVATIONS:
Friday, April 13th
WHAT'S HAPPENING LISTINGS:
Friday, April 20th


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B&B at the Winery

From the Publisher's Desk...

By Gabriel Cruden

I was pushed from behind as I came down with a rebound—normally not worth remarking on during a pickup game of basketball. But this time it happened just as my foot touched the gym floor and I rolled my ankle. I was out. And still am, many weeks later.

As I've iced and hobbled through my days, I've found I gauge and plan my activities with consideration toward whether there are stairs involved or the likelihood of needing to carry something heavy. Like a defensive driver, I also anticipate and minimize the instance of small child and large dog collision potential, especially after failing to do so one groggy morning as I made my wife's coffee and 140 pounds of dog foot landed on top of mine. I've decided I am not looking forward to the physical challenges of old age. Not at all.

I've also reflected on the idea that my life is made up of moments and, while each one tends to connect to its predecessor, and the moments tend to follow a predictable and consistent trend of activity and outcome, there are certain moments that come out of nowhere and suddenly large swaths of my daily experience are altered. As demonstrated

by my incident on the court. This is not a new thought, I know. But it's one that I find interesting to examine at this point in my life.

One reason, as parents will especially identify with, is risk analysis. As my children grow, I'm constantly monitoring every situation, taking into account past behavior, overlaying useful growth and development opportunities, minimizing potential risk, and allowing or disallowing activities. "Yes, you can ride your bike. As long as you stay on the farm and wear a helmet." "No, you may not give your little sister a piggyback ride up the stairs."

Another reason is to look for opportunities to be more successful in my work. Financial success is certainly on the radar. But the need to earn a living has always been there. What's more in focus with this line of thinking right now is how to be intentional about *causing* these moments of great change, but toward positive outcomes.

With the support of the statewide organization, Washington Nonprofits, and in partnership with WSU Extension in Ferry, Stevens and Pend Oreille counties, I have begun a journey of seeking to help our re-

gion's nonprofits to all be more successful in their work. From what I have seen and been a part of, there is so much that so few people are striving hard to accomplish to improve life for people in our communities and the places we depend on, appreciate, and share. Every volunteer. Every dollar. Every opportunity to be more effective in carrying out the mission. It all matters and it is oftentimes a daily struggle to scrape it all together to make it happen.

Thankfully, many people give generously of their time and resources, and we collectively accomplish a great deal, especially in consideration of our small population scattered across a wide and varied geography.

But still, it is hard work. And much of the time it feels to me like we're just getting by rather than getting ahead. One moment connecting to the next, predictable and consistent. And so, in my reflecting and ensuing activities, my aim is at marshalling resources and working to encourage conditions conducive to instigating big improvements with small and sometimes seemingly simple changes. With just the right timing, and just the right push.

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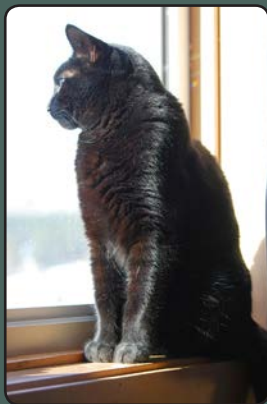
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Nature: Not Just Out There

By Christine Wilson

I spilled a couple of raisins today as I filled a bag from the grocery store bulk bin. It made me think of the description I'd heard about a Turkish woman who came to the United States to study. She was literally sick to her stomach at the waste in her campus cafeteria. In her country, she said, her grandmother had taught her to be grateful for even the smallest bit of food. If she dropped a grain of rice on the ground, she kissed it to show respect for the effort that small piece of food had gone through to be there for her family.

I did not kiss the raisins I spilled, but did find myself looking at them and whispering an apology. I was inspired to slow down. Bulk raisins are tricky, and as I proceeded with mindful scooping, I felt calmer and more appreciative of the task at hand. I pictured the granola I was about to make, also with calm gratitude. All those ingredients are part of the natural world. All those people in the store, with their various hungers, are also part of the natural world.

In my childhood, my understanding of the word "nature" was limited to phrases like "Man versus Nature" and references to nature being something that was "out there," although I did not fully understand where "out there" was.

I read comic books under our Russian olive tree, which could survive the hot dry summers

of Richland. I sometimes walked through "the shelter belt," the descriptor we used for the three rows of trees planted to prevent sand from blasting our houses. We lived on the front row of those houses and it was too late for us. By the time the trees were large enough to protect houses, our windows had already been sandblasted shut.

We sometimes crossed the highway on the other side of the shelter belt to pick wild asparagus. Other times, we would aimlessly wander among the sagebrush along the Yakima River, in what we considered bold feats of exploration. There was an element of solemn danger there because that river had taken a girl's life and we knew the current was swift and unforgiving.

I walked everywhere in my hometown: to school, to church, to my friend's houses, to the drug store for treats when I had any money for such luxuries. The sidewalks were hot in the summer, although I never tested the tale about being able to fry an egg. I did, however, make attempts to walk barefoot on those hot sidewalks and figured out, a little slowly, that when there is no grass to protect your feet, cement burns. Roads made of rough gravel and sticky tar also hurt.

We went camping every summer, often on the Washington and Oregon coast, and played on the beaches and in the woods with all the

other baby boomer kids. A bear came to visit our campsite once and we hid in the tent. I lost my first contact during a windy walk on a trail along the Puget Sound. It flew out of my eye and could have been in the dirt, up in a tree, in the ocean, or gone with the wind.

I never thought of any of that as nature. It was just part of the unacknowledged background and I saw it as a good thing or an inconvenience or something dangerous. In high school I went backpacking with our youth group and this is probably where I first started actually thinking about nature as a thing I could be connected to.

We had been taught about being stewards of the land, but the concept had not yet registered with me. On those seven-day trips, "out there" became a real and glorious place, even though it remained separate from "real life." There was still a "man versus nature" sense about the whole experience. There were dangers and weather and hard times on the trails. I would get home from week-long backpacks, flush the toilet multiple times, take a shower, and go on with civilized life.

I went off to college and hiked sometimes but still kept nature in a separate compartment. I remember hiking somewhere in Idaho, having traveled there with some fellow WSU students. We climbed fences in our naïveté and at some point met up with a farmer and his rifle. That could have been a message about humans being a danger potentially equal to nature, but I was still pretty committed to my compartments.

Those tidy little compartments began to break down, thankfully, when I lived in Wyoming. The city limit signs usually sport not just the size of the population but also the elevation, and that number is often larger. Given the altitude of those towns, weather is a fierce teacher. Even the towns in the flat eastern side of the state can experience paralyzing storms. I had been living in San Francisco, where weather was evidenced by garbage blowing past your window, so I was at once charmed and frightened by what I saw as real weather.

Over the years, through adventures and study, I have come to realize this is all nature. Snow outside our window as I write this column is no less a part of nature than the snow that left four of us stranded at the Easter Seal office in the Big Horn Mountains of my Wyoming days. The tree I leaned up against to read those comics in my childhood was nature. The grass stems I meticulously pulled from the ground, in order to nibble the tender white bits, were nature as well. And, lo and behold, I see now that humans are part of nature, not separate. It's been a grand

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Random Acts of Community

adventure to absorb all these experiences and to make sense of them.

In my line of work, we sometimes treat people with Dissociative Identity Disorder, formerly known as Multiple Personality Disorder. Our training, for those of us who are willing to admit the diagnosis exists, tries to integrate the various ego states into one personality. However, in a novel by Matt Ruff, *Set This House in Order*, the main character challenges that notion. He argues that cooperation between the different parts makes more sense than dissolving them into one. My thinking about the natural world has become more of a longing for that cooperation. I am not separate from nature and I am not oblivious to it; we are all aspects of the natural world.

About this time of year two springs ago, my husband discovered I had cooked the last of our potatoes and he had no seed potatoes to put in the ground. Fortunately, he could buy some locally, but my years of reading post-apocalyptic novels and hearing the tales of starvation from ancestral immigrants triggered a solid fear. What if we

don't take care of the source of our food? What if we never apply the concept of stewardship to how we live here?

I have been curious about the concept of a zero sum game and have started thinking about life here in that more cooperative venture, rather than being a matter of someone winning and someone losing.

My Sami ancestors lived in a win-win relationship with their land. It was not always easy, but it did involve sharing and using only what they needed. Biologists use the term "ecosystem services," which are the free services that the natural world provides. That shady tree in my childhood was generous with its multiple sources of comfort: a place to lean up against, shade and soft grass. I had no idea how many sources of pleasure and safety I was getting at no cost and without conscious awareness.

On this month, in which we celebrate the 48th anniversary of Earth Day, much has changed for me and for our planet in general. There are so many of us. Sharing plus minimizing what we use seems to me to be a more urgent requirement

than in my youth.

My thinking changed in stages. I keep learning to do more of what I can. Sometimes I have to throw things away but I try to cook out of what we have rather than let food rot while I follow a current whim.

There are all kinds of ways to look at this, and we can support each other in the journey. When I was in my 20s, my mother told anyone who would listen that I reused aluminum foil. I was quite proud of myself and it seemed so noble at the time. It's still noble, actually, and I minimize my use of foil, but now I see a broader scope of stewardship than I understood in my youth. On this month of celebrating the Earth's special day, we can ask a question I heard someone ponder: What do you give a girl who has everything? My particular pledge is to not live as if it is a zero sum game and to keep supporting ways we all win, including this lovely spinning planet we depend on.

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



This American loon, usually an elusive and easily-spooked bird, seemed keen to help the photographer with her fishing on Curlew Lake. Photo by Rebecca Metcalf. See more of her work at [Rough County Photography on Facebook](#).

One Egg Divided By Three

By Dr. Barry Bacon, MD

I come from a long line of refugees and immigrants – a heritage I am proud of. My ancestors were mostly hard-working peasants of Germanic ancestry, from Denmark, Prussia, Ukraine and Poland. They settled in the Dakotas and homesteaded in sod houses there in the late 1800s. They believed in hard work and education, and mostly they were longing for freedom.

Once in a while, I take out their stories and polish them off, like treasured family gemstones, and look at them, and wonder. How did they survive? How did they go on when all was lost? When the hailstorm destroyed every vestige of their bumper crop of wheat and their hearts were broken? When the banks came calling in 1929, and the house and barn they built with their own hands, their livestock and farm implements, were no longer theirs, auctioned off by the bank to their neighbors, one by one. How did they not lose faith and give up all hope?

I have a soft spot for refugees and immigrants, because I am the great-grandson of such

folk. Perhaps you are too. I am hoping that you will identify with the following story of refugees living among us. Their struggles to be free are remarkable. Here is one story from a local friend of mine in high school.

"My grandpa Pyotor was born in 1938 right before World War II. At the age of four, he and his mom were forced into a communist community, like everyone else in Russia during those days. My grandpa's dad was put into prison for being a Christian. Pyotor was left with his older brother Valentine and his mom. His mother took Pyotor to a daycare for children. Each day, the adults had to work on the duties the communist party assigned them. When the KGB found out that my great-grandpa was sitting in jail for his Christian beliefs, the KGB told the nannies to kick out my grandpa and his older brother from the day care. At that time, they were five and nine years old.


"After they were kicked out, my grandpa and his brother stayed in a rented home with no su-

pervision while eating scarcely anything. Their meal consisted of one egg a day. They had a hen they kept in a barrel in their rundown rental home. Their mom had to work in the communist community from morning till night.

"My grandpa told me that he only saw his mom for 20 minutes each day, some days less. He remembers sitting and waiting for his mom from the windowsill. He told me, 'We were always waiting for mom to come home.'

"The place they rented was always cold. They barely had any food. Most days the boys cried together and slept together. This continued for eight months. The chicken laid an egg every day. My grandpa told me, 'We waited for mom to come home, to eat this egg.' When his mom came home, she would bring scraps and crumbs of food to eat. 'We suffered, cold and hungry all day. We had no home of our own, nor property,' my grandpa told me. His mom would take the egg, boil and spread the egg and cut into three pieces. This was their supper.

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"One day their dad came from prison with scars, malnourished, tortured and beaten. My grandpa said, 'When Dad came home, we moved around a lot, always changing our location.' They did this because the police were always looking for his dad to put him in prison for his belief as a Christian and sharing the gospel. Communism said there is no God. Anyone who disobeyed this law was punished.

"When my grandpa and his family changed locations, they sometimes lived in sheds and lived in haystacks in barns. My grandpa's mom sewed socks to make money for food to provide for their children. The communist community paid with one cup of wheat for a day. They worked hard, plowed and did hard back-breaking labor. They lived in horrible, poverty-stricken conditions, no electricity, no water. They only used kerosene and brought water from the nearby river. They bathed in the river, and heated water in bowls in the winter time.

"They lived like this for more than 10 years. My grandpa did not go to school. Christians weren't allowed to attend school and get an education. My grandpa taught himself to read and write in Russian at 17 years of age. He got his education from songbooks, books and the Bible.

"When my grandpa's dad Daniel Shevchenko was caught and put in prison, he escaped. In my grandpa's words, 'My dad left the prison when he heard a voice telling him to stand up and go to freedom. He walked out in the daytime. When he came up to the wired gate of the prison he heard a voice telling him to touch it, and the doors opened. God let him out! He walked through another section of electrical wires mixed together with barbed wire. He walked out through the prairie. The voice said, 'don't look back.' He continued walking, already tired. Then he saw a crossroads and noticed that it was familiar. He came home to his settlement with thistles in his feet. His name was listed as wanted in the newspaper and they announced his

name on the radio. My family was very afraid of the KGB and the communists.

"After World War II the communist era died down. In 1955, life started to get better, and bread started to appear in stores, whereas before many people had to wait for it in lines for the government to bring it in big cars. By then, however, two of my grandpa's siblings had died from hunger. Kids were forced to work at age 10. My grandpa's dad was tortured for his beliefs in prison, where freedom of religion didn't exist. For ten years, their family had to hide in barns and sheds. These things will remain the legacies of their life stories.

"Then there is my grandma's story. When my grandma Lisa was five, she and her younger sister hid in the cellar from Nazi bombs during World War II. My grandma was raised in great poverty. She lived in a barn, even though my grandpa's grandpa owned orchards. The communists took them away and put him in a prison. My grandma never saw her grandpa again. To survive, my grandma and her sister stole apples from the property that communists took away from her grandpa. They had little else to eat.

"From age 10 they did hard labor to earn 100 grams of wheat each day. 'After the war ended,' my grandma said, 'People couldn't get enough of bread. They always wanted it!' During those hard times my grandma recalls wearing clothing that was always in patches. My grandma's mom made clothing from plants they planted. My grandma's mom did this to provide even the littlest food she could for her two daughters. My grandma recalls walking 18 miles to get to a station and stand in a long line to get bread from the government."

You might think that with such a legacy, my high school friend would be intimidated, traumatized or scared to try anything in this new land of freedom to which her family has immigrated. But her dreams speak to the resiliency of

the human spirit.

"My goals in life are to become a licensed EMT and get my associates in science from the Colville Community College, both of which I am working on now. During this life journey, I hope to transfer to the University of Washington to get my bachelor's in physical therapy while working as an EMT. After earning my bachelor's, I want to join the Aviation Air Rescue Program in the Navy, where I would work as a paramedic on a helicopter!

I know that the Navy offers a physical therapy program, so later down the road after a year of being a paramedic, I'm considering joining the Navy program for physical therapy. I would love to help patients coming back from combat regain their skills. Also, if an opportunity becomes available where I can get my master's or doctorate through a Navy education institution, I would be more than delighted to do so.

"I understand that things may change, but for now I'm standing solid to reach these goals. My goals are summed up by my favorite quote: 'You have within you the strength, patience and passion to reach for the stars and change the world!' Harriet Tubman."

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.

EAVESDROPS

What people have written about the north Columbia region

Sir Charles Wilson's diary entry when stationed at Fort Colville in 1861: "We were quite swamped with 10 visitors and in this country, where people dine they sleep. Col. Hawkins gave up his house to two ladies and their husbands. We got a very decent dinner and had a jolly evening, singing, dancing... What would English people think of driving 15 miles with the thermometer at zero and 18 inches of snow on the ground! But here distance is never thought of for a moment when any excitement is going on."

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Peter and Julia *Part II*

By Jack Nisbet

British fur trade companies began running their Snake River expeditions in 1818. Parties left in late summer from posts at Walla Walla or Spokane and traveled south to some favorable large drainage, then spread out to trap through the winter before returning the following year.

The expeditions made for difficult work that covered incredible distances, and also differed sharply from the network of fur trade posts that the companies had built in the Columbia River country. Each Columbia District post depended on long-term cooperation with the tribal nation in its vicinity. Along the Snake River, however, large groups of loosely connected contract trappers – including French-Canadians, Iroquois, mixed bloods and Hawaiians – exploited the resources of the country as thoroughly as possible.

Hudson's Bay Company Governor George Simpson saw these ambitious forays as a backfire that would drastically lower the fur trade prospects of the entire northern Great Basin and discourage American beaver men from thoughts of profit in the Inland Northwest. While this scorched-earth policy certainly slowed the progress of U.S. enterprises, within a decade it became obvious that nothing was going to stop the flow of American settlers into the Northwest. Inevitably, the Snake River Expeditions fueled bitter conflicts among Canadians, Americans, a multitude of tribal cultures and the landscape itself. In the long run, everyone lost.

Except, that is, for Peter Skene Ogden, who somehow rebuilt his fur trade reputation on the strength of his performances on several of these precarious journeys.

Early in 1824, Ogden returned to Spokane House from a visit to England. There he reunited with his Salish wife, Julia, and took charge of what at that time was the main interior post of the Hudson's Bay Company's Columbia Department. His command did not last long, because bossman Simpson ordered Ogden to travel to

Montana and meet the remnants of a Snake River expedition that had limped into Flathead House with multiple casualties and hardly any fur pelts. Ogden's task was to reorganize the entire party, lead it back into the Boise Basin, and make the enterprise pay.

Ogden, his wife and their children departed from the Flathead post just before Christmas. His revamped expedition, which trailed south to Missoula and through the Bitterroot Valley, included two clerks, Julia's stepfather Francois Rivet, 10 engages, 45 freemen and boys, 30 women, 35 children, 22 leather lodges, 268 horses and 352 traps, not to mention Jedediah Smith and six American trappers who were somehow along for the ride. It must have looked more like a roving refugee

camp than a group of prospective trappers.

Over the course of that winter, the 1824-25 Snake River expedition cut a swath clear across southern Idaho until touching the Bear River, then followed that watercourse to the Great

Salt Lake.

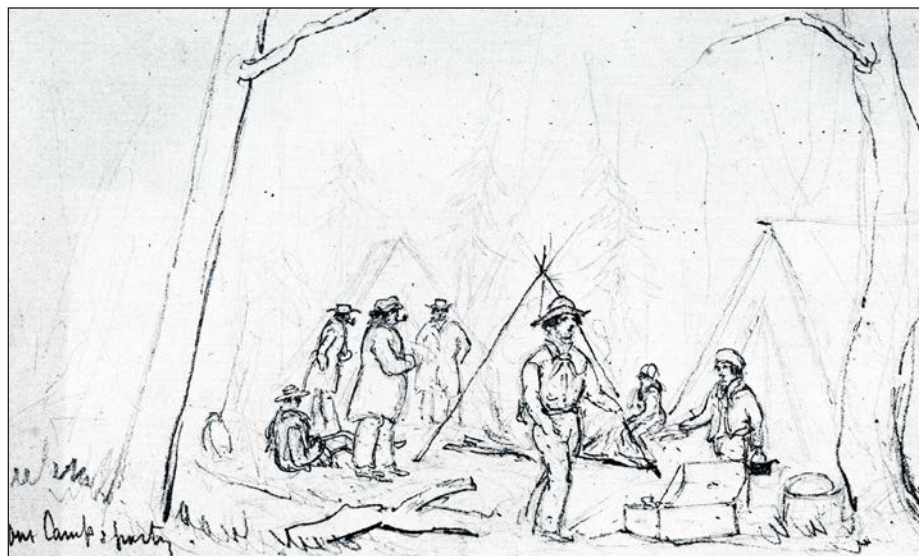
Ogden's first report back to the company governors reported good success in trapping beaver, but regretted that a series of misfortunes had dogged them from the beginning. "In the Month of February, the Blackfeet succeeded in stealing 18 of our Freemans horses, and tho' pursued escaped. Six days after that one of the Iroquois was killed by the accidental discharge of his Gun by his Wife." These twin discouraging episodes led to a list of desertions, dangerous confrontations with both the Americans and various tribes, domestic disputes, severe weather conditions and general misery.

Yet none of those setbacks prevented Ogden from bringing back enough furs to make a profit, and Governor Simpson was all about the bottom line. For the next five years, he dispatched Ogden back into the wilds on expeditions that ranged far beyond the Snake River country.

In 1825-26, Ogden pushed through eastern Oregon's rugged John Day drainage and west across the Cascades to the southern Willamette Valley. He expanded on that trip in 1826-27, reaching eastern Oregon's Malheur Lake and the Harney Basin before cutting west to explore around Klamath Lake, the Rogue River, and northern California's Mount Shasta. His 1827-28 venture trapped up the Grande Ronde to the Wallowa Mountains before following the Snake River clear to Idaho Falls and back to Boise. In 1828-29 Ogden revisited Great Salt Lake via the Bear River.



Peter Skene Ogden of the Hudson's Bay Company, by Henry James Warre, 1845. Archives of Canada No. I-26.



"Our Party and Camp," by Henry James Warre, 1845. Archives of Canada No. I.1. "In this pencil sketch of a prairie fur trade camp, Peter Skene Ogden is the portly gent with the pipe."

Ogden's journals for his first five Snake River expeditions provide detailed accounts of each gritty mile, usually in the terse language of the trade but occasional leavened by their leader's legendary wit. Altogether they leave no question about Ogden's talents as a resourceful leader. Despite the host of problems that continued on all fronts – for example, at Goose Lake, on the present border of eastern Oregon and California, Ogden wrote “this is certainly a most horrid life ... I may say without exaggeration man in this country is deprived of every comfort that can tend to make existence desirable” – the missions remained financially successful in terms of furs taken.

Ogden's sixth Snake River expedition outdid all his previous forays. Departing from Fort Nez Perce on the Walla Walla River, he worked through eastern Oregon to the vicinity of modern Winnemucca, Nevada. From there he continued south along the east slope of the Sierra Nevada until his party struck the Colorado River and followed it clear to the Sea of Cortez in Baja California. They returned through the Mojave Desert and up California's Central Valley, pausing for a side jaunt to San Francisco before returning

to familiar trails in eastern Oregon that carried them back to the Columbia.

The journal for this expedition was lost in a boating accident at the Dalles, but oral accounts refer to all those places, and its general route is accepted by historians.

Julia Rivet Ogden was a very real presence on several of these journeys, rescuing a lost child from Shoshone Indians, dipping into northern California and the Siskiyou country, wrangling her growing family both together with and separate from her cantankerous husband.

When they paused at Fort Nez Perce before moving south for the 1827-28 expedition, she was four months pregnant and caring for Peter, 10 (Ogden's child by his Cree country wife), Charles, 8, Cecilia, 6, Michael, 4, and Sarah Julia, 2.

Details of her daily life, as with those of almost every mixed-blood fur trade family, remain unrecorded. It is not known whether Julia Ogden had anything to say about her stepson Peter's departure in summer 1829 to attend the Red River School at Lake Winnipeg. There is no reason given for the fact that she and the rest of the children spent the following winter at

Fort Nez Perce, while Peter Ogden resumed his boorish bachelor ways at Fort Vancouver on the lower Columbia. Her husband had just returned from his sixth Snake River expedition when Julia drifted north to Fort Colville, where one of her boys died of a stomach ailment on Jan. 5, 1831.

By then she had traveled all over the intermountain west, had gained and lost children, and had finally returned to somewhere close to the place and culture of her birth. But she apparently remained just as restless as her husband, and the course of her life was not even halfway run.

She rejoined Peter Skene Ogden again that spring, and together they floated downstream to Fort Vancouver. There he received orders to man a post far up the coast of British Columbia, where Hudson's Bay Company interests clashed with the power of the Russian-American Fur Company. A whole new chapter of their lives was about to begin.

Jack Nisbet's essay on *Spokane House* will appear this spring in the anthology *The Spokane River*, published by the University of Washington Press. For more information, go to <http://www.washington.edu/uwpress/search/books/LINSPO.html> or www.jacknisbet.com.

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The River's People; the People's River - Reborn

By Loren Cruden

Arriving at Eastern Washington University – frazzled and late from too many red lights and too few parking spaces, plus a sojourn in the wrong building – I met with author and English professor Paul Lindholdt and attorney and assistant professor of urban planning Margo Hill to discuss *The Spokane River*, a new book edited by Paul. Margo, in whose office we met, is one of the book's 33 contributors.

Flopping into a chair and turning on my tape recorder, I asked the pair, "How does your relationship with the Spokane River reflect in the landscape of your daily life and work?"

Margo: I'm a Spokane tribal member and grew up on the Spokane Indian Reservation. My great-grandmother lived to be 103. She told the history of our tribe along with my grandmother, who was an interpreter for chiefs. I was raised around those grandmothers, so it is very much a part of who I am.

I was a senior in high school when my great-grandmother, Sadie Boyd, died. [Margo showed an oversize book with a 1913 photo of Sadie in it, Sadie wearing a beautifully beaded cradleboard, her baby snuggled into it. Margo had a duplicate cradleboard made for one of her own babies, and showed a beautiful photo

of that, too.]

I teach in the urban and regional planning program at EWU. Where we're sitting is called the Riverpoint Campus because the Spokane River curves around it. When I teach urban design in the spring, on the first day I take my students outside and we walk the river. I teach them how the tribes lived here, pre-contact, and how we fished here, gathered here, and invited the surrounding tribes to come and fish with us at the Spokane Falls.

My family often camps out on the reservation, along the river. The tribe has its spring powwow at Riverfront Park – kind of a reclaiming of our traditional territory. So, as far as the river in my daily life, I teach it, I live it, I share my love for it with my three teenagers. My son and daughter took part in the canoe journey with the Colvilles, from the Colville Reservation to the Spokane Reservation. My cousin helped carve the canoe.

Paul: I'm a Johnny-come-lately to the Spokane River. I've only been in Spokane for 24 years, but I've always been attracted to water. When our two boys were little I used to take them to swim and fish. These days I paddle as often as I can. One of the highpoints in the

calendar year is when the river is at its peak flow – in April, typically. It is phenomenal, astonishing to see and to contemplate how many cubic feet per second of water go through here. Also, I participate in river clean-ups and so on.

Q: The essays and poems that comprise the book seem like tributaries coming from many directions and disciplines, but conveying a unified message. Was this unity deliberate?

Paul: Yes, it was. When you first said the word "tributaries" I thought you were thinking "tributes" to the river – people writing tributes – and I wonder if the two words overlap, ety-



Author and EWU Professor Paul Lindholdt.

mologically. The metaphor for the book I had thought of, before, was sort of a chorus, a multi-vocal assemblage of people whose voices all harmonize on the river.

In the 24 years I've been a teacher at EWU, I've seen a rise in esteem for the river among people all around here, and it has been very heartening, because the river was a sewer before. People have gotten a civic pride and the river is a focus. It runs right through the middle of the city and anchors the community; it is omnipresent.

Margo: They used to just dump everything in the river – it was a convenience for manufacturing. It wasn't until the 1974 World's Fair here that we really started to clean up the banks of the river.

Q: What do you see as current priorities concerning the river?

Margo: Basic clean-up. The Colville Tribe is working really hard to get some clean-up of the Columbia from companies that are polluting from Canada. The main issue there is whether we can get liability to follow across the border. The Colville tribe just won a fishing-hunting case, into Canada.

With the Columbia River Treaty, the work is a combination of clean-up and salmon restoration, involving individual tribes all along the river system. What the tribes want is water in the river; we don't suck it out, put it to work. What we want, for both rivers, is for water to stay in the rivers to maintain its temperature for in-stream flows of fish. So we're looking



Craig, Margo (mom) and Patty Hill on the banks of the Spokane River in downtown Riverfront Park at the Gathering at the Falls pow-wow.

at turbidity and temperature. Water laws in Washington exempt domestic wells – nobody is quantifying the amount of water that wells take out. Our tribal water rights predate other water rights, but irrigators and exempted wells keep pulling water out. Our smaller feeder streams are disappearing. Government agencies are not doing their jobs to protect the waterways.

Paul: The big deal for the Spokane River is interstate problems. Idaho appears united in its belief that water resource is infinite. What Idaho does, impacts Washington. [The aquifer is shared.]

Another issue is the dams on the Spokane River. I am hopeful about the dams, because they are not going to last forever. They fill up with silt, the concrete breaks down, and when the big money is needed to restore them, I'm hopeful that alternative energies will come into play.

Q: Water in general has always been the West's major vulnerability. With the pressures that climate change is bringing, do you think the river and the aquifer it depends on will survive?

Paul: Stan Miller, one of the book's contributors, who's a retired engineer and managed Spokane County's water resources for 20 years, is crying out that with climate change there's going to be greater impingement upon inflows and the availability of water, especially in the aquifer [which supplies Spokane County water use]. He's in a position to know – and I hope he's wrong, but I don't think he is.

I am also upset that, in Idaho, there's a diesel refueling station for the trains built right on top of the aquifer. There was a fuel leak within the first three months of its operation! It didn't reach the aquifer, but millions of gallons of fuel sit there in aging tanks, year after year, threatening our water supply.

Margo: The states need to do their part, but it has to be addressed at local levels – the cities, the local municipalities, the counties; that's how water law plays out. The tribes set their own water quality standards, and get criticized for setting them higher than state standards. We have the science, we have the knowledge, but we need people to walk their talk and enforce clean water standards.

Q: Tod Marshall's essay speaks of the "user" mindset with which most humans are accultur-

ated to view nature. What, if anything, in your own life has moved you beyond that mindset?

Paul: For me, it was when I learned what it means to extract. I'm not sure if I go all the way to seeing even recreation or entertainment as being exploitive, but I grew up as a hunter and fisherman, and there came a point in my life when I stopped doing those things. I hadn't been doing them out of my ethnic tradition and it was never part of economic need. So



Craig Hill, Spokane Tribal member leading Spokane Canoe paddle.

when I started looking at nature in other than extractive ways, that was probably the turning point for me.

Margo: Our tribe lived in harmony with the environment. I don't know if it was so much for our use – that we would say that word. But even now, before we go out and pick huckleberries, we thank the Creator for them. When we go dig roots, we give thanks. We see the river as a Spirit that supports us in our way of life. The river is its own Being, free-flowing, that the salmon could travel and come back. We would have our ceremonies. One young man would be selected to sing the song to call the salmon

back up the river.

Q: [Last question. Rush hour and my long drive north loomed. Like a different kind of river tributary, I'd be going from the Spokane to my home on the Columbia.] If salmon return to the Spokane River, will this bring back traditional cultural and leadership opportunities for the young?

Margo: I believe so, because of the renewal of our canoe culture. We may've lost some of our knowledge about carving canoes, but we're bringing that back. The young paddlers on their journeys are clean and sober during that time. They learn the songs and it strengthens them. It's not easy to be out there – it's physically hard, it's mentally hard, sometimes the water is rough, but they fight through. And when your tribal members are standing on the bank ... it's powerful.

We also have small victories, when paddling from reservation to reservation; there's a protocol, welcoming and gifts. My kids have had the opportunity to interact with other tribal folks that way. We have our powwows, but it is a different thing to be out on the water – the unity, the laughter – when you're traveling in a canoe with your cousins, that your auntie helped carve, and you're singing your people's songs, like your ancestors did for thousands of years.

In Margo's essay in *The Spokane River*, she says, "When I was working in the Spokane tribal attorney's office, I found a quote by Alex Sherwood, the Spokane tribal chairman, in a 1973 legal file. Alex said, 'I find myself talking to the river. I might ask, "River, do you remember how it used to be? The game, the fish, the

pure water, the roar of the falls? You fed and took care of our people then. For thousands of years, we walked your banks and used your waters. You would always answer when our chiefs called to you with their prayer to the River Spirit.'" Sometimes I stand and shout, "River! Do you remember us?""

All royalties from sales of The Spokane River will be donated to the Spokane Riverkeepers program. See a review of the book on page 21.

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

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Pictured, from left: Miki Hellie (Bronze), Elizabeth Silvernail (Starbrites), Leoben Marshall (Starlites), Emma Thomas (Silver), and Makayla Fairweather (Starlets).

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Pedal Pushing

By Tina Tolliver Matney

A friend and I recently found ourselves sharing mutual lamentations over the fact that we have reached that time in our lives when we are no longer “youthful.”

I shared my recent discovery that I could no longer hide the crow's feet and bags around and under my eyes by simply dimming the light in my bathroom. We traded information on our favorite facial foundations as we continue to search for one that does what it promises without the use of chemicals or animal-tested substances. We contemplated the reasons and possible culprits for our expanding waistlines, jiggly arms and thighs, high blood pressure and greying hair. That's the short list. We discussed other issues, did a little complaining, and of course found ourselves laughing so hard we had to take turns using the ladies room. Friends who make you laugh this hard are truly the best.

That discussion stuck with me, just like how the past winter's over-abundance of food and lack of consistent exercise has stuck with me, mostly around my middle. I have developed an extra layer and it's not clothing.

We had talked about how hard it is to lose weight “at this age.” It truly is hard. It's hard for me because I simply love to eat. And while I've always been fairly mindful about my food choices, I have also been a fairly active person, until I wasn't.

I used to run and walk regularly. Then one day my knee sent me a not-so-subtle message that running probably wasn't a good idea unless something or someone was chasing me. So, then I just walked.

My pace was fast and my walks were long, sometimes five to six miles a day. It wasn't long before my hip put a halt to that.

Since then I have introduced yoga and Pilates to my achy joints and they seem to get along OK, but I have found myself really missing the lung-burning bursts of activity like running and power walking. So I bought a bike. Not an outside kind of bike to ride through the countryside. That sounds lovely, riding through the countryside, but I've been down that busy winding back road and it didn't end well.

In my neck of the woods it's hard to find a bike-riding place that is safe from giant trucks and speeding cars. Or giant speeding bears. Or a blue heeler named Rio that obsesses over chasing and herding and has a tendency to flatten bike tires if the bike isn't moving fast enough or in her chosen direction. She has even flattened the tires of bikes that were parked in the garage because, in her mind, they should have been out in the field grazing. She's weird like that.

So I bought a stationary bike. A bike with bells

and whistles that I quite possibly may never fully figure out. A bike so big it's like climbing up onto a horse and seating myself into the saddle. A bike that will take me twelve months at zero percent interest to pay for.

After ordering the bike, I devised a plan. I knew I had “2 to 4 weeks until delivery” and I took that time to pull myself out of the sedentary rut I had fallen into. I created a new mindset that recognizes how important I am to me and, I hope, to many others. My 2018 word of intention is “commitment” and I am committed to getting myself in better shape.

By the time the UPS truck backed up to the porch and unloaded the massive box full of bike parts, I was ready to begin this new fitness journey. The plan for this journey is very simple. I have committed to pedal every day that I am able to for as long as I am able. That's it.

It took two hours and four hands to put the beast together. Even though it was late when we finally snapped the last part into place I eagerly climbed on and adjusted the seat and pedals and then, while attempting to figure out the display console that looks more like the cockpit in an airplane, I accidentally hit the “manual mode” before we had even figured out how to navigate the thing. There was no turning back!

I will admit that two minutes into my first ride on this beast, I thought it might be my last. “Turn up the resistance!” That came from the other side of the room as my guy cheered me on. I felt like I was on the roughest bull ride at the rodeo. “I can't!” I yelled as I pedaled. “I'm dying here, don't make it harder!” Even though the resistance was at the lowest setting I felt like I was trying to bike up Mt. Everest with lead weights taped to my thighs.

One of the bells and whistles on this bike is that it measures your heart rate right from the handlebars that look like levers Scotty might engage to kick the Enterprise engines into warp

speed. I fully expected a warning siren to go off and something like “Stop pedaling NOW and call 911” to flash across the screen, or come blaring out of the speakers I still haven't figured out how to hook up.

But I have found the perfect water bottle to fit the “accessory tray,” one so large I don't have to refill it after three minutes of pedaling. I've also learned that sipping while pedaling is good, guzzling while pedaling is bad.

One of the selling points of this bike was the “tablet holder.” I envisioned myself calmly pedaling away while I took care of emails, surfed through my social media or perused Pinterest. In reality my tablet won't fit. It's too big. The Kindle fits, though, so I downloaded a book. Turns out that my brain won't allow reading while pedaling and panting. Some sort of survival tactic I suppose that I hope will improve in a week or two, or once my lungs stop catching on fire so quickly.

I have no grandiose expectations. The bike won't bring back my youth and I don't want it to. And, unless sweat has lasting face-firming qualities, it won't help my crow's feet either and that is alright. I am taking it slow and expecting nothing more than to feel better because I'm moving and pushing myself a little bit more every day.

The next time I see my friend, we'll share our progresses and our struggles because that's what we do when we're together. I have a new lip gloss I bought for her because I love mine. And I may as well admit that deep, deep down I might secretly hope that when I get up to use the ladies room she'll notice that I jiggle just a little bit less when I walk.

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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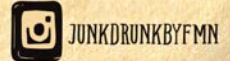
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The Ubiquitous Ring-Necked Pheasant

Article & Photo By J. Foster Fanning

While the history of the ring-necked pheasant has its origins over 2,000 years ago, my research turned up no Native American or First Nations legends of this colorful gamebird. Primarily, I assume, because *Phasianus colchicus* has occupied North America for only the last 150 or so years. Blackneck pheasants were recorded as introduced in 1773, but were not strong enough to survive the New England winters.

Looking to the West Coast side of this story, it wasn't until 1881 that Owen Nickerson Denny, an Oregon native, made a substantial investment and arranged for a shipment of Chinese ring-necked pheasants to cross the Pacific and be delivered to Washington State. Records indicate most of the birds survived the ocean passage, but the rugged and difficult road between Washington and Oregon claimed many lives of this cargo.

Undaunted, Denny released the remaining birds along the Oregon side of the Columbia River. He did so again in 1882 and in 1884. Following those releases, ring-necked pheasant began to flourish in the Willamette Valley of Oregon and soon had flown the proverbial coop and landed in Washington as well.

Other entrepreneurs were also in the introduction game and by the early 1900s a large number of pheasants were imported from English farms and released across the United States.

Pheasants in Great Britain? Well, this story isn't going to travel very far down that road; suffice to say that there is a reason this bird is in Chinese proverb and often referred to as the Chinese ring-necked pheasant. It appears they were imported to Britain by the Romans. That's just one of the interesting parts of the story of this beautiful bird. It appears in history spanning many regions of the world, but almost always as a non-native species. In the 1900s, millions of these birds were being reared each year throughout the New and Old Worlds.

Today's estimated tally of bred and raised ring-neck pheasant is 20 to 30 million birds annually. A Google search produced at least 39 species of pheasant worldwide, with many of these being hybridizations of mixed origins. Today, ring-necks have been introduced into 40 states. South Dakota has named the ring-necked pheasant its state bird.

The range map for this bird shows a narrow band running through the Okanogan Highlands of our region. Observations of the ring-necked pheasant often occur along roadsides where it may be seen striding across open fields and weedy verges, sporting iridescent

copper-and-gold plumage, a red face and a crisp white collar (if it's a male). Generally, these birds resort to flying only when disturbed at close range by humans or other predators.

You may also hear them without an actual sighting, by listening for their rooster-like crowing, which can be heard from up to a mile away.

The brown females blend in with their field environment. For habitat they primarily choose grasslands, hedges, marshes, woodland borders and brushy groves. For the most part they roost in trees or thick shrubs while brooding. As the season advances toward late summer and fall and vegetation grows taller and denser, they shift their nesting activity to forested wetlands, farm fields and weedy areas.

Pheasants are not especially adept fliers. They are generally airborne for 500 feet or so, depending on the wind or lack of – although there is a substantiated report of a male pheasant flying over four miles in crossing a body of water. A do or die effort.

Pheasants, along with most members of the grouse family, have specialized breast muscles capable of delivering powerful bursts in predator-avoidance mode. They are able to flush nearly vertically into the air and are able to reach speeds close to 40 miles per hour, causing that heart-into-your-mouth gasp when they burst from cover nearly underfoot.

I mentioned hybridizations. It is due to not only human breeders. The birds themselves with their peculiar nesting and egg-laying methods occasionally throw things into the mixer. Ring-necked pheasant hens sometimes use the active nests of other ground-nesting birds, such as the gray partridge and the greater prairie-chicken, to lay their own eggs in. Such traits could explain why some male pheasants have been seen chasing away male prairie-chickens and courting females. These pheasants may have been raised in prairie-chicken nests and imprinted on the wrong species.

Any way you look at it, the ring-necked pheasant is not only beautiful but an interesting species of bird. Spring is a great time to lace up those boots and venture into the great outdoors to make your own observations.

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

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Apr 7: Spring Craft Bazaar, 9-2, at the Usk Community Club, 2442 Black Rd. Jewelry, wooden items, quilts, aprons, hats, scarves, soaps, baskets, cards and more. Homemade soups, chili, cornbread, chili dogs, pies, cinnamon rolls, brownies and cookies served 11-1:30. Door prizes and raffle items. Call 509-445-1433 for more info.

Apr 8: Northport Lions Club BINGO at the Northport School Cafeteria, Noon-4. Early Bird, Regular, Fast Pick and Blackout with a \$500 Jackpot. A portion of proceeds benefit the NHS Girls Softball Team. Refreshments available. Must be 18 or older to play. Call 509-690-2158 for more info.

Apr 14-15: Junk Drunk Vintage Market, 9-4 (9-3 on Sun.), Ag-Trade Center, Colville. Two-day admission \$5, kids free. See ad on page 16.

Apr 16-21: 9th Annual Trash to Treasure Recycled Art Show at Meyers Falls Market, Kettle Falls. Submit original artwork made from material that would otherwise be destined for the trash or recycling bin by **April 14** in one of four age categories. Prizes awarded in each division based on public vote. Call 509-738-2727 for more info.

Apr 17: Tax Day.

Apr 19: 2018 disABILITIES Resource Fair, 9-3, SCC - Colville Campus, 938 S Elm St., Colville. Connect with government agencies, advocacy groups, employment programs, residential agencies, community services, education and health organizations, and independent businesses. Call 509-685-0680 for more info. See ad on back page.

Apr 21: Northport Community Preservation & Restoration Annual Town Cleanup, 9 am, behind the building at Center Ave. & 4th, Northport. Visit the NCPR FB page for more info.

Apr 22: Earth Day.

Apr 27-29: Stonerose Interpretive Center & Eocene Fossil Site Membership Weekend, with a no host social, dinner, silent auction and scientific presentation on Sat., 5 pm, Ferry County Fairgrounds. Call 509-775-2295 or visit stonerose-fossil.org for more info. See ad on page 32.

Apr 28: Raise Your Glass, 70s Edition Disco Party, Casey McKern Pay It Forward Charity event, 5 pm, Northern Ales, Kettle Falls. Afternoon pool tournament, silent auction, and entertainment. No cover, donation cans. See ad on page 34.

Music, Dance, Theater & Film

Apr 6-8, 11-15: Kettle River Grange presents *Hoodwinked & Hoodooed*, by Ray Sheer's Heuer Publishing and directed by Patty McKern and Hannah Smith, 7 pm (2 pm on Sundays). Tickets: Adults \$10, Youth 6-11 \$6, 5 & under FREE. Family nights April 6 and April 11, \$25 per family. Dinner theater April 14, \$30 per ticket (available at Meyers Falls Market, Sandy's Drive In and Barstow Store), dinner at 6 pm. Call 509-738-6050 for more info.

Apr 8: 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.

Apr 8: Wild and Scenic Film Festival by the Kettle Range Conservation Group, 4:30 pm, Northern Ales in Kettle Falls. \$17 at the door.

Apr 14: Simple Rhythm, Simple Living: Free Drumming Play-shop, 1-3 pm, at the Meyers Falls Market Community Room, Kettle Falls. Bring a hand drum and learn afro-cuban beats while you de-stress and come alive through drumming. Donations accepted.

Apr 28-29: Woodland Spring Pops Concert, 7 pm (2 pm on Sun.) at Woodland Theatre in Kettle Falls, featuring the varied sounds of the brass ensemble, bell choir, string ensemble, chorus and concert band playing familiar pieces. Admission (at the door), \$10 and \$5 for 12 and under. Visit woodlandproductions.org for more info.

Cutter Theatre, 302 Park Street, Metaline Falls, calendar of events. Call 509-446-4108 for more info. See ad on page 4.

7th: Mexican Dinner (5:30 pm), Movie Showings, noon & 7 pm

14th: "Here Comes the Bride & Bridesmaids" Tea Party, 2 pm

28th: The Cutter Auction, 7 pm (reception at 6 pm)

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

7th: Kenny Vs Spenny Live, 8-10 pm

12th: The Stampede, 7:30-11 pm

13th: Coco Love Alcorn, 7:30-10 pm

15th: Mr. Fish, 7:30-10 pm

27th: Best Songs & Stories of White Buffalo, 7:30-9:30 pm

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

6th: Chip & Robbie, unplugged, 6-8 pm

13th: Planetary Refugees, unplugged, 6-9 pm
20th: Justin James, G Bots & the Journeyman, 4-9 pm

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

5th: Sara Brown, 6-8 pm
12th: Jim Murphy, 6-8 pm
13th: Christy Lee & the Broken Rosary Whiskey Thieves, 7-10 pm
19th: Joe Petrucelli, 6-8 pm
20th: Open Mic, 7-10 pm
26th: Michael Pickett, 6-8 pm
28th: Raise Your Glass Disco Party, 5-10 pm

Music at Republic Brewing Company, 26 Clark Ave., Republic, republicbrew.com, 509-775-2700.
Note: some shows require tickets.

14th: McKain Lakey, 7 pm
20th: Dodgy Mountain Men, 7 pm
27th: Forgotten 45's, 7 pm

Arts & Crafts

Apr 5: First Thursday Gallery Walk, featuring David R. Andersen, 5:30-8 pm at Trails End Gallery, 101 N. Park St. Suite B, Chewelah.

Apr 6: Reception for featured artist Allan Ferguson, 4-6 pm at the Gold Mountains Gallery, 600 S. Clark in Republic. Allan's turned wooden bowls, pepper mills, vases, rolling pins, and more, are on display through April. Refreshments served.

Literature & Writing

Apr 14: Colville Library Improvement Club Book Sale, 10-1, library basement, featuring items for all ages. Hardbacks \$0.50, paperbacks \$0.25, CD's and videos \$0.25, many children's books \$0.10. Also books by well-known authors, \$1, and free items.

Farm, Field & Forest

Apr 14: Permaculture Film Series, 5:30 pm, Meyers Falls Market Community Room, Kettle Falls. Email fungipermastead@gmail.com for more info.

Apr 18: Gardening Class: Tips for Successfully Transplanting Seedlings and Plants, 12-1 pm, Kettle Falls Public Library.

Apr 21: Tree Walk with a botanist/forester, 9:30 am, starting at Hofstetter baseball field by 7th and Madison in Colville. Nominations still being accepted for Notable Trees to be featured in the annual Arbor Day Ceremony and tree walk, hosted by the City of Colville Tree Board. Email annelaolson@colville.wa.us for more info and nomination details.

North East Back Country Horsemen events:

April 3, Board Meeting, 6-8 pm. Pizza Factory, 619 S. Fir, Deer Park, open to all. **April 14**, Ride, 11 am, Riverside State Park Equestrian Area (2.5 hour ride). **April 21**, General Meeting with potluck, 6-8:30 pm, Clayton Grange. Guest speakers from Lincoln County Extension will talk about poisonous and toxic plants. Visit NEBCHW.com or call 509-598-0333 for more info.

Miscellany

Apr 7: Local activities planning meeting for people interested in meditation, energy healing, and metaphysical concepts, Colville Library Basement, 10:30 am to noon. Call 509-563-4713 for more info.

Apr 10: Self-Publishing and Gluten-Free Classes, by K.S. Brooks, an award-winning novelist and author of over 30 books, 9-11 am (Self-Publishing) and 11:30-1:30 pm (Gluten-Free), Spokane Community College - Colville Campus, 985 S. Elm St, Colville. Self-Publishing (class #4240, \$9) will cover everything from producing a quality book to becoming a published author. Gluten-Free (class #4237, \$8) will take the guess-work out of how to shop, eat, and travel gluten-free. Classes are open to anyone. Call 509-279-6030 to sign up and for more info.

Apr 10, 17, 24: Wellness Naturally Group, 9-10 am, Meyers Falls Market Community Room. Inspiring people to improve the quality of their life with natural solutions, to make their own healthy lifestyle choices that transform the lives of themselves, their families and those they love with the truth about health. Call Laurie at 509-930-0953 for more info.

Apr 11: Northeast Washington Genealogy Society meeting, 1 pm, basement of the LDS Church on Juniper Street in Colville, entry at the back of the building. Barry McCombs will discuss "Tackling Those Brick Walls." Visit <https://newgs.org> for more info. All visitors are welcome.

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 1 pm. All those living with MS are invited. For info, call 509-684-3252.

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

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 Tuesdays, 5:30 pm, at the 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 leanor.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.

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LISTEN UP

Sean Watkins' Primal Bluegrass

Reviewed by Michael Pickett

One-time Nickel Creek mastermind Sean Watkins helped pioneer a modern take on the bluegrass genre almost 20 years ago. Since then, he has settled into mining that alt-bluegrass direction for all its worth. Somewhere between singer-songwriter and Americana artist, Watkins pushes mountain-folk music closer to alt-pop than most artists and does a great job at it.

With *What to Fear*, Watkins finds a cool blend of organic, tribal



percussion ("I Am What You Want"), guitar balladry that could sit perfectly on an old Acoustic Alchemy album, and raw, intimate vocals that just glance off the surface of pop-accessibility.

Lyrical, there's a love-lorn undertone to the album, with songs like "Everything" ("I always hold back a few pieces of myself/ Stored away for when it all goes to hell"), that clocks in somewhere between hope and quiet resignation on pieces like the enchanting "Too Little Too Late" and "Keep Your Promises II."

The sounds of almost authentic bluegrass crop up in "Tribulations," where Watkins' vocals feel like he's composing for *Brother Where Art Thou 2* (despite the gorgeous electric guitar and Zeppelin drums kicking in). By the end, Watkins weighs in with the guitar-driven ballad "Back on My Feet," which seems to encapsulate an overall album vibe of partial redemption and a whole lot of reflection.

Clocking in at about 37 minutes, the album is a fairly short but well-paced affair that plugs dynamic instrument changes into a set where the meter and rhythm remain fairly constant.

Sound-wise, it's a great listen, and a pensive take on hitting age 40, negotiating family life and finding a way back via musical catharsis.

Judas Priest: Firepower

Reviewed by Michael Pickett

I perused an online metal thread the other day where participants felt that Judas Priest was simply old. If by that they meant "they actually sing and play ferociously without having to heavily lean on dropped-turnings, amateur vocal tone and nu-metal croak," then yes ... they are old.

Firepower, Priest's 18th solo album, is helmed by what I consider to be one of the greatest frontmen to ever don leather and studs while wailing into the stratosphere. It's not just vocalist Rob Halford who shines here, though. Guitarists Richie Faulkner and Glenn Tipton slam through this 58-minute album relentlessly. The real secret weapon, though, is drummer Scott Travis, whose ballistic double-kick work shows absolutely no mercy (check out "Evil Never Dies").

Opening with the seething title track, this

album showcases all that makes Priest great: Halford's metal-god dragon-tone is still as vital as the days when he screamed for vengeance on the sad wings of British steel. Standout anthems include the gut-punching "Traitors Gate," the hellish groove of "No Surrender" and the crushing "Children of the Sun."

In actual fact, there is no filler on this hour-long, cinematic maelstrom. Is this one of the truly great Judas Priest albums? Without a doubt. Showing them comfortably in their own studded-skin, doing all the things they do best, this is a perfectly paced tour de force.

What's more, Judas Priest's current tour –

though without the ailing Tipton – shows the band blowing the walls out of every venue they plug into. While Halford's metal-god stage stance may, at times, give way to a more biomechanical pose allowing him to sing impossible soprano passages about flamethrowers and the ultimate demise of all things ... he still hits those notes as only he can. Put on some welding gloves and grab Judas Priest's brand new *Flamethrower* as quickly as possible.



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A Good Read

The Spokane River, edited by Paul Lindholdt

Reviewed by Loren Cruden

There is nothing dry about *The Spokane River*, edited by award-winning author and Eastern Washington University professor Paul Lindholdt. Rather, the book is a sparkling flow of essays aiming to “survey the river’s history impartially, describe its features affectionately, and address the perils that continue to beset it.” The aim is eloquently achieved by its 33 contributors: “The paddlers, poets and archaeologists; the entomologists and hydrologists; the historians and culture warriors; people who catch fish and people who write about fish; the local folks whose families have lived along this river and its tributaries for decades or centuries.”

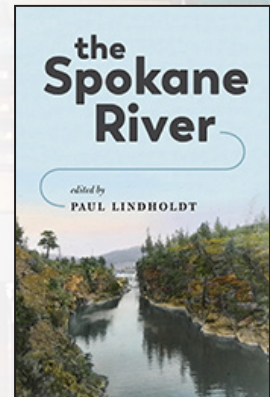
The Spokane River runs from Lake Coeur d’Alene to the Columbia River, a distance of only 111 miles, but its watershed includes three Idaho counties and parts of five Washington counties. And, as noted by Spokane tribal member Margo Hill, “We talk about the Columbia River and the Spokane River as one river, because the fish swim from river to river.”

The Spokane, once teeming with salmon, went from free-running to multi-dammed, and from achingly

pure to massively polluted, but thanks to governmental and community efforts is now at least semi-clean.

Each of these phases is detailed in the book, which is divided into three sections: “Encounters and Excursions” (beguiling personal stories); “Culture, History, Society” (native historical content as well as contemporary social and environmental topics), and “Beneath the Surface” (a fascinating grab-bag of expertise on pertinent subjects such as salmonflies, climate change, the Spokane Valley-Rathdrum Prairie Aquifer, native riverine artifacts – and our own Jack Nisbet’s context-rich take on the old Spokane House trading post).

Greg Gordon’s essay, “The Once and Future River,” sums up the river’s current state and offers cogent suggestions for what could be done to improve and support its vitality. He makes important points about the difference between creating “urban green space” and “rewilding” the river, concluding that “Our goal should be a resilient, self-sustaining ecosystem that is capable of evolving and adapting to changes.” Resilience is a key word for us all.



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.

Arbor Day

by Lynn Rigney Schott

April vanished under cold stone
the river fell and fell
at least the frogs were not alone
in their broken chorus of rainy song
which every year they perform as well
as any frogs anywhere frogs belong

Above the falls the banks are full
of pale spring beauties and pollen-gold balsamroot
the rain never so reliable
as when it turns another cold shoulder
to a swallow in a shiny Sunday suit
and everything, even the sky, is one year older

Composing a Great Photo

By Joanie Christian

Since my teen years, I have been capturing the world through my lens. In high school I took a photography class, and I was HOOKED. It ignited a passion that has continued to evolve over the last 40 years.

Initially, I did portraits, but in the last 15 years I've discovered a soul-stirring love of wildlife and nature photography. We live in an area that is SO rich in natural beauty. I am constantly making new discoveries here in our little corner of the world. There is wonder all around us, if you take the time to look.

My creative and emotional attachment to nature is at the heart of every image I take. Photography gives me the opportunity to capture detail and moments that aren't visible to the naked eye, transporting the viewer to a place where they can experience the same wonder. Our regional natural heritage is a true gift.

People frequently ask me for photography or editing tips, or if I teach classes. I share tips freely, as I benefited from mentors who shared their knowledge with me, and I really believe in artists supporting and learning from one another. While I have a lot of experience I can share, I consider myself a perpetual student, striving to improve. Life is a little too busy now for teaching a class, but I can share some of what I consider to be great advice for aspiring photographers.

There is a quote by British photographer Sam Haskins that makes me chuckle every time I see it: "A photographer went to a socialite party in New York. As he entered the front door, the host said, 'I love your pictures - they're wonderful; you must have a fantastic camera.' He said nothing until dinner was finished, then said 'That was a wonderful dinner, you must have a terrific stove.'" Having high-quality equipment does help, but the most important thing in photography is learning how to SEE.

A great photograph, I think, is a combination of three important elements: composition, lighting and subject. This article will focus on the first of the three. Composition is putting together a photograph so that the arrangement of visual elements is interesting and engaging, or tells a story.

It is common for people to focus only on their subject when taking

a photo and not consider other elements that end up in the image, or that are missing. The space surrounding your subject, known as negative space, is often completely ignored by shutterbugs.

Sometimes things in the negative space detract from a finished photo and other times they enhance it. Distracting things like telephone wires, or a tree coming out of the top of someone's head, take the viewer's eye away from what you want them to see. And positive

additions are sometimes not thought about. Sunsets are beautiful, but a photo often has more dimension and interest when paired with or framed by something like the silhouette of trees on the horizon, rocks on the beach, or children playing in the foreground.

Pay attention to what is in the negative space. If you don't like what you see through your viewfinder, move something distracting out of the way or change your angle, if possible. And include elements that will add to your composition.

Sometimes you don't have time to change position without missing the shot. A long time ago I learned that animals and birds really aren't interested in cooperating by moving to make a better composition for me. I have had more than my share of images ruined by a distracting element in the photo.

Another important aspect of composition is to use the "rule of thirds." People who have taken art classes are familiar with this term. If you divide your photograph into nine equal sections, you have three rows of three blocks each, sort of resembling a tic-tac-toe board. It is generally best to avoid placing your subject right in the center

block. Instead, consider composing the photo so that the subject is near one of the four intersections surrounding the center space. Now that you know about this rule, start looking critically at photos in magazines and other artwork, and you will begin to see the rule of thirds at play everywhere.

There are times when logistics don't allow me to shoot the composition exactly as I envision it. My subject is quick-moving, or far away, or there is an element in the photo that is an eyesore. This is when cropping after the fact comes in handy. Cropping is when you cut some of the outer portions of an image to improve composition,



The whole peacock was in the original photo, but cropping it up close allows the viewer to see the incredible color and plumage details.

“You don’t take a good photograph. You make it.”

~ Ansel Adams

bring greater focus to the subject, or even change orientation of a photo.

There are a lot of programs out there that allow you to crop photos. Many smartphones now have cropping features for their built-in cameras. It is surprising how much of a difference cropping can make. My goal is to pull everything I can out of each image to make it the best it can be, so cropping is my friend.

I photograph a lot of wildlife. Even with powerful telephoto lenses, I am often not safely or physically able to get as close as I would like for the final image I have in mind. Cropping gives me the ability to highlight a creature up close and personal. One of the things I most enjoy about wildlife photography is the amazing detail on the animals and birds I am privileged to photograph. The viewer can’t see that detail as easily if the photo isn’t cropped.

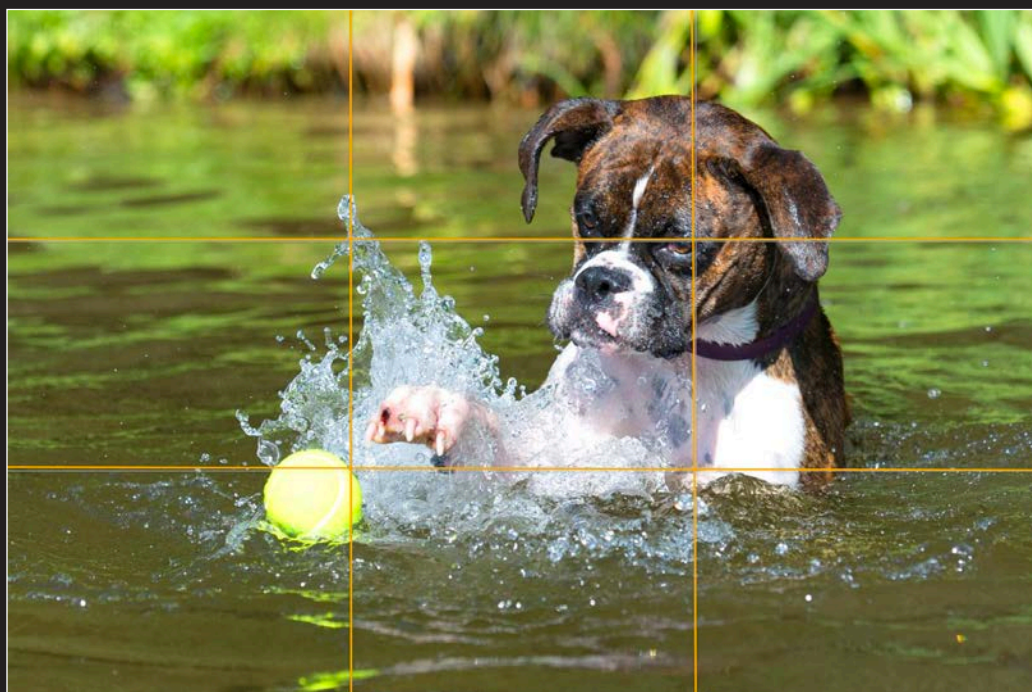
As I crop during the editing process, I often discover a unique perspective in looking at creatures. This leads to final images that differ from what I originally intended. It’s a little like sculpture and knowing what to cut away from the block of stone.

In certain images, I am really drawn to a specific and intricate detail and will crop extensively to highlight that detail rather than focus on the whole animal ... the neck plumage on a bird, the texture of hide on a moose shedding its winter coat, the delicate weavings of a nest. Nature has incredible design and beauty that I don’t see until I get the photos into my computer and start editing.

Having said that, another aspect of good composition is to make sure that your images aren’t cropped so extensively that you lose the sense of place. Many photographers crop all of their images tightly around all of the edges of an animal or bird, but there are times when the background or place where the animal is really adds to a photo or gives it balance. A marsh, a beautiful forest, or a location where other animals or birds are visible can sometimes turn a good photo into a wow photo. There is no one size fits all cropping rule. Each image speaks to me in a different way, and determines how I process the



This sunset was gorgeous all by itself, but the kayak in the foreground adds dimension and interest to the photo.



The dog’s eye at the upper right-hand intersection and the focus of his gaze - the ball - at the lower left-hand intersection, demonstrates the power of the rule of thirds.

final image. Experiment with cropping to develop your own preferences and style.

The most important aspect of composition is to take a good shot in the first place. Practice looking through your viewfinder in a different way. Take your time and look at all aspects of the potential photo BEFORE you press the shutter – the subject and all the negative space around it. Experiment with the rule of thirds, and then use editing tools to further hone your final image through cropping to move your photography to a whole new level.

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.

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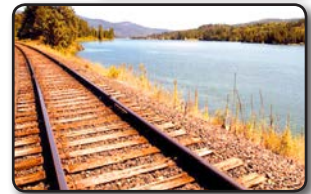
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Along the Mountain Path: Students & Teachers

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

"As the sun illuminates the moon and the stars, so let us illumine one another."

~ Anonymous

"Most important, remember that even when you become a teacher, you will always remain a student of yoga."

~ Judith Lasater



Before beginning to teach yoga, the teacher is first a student. With the increased popularity of yoga, many people think teaching would be a good idea. It is indeed fun and rewarding, but probably more work than most people realize! I remember a workshop student asking Janice Vien if he should take teacher training. She asked him how long he had been practicing, and when he told her she said, "Ask me again in five years!"

First there is instruction and practice, then training, and with teaching comes experience. Yoga is a Sanskrit word for yoking or joining, and the philosophy of yoga teaches connection. We are connected by our place on the earth, the air we breathe and our common humanity. Through teaching, we are reminded how much we all have to learn from one another.

As we teach, watching students respond to the instruction, and over time seeing what they retain, we see what's working. Often students will tell the teacher if a certain word, or a certain adjustment, helps them in some way. As we get feedback from students, and watch their progress, we are able to refine our teaching techniques. Sometimes a student will share something that has occurred to them in their practice that the teacher had not realized. A Lynne Minton technique for teaching upper body in Warrior 1 impressed me, so I asked

where she got it. "From one of my students!" she replied.

It is also important for students to share things that don't work! If an instruction is unclear, or something is causing pain, tell your teacher! If the teacher can communicate more clearly, it will benefit everyone. Sometimes, if you show the physical problem to the teacher, it will inspire a new insight to that problem. We all learn together.

All teachers have learned from their teachers. I have been fortunate to study with many excellent teachers, mostly trained in the Iyengar tradition. Mr. Iyengar trained many teachers who have carried his instruction with them. They have also added to and refined those teachings.

Some, like Judith Lasater and Julie Gudmestad, have become physical therapists. Others, like Erich Schiffman and John Friend, have gone their own way, creating new approaches that appeal to different students. All of us keep learning. And, of course, we all continue to learn from our own practice, which is pretty much the point of the whole activity.

In a workshop in Spokane several years ago, Schiffman asked us to stop and "thank all the yogis in the room. Those who are living, and those who are no longer living." We all carry our teachers with us, and they do too! Yoga has

been handed down from teacher to student for thousands of years, and we all benefit from the practice and knowledge of all those yogis. For this we should be grateful. And, as we share what we are learning, we help others.

As you walk upon the mountain path, realize that you are not alone. All those who have come before are with you. And, as William Blake said, "Gratitude is heaven itself."

Namaste.

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

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The Power of Diction and Presentation

By Linda Bond

Words can be powerful. Some are innately more powerful than others; some lend themselves to supporting a specific purpose or style. We're going to look at some elements of presentation that can strengthen your writing.

Innate Qualities of Words

Take an alphabet of 26 letters (in English), sprinkle in a few punctuation marks and you've got the potential to say just about anything. What kind of words do you need? Are you writing a high school theme paper or a political speech? How about a sci-fi novel, or an autobiography? The success of your work depends on the words you choose and the way you put them together.

Let's say you're writing a thriller novel. I suggest choosing words associated with tension, fear, maybe courage (if you have a brave protagonist), and yet lots of normal, everyday words as well. Too much continuous tension can overwhelm readers and may cause them to put aside your story.

But why are some words more striking in certain contexts than others? Aside from a few odd reasons, words are generally influenced by social convention and cultural agreement, which changes with time and location. For instance, swear words have lost a lot of their punch in recent years, simply by overuse. One of the lessons to be learned here is that overuse of any word can ultimately rob it of its power, and sometimes even its meaning.

Using a Thesaurus

If you are unfamiliar with a thesaurus, I suggest you get a copy and start using it, at least to reach out for possible alternative nouns and verbs to add pizzazz to your writing. If you're

willing to ignore a few ads, you can even use a free online service like Thesaurus.com (along with Dictionary.com).

At Thesaurus.com, I entered the word "hate" and asked for synonyms. It brought up a long list, including some that stood out to me: loathing, rancor, venom and enmity. "Love" revealed such alternatives as "infatuation, tenderness, lust, passion, devotion" and others (I especially liked "amity" and "ardor"). Each of these words is nuanced, of course, so check out their definitions before using them if you are not absolutely certain of their meaning.

Elements of Presentation

While there are numerous other considerations to take into account in your work, a few major elements are worth covering in some detail.

Use the best words you can find to get your ideas across.

Find nouns and adjectives, verbs and adverbs that will enhance your language rather than drag it down. Consider this opener from Charles Dickens' *A Tale of Two Cities*:

"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we ..."

How many times have you heard the first two phrases mentioned? He could have said something like: "It was a time when both good and bad things were happening." Not as memorable, right? And here's something to think about – why did he place the positive

words first, followed by the negative in each couplet? Try reading it with the words best, worst, wisdom, foolishness, etc., reversed and see if it still moves you in the same way.

Use words that fit the reading level of your intended audience.

It is a good practice to structure your writing and choose your words in a manner that will connect with your expected readers. If you are writing a children's book, do not use an adult level of vocabulary. If you are writing for readers not professionally involved in a particular science or other technical arena, use "insider" terms sparingly and with good explanation.

Take advantage of punctuation, especially when writing dialog.

Dialog should reflect your intent both in defining your characters and in moving your story along. Here's an example:

They saw the elephant stampede heading their way. "We'd better run," said Ben.

Or – They saw the elephant stampede heading their way. "Run!" bellowed Ben.

Build a strong structure to support your narrative.

At times during your writing, stop and make sure that your combinations of words, sentences, paragraphs and chapters not only flow appropriately but also support your story's arc. To quote an unknown source: "Sloppy is as sloppy does." So, structure your narrative with care and attention to detail.

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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Mountain Meandering



Photo and text by Patricia Ediger

The big horn sheep, genetically related more to goats than sheep, can be seen regularly along the Columbia Gorge if you look hard enough. We spotted a beautiful little herd of males, grazing along the grassy slopes close enough to give me a good photographic opportunity. We stopped and I was able to climb up the slope without spooking the herd, for a little while at least. They seemed more curious than afraid. Cars make a great blind by the way. The efforts to strengthen the wild herds of big horn sheep throughout the Inland Northwest continues, with some encouraging results.

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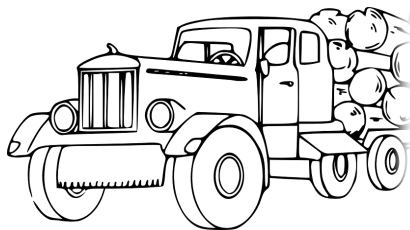


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"The Natural Choice"

Italian Plums and the Pig Who Loved Them

By Louanne Atherley

Every spring when the plum trees bloom I think about Lulu. In 1984 when Ben and I found our land, there was nothing here but a barn and the shell of a house that had been abandoned 30 years earlier. There were four plant remnants from the previous occupants: an old apple tree, some yellow irises, black currant bushes next to the house and, a short distance away, an Italian plum tree.

It was July when we started clearing out the old house and, in the afternoons when we needed a break from the sun, we would rest under the shade of that plum tree and try to imagine what our new home might eventually become. That first fall when the plums ripened we were so grateful for this gift from our land.

A few years later, with just a little attention, we were harvesting a respectable crop from this old tree and had nurtured a couple of seedlings into maturity as well. We even had enough to make some plum wine.

We also had acquired a pot-bellied pig that we named Lulu and who was especially fond of the plums. Lulu seemed to feel it was her duty every fall to clean up whatever we hadn't harvested from both the plum and apple trees. The apple tree was just outside our bedroom window and many mornings I awoke to the "chompf, chompf"

of Lulu cleaning up the fallen apples. She did the same with the plums.

She would eat and eat until she was lying on her side moaning, but soon she would be up and at it again. By late fall, her face had become so round that you could hardly see her eyes, but she didn't stop until all the fruit was eaten.

Lulu was a very solitary animal, preferring a quiet corner of the barn to the porch with all the dogs, cats and children. She slept in a large dog kennel on an old sleeping bag and every evening before she settled in she would drag out the sleeping bag and rearrange it just to her liking.

She was slow to warm to humans, but once she was comfortable with you, she loved to have her belly rubbed. She would roll onto her side and make contented little noises until her long lashes closed over her big brown eyes and she drifted off to sleep. When she eventually grew old and finally passed on it was in the spring and we buried her next to the old plum tree with plum blossoms behind her ears and a bottle of plum wine, which we had labeled Porcine Plum, tucked under one front leg. We still call it Lulu's revenge whenever someone suffers the consequences of eating too many plums.

We haven't made plum wine for some time, but we do continue to harvest a healthy amount of plums each year. We dry some, can some, freeze some and make plum jam. Ben prefers the canned plums simply sweetened so I make half the jars that way and to half of them I add a stick of cinnamon and some whole clove, which is how I prefer them. I love them on my oatmeal in the morning with a little honey yogurt and pecans.

These days we have more than enough plums left over to share with the neighbors. Deer get most of the unused plums, at least until our dog Suki chases them off, and the birds finish off anything left on the tree.

Our neighbor Lori, knowing my appreciation for cardamom as well as our abundance of plums, sent me this recipe adapted from the August/

September 2017 issue of *Fine Cooking*. It is a little fussy but worth the trouble.

Baked Plums with Cardamom Nut Crumble and Cream

- 1/2 Tbs. cold unsalted butter, cut into pieces
- 1-1/8 oz. (1/4 cup) all-purpose flour
- 1 Tbs. dark brown sugar
- 1 Tbs. coarsely chopped hazelnuts
- 8 ripe plums cut in half, stones removed
- 2 Tbs. currants or raisins
- 1/2 tsp. ground cinnamon
- 3/4 tsp. cardamom seeds (from 10 green pods)
- 2 Tbs. honey
- 8 oz. mascarpone
- 3/4 cup honey yogurt
- 1-1/2 tsp. finely grated lemon zest
- 1 tsp. fresh lemon juice
- Kosher salt

Position a rack in the center of the oven and heat to 400°F.

In a small bowl, rub the butter into the flour with your fingers until it resembles coarse breadcrumbs. Add the sugar and hazelnuts and toss with your fingers to combine. Spread on a small rimmed baking sheet and bake, tossing once, until light brown, about 6 minutes.

Meanwhile, place the fruit cut side up on a large rimmed baking sheet lined with foil.

In a small bowl, toss the currants/raisins with the cinnamon. Place in the hollows of the fruit halves. Sprinkle with the cardamom, and drizzle with the honey. Bake until the fruit has softened considerably but still holds its shape, 25 to 40 minutes. Let cool slightly before transferring to a serving platter or plates.

In a medium bowl, combine the mascarpone, honey yogurt, half of the lemon zest, the lemon juice and a pinch of salt. Whisk by hand until very soft peaks form.

Sprinkle the fruit with the nut crumble and a dollop of the mascarpone mix. Garnish with the remaining lemon zest.

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

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A Year On the Farm

Shelling Out For Chick Season

By Michelle Lancaster

Every March and April, stores light up with peeping chicks happily scratching around in heated pens. Have you ordered your chicks yet?

I often buy chicks locally, through the Flour Mill's "Chick Days Sale" or at North 40. There is the fun of picking out your choice from a group of scurrying chicks. Some years, though, I peruse mail order catalogs and order chicks online around the same time I order seeds. The benefit to online ordering is in knowing which hatchery your chicks come from and having the ability to choose among more options, like particular rare breeds or specific vaccinations.

The first few years we were back in Colville, we successfully ordered through Murray McMurray and really liked the quality of the chicks/hens. One hen even hatched a few batches of chicks, which are super cute to watch be born and grow up. Unfortunately, these chicks were 100% males.

The next three years we ordered chicks locally and have not had as much success with egg production. My guess is that hatcheries are like any other livestock production – different farms breed for different qualities. While we love the pretty birds, we do need them to lay enough to pay their way.

This year, I am trying a new-to-me hatchery, Jenks, which is the oldest in the United States. I asked friends for references on which hatcheries had the highest quality (in case you're wondering, they listed Hoover, Murray McMurray, Cackle, Dunlap and Jenks). Dunlap and Jenks were initially my choice, because they are both very close and the shipping time is shorter than from the other hatcheries. I decided to buy from Jenks, paying about the same as the feed store cost per bird for high-quality egg layers with hybrid vigor. Since I live in Washington, I get

the cheep-cheep-est Jenks shipping rate. The price also includes two vaccinations, which is a perk but not a necessity.

My order is scheduled to ship on April 4. I will receive notification they have shipped and, as soon as they arrive in town at the post office, an employee will call and ask me to come in immediately to pick up my chicks. (A perk of buying local, the feed stores do this step for you.)

My hope is that the weather has warmed considerably by then so that the chicks ship safely. Boxes ship in increments of 25, 50 or 100, so I purchased 25 chicks for a full small box, in order to keep them warm together.

This order makes me a little nervous, simply because all the breeds are new to me from a hatchery I have not used before. The hatchery has a good reputation and the breeds are interesting and worth trying:

NOVOgen: A Red Sex-Link, meaning the sex of the chick is determined by color at birth (females are one color, males are another). This easy and highly effective method helps make sure buyers receive all females. They are a cross-bred bird, meaning they are a combination of two breeds (Rhode Island Red and White Leghorn). I am looking forward to the eggs, which are described as "prolific with large to extra-large dark brown eggshell coloring." The birds are reputed to have a calm disposition, mature early and thrive on free range.

ISA Brown: A friend told me about this breed of chicken and I have purchased some in the past (at the feed stores in Colville, they are called Golden Sex-Link). They come highly recommended. The hens are small, very productive, hardy in our cold winter weather, and good foragers on free range. They are similar to the NOVOgen. I bought some of each to see

if I could tell them apart!

Easter Eggers: This is my first try with this variety of chicken that lays "a colored egg on a green to blue spectrum." Apparently, they are not related to the Araucana/Americana, which lay beautiful eggs mostly either turquoise, pale olive/fern green or, rarely, a pink shade. But on our farm we have a rule that "everyone has to pay their way." My Americana chickens lay an average of 1-2 eggs per week, and that does not cover their costs. Jenks advertises that Easter Eggers "will lay at a competitive level" – so this year we are going to take the risk and try them out.

One way we hedge against risks such as these is by alternating breeds each year. Essentially, we rotate through the flock every two years (except for a few favorites like Miss Chicken-Rose, who has a lifetime exemption certificate to live out her unproductive days on our farm. Also, the Americana that moved into the cow barn and roosts in the loft, as I doubt I can catch her!). We rotate the flock each year to always have one- and two-year-old birds, because that is when the best egg production occurs.

I sold out to the "production model" this year and will find out in the next 6-12 months whether I made a sound farm decision or not. Perhaps next year I will go back to purchasing rare breeds, such as the wonderful Speckled Sussex, or maybe finally try the Sicilian Buttercup. Either way, we enjoy the variety of egg colors and the fun feather coloring and personality of the different breeds that make each year different, unique and interesting.

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



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From the Inside Out

Forgiveness Clears Our Fears

By Daisy Pongrakthai

When I come across challenges in my life, I first think and say “thank you,” because challenges help me grow and become a better person. With any emotional rift, such as fear, or any seeming “enemy” that comes along to pose negative reactions, I know my best response is to attend to it or that person by showing appreciation for coming along on my path to teach me. Then once I’ve settled into a gratitude mode, I can feel choices with which to respond, rather than reacting back with the same energy.

On the plate of choices, I see empathy, kindness and cheer, or forgiveness. I can choose to empathize with the position of that feeling, situation or person; I can give back kindness or cheer; and/or I can choose to forgive that person, situation or feeling in me. In that position, I feel empowered rather than powerless, or a victim, or that I can’t do anything but blame or complain.

In the case of a feeling I’m sensing in my body or space, I face it and talk to it, perusing into deeper questions like “What is this feeling? Why is it arising? What experience is it related to?” Many times deep-seated fears can be rooted in childhood or past negative experiences. By digging these past traumas up and bringing them into conscious light, I can look at them, feel for their pain and go about healing them.

Many times, I’ll pour love from my heart onto that feeling, situation or person that comes into my mind-body space, all the while knowing that what I

see as separate, or “them,” is not separate at all. It’s in me too as a shared emotion because emotional energy exists in an etheric, shared field.

Recently I’ve developed a healing method to forgive and clear such negative emotions or related-person experiences. I arrived at this practice when I had trouble resonating with the *Ho’oponopono* method, which is a wonderful forgiveness exercise and I highly recommend it. For me it presented a challenge in itself that later brought me peace after facing why I felt dissonance with it.

I thought, “Is there something wrong with me?” I woke up one morning with an answer out of the blue for this back burner inquest, and named it Daisy’s CRI (Clearing & Releasing Incantation) Method. The beauty of life, to me, is that we have free will

and that there are many choices and creative paths one can take to experience and grow. I present this CRI Method in my upcoming book, *Earth Man & Dreaming Beauty*. It goes like this...

First, I face that feeling in me or situation experienced; if a person is involved, I draw up his/her image in a loving way. Then I say sincerely and firmly with as much of a loving intent that I can:

Thank you.

I forgive you.

I love you.

Sometimes my ego fusses but the repetition is what really softens and heals, so I say it over and over with heartfelt sincerity and a strong imagination

of the subject at hand. Then in cases where I feel I need to release and surrender the situation, person or feeling, I add “I release you” at the end. That way I’m allowing that person, situation or feeling in me to be free.

When I forgive, I end the victimhood and I become the solution because I have stepped outside that reality and entered into a reality where solutions are possible. I feel like I’m outside looking in, no longer victim of destructive life to myself or others and able to initiate great change within myself. This “at ease” stance in turn mirrors the outside world because I am free of the denser emotions and I have the capacity to give more joy, peace, graciousness and love.

I think that forgiveness is one of our most powerful inner tools. It promotes healing of ourselves and others. It brings peace and a freedom of being.

Many times after I practice this method I might feel like dancing, singing, skipping or being very playful, like a child. Forgiveness of self and others is truly freeing. It opens a whole new hidden platform where there’s an acceptance of others – an empathy and understanding of their pain – and a freedom that allows them to be who they are without judging or expecting anything.

With any challenges now, whether it’s with your child, a co-worker, a partner, a negative feeling, a fear, anything that bothers you, consider your inner power tool of gratitude and forgiveness, for they are more powerful than fear.

Another practice I’ve incorporated is setting out my day with a choice of what I want my experiences and actions to revolve around, using a statement of intention such as the following:

“Today, I choose forgiveness.”

“Today, I choose gratitude.”

“Today, I choose love.”

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

“Perpetual forgiveness and discernment keeps your energies from entering the victim and blame modes and realities. Retain your personal power, keep yourself aligned with powerfulness, then ... will you be able to create change.”
~ Ancient One Credo, Seth Buoymaster



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Living in NE WA: Lessons Learned

Is It Spring Yet?

By J. Merrill Baker

While trying to clean up our entryway, which clearly is called a “mud room” for a reason, I was using my plastic water pitcher to scoop up loose snow outside to bring in and encourage a few plants to rehydrate (well, as in not die). Those plants think it is spring, but the snow at our higher elevation, while starting to melt off, is still very white and very present.

I am not the best gardener and am always trying to encourage my houseplants. I have thought of silk plants, but they don't contribute to clean air like an aloe vera does. And, while plants do contribute to the mites and bugs that move in, they are green. And we appreciate green – and colorful flowers like our amaryllis that is finally getting ready to bloom (it didn't make it by Christmas).

However, I am busier with the mud. Snow boots with those spiky, rubber-band things wrapped around the soles are still on when I go outside, to stay upright in the slush, because I fell once and bruised my hip, and my ego. I cried. Even with all of the ski poles and other cautions, you can still fall and bruise your ego.

Having moved here nearly 20 years ago after retiring from a corporate-busy setting and wanting to live a bit slower and simpler, my husband and I found ourselves in a home-stead-chic lifestyle, full of surprises and everyday challenges we find most interesting! There has been lots of rural terminology to absorb as well.

Break-up and *run-off*, for example, are terms we have become accustomed to, with more than a sad head shake or knowing nod. Break-up is when the top snow and ice layers melt in the warming weather, yet re-form into a thin layer of slick ice overnight, and then continue to melt and freeze and become compacted into solid ice and snow where it is driven over, but then turn mushy so that when you walk or drive there you and your vehicle sink through the layers, including the previously frozen layer that is now turning to six or so inches of mud that is now turning to your road or walkway.

We call this transition to spring *mud season*, and *snowbirds* avoid returning until the roads seem safe and everything has firmed up. When we moved here, I had to ask a “local” what a snowbird was (someone who migrates south for the winter). I actually came from the desert myself, but I live here year-round.

Spring is a word for a source of water in nature. Instead of drilled wells, often springs can be developed into a source of water for your

home. Sometimes these are temporary, which you need to watch out for, especially if buying a home or property. Or like the *sink hole* our neighbor found the day after we had to pull our truck out with our tractor and then our tractor went down, which meant we needed yet another neighbor ... that is an unexpected spring. Not the season but the nature kind.

The *run-off* and erosion from snow and ice melt is another sign of the season of spring. Plan for run-off when you build, or even look at land or an existing abode. I learned about culverts for roads, about ditches that you must keep drainable, and that a freshly planted lawn will wash off immediately in a hail-and-rain downpour and your grass will be growing down the road at your new neighbor's to feed their goats. Gravity works. Plan for it!

I learned about the importance of gravel, too. For road repair. And an extra pile of gravel, just in case. And several shovels, maybe with fiberglass handles to avoid splinters. And a tow chain, a come-along and a hook welded onto the front of your car in case it goes into a snow berm because the ice-slick tossed you out of the rut. The “rut” is your friend, usually, on snowy icy slushy roads. Usually. No guarantees.

The break-up. Yes, we dread it. I'd rather take the bunnies and baskets in the advertisements, if we could trade off for a different harbinger of spring. But break-up it is. Time to get ready to grow, renew, sprout and bloom!

Our garlic and onions know. They are reaching through their little jackets in the cool storage box under our bench in the hallway, the one with our muddy snow boots next to it. They KNOW that spring is here. At least in our hallway. But outside, our garlic beds are under three feet of snow, and I just know their little arms are reaching up through that snow-bank like dandelions in a cement sidewalk; nature has muscles.

I'm getting ready to prepare some small pots with starter soil and seeds. I'm supposed to get vegetables ready to grow during our short growing season. What do we eat? (That's what you will grow.) Well, tomatoes for sauce of course, and chili with beans over winter, salsa for chips, which means cilantro, and probably onions, and some actual chilies. So we will need to seriously grow stuff. From seeds. Our onions and garlic are root crops – they are the seeds, the roots themselves. But tomatoes are above ground, so ... I have learned the value of wide windowsills for holding seedlings.

Then there's the garden. Something that will need water. And fertilizer. And weeding. A

lot of weeding. Maybe some mowing, which means we must get our lawn mower out and see if the spark plug is still good, and that the fuel filter didn't gum up. Same for the rototiller. We live in the mountains, and we don't grow a dandelion-free lawn, but instead have weeds that we grow, er, mow. It looks green, like a lawn. Don't judge.

We have also discovered that a greenhouse is absolutely necessary. Snow melts off that greenhouse, and it is unusually warm in there, which is a wonder when you are getting ready to drag out the seeds and fertilizer, and a warning too. Bears know how to get into greenhouses and drag out your fertilizer tub and leave it shredded and torn, and your fish fertilizer spread all over your weeds – the ones you mowed to look like grass.

But first, dump the compost barrel because the bear is already into your greenhouse. You can see its footprints in the muddy snow. Bears love compost barrels. And maybe the door was not latched on the greenhouse, so it went after your fish fertilizer instead of the citronella lamp oil like last year, before the greenhouse was built. They love to tip the barrels over in the middle of the night. Then, when you shine your million-mega-watt flashlight out your door at them while holding back your wildly barking dog, the bear will calmly finish its meal before your batteries run out and your dog actually chases it away. The contents of your compost barrel need to go into your planters sooner rather than later. With extra soil on top.

Unfortunately, bears remember a food source and that included our barrel the next year, so you may need to add a dog because Rex decided to be friends and not chase away the bear that got into the kitchen after the dry dog food, and was not afraid of us because she was a “fed” bear that a former neighbor had fed every year. And it grew and grew and one day probably ate the neighbor, we don't know, but our loud sports horn scared the bear (and the dogs) and that was that. So far.

My suet bird feeders are still here, which is usually our first sign the bears are awake – the little green suet cages disappear to be found mid-summer down a mountain road less traveled. The crocus bulbs are starting to sprout, even if I tell them the snow hasn't melted away yet, so spring must be here whether I'm ready or not. Sometimes you just go with the flow, mud and all.

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

Earth Speaks

By Gabriele von Trapp

There have been times in my life that the earth spoke to me. At times in a very subtle language and at others in a very direct way. The "language" was not a figment of my imagination but a message and response to an ordinary situation in an extraordinary dialogue.

After my husband's untimely death in 1991, I traveled from Tum Tum to the San Francisco Bay area carrying his ashes with our three young children in tow. It was my intention to release his remains in the Pacific Ocean, his favorite landscape. He was born and raised in the East Bay area and was an avid fisherman.

A boat had been chartered to carry my husband's family and friends to his final destination. It was a turbulent and cloudy day, appropriately grey-washed as we left the pier and headed toward Kirby Cove, a curved inlet just west of the Golden Gate Bridge. Threats of rain were imminent and the burdened cloud mass loomed ominously as the shifting gusts furled the wavelets that slapped the hull of the craft.

At the destination, the captain turned off the

engines and let the vessel go adrift. In the eerie damp, darkened silence we each spoke our last goodbyes and I released my husband's remains to the wind. Swirling ashes formed a ghostly cloud that wafted upward and outward slowly, longingly and lovingly dusting me as I held the empty urn, licking my stained lips. After all, it was our wedding anniversary and I loved him.

Immediately after the release, the wind abruptly halted and the cove was flat as glass. Miraculously, a single sunbeam pierced the clouds and illuminated a perfect circle on the water where the ashes were laid to rest. Passengers were astounded and even shaken.

Then, suddenly, a face peered out from the center of the circle. It was a smiling, frolicking, buoyant otter greeting us in playful jubilation. Though we were stunned, the mood suddenly changed for all on board. The moment was transformed from a solemn and despairing experience to a celebration of life and love. In that extraordinary moment, I was completely humbled, emptied out and filled with deep

reverence because I realized the earth had spoken to me.

Five years later, I decided to take my children, then ages 6, 8 and 11, to visit their father's family in the San Francisco Bay area. It was April, the month of my husband's birth, and I had planned to take them to the Golden Gate Bridge to cast off roses in remembrance of their father.

When we arrived at the Golden Gate, it was a typically blustery, cloudy and drizzly day. We took out and opened our umbrellas, knowing we might get wet as we began to walk to the midpoint of the bridge, not a short distance away. Quick bursts of wind immediately flapped our umbrellas backward. We didn't need them anyway. We had become a hearty bunch of country bumpkins living in the great Inland Northwest and the whipping wet weather didn't faze us as we went our way.

We walked, skipped and darted on the northbound side of the massive orange and slightly swaying structure, awed by its immen-

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sity, each of us cupping our long-stemmed red roses protectively. It was a bittersweet moment for me, witnessing the innocence radiating from my children's rose-flushed faces as they bravely experienced hanging on the edge of a continent. When we reached midpoint, I stood back from them as each child released a rose and watched it spiral down, down, down, effortlessly until it landed on the water below.

After all four roses were well past the Gate and on their way to Kirby Cove, the earth spoke to me. In a moment of silent sorrow, I looked out toward the distant, beautiful city of San Francisco. The churning sky and swirling clouds resembled a daytime version of Van Gogh's "Starry Night." Great silver, gold and pink clouds welled up over the city and the sun unexpectedly beamed out in all directions, illuminating the scene in brilliant majesty. In the peak of the moment, the blustering winds hushed and two glorious arcs of colored bows formed in a heavenly union over the landscape behind my children.

I could barely contain my emotions, tears welling up as I turned to collect my brood and head toward home. The earth had spoken.

Not all of the earth's language speaks this directly to me. Sometimes it is a subtle voice but still unmistakable.

I was invited by a neighboring family to join them for a two-week vacation in the Rocky Mountains. I was 15 at the time and happy to help with their two young children, whom I babysat on a regular basis. I was ready for an adventure, craving a change and eager to grow up a little bit faster. Living in a quiet, tame and suburban small town in northern Connecticut had not lent itself to my wilds-loving nature. I hungered for the untouched wilderness, the mountains, the ripping streams, mysterious flora and fauna, colossal trees and the constellations of antiquity beaming above my head. I wanted a Rocky Mountain high in Colorado and those peaks were calling my name.



Once we arrived I knew I was in my element. I was forgiven for not helping out with the children as much as I had intended. The couple could see I was flourishing and having the time of my life. They set me free to my wanderlust, keeping an eye on me so I wouldn't stray too far. I hiked, fished, swam, roamed, climbed, biked, rowed, danced and slept like a baby. I wanted to stay forever.

One morning we all climbed into the station wagon and set our course for Trail Ridge Road in Estes Park, one of the highest paved roads in the world. The trip was lengthy but the view of the mountains was breathtaking.

Once we reached the top, I stepped out of the car and moved toward the most incredible sight I had ever witnessed. As I looked down at the mountain peaks below me, I was overwhelmed by the beauty and majesty. As I stood there on that sunny and windless day, experiencing the vast expanse of the planet, something struck me, literally!

A small wisp of wind slapped me in the back of the neck. Perplexed, I looked around but nothing was there. Suddenly a new feeling welled up in me. My entire countenance changed in that instant. I felt like I was no longer myself but a new creation. I fully embraced the birth and epiphany and carried my new sense of self into the rest of my world. The

earth had spoken.

I moved onto a new piece of property this past December, a farm. Since arriving, my outdoor activities there have been limited by the brooding weather. I dash out briefly to split firewood, shovel snow, trudge to my car, take out the garbage and get the mail. Never long enough to lap the shores of my island. I cling to the frostless side of the window pane and gaze at the silent horizon, eager to hear the voice of the land.

I long for the whooshing wings of crows flying, magpies mimicking, chickadees twittering, flickers tapping, owls hooting and coyote howling. I wonder if the hayfields need tilling, what flowers will bloom, what raptors live here, are the earthworms abundant, will the weeds eat my harvest, and will my back carry the load. I can't wait to walk the fields, dig my fingers in the dirt, plant a ferocious garden and leave no stone unturned.

Looking forward to spring and the budding season, I anticipate the cacophony it will bring. As white turns to green and ice to plush grass fields, I will listen intently for the precious utterances. Oh sweet Earth, come talk to me.

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



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Spring Has Sprung...Kinda'

By Becky Dubell

When you look out the window and see the first robin of the season land in your yard and promptly pull up a worm, even though there are still snow piles on the ground, you can pretty much be guaranteed that spring is just around the corner!

I would like to share some winter projects that are in the final steps of completion. And with warmer weather, geese, robins, and thawing lakes, we are getting in the mindset for upcoming spring projects:

Gabriel – Winter: Remodeling indoors where it is warm. Spring: Digging in to the garden prep, fruit tree care, and repairing horse fences, just to get the juices flowing for the rest of the spring projects.

Becky – Winter: Love to push the snow around and pack wood. Spring: Prepping for fruit trees to be planted and the mower is ready for that green stuff that grows all summer long ... where's the white stuff?!

Todd and his talented Colville High School students – Winter: Design an award-winning underwater robot that will be making a trip to the University of Massachusetts Underwater Tech School for the international competition. Spring: The students will be fine-tuning the robot and learning about raising funds to cover travel expenses. Interested in helping out? Text to 509-675-4109.

UURRRNNCCCCHHH ... (sound effect of screeching brakes). As Jim would have said, "Hang on. She's changing tracks!"

My spring just got a lot more interesting. You know that phrase about making plans and then life happens? Well this is really cool, for me anyway, and you have been really fabulous about listening to me share my life with you, so...

My dad and I drove down to Eugene, Oregon, to pick up my CanAm Spyder. Loud pipes (here I come!) and bright orange, which, with my bright yellow jacket, makes me very visible too. I had to ride it home from Eugene (oh darn) in the mist, rain, wind, part-sun, rain again, and the dark. Got on the bike at 8 a.m. on Friday and reached my basement door at 10:30 that night. Had my helmet on most of the 14½ hours.

I did take it off for the lunch date with my dad and my favorite bowl of beans at Cousin's Inn in The Dalles.

I really should admit to you though that I did have five layers of clothing on the top half of my body and four layers on the bottom half, so I was pretty comfy.

The experience of going down the road without a car surrounding me is something that I had noticed I was missing. I had been Jim's passenger for a few years, and on one of the trips home from work last summer I said to myself, "I miss this." The windows were open, wind, fresh air and the smell. So, I started thinking of ways to get that sensation back in my life.

Now I've found it! I love being in control of



the bike because you can see sooooo much more from the front of the bike than from behind the driver's helmet – and here I thought that I was seeing a lot as the passenger! I am looking forward to many trips down the road this summer and you just may hear about them.

Since taking on the road traffic riding the bike, I have noticed that I'm a much more defensive driver, even in my car. For all of you who are saying, "Be careful," I will. I feel the need to live each day and enjoy life. As my grand-daughter JJ says, "Let's do it!" Life can be way too short.

Personal note: Thanks Jake, for keeping me updated on the prostate. Guys, get your test!

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