



NORTH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

— WHERE AND HOW WE LIVE —

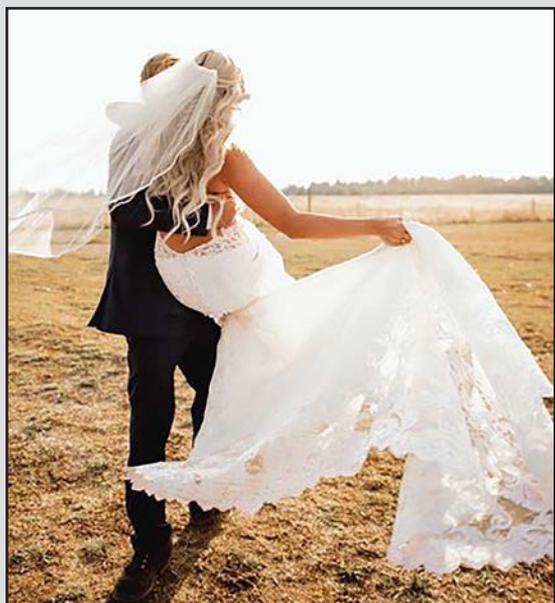
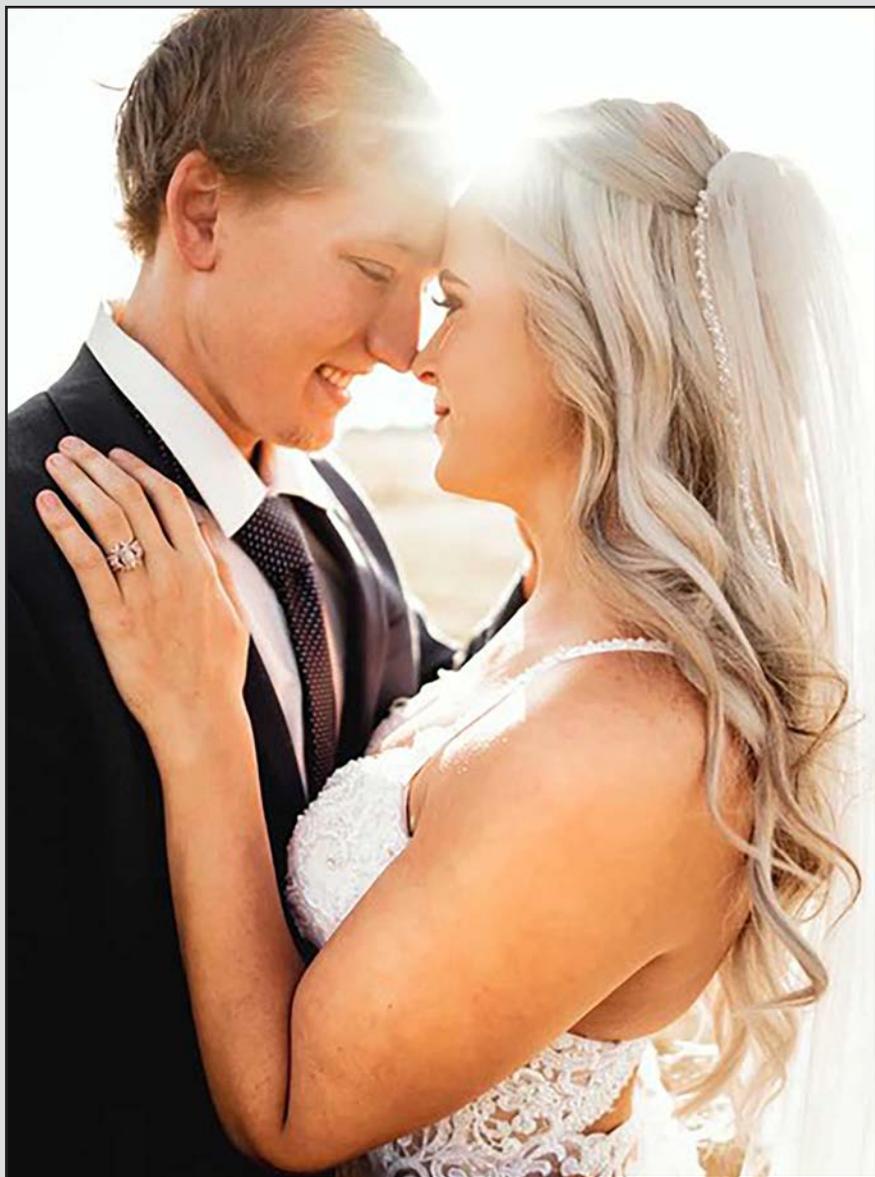
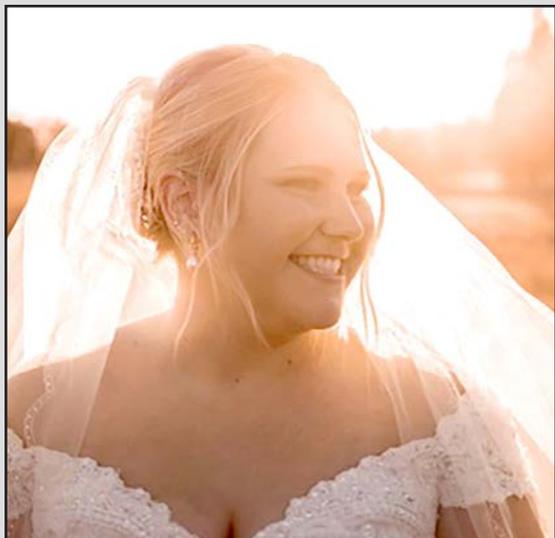


March 2021 | Free!
ncmonthly.com



evermoreeventcenter.com

*Today, Tomorrow,
& for Evermore*



Please contact us today to schedule a showing!



evermore.eventcenter@gmail.com

509.742.0850

29815 N. Short Rd. Deer Park, WA

By Gabriel Cruden

There are some people who rocket into their morning like a sparkling firework, gleefully embracing the day full (coffee-infused) throttle. I admire those people (from a safe distance). How invigorating and zesty it must feel. I'm far more inclined to gently drift into my morning, transitioning from the dream world to wakefulness the way the deep rosy light slowly works its way down the slopes of the western mountains, brightening and lightening as it goes, until finally the ribbon of river is flashing blue and silver and the day has officially begun. I don't drink coffee.

On a recent family hike that brought us to the river's edge we found ice had formed, covering the rocks along the shore. What drew my attention especially was how the stones had absorbed the sunlight during the day and melted the ice around them leaving a one-inch space that perfectly followed the shape of every stone. In some instances this resulted in fantastical

ice bridges, curving and reaching through space, completely unsupported except at one end. I was enamored.

I was also intrigued by how the contrasting combination created this moment of beauty. Like how people who are very different from each other can bring their unique traits and predilections together to create or achieve more than they would without their specific alchemy of alignment.

There too was the recognition of the passing singularity of this moment of ice and stone and sunlight. It had similar ingredients as shown in the cover picture, taken last March, but was a completely different result. On our walk to the shore, I took pictures with my phone and the battery power plummeted in the cold air so that by the time we discovered the ice sculptures, my phone was unresponsive. I contemplated my distress in this



moment of beauty undocumented and recognized that I use photography to try and feel okay about the transient nature of these moments of beauty as I experience them. To me, it seems so much about life in our society is to build, grow, and become, and then, once something is achieved, to hang on to it, preserve it, and not let it go.

I have learned long ago how to both photograph and be in the moment of experiencing. What I am still, grudgingly, trying to embrace, is that everything is always in motion (coffee-infused or not), and whether it is a moment of ice sculpture beauty, the relationship with a dear pet companion, or a deeply felt connection to place ... all of it changes. And when that change follows a natural and expected rhythm, I am learning that it is okay to feel gratitude for whatever it is, celebrate it, and let it go.

NORM'S AUTO REPAIR

We Service All Makes & Models

A HIGHER STANDARD OF SERVICE

**Now offering expanded diesel service!
Ford, GM & Dodge diesel certified
Ford Factory Trained Senior Master Tech**

Schedule Your Service Today!

295 W. 1st • Colville, WA • 509-685-9653 • 855-877-9653

 [norms-auto.com](https://www.norms-auto.com) • Mon-Thur: 7:30 am - 5:30 pm 

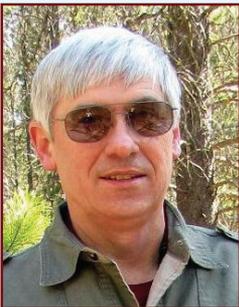


For All Your Real Estate Needs!



If you have been thinking about **SELLING** your home, **NOW IS THE TIME!** Buyers are looking and the market is **HOT**

If you have been thinking about **BUYING** a new home **WE HAVE DEALS!** Our agents are searching out new listings every day!



Joe Conowitch
Broker
509-690-7290



Sylvia Rathbun
Broker
509-675-2266



Joe McCaslin
Broker
509-675-1570



Jeannie Ross
Broker
509-675-4447



Ara Bush
Broker
425-344-4969



Jody Emra
Broker
509-675-0432



Rick Wakefield
Broker
509-722-3949



Larry Wathne
Broker
509-680-3516



Carrie Paetsch
Broker
509-701-3709



We Make Buying or Selling Your Home Easy and Rewarding!



Robyn Westergard
Realtor of the Year!
Owner/Managing Broker
509-675-5540

WESTERGARD REAL ESTATE

150 W. 3rd • Kettle Falls, WA 99141

509-738-WEST (9378)

www.WestergardRealEstate.com

What's Inside

- 3 **From the Publisher's Desk**, by Gabriel Cruden
- 6 **Youth View**, by Mayah LaSol
- 8 **Random Acts of Community**, by Christine Wilson
- 10 **Life Matters**, Dr. Barry Bacon
- 12 **Monthly Muse**, by Loren Cruden
- 14 **This Great Big Life**, by Tina Tolliver Lago
- 16 **In Nature**, by J. Foster Fanning
- 18 **A Sailor's Journey**, by Alan Hall
- 21 **Being of Service**, by Adenea Thompson
- 22 **Listen Up**, by Michael Pickett
- 23 **A Good Read**, by Loren Cruden
- 24 **The Gift That Keeps Giving**, by Joanie Christian
- 26 **Travel Can Reveal What Unites Us**, by Karen Giebel
- 28 **Life's Stretch**, by Brenda St. John
- 29 **A Year on the Farm**, by Michelle Lancaster
- 30 **Of a Comet and Burned Snags**, by David Kreft
- 32 **The Way It Was**, by Robert "Chick" Wynecoop
- 33 **Down to Earth**, by Joe Barreca
- 35 **Family Ties**, by Becky Dubell
- 36 **Mountain Meandering**, by Patricia Ediger



March 2021

Vol. 28 ~ Iss. 11

Publisher, Senior Editor, Head of Sales, Production, & Distribution

Gabriel Cruden

Copy Editor

Si Alexander

Contributing Writers

Dr. Barry Bacon • Joe Barreca
Joanie Christian • Loren Cruden
Becky Dubell • Patricia Ediger
J. Foster Fanning • Karen Giebel
Alan Hall • David Kreft
Mayah LaSol • Michelle Lancaster
Tina Tolliver Lago
John Odell • Michael Pickett
Brenda St. John • Adenea Thompson
Christine Wilson • Robert Wynecoop

Advertising Sales

Gabriel Cruden • 509-675-3791
ncmonthly@gmail.com

Becky Dubell • 509-684-5147
mkbecky1@gmail.com

Gabriele von Trapp • 509-879-1987
gabriele.ncmonthly@gmail.com

Sherry LaVigne • 509-690-8006
sherry.ncmonthly@gmail.com

North Columbia Monthly

P.O. Box 541, Colville, WA 99114
509-675-3791 | ncmonthly@gmail.com
www.ncmonthly.com

Cover Photo

Ice and stones on the Columbia River at sunset. Publisher photo.

The *North Columbia Monthly* is published 12 times per year. Copyright 2021 © by *North Columbia Monthly*. All rights reserved. Reproduction of the contents, or use in whole or part without written permission from the publisher is strictly prohibited. Advertising, views and opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the publisher. **Printed in the USA with soy-based ink on paper containing recycled content.**

NEW FOR 2021!
ARTICLE AND AD DEADLINE
20th of each month
(except June 21st)



Home **O**ver **U**s **S**helters **E**veryone **S**afe

- JOHN ODELL, WordsOfWords.com

ncmonthly.com | March 2021 | 5

Admitting to My Phone Addiction

Article & Photo by Mayah LaSol

Last month I wrote about the power outage my city experienced and how it made me bask in more gratitude. Today, I am continuing the story of that power outage (or at least its impact on me) because it turns out that it affected me in deeper ways than I understood at the time. It made me realize that I needed to change my relationship with technology.

For several years now I have been utterly addicted to my phone, like many people of my generation. I'd been aware of this for some time, but it was never the sort of thing that made it onto my priority list to do something about. I never really got serious and said, "I need to change this."

I made up excuses. I know plenty of people my age who are addicted to their phones and many are worse than I have ever been. So, no matter how often I found myself on my phone, others were worse than me, and so I don't really have it that bad, do I? This is what I told myself.

But when the power outage happened, it made me realize, hard as it was to admit, how bad it had become. I spent twelve hours without using my phone, since it was off to conserve battery power. Twelve hours straight. Being forced to just

read a book instead of getting distracted by a social media app felt — enormously freeing.

So, I decided to make a change. I haven't

made a huge impact on my life. My phone usage has been cut by about 75% since that day of the power outage and it feels AMAZING. I have so much more time to devote to things that I truly love to do, like dancing and writing. I feel much more present in my life and feel like I can connect to my family better.

I won't say that everything is miraculous and gilded all of a sudden, but I'm definitely happier. I feel much more fulfilled than I have in the past few years because I finally admitted that I had a problem. Admitting was actually all it really took. As soon as I convinced my brain that there was an issue, fixing it was much easier than when I was trying to excuse my behavior and not really being serious about changing anything.

Maybe my story will help inspire someone else to finally address that thing they've been avoiding, or to look for more fulfillment in life. In any case, I hope you have a wonderful start to the spring months!

Mayah is a teen reader, writer, bookstagrammer, and all-around arts enthusiast who geeks out over books and cats. She shares book reviews and poetry on her instagram account @mayahlwrites.



been turning my phone on first thing in the morning like I used to. I even had several days where, surprisingly, I didn't even turn it on by lunchtime!

I've found that this simple change has


RE-IMAGINED HOME

Everything you need to turn your house, into your dream home.

Flooring * Countertops * Blinds * Tile * Home Decor

108 South Main Street • Colville, WA • 509-684-4673

Quality · Service · Value · Compassion

MEMORIAL STONES



Now is the time to order stones for placement by Memorial Day. Stop in and see Camille to place your order. Regular business hours Monday through Friday 9 to 4:30. Call for an evening or Saturday appointment. Stones may also be ordered by phone. Proofs are always provide and can be emailed or mailed.



- Granite & Bronze
- Vases
- Custom Garden Rocks
- Decorative Rocks
- Pet Memorials
- Address Rocks

Camille, CMW Manager

(509) 684-2584

colvillemonument.com

camille@colvillemonument.com

163 E 2nd Ave, Colville, WA 99114

B&B Creations, LLC



ANTIQUES
GIFTS

ART & CRAFTS
MARKET

O·A·W

TRADING CO.

*Antiques
Vintage & Design*

PLANTS
SALON & SPA

COFFEE SHOP
PLUS MORE!

The Old Apple Warehouse

30+ different shops and artists!

Support your local businesses and artists.

Message us for gift certificates.

We hope to see you soon!



Old Apple Warehouse

130 E 3rd | Kettle Falls, WA | (509) 738-4848

Spring into a Savings with a BLAZE KING STOVE!

Heavy Duty Stove for Heavy Duty Heating

*Heats 3,000 sq. ft.
23 inch wood.
40 hr+ burn time.
Incredible 82.5%
efficiency.
Thermostat
controlled.*

Sales & Service



R-RATE, LLC

PLUMBING & HEATING

Locally Owned & Operated!

251 N. Main St., Suite D • Colville • 509-684-1605

Hours: Monday - Friday 8 - 5

Lic # RRATE**835QH

52% OFF LIST PRICE

Stop by our KraftMaid Cabinetry showroom at Haney Lumber & Supply to experience all we have to offer.

- Free design service and quotes
- Delivery available. Appointments Welcome!



For inspirational ideas visit kraftmaid.com



HANEY 509-684-2150
Lumber & Supply Inc. 1101 N. Highway
Colville, WA
haneylumberandsupply.com

KraftMaid
KITCHENS FOR THE REAL LIVING ROOM

Which is the Authentic You?

By Christine Wilson

“Two souls, alas, are housed within my breast. And each will wrestle for the mastery there.”

– Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

“Only two? How relaxing!” ~ ...me

We all have different voices and perspectives going on in our mind, sometimes all at once. Our brains are capable of holding multiple thoughts, multiple states of mind, and multiple layers of moral development. These different aspects of our processing of information are known in the field of psychotherapy as ego states. People sometimes get nervous about that because they associate it with so-called split personalities or even insanity.

It is not at all like that. We need a flexible and varied way of living in connection with others. If you have ever watched the television shows “House” or “Doc Martin,” you can see the problem with having only one ego state. The main characters of both those series are always

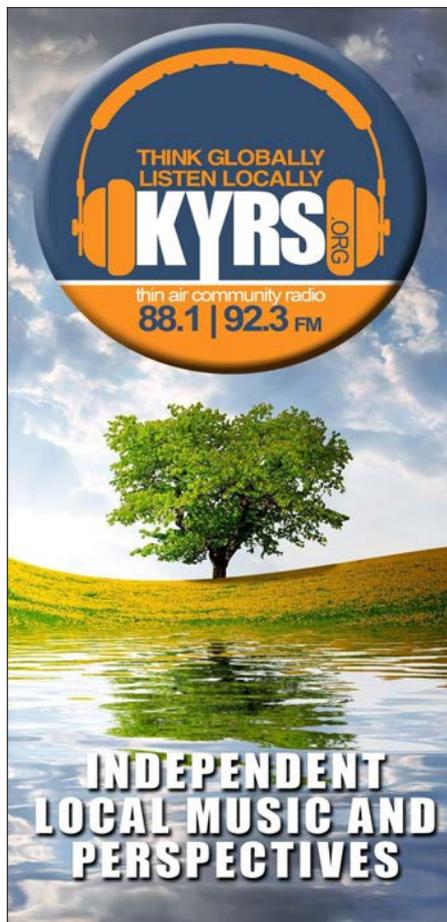
and relentlessly brilliant and grumpy doctors. They never change their state of mind. Because of that, they are stuck in one perspective and cannot adjust to nuanced or even more obvious social circumstances. For example, Doc Martin kisses his love interest and then tells her she has gingivitis. That doesn’t go so well for the good doctor. The next scene shows him standing on the road as the taxi he had just been in is disappearing into the distance.

So, no, a single ego state is not a good idea. The state of mind you want to have if a police officer pulls you over for speeding is not the same state of mind you would use when talking to your friends over a festive dinner, or so I recall from festive non-socially-distant indoor gatherings in

the before times. The way you behave with a coworker would typically be different than you would be with a boss. A religious leader should provoke a different type of interaction than someone you are on a date with.

One of the complications with all these different states of mind is the interactions they have with each other inside that wild and brilliant mind we live with. They can collaborate as an effective committee, negotiating about how to deal with any given problem and who gets airtime. They can also be contentious and argumentative with each other, fighting to be the one who shouts the loudest.

When I have worked with children who started off in chaotic, negligent or generally unlucky circumstances, I have



THINK GLOBALLY
LISTEN LOCALLY
KYRS.ORG
thin air community radio
88.1 | 92.3 FM

**INDEPENDENT
LOCAL MUSIC AND
PERSPECTIVES**



Online Ordering - Curbside Delivery - Open For Seating!

NORTHERN ALES
KETTLE FALLS, WASHINGTON

FAMILY
FRIENDS
FOOD BEER

CRAFTED FROM
SCRATCH

Wed - Sat
4 - 8 pm

325 W 3rd, Kettle Falls, WA | 509-738-7382
northernales-online.square.site

BREWERS ASSOCIATION - CERTIFIED
INDEPENDENT CRAFT

Random Acts of Community

seen the ego states become so distinct that when the person is in one state of mind, they can hardly imagine another one. They might be in a kind and conscience-oriented state and hate the part of their brain that acts out. They might be in the acting out part and have no interest in working to get out of that or believe that part doesn't even exist. Again, this is not the same as Dissociative Identity Disorder (what we used to call Multiple Personalities). It is merely a brain in conflict with itself. We all have this conflict to varying degrees, even those raised by parents tuned in to who we are.

Much has been written over the last few years about learning to be our authentic self. So, which of those parts of our mind is the authentic voice? If you are talking to someone who is giving you negative feedback, is the authentic part of you the one that wants to scream at them and call them names? Is it the part that wants to thank them for helping you become a better person? Is it the one that wants to be sarcastic, as in "Yeah, thank you so much for your horrific feedback"? Is it a part that can say "Ouch. That hurts. But I can see you have a legitimate point"? Maybe it's the part that gets defensive and says "Oh, yeah. Well, you are no angel yourself, you know."

So many voices to choose from. Some people believe that if you don't like someone, you should be kind anyway. Others will tell you that being kind to people you dislike is inauthentic and you should be "real," which is to say unkind or at least

dismissive. So, how do we sort this out? Who wins the authenticity jackpot in your brain?

All those voices are authentic in their own way. They all have a job to do. Let's examine my examples of responses to negative feedback. The first one is the part that wants to scream and call the person names. It can be considered the keeper of our self-esteem, albeit a little overly done. The part that wants to scream is telling us we may have messed up or at least were seen that way. Are we still OK, still worthy, still loved while having our imperfections pointed out?

Frank Putnam, who has worked with people who actually are Dissociative Identity people, told me at a conference that all the people he has worked with have a voice in their head that is wise and wants to help him with healing the heartbroken mind. This exists in all of us and is the keeper of our aspirations, our conscience, and our longing to grow beyond where we currently are.

That sarcastic part of us ... well, she's just a little defensive, isn't she? We might want to level the playing field in a fast and snappy way. We might want to buy some time within ourselves to sort ourselves out. Maybe we think that sending someone packing might give us a chance to "dampen down" the intensity of our feelings. There might be some clean-up to do after the fact when this part of our inner self takes over, but by then we might have calmed down.

The curious part of us is strong enough

to not be crushed. It can acknowledge the possible legitimacy of the other person's point, even if we aren't ready to sign on. To admit to our discomfort, embarrassment, or fear is about as honest as we can be. When I witness that in people, I am uplifted. It's the most likely to create resolution and closeness and, since we are social creatures capable of courageous love, I find this to be heartening.

Then there is the part that tries to reverse the conversation and point out the flaws of the giver of negative feedback. I've never met a person who isn't defensive. I think that part exists in all of us, me included. We want to make sure we are not seen as worse than the other person. We may have a legitimate complaint about the other person, but it is rare that I have seen a resolution come out of one of those spitting contests.

In my view, all the different parts of us are genuine and authentically us and they all have a message to send: We are worthy, conflict is uncomfortable but necessary, and we are no better or worse than other people. We are OK just the way we are and there is room for improvement. My take on authenticity is that if what we are doing and if who we are aspiring to be leads us into admitting our pain and flaws while moving us into greater kindness and generosity of spirit, than that is our current and most authentic self.

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

ODYNSKI'S ACCOUNTING & TAX SERVICE

Serving the community for over 50 years!

John S. Odynski, EA, ATA

Vern W. Rozelle, EA, ATP

**ACCOUNTING • INCOME TAX • BOOKKEEPING
PAYROLL • STATE & FEDERAL AUDIT SERVICE**



"Enrolled to practice before the Internal Revenue Service"

Ph# (509) 276-6888 • info@odynskisaccounting.com • Fax# (509) 276-6849

17 S. Main Street • Deer Park, WA

Springwater
INSURANCE GROUP

ALL Medicare Plans

Medicare Advantage
Medigap Supplements
Part D Rx Plans



Local Agent Phone & Video Meetings
during "Stay Home, Stay Healthy"

(509) 422-9828

www.springwaterinsurancegroup.com

A Phone Call, a Motorcycle Ride, and an Angry Bison

By Dr. Barry Bacon, MD

It was 2002. My brother and I had the brilliant idea of meeting in Yellowstone National Park for a Memorial Day motorcycle ride. It turned out to be a really bad idea, but neither of us had the sense to admit it. It was so unbelievably cold that year.

There was so much snow that the bison were huddled close to the roads foraging for food. Though I can't recommend it to anyone else, I have to say that there's something insanely exhilarating about riding a loud, throaty motorcycle next to herd of bison. To add to the agony of that trip, someone had spray-painted the face shield on my helmet. So I was riding through Yellowstone in freezing weather through herds of bison without a face shield. Some of the best days of my life.

My brother and I pulled over at one point to take a break, rest, and stretch our legs. I walked to the edge of the road where a handful of people were studying a herd of bison grazing in the icy meadow below. I took a few photos and stood for a moment wondering at the view. I heard my brother calling my name from behind me. I ignored him, assuming he was just wanting to tell me something or take my picture. I didn't want to be disturbed from my visual feast. Hearing his insistence, I finally turned to see why he was so impatient.

He pointed to the road behind me where just fifteen yards away was a female bison, looking at me, then her calf, then back at me. It appeared that she saw me as a threat to her baby, and she wasn't happy.

Before I could formulate any kind of strategy, she lowered her head and charged.

I immediately searched all of the files of my memory for any kind of etiquette for fighting off wild bison. Finding none, I turned and ran as fast as I could, hoping to escape the sharp horns and hooves of the beast. Like a slow-motion dream when you can never outrun the grizzly that is chasing you, I lost my footing and fell to the ground and began rolling down the hill. I held my camera in a protected position as I rolled, then rolled again and prepared to jump back to my feet and run

for my life. As I looked back toward the angry creature, I saw nothing. She was gone.

I rose, ambled to a safe spot and looked at my brother. "What was that?" my brother asked. "I got my bison safety tips mixed up," I explained. "I thought it was 'stop, drop and roll.'" He laughed. I looked around. "Where did she go?" "You didn't see?" I shook my head.

He pointed down the road. "See that red Dodge Daytona?" he asked. "When that bison started to charge, they saw what was happening. They drove between you and the bison and the bison stopped, and then walked away. Then they just kept going." I peered down the road at the distant taillights. A smile crept over my face. I shook my head.

Strangers. I would never meet them or have a chance to thank them. Just pure unvarnished kindness. Without a second thought, seeing what needed to be done to save a life. It is, I think, the essence of what makes us human. Saving someone just because, never expecting a thank you. Just for the sheer joy of knowing you did. Still makes me smile, all these years later.

A few weeks ago, I was working in an emergency room not far from here. It was the kind of morning when you expect to kick back and hope that people have something better to do than spend time in the hospital's emergency room. A

Since 1984

CAREY'S AUTO BODY INC

Collision Repair Specialists

Call Us Today to:

- Arrange for a tow truck
- Write your estimates for repairs
- Get through the insurance process
- Schedule your repairs
- Set up a loaner or rental car
- Provide a written warranty

Axalta Lifetime Refinish Warranty

684-2587
1101 S. Main St. • Colville

COLVILLE GLASS

509-684-6501
colvilleglass@gmail.com

- Auto & Log Trucks
- Heavy Equipment
- Wood Stove Glass
- Rock Chip Repairs
- Commercial Glass
- Residential Glass

111 S. Oak • Colville, WA 99114
www.ColvilleGlass.com

30-year-old man had come in with chest pain. He was afraid he was having a heart attack. He confessed to having spent five days consuming copious amounts of alcohol along with other substances. He had good reason to be concerned. Drugs of various kinds can have devastating effects on the heart.

I took a history, performed a physical exam, and sent off some blood for testing. I sent him for a CT scan to evaluate for the presence of clots in the lungs. He had just returned from the radiology department when I heard an all-too-familiar sound. "Doctor Bacon!" My name being called at a frantic pitch.

I walked quickly to the exam room. The young man's appearance had dramatically changed. I walked to his side and grabbed his wrist. He had no pulse. He was not breathing. "Call a code blue," I ordered as I started chest compression, and asked one of the nurses to grab a bag-valve-mask device and breathe for the patient. The team arrived, we initiated therapy through an IV and shocked the heart without success. A dose of epinephrine, then another shock. A careful review of his rhythm and some additional medicine and another shock.

After the third shock and several tense moments, we had a pulse, a blood pressure, and, within five minutes of return of his circulation, complete return of all neurological function. He was alive. I looked around at the team who had saved his life and smiled. "Good job everyone.

You all did a good thing today."

There is something dramatic and amazing about a whole team working to save one life, all hands on deck, no holds barred, everyone working as one unit, and then boom, you've got them back. You saved them. It's adrenalin and sweat and hope and tears and triumph.

He was awake now, calling out to us. "Am I going to die?" he asked anyone paying attention. There in the chaos of the room, the team distracted as they cleaned up the mess, I leaned down by his ear. "No, you're going to live." "Are you sure?" he cried. "Yes, I'm sure. Do you see all of these people here?" He nodded. "They all saved your life. There is no way they are going to let you die now."

We made the arrangements to transfer our patient to a referral hospital where he could be monitored and the cause for his cardiac arrest could be determined. I asked him if there was anyone I could call. He asked me to call his mom. I picked up the phone, adrenalin still ratcheting down, and spoke with his mother. "Ma'am, I am so grateful to be able..." and suddenly I was choking on my words. Like a flood, I remembered my son, recently deceased. "I am so grateful to be able to tell you," I choked, "that your son is alive. We brought him back."

Grief is like that. It hits you when you least expect it. You realize that it's just under the surface, waiting. I stand here with my thoughts, a muddy mixture of joy and grief. Crazy adrenalin-fueled gratitude

and bone-crushing sorrow.

Life is like that.

It has been said that it is more blessed to give than to receive. I could never argue with whomever first wrote those words. But I have to say, having been on both sides of that equation, both the giver and the receiver are blessed. I know the glory of saving a young man's life, calling his mama and telling her, "He's going to be okay. We brought him back." And I have to say, that's pretty spectacular. But I also know the wonder of staring down the road at a red Dodge Daytona and shaking my head in gratitude at the strangers who shielded my life from danger. And well, that's pretty amazing too.

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

New From Dansko



R.E. Lee
SHOE COMPANY

102 N. Main Colville 509.685.1733

www.franklinaccounting.org



509-276-5056

222 W. Crawford
Deer Park, WA
509-276-2177



www.deerparklicensing.com

Play it Again, Sam

By Loren Cruden

Have you noticed, these days, how five months out of our Northeast Washington year (including March) seem like March? It could be worse, of course: having to put up with five months of August, for instance. Still, it is befuddling to wake on many November, December, January or February mornings and think, “March *already*?” Or, after February ends, thinking, “March *still*?” This winter my driveway needed plowing only twice, and that was for slush, not snow, during our March-ish January. The cold snap, mid-February, seemed the only time I woke up fairly confident of my seasonal bearings.

My life’s initial decade was spent in Florida, whose climate is not notable for its variations. It shifts from hot to hotter, humid to more humid, and mosquito-y to mosquito-ier – and has a hurricane season, much as we have a fire season here. It wasn’t until my family moved

north that I discovered the delight of distinct seasons (and the need for corresponding wardrobe adjustments).

Traditional northern seasonal transitions have substantial impact, especially as day lengths tellingly shorten or grow. Just as there are morning people and night-owls, there are seasonal partisans: people whose enthusiasm comes to life in spring and others who deeply savor autumn; sun worshippers and snow devotees. True Floridians weren’t like that. Those of us born to mono-seasonality gave no thought to cyclic biases. I remember the ten years of my childhood in Florida as one long summer.

Author Rachel Kushner once stated that “the [memoir] writer purports to be the one who remembers, who saw, who did, who felt, but the writer is no longer that person...”

As a writer, I’ve noticed the phenomena

Kushner is getting at: that writing – like photography – distances, divides, sometimes even severs one from unmediated experience – and unmediated memory of experience. When my sister once asked how I can write about personal things, I realized that, once written, those things no longer feel personal or personally definitive. As experiences, though still proximate, they move to arm’s length, even if no one but me reads the words. And if someone else reads what I’ve written, it is the experience that is shared, not the participant. (My mother – English teacher and writer – once said to me, in a letter pertinent to this subject, “The self is ever interesting, but must be muted, like a *particular* light shining, but shining on something else, not itself.”) And yet the very act of writing changes the self and how experience inhabits one’s relationship to being.

There is both loss and gain to this, of course: both diminishment and liberation.

In an interview the *60 Minutes* program did with Bob Dylan that aired in 2004, when Ed Bradley asked how he came up with his lyrics, Dylan said, “I don’t know how I got to write those songs.” Pressed by Bradley, Dylan said, “Well, those early songs were like almost magically written ... a kind of a penetrating magic.” As if tapping into some buried but transitory wellspring of creativity. Bradley asked if it was disappointing not be able to write those kinds of lyrics anymore, to which Dylan replied, “Well, you can’t do something forever, and I did it once, and I can do other things now, but I can’t do that.”

Many abilities we take personally are like that. As my former clarity of memory, for instance, succumbs to the aging process I go back and forth about how unsettling its demise is. I was reading an article the other day about cognizant abilities and learned that mental-processing speed peaks in our late teens. That was a shocker. Short-term memory for names



Custom Cabinets Fine Woodworking

Creativity~Excellence~Integrity

509-738-4380 www.mingomountainwoodworking.com

james@mmww.co



starts declining by around age 22, memory for faces begins fading by age 30, and memory loss of vocabulary hits at age 50 or so. This less than uplifting news was somewhat tempered by the observation that, though “fluid intelligence” (synoptic processing speed) belongs to youth, “crystallized intelligence” (ability to draw on experience and knowledge) – along with ability to recognize and interpret

other people’s emotions – has age on its side. (At least “crystallized” sounds jazzier than “fossilized.”)

Thus, we might add to the list of terms for collectives (such as a

sounder of boars, a parliament of owls, a wake of buzzards, a crash of rhinos, etc.), a multitasking of teens and, tentatively perhaps, a wisdom of elders. However much the latter may feel a bit like making the best of five months of March...

Wisdom may feel spotty for elders for whom memory decay makes drawing on experience and knowledge an iffy business. Accumulated habit – and newfound lack of executive brain filtering – is not quite the same as wisdom. People whom I considered wise in their old age often seemed even wiser a decade or so before.

For me, memory has an increasing hide-and-seek quality. Some incidents I’d forgotten about freshly blossom in recall if someone who was there speaks of them. Dozens of memories are music archived, only coming to mind through the prompt of their associated tunes. There are also both totally lost memories and vivid scenes that remain indelible yet inscrutable, adrift from context, like dreams. It is as though an interior world that before felt precise and stable is now a shifting sea of islands, reefs, sunken ships, and sometimes sunlit, sometimes shrouded shores.

I think of a short poem by Scottish writer Alan Spence that goes, *Another birthday/ another year more/ another year less*. At the same time, the spaciousness in

which this terminal, inchworm linearity is encompassed seems expanding – beyond memory, perhaps, to something more immediately sensed than remembered about life.

In my youth I did a lot of map-less, destination-less travel around Europe, Morocco, and the Indian subcontinent. There was no great imperative to know exactly where I was or where I was head-

ed. Emblematic, I suppose, of my life in general: experience as experience, not as life-plan component or process for deliberately “creating memories.”

In my forties, before coming across Alan Spence, I too wrote a short poem about “another birthday”: *Time cupped in the palm,/ cool clustered beads unthreaded;/ I could let them spill, scatter,/ colors*

still mine. And it seems that that is what has transpired – a scattering of events, chronology, names, faces, conversations, encounters: unthreaded moments. Yet their colors remain.

So, while loss of memory is highly inconvenient and frequently stressful or mortifying (Where’s my wallet? What’s my phone number?) and I fervently hope the day never comes when I fail to recognize the faces of loved ones, sailing uncharted waters presents different vantages on familiar colors – even reveals unimagined new shades. Some of which turn out to be at least as worthwhile as instant recall of what I was looking for in the basement, or the name of the capitol of Maryland – or what month it actually is.

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

“Wisdom may feel spotty for elders for whom memory decay makes drawing on experience and knowledge an iffy business.”

Now Accepting Vendor Registrations until March 19, 2021 for...

Colville's 2021 Home & Garden Show!

Friday, April 16th • 10 am - 5 pm
Saturday, April 17th • 9 am - 4 pm

Spokane Community College - Colville Campus, 965 E. Elm St., Colville

Proudly Sponsored by:



Call 509-684-5973 or visit colvillechamberofcommerce.com for more info

Motivation to the Finish Line

By Tina Tolliver Lago

So much has changed in this great big life since our world was pushed into pandemic mode. Perhaps you understand the anxiety that grabs hold of me each time I go into my lovely little plant shop and do my best to conduct “business as usual.” Please don’t get me wrong, business has been very good and for that I am indeed grateful. And finally seeing the familiar faces of some local customers and friends has made my heart happy.

For the most part, I feel people have been amazing in their kind and courteous efforts to keep our small local businesses alive and thriving. Of course, there is the other part of that but I’ll just let that part lie there and not give it any energy. Because, really, I don’t have much energy to spare these days. Between restructuring my life to do what I can for my daughter as she endures cancer treatments while navigating my own angst-filled, busy

days, time seems to fly by at warp speed. There are days when I actually welcome that feeling simply because the faster time flies right now then the faster my baby girl will be on the road to recovery.

As I write that, I realize that time is what it’s always been and always will be and it’s my own state of mind that creates this illusion of blurring days and nights. This current life situation, while being an awful thing to endure, has not come without its own unique ability to force this family to pause and reflect on our lives and how we help care for each other and to find the bright spots in every day.

I had believed the pandemic had the ability to change my life priorities and give me strength to be kinder, more patient or more understanding. But it has paled in comparison to how I now see and live life through this new lens.

Believe me, there are days when practic-

ing patience is a struggle. I have noticed lately that those are the days when I am both physically and mentally exhausted, and so I check myself more quickly and have done a far better job of allowing confrontations or negativity to slip past without engaging in them. I’m not sure why it’s taken me so long to learn how to disengage from negativity. Too bad there’s not a reset button to retrieve the time wasted on such nonsense.

One of the areas in my life that I have not allowed to change or fall by the wayside is in my commitment to stay strong and healthy. Being fit has never come easy for me. It takes hard work that can easily be set aside when my days are already so busy. Carving out just one hour of my day has always been a challenge but seems to have grown increasingly difficult in the past several months. There’s always something that needs tending to. Always

LOCALLY OWNED & PART OF THE COMMUNITY!



We carry home appliances - in stock and ready for immediate pick up!

Colville Hardware
Do it center

WWW.COLVILLEHARDWARE.COM

Southtown Plaza: 984 S. Main, Colville • (509) 684-6505 Open 7 days a week: Monday - Saturday 8 - 6 • Sunday 9 - 5

something that seems like a much bigger priority than taking a long walk/run or climbing up on my exercise bike.

But my daughter needs me to be healthy and she is my inspiration. So, I have not budged from my commitment.

Last fall I joined a virtual 700-mile challenge. From October to April participants put in miles by walking, running, pedaling or rowing – basically any physical exercise that propels one forward, except for stumbling, and there are days I think that should count. In inclement weather I choose the exercise bike. There was once upon a time that I didn't let a little snow or mud stop me from going

out in the fresh crisp air but between the mountain lions, knees and hips, I've leaned into this safer and warmer mode of exercise. And yes, perhaps that is just a long way of saying I'm getting old. I then log and track my progress on the challenge website where it shows on a map of the route from Bend, Oregon, to Whistler, B.C.

I signed up for this challenge hoping it would be a fun motivation to keep fit during the winter. Well, also, the medal and T-shirt are really cool and the challenge benefits food banks throughout our state. But at this point, after finally making it (virtually) to the Canadian border, it is beginning to feel like a big deal to me. Because I see the end in sight with just 142 miles to go. And even though it's all pretend, except for the real exercise, each milestone I see on the map has given me determination to keep moving.

If I looked at physically covering 700 miles in six months without being able to break it up into various increments at my convenience, I would be really daunted.

Yet I believe we all create our own means of motivation and, for whatever reason, this one has worked for me. And it has also helped me through some really tough

fitness level to carry me through spring and summer. Even without a medal or a T-shirt. Unless I make my own, which would simply say, "I made it through 700 more miles of life. Good job!"

Yes, things have changed in life. And some things in this great big life will never be the same as before the pandemic or before cancer came crashing in. But isn't that just "life" really? The everyday changes filled with joys and heartaches, sometimes simultaneously?

Nothing ever stays the same, and I figure if I can continue to put one foot in front of the other with the intention of finding the joy

in each day and in each moment, then I will cross the finish line in this life feeling that even though I stumbled many times I always got back up and carried on, no matter what hurdles may have stood in my way.

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



days this winter. Neither sadness nor negativity linger long when I am focused on the burning in my legs or when I'm trying to gulp some water while pedaling. Another benefit is that my pants fit better.

Growing friendships on our group social media page has also been inspiring. Pushing forward has become true in real life just as it has on that virtual map. I will finish this challenge in a few weeks and I'm wondering if I should then join another or rely on my own life lessons and

423 W. 1st, Colville

www.floener.com

FLOENER
LICENSED • BONDED • INSURED

ELECTRIC
RESIDENTIAL • COMMERCIAL

- Service Changes
- Electrical Design
- Troubleshooting
- Voice/Data/Video
- Home Automation/Security
- Underground Cable & Fault Locating



- Lighting
- Electric Heaters
- Sign Maintenance
- Poles & Overhead Wiring
- 36' Reach Bucket Truck

WA Contr. #FLOENE*070N7

(509) 684-8353

Solitaires Flock to the Region

Article & Photo by J. Foster Fanning

As mentioned in last month's article about migration, some birds stay and some flit away. This month's feature, the Townsend's solitaire (*Myadestes townsendi*), is listed as a year-round inhabitant of our Columbia and Okanogan Highlands region. Please allow me to clarify that "year-round inhabitant" does not necessarily mean the same individual bird will stay here all year long, but generally that the solitaires may be observed throughout the year here, as well as in most of southern British Columbia and the northern Rocky Mountains.

Individual solitaires migrate from their northern breeding grounds of Alaska and the Northwest Territories to our region, while what we see as local solitaires migrate farther south. Some populations simply migrate to lower elevations within a region for the winter while others opt for the long journey to Mexico.

When the Townsend's solitaire migrates, it's relatively late in fall, with a return early in spring. Their winter range varies from year to year depending on berry supply. Look out the window or take a hike – winter usually finds a small number of these birds in our neighborhood.

The Townsend's solitaire is native to the North American continent and prefers forested to shrubland ecosystems. The population is estimated at 770,000 individual birds and is showing no signs of decline.

This songbird, a member of the *Passeriformes*, is a medium-small thrush. With an overall soft gray plumage and slightly lighter under-feathers, it sports a long tail with white streaks on the outer edges. Look for notable wings with black flight feathers and an intricate yellowish-brown pattern. This bird's eye-ring appears crisp and thin, offsetting a short beak

and black legs. Many observers describe the general body posture as upright and elegant. If you are from the south the Townsend's solitaire may remind you of a small mockingbird in its shape and color.

Listen for the Townsend's solitaire's complex, robust song – a prolonged series of clear, warbled notes rising sporadically before falling in pitch. When this bird is calling there will be about a minute gap between the phrases. The Townsend's solitaire has various calls, including a short, squeaky "teeek" and a clear, soft, whistled "heeh." Their melodious but jumbling song enlivens their habitat and ours.

This bird shares its thrush family roots with species such as the American robin and western bluebird, but, unlike most thrushes, solitaires fly out and back from a perch to capture food, more comparable to how flycatchers feed. In spring, sum-



A HEALTHIER YOU FOR 2021

Gift Certificates available
Personal Trainer/Nutritionist to help you meet your goals.

Weight loss and behavioral modification
Anti-Aging and energizing strategies
Tension/Stress/Pain/Myofascial release
Corrective exercise prescription

Nutrition/supplement Coaching
12 week programs/\$270
90 min. session/\$26

Private Chewelah Facility

Kerry Tafoya C.P.T., C.N.C., C.E.S. cert. with
National Academy Sports Medicine

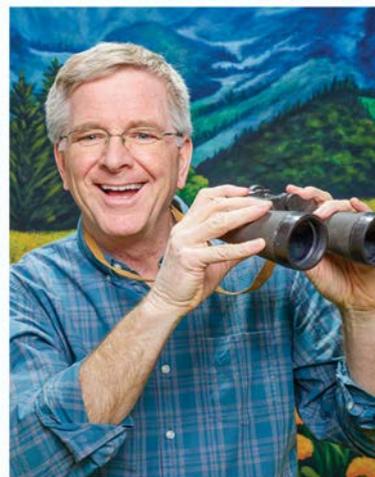
Call 675-1987 for a free consultation
email kerart@gmail.com

Spokane Public Radio presents

A CONVERSATION WITH RICK STEVES

KPBX 91.1, KSFC 91.9 OR STREAM ONLINE AT
SPOKANEPUBLICRADIO.ORG

March 18,
6 p.m.



Join us in a conversation with Rick Steves, a public radio and TV host, guidebook author, and an outspoken travel activist. This exclusive live broadcast event will include info about the travel industry in light of the pandemic, projections for the future, and a bit of reminiscing.

Get your questions ready for a Q&A session hosted by Doug Nadvornick.

YOU CAN HEAR RICK STEVES ON HIS SHOW "TRAVEL WITH RICK STEVES" EVERY SATURDAY MORNING ON KSFC 91.9 AT 8 A.M.

Event Donors: Hamilton Studio, MTR Communications, Strong Solutions, and Thomas Hammer Coffee Roasters.

mer and early autumn its diet consists almost entirely of insects, switching in winter to berries, and almost exclusively ripe, fleshy juniper berries.

Throughout winter the male and female are unfalteringly territorial, defending patches of juniper trees against the intrusion of other birds, including cedar waxwings, Cassin's finches, bluebirds and evening grosbeaks, but often the dispute is lost to robins, which are able to displace the solitaires at least temporarily. According to the Cornell Lab of Ornithology, a solitaire will typically eat somewhere between 42,000 and 84,000 juniper berries to survive the winter. That, my friend, is a lot of berries.

These birds were named after John Kirk Townsend, an American naturalist, ornithologist and collector. Townsend, a Quaker born in Philadelphia, trained as a physician and pharmacist with an interest in natural history in general and bird collecting in particular. He discovered and described this bird in 1833 when he was a member of botanist Nathaniel Jarvis Wyeth's second expedition across the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean.

The Townsend's solitaire is the only solitaire species on the North American continent, with seven other species of solitaire occurring throughout Latin America and the Caribbean. Five species are native to Hawaii, although two of them are now extinct.

The graceful Townsend's solitaire perches upright and sings from conspicuous perches throughout the year. When mating time is at hand the male sings from the treetops to gain attention from the female, then lifts off into flight, 300 feet or more above the ground, before slowly circling downward and continuously singing.

Once paired the males exhibit a behavior known as "mate-feeding" by providing food to the females to establish and preserve the pair bond. The breeding approach is to begin early in the spring, allowing them to re-nest multiple times in case their early nests fail. Unfortunately,



their habit of ground nesting along steep river banks, road cut-banks and such makes them susceptible to ground-dwelling predators such as squirrels, skunks and other rodents.

Female Townsend's solitaires build cup nests with twigs, grasses, strips of bark and pine needles. Look for their nests basically in any protected spot on the ground with overhanging shelter, such as on cliff crevices, under stumps or logs, or amid upturned root wads. Nest size averages 8 inches by 3 inches on the outside with an inside space that is 3 inches by 2 inches.

The eggs of the Townsend's solitaire vary from greenish blue to pink to a dull white with numerous spots. The female incubates anywhere from one to six eggs

for about 11 days. Both parents feed the young, although only the female broods. Fledglings leave the nest at about two weeks after hatching. Lifespan for the Townsend's solitaire averages approximately five-plus years.

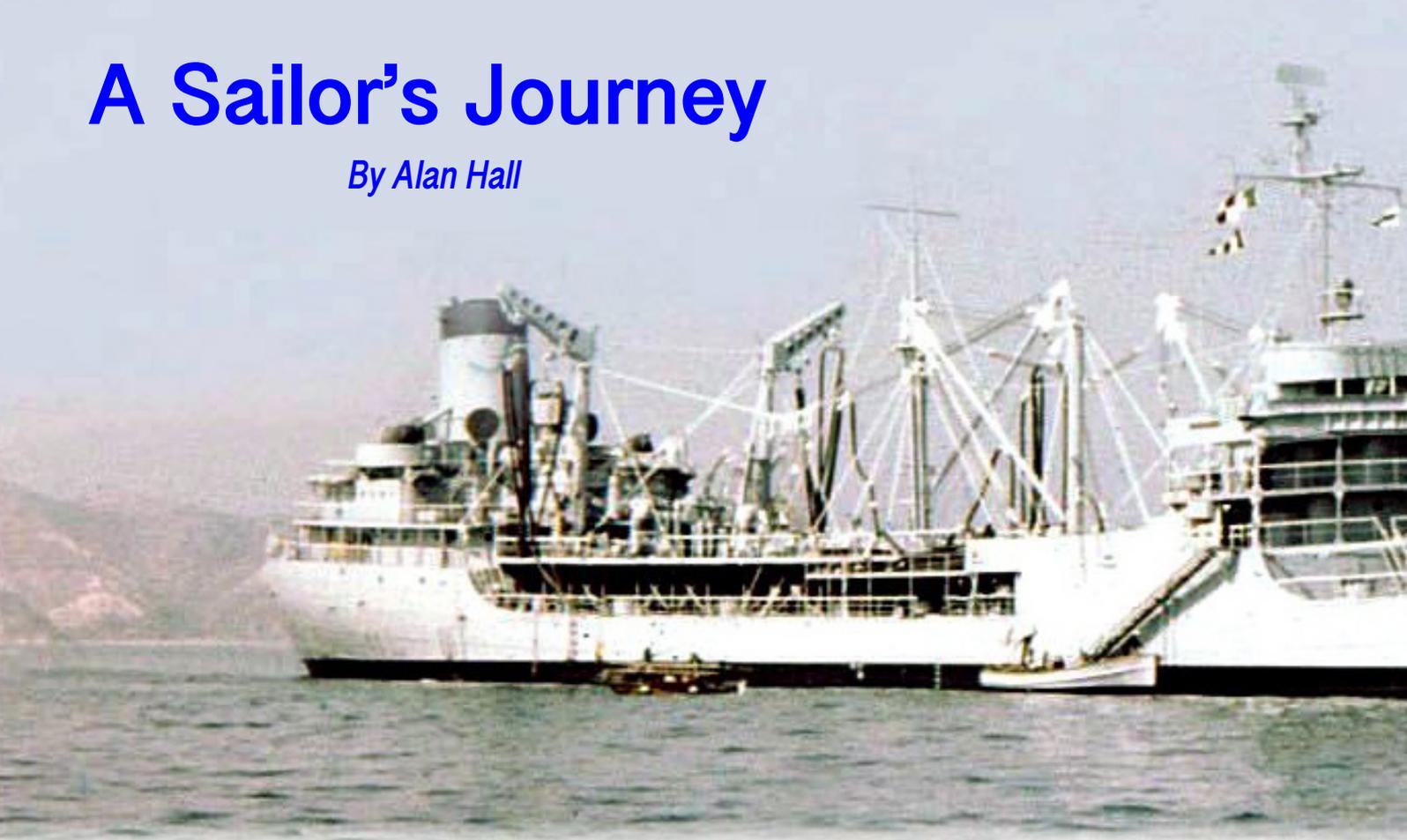
Early March is a great time to lace up those boots, stretch those winter legs, and enjoy some deep breathing in the great out-of-doors. Keep those field glasses handy and look for that upright, elegantly perched bird.

Hope to see you out there...

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 fosterfanning.blogspot.com.

A Sailor's Journey

By Alan Hall



This past winter, while watching blasts of snow and rain from the comfort of my living room, I was reminded of a time long ago, as a young U.S. Navy sailor, when my ship came into the Port of Hong Kong (pictured above). Amid mixed heavy seas, 10-15 feet high, the wind drove slanting rain and spume lifted from the ocean into my eyes as I stood watch on the port wing of the ship's bridge. My job was to ensure, visually, sightings that our archaic radar wouldn't easily pick up from any ships in the area, due to the inclement weather.

Out of the sleet, about 300 yards away, I saw the bow of another ship heading in a direction that would cut directly across our bow. I turned, ran, and quickly told the duty officer of the immediate danger. The reaction was immediate. The captain ordered the coxswain to turn the ship hard to port. We missed a collision by a few feet.

As we passed close, side by side, sailors from both ships stared incredulously at one another, not believing their good fortune. At this moment many thanked God.

The sailors on that Russian ship became our brothers on that fateful day. As we sailed to our anchorage, sailors on both ships lined the decks and waved or saluted, knowing that what had transpired would bind us together, no matter our nationality or the fact our nations were adversaries.

The next day we received orders to head into the China Sea. As our ship proceeded on a northern course, the weather became progressively worse. When we were between Japan and South Korea, a typhoon with winds of 150 m.p.h. and 30-foot waves engulfed our ship. We rolled side to side, sometimes at 30- to 40-degree angles. Inside the 680-foot-long ship we

were thrown around like dolls, along with everything else not bolted down. The wind was howling and nobody could even stand up or walk.

I was among those on the bridge with the captain. As the night wore on more and more shipmates became sick. Only four sailors were well enough to steer the ship. I was one of them, even though I had a terrible headache.

We fought through the night to keep the ship on a course directly into the wind, so we wouldn't capsize. We later learned that if we had rolled five more degrees, water would have poured into the engines and blown the ship up. We also later learned that many ships had sunk in this typhoon.

As dawn broke, the wind died down to about 30 miles an hour and we inspected the damage. We had lost the small boat used in port. A ladder going from one deck to another was wound around a steel beam like a pretzel.

After taking a day to recover, we changed course to a southeasterly heading, just north of the Philippines toward our final destination of Johnson Island, a British protectorate about 1,500 miles south/southwest of the Hawaiian island of Oahu. Our orders, as we were now told, were to join a large group of warships. The fleet was there to monitor atomic bomb tests in the South Pacific.

Our job brought us into contact with other ships. While underway, we passed engine fuel to destroyers, cruisers, aircraft carriers (and their planes) and supply ships (picture page 20).

Each day was a new adventure. On one hot and bright day a most astonishing event took place before us. A giant school of tuna surrounded us, stretching from horizon to horizon.



Then, suddenly, tiger sharks appeared and began feeding on them. The surface of the ocean roiled with tuna trying to escape the sharks. After this tableau diminished, a wave of dolphins appeared. Unknown to me before then, sharks fear dolphins.

The dolphins came up from below, head-butting the sharks' bellies and rupturing the sharks' air sacs, which caused them to helplessly turn upside down. They were then attacked by other sharks. The sea around our ship turned a dull brown from sharks who were targets in a cannibal feeding frenzy.

At this point, the dolphins, seemingly for amusement, started stalking some nearby flying fish, who in mortal fear left the water, many of them hitting our ship and even us. We had hundreds of fish on our decks either stunned or dead after impact.

At dusk, the sea, which is ever-changing, then showed us another face, this one of peace and tranquility, readying us for the next adventure on Mother Ocean.

On our journey we were allowed to spend two days at a beautiful and uninhabited crescent-shaped coral atoll. Sharpshooters with rifles watched from the deck of our ship to protect us from sharks, which were numerous in those tropical waters, as we swam in the lagoon.

We were like children, swimming, dunking each other and just relaxing after an arduous time in preparation for joining the fleet that would monitor the first of 19 atomic detonations, and, high up in the ionosphere, one hydrogen explosion.

We had readied the ship, chipping away rust and painting the hull and other surfaces.

Our captain was very particular. He wanted to show us to be "ship shape," nurturing his hope to step up from our fleet

oiler to an aircraft carrier. In fact, he did realize this career success, later taking command of a new aircraft carrier stationed in Florida.

As dawn broke on the tropical day of our departure from this beautiful atoll, we started lifting our massive anchors. As the last of the huge anchors came up from the water, we saw a very large and long tentacle stuck in the chain. It was at least twelve feet long and it must have come from a giant squid at least thirty feet long. We had been swimming in this very deep lagoon with the squid. We then wondered what other sea creatures were in the lagoon as well.

The ocean always has surprises. We know so little and I'm constantly awed by the ocean's endless mysteries.

On another deep, stunning, sun-drenched day, when the ocean seemed to go on forever, reflecting the sun so brightly that there was nowhere you could look without squinting quickly and then looking away, I was on watch on the starboard wing of the bridge. My watch had started at 6 a.m. My job was to search the horizon for other ships. Our World War II-vintage radar sometimes failed to notice other ships or other objects such as low-lying islands not shown on the charts or islands that had just broken the ocean's surface from volcanic activity.

As I scanned, my eyes were subjected to the continual reflections from the ocean. When I was to be relieved at noon, I was told my replacement was sick so I was required to stand another — "watch on watch," for a total of ten hours.

After a short time into the second watch, my eyes started watering and then itching and burning. I stayed on watch till

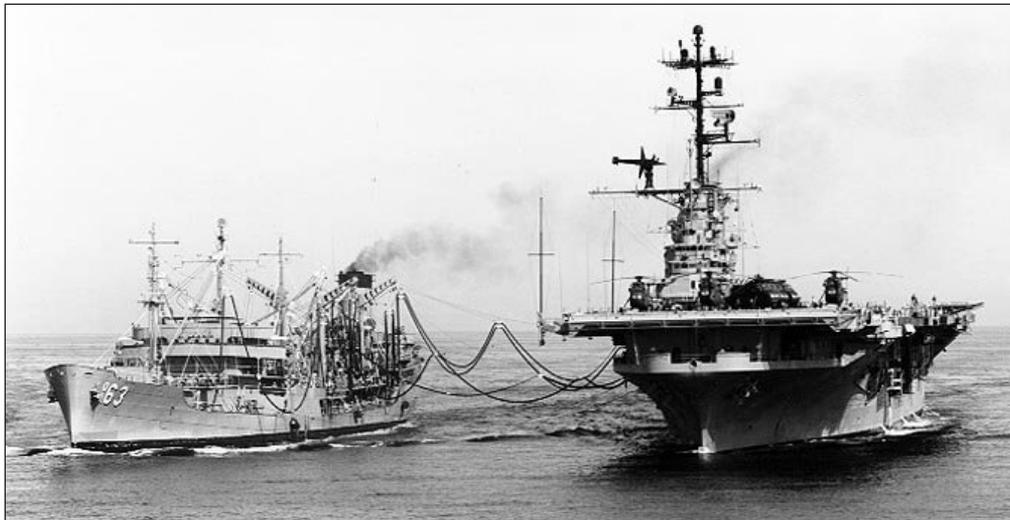
...continued on page 20

...continued from page 19

my relief came. As I entered the hatch to the bridge, I realized I could hardly see and I had pain in my eyes. So I went to the sick bay where I realized I couldn't see anything. Upon examination I was told by the doctor that my eyes were burned and that I wouldn't regain eyesight for at least two days. I was told that the fact that I have blue eyes lacking a darker pigment made me more susceptible to this condition. I lay there in the dark, thinking and planning, just in case I lost my eyesight. A frightening prospect. OK, it scared the hell out of me.

After three days the bandages were taken off and I could see images, still blurry but there. I was then issued sunglasses. I have had to wear sunglasses on sunny or bright days ever since. The good that came from this was that bridge personnel from then on have been issued sunglasses for eye protection.

First daylight in the tropical ocean happens suddenly. It's dark and within minutes the sun seemingly springs up and is at full daylight. On this particular day, with the dawn we could suddenly see the large squadron of warships scattered



from horizon to horizon. Some just specks far away. We all gathered, waiting for the correct atmospheric conditions of humidity, temperature, wind and ocean currents to make possible an atomic detonation.

We waited on station for three days until conditions were optimal.

Things were very quiet. No noise from any of the gathered ships, waiting in silence for the biggest, most dangerous moments in all our lives.

The detonation was to be 200 feet above the surface of the ocean. Everyone on all the ships were given extremely dark sunglasses. Looking at the atomic detonation without these glasses, we were told, would vaporize the eyes visual purple, destroying the retina, causing permanent blindness.

We all wore life jackets and helmets. It seemed we were guinea pigs in this monstrous undertaking. Sailors were in different places on their ships. We were there to measure the effects the blast and radiation had on us and the ships we were on.

Detonation! The blast and then an unbelievable plume of millions of tons of sea water, lifted from hundreds of feet below

the surface, bringing marine life with it.

As the plume rose to the heavens, it was an iridescent lavender. When the seconds passed, curtains of water started to fall away in beautiful sheets.

It was as if I were seeing the face of God, beyond what humans can contemplate. Total destruction!

A minute passed and then the ear-ringing bomb blast sound hit our ships like a huge hand, rocking all the ships hard over on their sides. Smaller ships more than larger vessels. Then the invisible pulse of radiation from the bomb covered everything.

We were wearing badges to measure our radiation exposure. During the series of tests in the area, many of us received more than the lifetime recommended limits for radiation.

Later, we were silent on our ships, as though we couldn't believe or integrate into our experience what we had just observed and been part of. We just sat looking out at the water and at each other, then looking away as if we'd done something wrong.

That evening I wrote a letter to my mother describing the day's happenings. I needed a safe, sane touchstone. We were to experience the bomb tests many times more. One experience

was even more life-altering than the others: detonation of a hydrogen bomb in the ionosphere.

Tropical nights, without a moon, are like nowhere else in the world. You can't see your hand in front of your face. The fleet had waited weeks, again for the perfect combination of weather conditions, for the hydrogen bomb's detonation. No one knew what would actually happen with a largely untested, different bomb technology.

We listened to the countdown for the detonation in complete

darkness, wearing our dark blast glasses. We all craned our necks, eyes cast skyward, anxious, uncertain and slightly fearful. How awesome was this hydrogen bomb going to be?

Wham! Heavenly lights, from horizon to far horizon, which we can suddenly see, rolling celestial thunder, rapidly expanding light. All of a sudden it was as bright as the brightest tropical noon sun. It was later reported that 1,500 miles away, on the island of Oahu, it was also as bright as the noon sun and lasted for over 15 minutes. Wow!

What the hell were we doing? Were we trying to cause human extinction?

At 19 years old, these events changed my life. As the years have passed, I have been acutely aware of the fragility of life. The Cold War has come and gone, and the ensuing years may have put the above-described events into historical memory. Yet, nations still have nuclear arsenals and I hope, for everyone's sake, for diplomacy in our dealings with other nations for nonconfrontational outcomes.

Alan Hall is a retired counselor and educator and a lifelong sailor and world traveler living in Stevens County.

Rotary Helps Connect People with Vaccines

By Adenea Thompson

Rotary is known around the world for striving to eradicate polio. In August 2020 the World Health Organization certified the African region (made up of 47 countries) free of wild poliovirus. Globally, Rotary members have contributed nearly \$890 million toward eradicating polio in this region. With focused efforts like this it is no surprise that Rotary is now joining health departments worldwide to help with the distribution of COVID-19 vaccines.

Here in Stevens County, the Northeast Tri County Health Department (NETCHD), Providence and Northeast Washington Health are working together to get vaccines distributed in Ferry, Stevens and Pend Oreille counties. To get vaccines out in a more efficient and timely manner NETCHD has started hosting drive-through vaccine clinics.

For an already small and overtaxed staff, distributing vaccines and hosting multiple vaccine clinics each week is taking a toll. Volunteers can and are helping exhausted employees. There are not enough positive words to describe the work Matt Schanz (administrator), Jon Ness (environmental health director), Jessie Roth (PIO), Sam Artzis (health officer) and the rest of the NETCHD staff have performed during this pandemic.

The Rotary Club of Colville is excited to continue its volunteer efforts as more vaccines arrive every week. There have been over 4,000 vaccines administered to Stevens County residents as

Ferry County
Ferry County Health, www.fcphd.org, 509-775-8686

Pend Oreille County
Newport Hospital and Health Services, www.newport-hospitalandhealth.org, 509-447-6332; Newport Safeway Pharmacy online registrations for appointments

Stevens County
NETCH online registration, <https://bit.ly/3sdGTEg>;
Safeway Pharmacy online registrations for appointments

of mid-February. The focus now is to administer at least 95% of the vaccines received each week, which means not holding onto vaccine doses and doing more, smaller clinics.

So how do you get a vaccine if you want one?

First you need to be eligible. This depends on the current phase. You can find out what phase you are eligible for at FindYourPhase.org. As of late February, we were in Phase 1B Tier 1, which means all people 65 years or older and all people 50 years or older in multigenerational households (home where individuals from two or more generations live) are eligible.

If you are eligible to receive the vaccination you can sign up at <https://bit.ly/3sdGTEg>. If you don't have access to sign up online you can call 509-684-2262, option #4. This list is maintained by NETCHD. They ask that you sign up only if you are eligible. The list is used for setting up and planning vaccine clinics. Efforts are being made to ensure each community has equal access to the clinics.

If you know of someone who currently qualifies but maybe hasn't signed up, we encourage you to help them get on the list. Together, we can do it.

#NEWStrong #vaccinefierce



**Stevens County...
We Can Do It!**

**Get YOUR vaccine!
Sign-up On-line
bit.ly/3sdGTEg
Questions?
Call: 684-7563**

#VaccineFierce #NEWStrong

<https://www.stevenscountywa.gov/>

*This page made possible by the Rotary Club of Colville. Learn more on FB @ColvilleRotary
To view a list of all the Rotary Clubs in the district, visit district5080.org/clubdirectory*



Zappa Is Risen

With the release of the fantastic *Zappa* movie, fans got a solid look at the legendary music vault that held thousands of recordings in its climate-controlled expanses. While Frank Zappa was a visionary composer, player and entrepreneur, his off-the-charts IQ also gave him the foresight to record and store every possible sound he made, both in concert and in the studio. So as the Zappa Family Trust mines these sonic riches, we get incredible releases that go back 40 and 50 years, depending on the project.

Having said all of that, even well-cared-for tapes get sticky (yes, sticky) over a

period of decades, and just the process of cleaning up old recordings for release (without “tweezing” them too badly – to use an FZ term I read somewhere)



is a serious undertaking. That is to say, you don’t want “slammed” EDM radio production or fad-ish “let’s insert a Justin Bieber rap into this remix” approaches to vintage Zappa material.

Enter uber-guitarist and producer Craig Parker Adams

and the very great *Frank Zappa Halloween 81* live recording. To try and pick standout tracks from this six-disc (!!) release is borderline ridiculous. Fueled by monster Zappa-band alumni like Tommy Mars,

Steve Vai and others, you find yourself stunned at the incredibly tight-but-soulful deliveries of multiple sets of material that began on the evening of Oct. 31, 1981, and ended in the early morning with a second version of the still-frightening “The Torture Never Stops.”

Adams’ production approaches here, as he moves these seminal recordings from tape to the digital realm, are exemplary. The live vibe and warmth of the original recordings are on full display, as Zappa leads his players through incredible versions of his classics (and some bare-knuckle versions of monsters like “Whipping Post”).

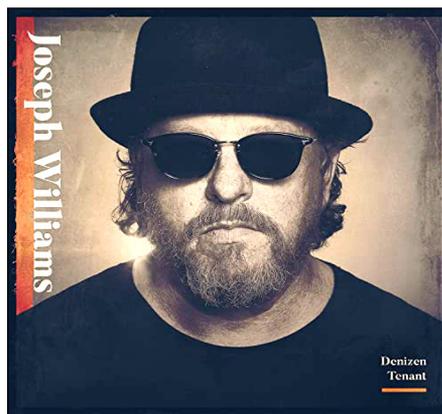
While we’re close to 30 years since the passing of this American genius, to have these recordings fine-tuned and released is a true gift. Check out *Halloween 81* at zappa.com/music/halloween-81 immediately.

Joseph Williams Back at the Mic

Toto spent a few decades either adored by people who actually knew how to play music, or by overseas fans who also ... knew how to play music. With phenomenal records and killer tracks that featured some of LA’s finest studio

cats, Toto seemed to be the brunt of a lot of ‘80s jokes, even though they had one of the greatest tenor vocalists of all time.

While hey-day-hits like “Africa” have found love from kids seeing how great Toto’s melodies were in the 1980s, lead singer Joseph Williams has profited from Toto downtime by laying down 12 solo-album tracks on his new *Denizen Tenant*.



chute pants were really expensive. “Black Dahlia” channels an organic pop vibe, with Toto alumnus David Paich on keys and fantastic Joseph Williams harmonic content.

The most encouraging thing here, besides the super-solid songwriting, is how great Williams still sounds doing what he does best. Grab a copy of *Denizen Tenant* at joeswill.com and check out one of the great pop-rock tenors of all time.

Check out Michael Pickett’s music, free at pickettmusic.com.

NUVU
SHOWHOUSE

For features & showtimes:
509-446-2449
www.facebook.com/NUVUfun/
Adults: \$9 ~ Kids: \$7

209 E 5th Ave., Metaline Falls, WA

A Good Read

Reviews by Loren Cruden

Missionaries, by Phil Klay

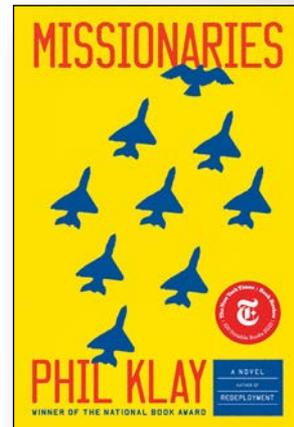
Little about Marine Corps veteran Phil Klay's new novel, *Missionaries*, seems made up. Whether it's the geopolitics, the details of tech-guided systems, the raw combat experience, or what these do to human relationships, Klay lays it all out for us. ("It's always awkward, fighting a war in people's homes.") He describes combat in today's world as "a glittering, mechanical insanity that executes each task with machinelike precision, eyes on the mission amid the accumulating human waste." A system that "substitute[s] a tactic for a strategy."

The picture that develops as portrayals of four main characters – two American, two Colombian – gradually come to inhabit the same frame, is one of violence not as an aberration but as a globally-integrated way of life. When a high-ranking officer in the Colombian military seamlessly shifts to working as a mercenary in the Arab Emirates, he is "placed in a targeting cell staffed mostly with Americans and Israelis, working with a team of analysts constantly flooding the operations center with data from ISR aircraft and drone feeds and sitreps and forensic reports, sifting through and finding people to

kill. He was also making more money than ever before in his life."

It is tempting to be mollified by the novel's truly compelling female characters but, in essence, they act as foils for or victims of male characters. Nonetheless, despite men seeming to be in control of the tentacled system of violence they operate, it swallows its perpetrators as readily as it does its intended or collateral prey. Nobody's safe.

Missionaries is a terrifying book, but perhaps most chilling of all is the comment by one of the main characters, a journalist, noting that, "All the reported facts in the world shrivel up and die in the presence of universal indifference."



FOX 8, by George Saunders

George Saunders has written a number of books and is perhaps best known for his prizewinning novel *Lincoln in the Bardo*. *Fox 8* is a 48-page "letter to Yumans" (humans) from, yes, a fox. One who learns human language by eavesdropping at a window while bedtime stories are being read.

This wee gem of a book (published in 2013) is by a writer who champions underdogs (or foxes, as the case may be). Saunders' main character, Fox 8, is a terrible speller, but his story comes across with terrific humor and impact as he relates his eventful tale of interface with the human world. The accompanying illustrations by Chelsea Cardinal are simple – and perfect – line drawings.

A thrilling point for Fox 8 comes when he and another fox enter a shopping mall and are dazzled. "We saw the Gap! We saw Eye Openers! We saw a Pet Store, with captured Kats! We saw a small River that, tho flowing, did not smell rite. We saw some Fake Rox. We saw Trees. Reel trees, inside FoxViewCommons! It made us want to dig a Den!"

But encounters with humans do not go well for the foxes, and in writing his letter Fox 8 tries to find out what

the problem is. "I want to feel strong and generous. I want to feel hope full. Which is why, upon compleeshun of this leter, I will leeve it at that howse at the end of Clear Circle Way, where offen I see a serten rownd guy feeding Berds. His male boks says his name is P. Melonsky. You seem nise enough, P. Melonsky. Reed my leter, go farth, ask your fellow Yumans what is up, rite bak, leeve your anser under your Berd feeder, I will come in the nite to retreewe and lern."

This one's a keeper.

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



The Gift That Keeps Giving

By Joanie Christian

The last year has been among the toughest in my husband's 34-year career as a science teacher. Like all teachers, making a difference in the lives of his students is at the heart of what he does. But he sometimes wonders if he is successful, especially during COVID. There is no doubt that remote learning, a continually changing landscape, conflicting

information, and hybrid teaching models while socially distancing/masking have been challenging. But he also knows we are living in a real-time history lesson, giving rise to meaningful classroom discussions and knowledge as scientific discoveries and innovation unfold on a daily basis.

The whole conversation left me ponder-

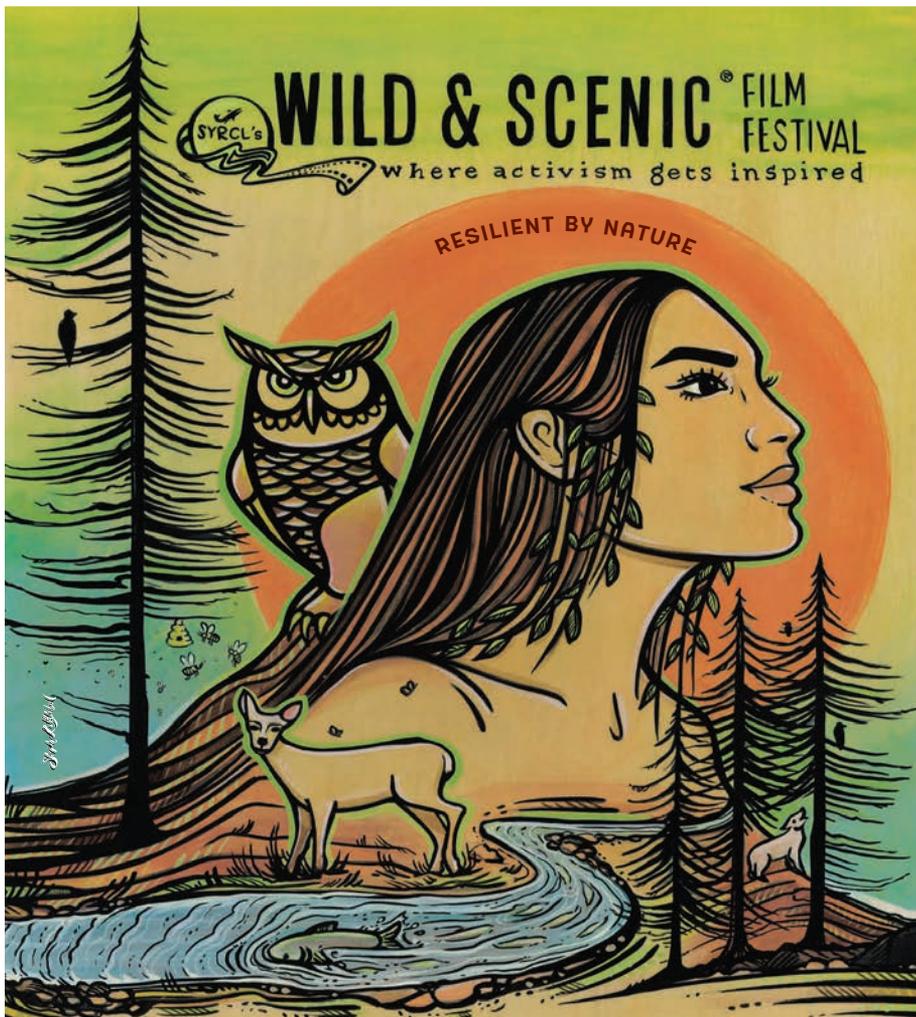
ing whether *I* had taken the time to thank my own teachers and mentors for the difference their influence made and *continues* to make in *my* life.

Recently, my first grade teacher Dorothy Stebbins passed away in her nineties. In my first week of kindergarten, I got "bumped up" to first grade, so essentially jumped right into the frying pan. I remember Mrs. Stebbins as kind, calm and patient. She told me I had a lot of potential, continually praising my ability and progress. Later in my life, we were members of the same church, and she still told me how much she enjoyed having me in class and how proud she was of me. FIFTY YEARS LATER.

In junior high I started piano lessons with Phil Simmons, and a whole new world opened up. He introduced me to music and composers I never would have known otherwise: Beethoven, Bach, Joplin, classical, Baroque, ragtime. In high school, Mr. Simmons taught typing and accounting. Since he was my friend Belinda's dad, I spent time at their house in addition to piano lessons. From outside appearances, he was a very formal man with a crew cut, dressed in a crisply pressed shirt and bow tie. At home he still had that persona, but sometimes, when I was really lucky, I was witness to a brilliant pianist who left me moved and speechless. Exquisitely beautiful and emotional music appeared to flow effortlessly from someone so seemingly formal and reserved.

Among his school colleagues he was known as a practical joker, one time turning everything upside down in a colleague's classroom when she was away. To the egocentric teenage, who saw my teachers as one-dimensional, it was an epiphany to realize there were a lot more layers to Mr. Simmons. He had a life outside school. A family. An artistic and emotive side. A quirky and comical nature known to just a few. His layers were as unique to him as our own layers are to each of us. Sadly, Mr. Simmons is now also gone, but I silently thank him every day for the skills and lessons he taught me. And for the joy of music.

Hank Nelson was my biology and photog-



WILD & SCENIC® FILM FESTIVAL
where activism gets inspired

SYRCL's

RESILIENT BY NATURE

8TH ANNUAL

March 25 -- 6 PM
Virtual Livestream
Tickets On Sale
www.KettleRange.org

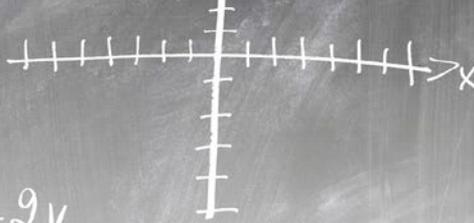
peak design

EARTHJUSTICE

Klean kanteen

SIERRA NEVADA

$$x^2 + px + q = 0$$



$$x_{1/2} = -\frac{p}{2} \pm \sqrt{\left(\frac{p}{2}\right)^2 - q}$$

$$x = 6 - 2y$$

raphy teacher. His annual field trip on “the coast” was legendary. I was so excited to go but was ambivalent... it was a long way from home for a small-town girl. The trip turned out to be a life-changing week of discovery. Tide pools, the Hoh rain forest and its Hall of Mosses, the biggest trees I'd ever seen, hiking the boardwalk from Lake Ozette to Cape Alava to see the Makah petroglyphs, sea anemones, starfish, the Pacific Ocean at the very edge of the continent, Hurricane Ridge, mountain goats, and a stupendous view of Puget Sound at the top, the curious and magical low and high tides. My mind was blown.

I came home and talked about it for weeks. I'm pretty sure my mom got to the point that she wanted to put a cork in my mouth. The genie had been let out of the bottle... I was awakened to the realization that the world was much bigger than I had ever imagined. And the natural world was full of wonder. It made me ponder what else was out there to discover.

In photography class, I learned how to use a camera, compose a photo, and develop images in the darkroom. Photography has gone digital, but Hank Nelson laid the foundation for the skills I would continue to build upon over the years. I hadn't seen him in decades, but he reached out after seeing my work in a regional publication. When I launched my photography website, he made it a point to call and compliment me on my work and was my very first customer. To

this day, he still shares info that helps me continue to grow as a photographer.

Carolyn Chester was a formidable high school English teacher whose bark was worse than her bite. She had high standards and *nothing* slipped by her. She made sure you toed the line, and could get a bit cranky if you didn't. But if you paid attention, you could see that she really cared and wanted her students to succeed. Though I can always use improvement, my ability to articulate my thoughts and ideas on a page are largely due to her.

Much later, in her 80s, I would see her at church and her face always lit up. She told me she searched through regional publications for my work, and never missed an opportunity to tell me how proud she was of me. She asked me to create a photography coffee table book, saying she couldn't die until she had a copy. I joked with her that I wanted her to stick around, so maybe I shouldn't create a book after all. She now lives in a nursing home, where I imagine she still looks for my articles and photography in magazines and newspapers.

These are among the many teachers who helped shape me. Each had something unique and important to contribute, inspiring students in different ways. The same is true of teachers today.

Things have a strange way of coming full circle. Thousands of students have been in my hubby's classroom over his career, and many went on to careers in science and

technology. For several years we planned field trips for students in the spirit of Hank Nelson's long ago. Former students still reach out and tell us how meaningful those trips were. Our own son received the Phil Simmons Scholarship. Even in death, Mr. Simmons' legacy of nurturing students lives on.

These are trying times to be sure, and life as we knew it has turned upside down for many. But some things never change, like the power of teachers to inspire and change lives. Whoever the teachers and mentors are in your life, I encourage you to thank them. Their belief and investment in us propels us toward a better future that wouldn't have existed without them.

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



MARCH 26 - 7PM

May Awkright Hutton &
Emma Smith DeVoe

WA Votes for Women

Virtual play

Free Tickets to Attend Online at:

[keycitypublictheatre.org/
maysvote](http://keycitypublictheatre.org/maysvote)

The actors will give a brief live introduction before the performance and a Q&A discussion after the show.

Learn about upcoming
WOODLAND THEATRE
productions, plans, and
improvement projects at:
WOODLANDPRODUCTIONS.ORG

HOME PET CARE

Long experience with animals, a great attentiveness to their unique dispositions, and dedication to reliable, respectful, and affectionate attention to their needs.

Small Animals • Large Animals

Daily Visits at Your Home

Serving North Stevens & Ferry Counties

509-675-8644



Travel Can Reveal What Unites Us

By Karen Giebel

I can trace it back to my childhood. When arriving home from school I would run across the road to the mailbox hoping against hope that the newest edition of *National Geographic* would be tucked inside the dark reaches of our box. When it was, I would excitedly gather that magazine up and race back home to burrow myself into the sofa and travel the whole big wide world one page at a time.

I savored every word of every article and stared in wonder at all the color photos of people, animals, places and things far beyond my little rural universe. Oh yes, the travel bug bit me hard and I have yet to recover!

My little world grew big and wide as I eagerly read about Peru, Ireland, Russia, Tahiti and the Yukon. Stories about our national parks stay with me to this day. I saw photos of people across the world cooking foods native to their countries over open fires, in wood fired-ovens, in cast iron pots, and in the most modern of gas stoves. There were people wearing brightly colored clothing in Kenya and folks wearing clothes made of fur in the Arctic Circle. There were people clothed head to toe and people wearing next to nothing. There were zebras, llamas, wolves, caribou and whales. I read about traveling on ocean liners, rafts, dugout canoes, trains and airplanes.

Somewhere along the line my parents bought a set of books that featured countries around the world. I remember being thoroughly enchanted by the book featuring France. The Seine River, the Louvre, the Eiffel Tower, the palace at Versailles, I knew I wanted to tour France and witness all of it in person.

I have, since, done a fair share of actual traveling and it has truly opened my eyes and my heart to people around the globe. Travel has enriched my life beyond measure. And wherever I travel,

I choose to see what unites us as human beings, not perceived differences. It's the laughter of children splashing in a lake in Tennessee or Japan. Laughter sounds the same in any language. It's the elderly sitting companionably on a park bench in Spain or in Colville, WA. Contentment looks the same no matter the country. I've seen families enjoying a picnic lunch in the English Garden in Munich and in Riverside Park in Spokane. They may be eating different foods but a family picnic is the same everywhere. Fans cheering at a baseball game in Toronto sound the same as fans cheering the New York Yankees. Sporting events draw excited crowds from Rome, Italy, to Montego Bay in Jamaica. Music being played in a pub in Dublin brings the same smiles as music being played at the Republic Brew Pub. I have had the misfortune to experience the need for hospital care in Germany and the USA, but again, I witnessed what unites us as human beings. I have been treated with dignity, compassion and expertise in both countries.

No matter what country I visited, I met wonderful people. People willing to help me when I got lost. People eager to show me their customs and traditions. People proudly offering me plates of the specialties from their regions, whether it was fresh seafood in Barcelona or wild boar in Budapest. As humans, I think we all have the same needs for food, shelter, clothing and, I might add, family, friends and love. Travel has shown me this over and over again.

Yes, I have been blessed with traveling to many countries, but some of my favorite trips came right here in my big back yard of northeast Washington. The many subalpine lakes, meandering rivers and hiking trails entice me every day. The scenic beauty of the mountains with their changing faces as the sun rises and sets

can take my breath away. Watching bald eagles perched in tree tops searching out their next meal is a sight that people travel to see from all over the globe. Searching for and finding that herd of bighorn sheep is something I will never forget. Sitting quietly by a campfire listening to the haunting cry of the loons is an experience to be savored.

For the past year, my journeys have been mostly virtual. Travel shows on television. Videos on YouTube and magazines that implore me to head north to Alaska or south to Pensacola, but they have all whetted my appetite to keep on traveling.

Any other year we would be excitedly packing our bags, buying sunscreen, checking our reservations and counting down the days until we were winging our way to our favorite Caribbean island. We would be dreaming of palm trees, long walks on the seemingly endless beach, listening to the waves lapping the shoreline and counting the stars late at night in the warm, sultry air. But now here we sit, along with everyone else, pondering when we will be able to safely travel again.

Oh, it's not so bad and I don't feel sorry for myself. I'm just relieved that we both are healthy and hope we can remain that way. All those years I spent as a nurse left me with a deep understanding of how fragile life is and how, in the blink of an eye, everything can change. Risking my health for the sake of a vacation is just not worth it. But staying home has not stopped me from thinking, planning, dreaming and researching trips to take and places to visit. I am truly eager to get out and find even more things that unite us as the human family.

Karen Castleberry Giebel blogs about life and food at www.thejourneygirl.com up in the back of the beyond in Ferry County, Washington.



"Education for the Road Ahead"

- Driver Education Classes
- State Department of Licensing
Knowledge and Drive Testing
- Individual Instruction

Colville's locally owned driving school!

162 East 1st, Colville • (509) 684-3164 • www.road scholar drivingschool.com

PARKER'S GLASS

LLC
AUTO GLASS REPAIR & REPLACEMENT

(509) 684-6034

AUTO GLASS
LOG TRUCKS
HEAVY EQUIPMENT

LOCALLY & FAMILY
OWNED

MOTOR HOMES
FARM EQUIPMENT
CLASSIC CARS

ROCK CHIP REPAIRS FREE UNDER MOST
COMPREHENSIVE INSURANCE PLANS!



STOP BY OR CALL FOR A FREE QUOTE!
790 NORTH HWY 395 COLVILLE
RIGHT NEXT TO WALMART

The INDEPENDENT

Serving Chewelah and Stevens County since 1903

- Current Events
- Chewelah History
- School Sports
- Classified Bargains
- Community Activities
- Business News
- Legal Announcements



SUBSCRIBE TODAY!

The ONLY source for Chewelah Valley news & information!

1 Year Starting at only \$30

www.chewelahindependent.com **935-8422**

Bring Again Going Shopping

*Making the world better,
a word at a time.*



Visit WordsOfWords.com to learn more and to buy acronyms on a variety of quality products, from shirts to mugs and more.
Give Ideas For Thought Sharing

HARTILL'S MOUNTAIN SAW AND TRACTOR

SPRING IS COMING
Save now and beat the rush!
Sales • Parts • Service
visit us at: www.hartills.com

STIHL

ROXOR

Cub Cadet
CFMOTO

BIG DOG
— MOWER CO. —

BUSH HOG

PROFESSIONAL POWER
DR
DONE RIGHT

HONDA
Power Equipment

KIOTI

EARLY BIRD TUNE-UP SPECIAL

Service your lawnmower, riding mower, or zero turn by March 31st and save \$10 on labor charge!

**Hartill's Mountain Saw & Tractor | 101 W Robert Ave
Chewelah, WA 99109 | 509.935.8829**

Yoga from Head to Toe

By Brenda St. John

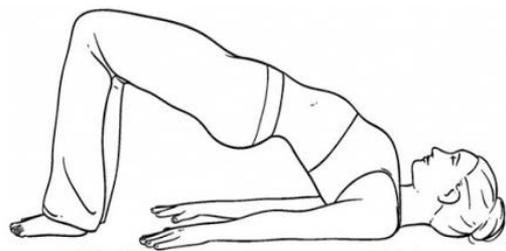
“And forget not that the earth delights to feel your bare feet and the winds long to play with your hair.” ~ Kahlil Gibran

I assume most people are inwardly rejoicing with me that the days are getting noticeably longer, and that before the month ends spring will officially be here. Speaking for myself, my blood seems to be thinning and moving faster, not unlike the sap in the trees. My whole being is feeling more energetic. Let's take advantage of this and look at how our yoga practice can help us feel better from top to bottom, or more specifically, from head to feet.

By head, I am referring to headaches. Occasionally I am asked by students to include some yoga asana in class that will relieve a headache. Headaches can be associated with tight neck and shoulder muscles, which leads me to add extra stretches for those targeted muscle groups. I will make sure to include the usual asana for necks and shoulders, i.e. Garudasana Arms (Eagle Arms), Gomukhasana Arms (Cow Face Arms), clasping hands behind back, shoulder rolls, tilting right ear to right shoulder and left ear to left shoulder, and some other basic work for the neck and shoulder. However, in writing this article, I did an internet search and came across many others on the Yoga Journal website, two of which I will mention: Bhujangasana (Cobra Pose) and Dvi Pada Pitham (Bridge Pose).

For Cobra, begin by lying on your belly, forehead on the mat and legs and feet pointing straight back. Hands should be on the floor underneath the shoulders. On an inhalation, use your upper back muscles to lift your head, neck, and shoulders off the floor. Keep the elbows in line with the body rather than allowing them to wing out. Drop the head back just enough to keep the back of the skull in line with the spine, making a nice curve. Hold for a few breath cycles, then on an exhale, slowly lower the forehead back to the mat. Repeat a couple more times.

For Bridge Pose, flip onto your back. Begin in the Constructive Rest position (knees bent, feet on the floor hip-width apart, and hands at your sides with the palms down). On an inhalation, press down through your feet, keeping your chin tucked, and then elevate your pelvis until your neck flattens gently on the floor. On an exhalation, lower your spine, vertebra by vertebra, slowly lowering your pelvis to the starting position. Repeat six times.



When it comes to the opposite end of our anatomy, I am amazed at how many people tell me that their feet constantly hurt. But, think about it, our feet carry our weight all day long. Feet need to be strong and supple to do their job. The two yoga



poses featured above also contribute to working the feet.

In Cobra Pose, having the legs and feet point straight back stretches the

fronts of the ankles and tops of the feet. Additionally, more work is taking place in your feet by reaching straight back through the big toes and keeping all 10 toenails on the mat. Bridge Pose is a nice workout for the arches as long as the feet are kept parallel. It's very common for folks to either turn their feet out (like a duck) or in (like pigeon-toed), but that dodges the benefits of working the arches. Granted, we do sometimes play around with different foot positions in Bridge Pose, but that is for other reasons. For strengthening the feet, make sure to keep them parallel.

Here are a couple more exercises to benefit your feet. First, from standing with feet parallel and hip-width apart, lift and spread your toes as far apart as possible. Hold for a few seconds, then relax the toes back to the floor. Next roll onto the outer edges of your feet and curl the big toes toward the heels. Hold for a few seconds. Keep alternating between these two positions about 10-20 times.

From sitting on a chair, cross the right ankle over the left knee. Spread the toes of the right foot and the fingers of the left hand, and interlace the two, aiming for webbing to webbing. Squeeze the toes with the fingers, then squeeze the fingers with the toes. Alternate three times, then circle the toes three times in each direction. Lastly, unlace the fingers, make a loose fist with the left hand, and rap on the sole of the right foot about 40 times. The rapping should only be done to the foot, not the toes.

Lastly, I have one more foot strengthener which can be done from a chair. Place a sock or other small item on the floor. Pick it up with your toes. Lift the foot, then spread the toes and release the item. Do this several times with each foot.

Namaste.

Brenda St. John has taught yoga classes in Chewelah since 2010.

You'll Never Know There's Squash

By Michelle Lancaster

I never developed a taste for eating squash. Squeamish memories from childhood prevent me from ever enjoying plain mashed squash. Yet, I love squash when incorporated into a chocolate bread. For kids, I omit the word squash because they really cannot taste the difference and they get a large helping of squash in each bite.

My favorite squash types for this recipe are ones with deep, rich orange flesh such as buttercup, kabocha or sweet meat. By spring, most of the buttercup and kabocha are eaten up and longer-storing squashes like sweet meat and hubbard need to get eaten before they go bad. This recipe is a great way to use up a lot of squash and I only take the best of it, leaving the stringy bits around the seeds and the skins for the chickens. They love getting warm squash scraps in the middle of winter!

Cleanup is made extremely simple by using stoneware – bread pans, mini loaf pans, or cupcake pans. If using stoneware: I use a trick I learned from the Farmette cookbook. Thinly grease the interior of the stoneware with a layer of softened butter (or oil of choice). I rub in just enough to give the stone a shiny gloss. Then sprinkle in a small handful of white flour. Turn the pan and tap gently to spread a thin layer of flour evenly around the pan. Have the pans prepared before making the batter so that you are able to pour directly into them as soon as the batter is mixed.

To make the recipe, preheat oven to 350°F. Blend the following:

- 1 cup sugar (can substitute with honey)
- ½ cup buttermilk (I use milk with a splash of apple cider vinegar)
- ½ cup butter, melted (fresh from



- our cows)
- 1 cup cooked, mashed squash
- ½ tsp. sea salt
- 1 tsp. vanilla extract (I use vanilla bean paste)

In a separate bowl, whisk together the dry ingredients:

- 2 cups flour (we do 1 cup each organic whole wheat and white)
- ¾ cup organic cocoa powder (preferably a high-fat variety)
- 2 tsp. baking soda
- 1 tsp. baking powder

Slowly incorporate the two bowls of ingredients. Mix until the batter is smooth.

Fill the pan or cups about 2/3 full. For muffins, bake around 25 minutes until

the top cracks and a toothpick inserted in centers comes out clean. For mini loaves or full loaves, check at 40 minutes and cook longer as needed until done in center. The center should be moist but not doughy.

The bread can be eaten fresh, straight out of the pan. Top with whipped cream and raspberry jam for extra indulgence.

For leftovers, let cool for an hour or so, then the bread should easily pop out of the stoneware. I let them cool further once out of the pan, then store in the freezer.

The stoneware cleans easily if I soak in warm water, then use a scrubby to lightly wash, and then rinse. Air dry.

Chocolate squash bread is versatile – an easy breakfast bread or the base to a fancy dessert. For my family, I usually add more squash, less sugar, and double the recipe.

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

Loon Lake News - Events
TIMES Advertising

FREE LOCAL NEWSPAPER
SERVING SOUTH STEVENS COUNTY

8,800 DIRECT HOME DELIVERIES
Nine Mile Falls, Tum Tum, Ford,
Hunters, Valley, Springdale,
Loon Lake, Deer Lake, Clayton

loonlaketimes@gmail.com
(509) 703-0352

Of a Comet and Burned Snags

Article & Photo by D.L. Kreft

Late winter can be a tedious procession of damp and gray days. My thoughts turn alternately between anticipation of the greening spring and the present reality of piles of dirty snow and browned grass. The other day, as I was organizing some of my photos, I came to a series I had taken of the comet NEOWISE last summer. The memories flooded in of warm summer nights free of smoke and clouds where the depths of quiet and darkness in the Kettle Range mountains are a world unto themselves.

Known officially as Comet C-2020-F3 NEOWISE, the brilliant comet was seen by millions of earthbound observers last July. I had not seriously attempted any astrophotography before, thinking I did not have the right equipment. But this opportunity drove me to finding out if I could capture this unique celestial object. I needed to try.

My first attempts in mid-July were too near towns, mills and farmyard lights. I found that my camera, set to a long exposure and high sensitivity, captured light “noise” that my own eyes could not. This tended to make the resulting photos too washed-out to clearly see the comet. I needed deeper darkness. I needed dark skies, far from sources of light pollution and shielded by uninhabited spaces. And I needed it to be close by.

I studied the maps and decided to try an area just off the Boulder Creek/Deer Creek summit. Where I was looking was squarely in the area affected by the Stick

Pin Fire of 2015. This wildfire consumed tens of thousands of acres of forest, a large portion of it in a matter of hours. An old access road leading off the Deer Creek summit would take me into the heart of the burned area. The obvious advantages were distance from habitation and the shielding of the Kettle Range ridges and peaks. One additional advantage came by way of the consuming crown fires of the Stick Pin blaze – no dense growth of living trees to block my view. There were, however, the bare skeletal remains of tall, charred firs. Some retained a vague tree appearance with wisps of branches still clinging to their trunks. Some were as clean and bare as a flagpole without its flag.

I set up my tripod and camera just after sundown on a late July evening. Clear skies prevailed. Taking a few test shots, I worked out the manual focusing problem that comes with a modern digital camera. These handheld computers depend mostly on an autofocus technology that does not respond well to astrophotography. The camera programming cannot seem to figure out that stars and comets are not within normal focusing range. Manual focus is the work-around and focusing by hand can be tricky.

When the evening was dark enough to detect the comet in the northwestern sky, it was getting fairly near the western horizon. My line of sight brought the comet into the same plane as the blackened snags around me. As I clicked off the photos,

I adjusted for different exposure times, sensitivity settings, and composition within the photo frame. What resulted was an unexpected view of the comet, innumerable stars, and the Stick Pin burn.

As the evening darkened, I periodically released the shutter to capture the ever-changing view before me. At one point I turned around to look at the mountainside behind me. I drew in my breath as I realized the Milky Way had appeared above the ridgeline, the rotation of the Earth bringing it into view.

I turned my camera on its tripod and tilted it nearly vertical to capture the scene unfolding above me. Framed by the burned snags, the Milky Way appeared at once close at hand and distant beyond reach. It was not long before Comet C-2020-F3 NEOWISE was at the western horizon. My reason for being there was passing, but the experience itself had grown with the darkening of the summer sky.

Yes, as I write this, today is a grey January day and the hoarfrost is thick on pine trees and porch railings. But maybe the mountains in winter can give me a pure look at Orion’s Belt and the Pleiades. Maybe if I bundle enough clothing around me, I can capture the night sky in the Stick Pin burn. I know I need to try.

Now that he is retired, Dave is enjoying life as a nature photographer, writer, and administrator of the Northeast Washington Birders Group, @NEWAbirders, on Facebook.

Growing Up On The Spokane Indian Reservation

By Robert Wynecoop

Excerpt from Robert "Chick" Wynecoop's book, printed in 2003 by Tornado Creek Publications, reprinted here, with permission.

Chapter 31: Winter Haystacks

One cloudy, dreary Saturday after we were older – and supposedly wiser – we went about a mile down into the field to skate on the ponds. In this special play place there had been a lot of new snow, so skating was out of the question. But since we were down there, we looked around for something else to do.

We decided to check out some neighbors' haystacks down by the trees. The snow was pretty deep, especially to us short-legged kids. As we got closer, we saw that the stacks were covered with snow. We stood there, trying to think of what to do next, getting colder and colder by the minute.

I'm not sure if it was the smell of the wild hay or the warmth we thought the hay would provide or, as Red Skelton's "Junior" character would say, "The devil made me do it," but we decided to dig a couple small holes into the bottom of one of the stacks. Although the hay was tightly stacked, we managed to burrow inside. As we'd expected, it was nice and warm there.

Once we warmed up, Wig wanted to get on top of the stack. There was a tall post at the corner of the stack, so he climbed up the post and jumped onto one corner of the top of the haystack. He only crawled around on one corner, and really did little to no damage. I don't think the rest of us followed his fine example, but we probably did. After some time on top, he slid down. We all wandered around a while longer by the stacks, then we headed for home, happy with our new adventure.

Sunday morning we slept in. When we woke up, we could hear two men talking

loudly. One was Dad, and we didn't know who the other one was, so at normal curious kids' pace, we jumped out of bed, dressed and ran downstairs.

Dad and a friend sat in the living room talking about something important. We could tell by the visitor's angry tones that this was serious business. We piled onto the couch to get nearer to the action. John B. Flett was complaining about how some kids had ruined his haystacks. They had dug holes into the stacks, been on the top, and just generally wrecked them. Now water would leak into the damaged stacks and ruin the hay.

Uh-oh! We knew we were in trouble. Rats! No fresh snow had fallen to cover up our tracks. Mr. Flett knew we were guilty, so we had to sit there while the adults determined our punishment. While they discussed our fate, we sat listening and shaking on the couch. After hearing their negotiations, which for us was worse than any possible punishment, they agreed that spankings would be fair and just.

Dad stood up and said, "Wig, follow me." They went around the corner out of sight into the hallway. After a short time, we could hear *Whop! Whop! Whop!* Then Wig made a crying sound. That's when the rest of us knew we were dead meat.

Dad came around the corner and said,

"Next." Judge got up and followed him into the hallway. The now familiar *Whop! Whop!* was followed by a whimper. Then Judge followed Wig upstairs. Dad came around the corner, and I knew it was my turn. Reluctantly and with great effort, I got off the couch and followed him into the hallway.

Dad could spank really hard, and I was getting ready for the whack when I heard him quietly say, "I will hit my leg, and you cry." I was so surprised! As he hit his leg, I gave it my best effort, but I couldn't do a very good job of crying. When he let me go, I was up the stairs like a shot.

After lying on our beds for a while, we heard a car driving away. Sneaking down to be sure that Mr. Flett had left, we all started celebrating.

But we didn't get off that easy. Dad scolded us about damaging other people's property. We did learn another valuable lesson, though – that our Dad was a fair and compassionate man. We certainly appreciated him for sparing us from spankings that day. We were not an overly emotional family, but at times we did get carried away. A lot of laughing and joking followed our great sighs of relief.

We never touched another person's property after that. If something wasn't ours, we had learned to leave it alone.



Zaddy's Gifts & Candies

NOW OPEN

WE HAVE CANDY!

M - F 8 am - 6 pm
Sat 8 am - 5 pm
Sun 10am - 2pm

We've MOVED!

- New Crafters
- Tea Room
- Gift-In-A Balloon
- Sees, Godiva Candy
- Special Orders
- Handmade Gifts
- Framed Artwork
- Alder Creek Sweets
- Gift Wrapping
- Stuffed Toys

Zaddy's • 421 South Main • Colville, WA 99114 • 509-685-7434

The Plenitude of Local Cuisine

By Joe Barreca

As I plan ahead for the rest of 2021, I look back on 2020 for hints of what is to come. Some long food lines in big cities and shortages of many staples on grocery shelves is one 2020 thing I take note of. My understanding of this is that there was not necessarily a shortage of food, but a shortage of labor due to the coronavirus. The Centers for Disease Control and Prevention reported in April 2020 nearly 5,000 coronavirus cases and 20 deaths throughout 115 meat and poultry processing plants in 19 states.

Long supply chains and an increased demand for flour emptied many grocery store shelves, but supplies were good and so were sales at local flour mills like Shepherd's Grain in Moscow, Idaho. According to its chief operating officer, Jeremy Brunch, Shepherd's has grown since its inception in 2003 from one semi truckload (about 1,000 bushels) to over 600,000 bushels shipped annually. Shep-

herd's markets through health-oriented outlets in the West by having farmers go speak to urban customers. The farmers also invite customers to visit their farms.

And now, people are doing more than just visiting. For example, four new owner-built houses are being constructed within earshot of our property. Urban refugees are moving to the country, reversing a trend that emptied countryside into cities over the past 75 years or so, and I see no sign of this reversal slowing down. Particularly as the pandemic has shown that many of us can work from home, wherever that is.

Putting these trends into perspective is the mission of professors like Chris Smaje, author of *A Small Farm Future*. He begins his book with enumeration of 10 emerging crises: population growth; climate change; energy shortages; soil depletion; more waste from and depletion of resources used for producing material stuff; water shortages; land scarcity; health and nutrition deficiencies; a political economy that treats

environmental impacts as "externalities," and a culture that pushes the less fortunate to "the margins of sustainability."

Obviously, Smaje takes on a hefty load in the book and I won't burden you with all the details. His conclusion that relief from many of these crises lies in moving to the country seems unavoidable. He points to a model of the relationship of cities to the countryside elaborated by Johan Heinrich von Thünen in 1826. It shows dairy and market garden farms close to the city; forestry next (they depended on wood heat in 1826); arable land for grains, potatoes, etc., farther out, and grazing land farthest away.

Petroleum-powered transportation disrupted that model so that now we can expect food on our grocery shelves to come from anywhere in the world. But, according to a 2010 U.S. Department of Agriculture study, our modern food supply system used 14 times as much energy to get food onto our plates as the energy value of the food itself. My presumption is that, in the future, conserving production and transportation energy will become increasingly important.

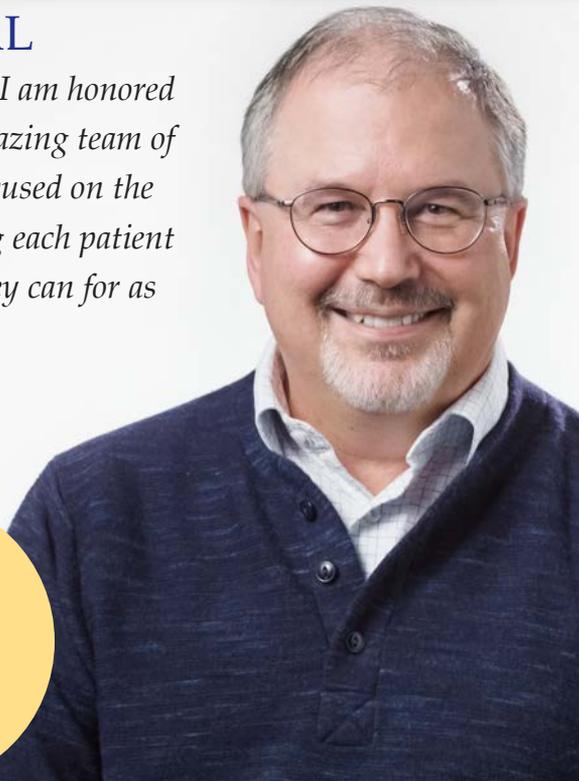
To get a picture of what it would look like to base our diets on just the foods we can grow locally, I talked to Lora Lea Mysterly, owner of Quillisascut Cheese and co-author of the cookbook *Chefs on the Farm*. Eating locally means eating seasonally, Mysterly says, although some food keeps on the shelf, like beans and peas, or in the cellar like potatoes, apples, carrots and parsnips. When an animal is butchered, some meats are best eaten quickly, like the heart and liver. Steaks and prime cuts can be frozen and later cooked in a short amount of time. But others, like brisket and leg bones, need to braise and cook a long time before they are tender.

She says that as a society we have drifted away from the ways every part of an animal can be used. A lot of that is because it takes more time and is not promoted by big business. Curing meat and sausage can make meats last. Cheese turns quick-spoiling milk into a long-lived tasty treat. Canning, fermenting and pickling preserve fruits and vegetables. If this is beginning to sound

OUR COMMUNITY'S ONLY NONPROFIT HOSPICE,
SERVING PATIENTS AND THEIR FAMILIES SINCE 1977.

"AS MEDICAL DIRECTOR, *I am honored to work with an amazing team of professionals, all focused on the same goal of helping each patient have the best life they can for as long as they have."*

— DR. BRIAN SEPP
MEDICAL DIRECTOR



DIGNITY. RESPECT.
COMPASSION.

509.456.0438
888-459-0438

hospiceofspokane.org

Down to Earth



John Progar from Meadowlark Farm teaching about food at the NE Washington Farmers Market.

like a lot of work, that's because it is.

Preserving and preparing food takes skill and equipment. Food processing has become large-scale and far away. In my view, this puts our food supply into the hands of corporations more protective of their processes and preservatives than the health of customers and the environment. I think creating local enterprises to process food locally is a big opportunity for rural folks. Creating a mindset to spend more time cooking and acquiring food directly from farmers is something I consider both a roadblock and an opportunity. Serving healthy food seasonally and locally is another challenge that can enhance a local economy and attract visitors. You don't go to Tuscany to eat hamburgers and fries.

Like Quillisascut Cheese and Shepherd's Grain, businesses that make eating locally with regional ingredients easy are thriving. I intended to name them but realized that there are too many to list without missing many. Certainly, the vendors at the farmers markets are bringing products of their own creation, usually locally grown. We also have several microbreweries, wineries and coffee roasters. Bakeries make their own products, as do pizza places, and don't forget barbecue. It is usually made with less expensive and local cuts of meat. Meat cutters often make their own sausage, ham and bacon.

Speaking of meat, we are close to sources of bison, venison and wild turkey. Those are all meats that will be lean and may need a long preparation time. You can add in other wild foods: huckleberries, elderberries, morel mushrooms and wild asparagus.

Really, we have a lot of local flavors.

For tasty recipes, *Chefs on the Farm* is a good start because it is both local and arranged seasonally. Misterly suggested some ingredients for each season:

Winter: potatoes, carrots, onions, pot roast and/or chickpeas, and beans.

Spring: nettles, eggs, spinach, chard, quiche, asparagus, leeks and mushrooms

Summer: salads, barbecue, grilled chicken, zucchini, corn, tomatoes, peaches

and cream.

Fall: apples, melons, roasted food, pie, liver, heart, onions and sausage.

In the meantime, I plan in 2021 to shop the perimeter of the supermarket for fresh unprocessed food and look for local sources. I think we are going to need them more and more.

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

10 miles south of Colville on Hwy 395

Woodworker Network

509-684-1008 • www.WoodworkerNetwork.com

COUNTER TOPS

TABLES

MANTELS & FLOATING SHELVES

SLABS DONE RIGHT

DRIED, FLATTENED, READY-TO-USE

- Custom Shop
- Veneers
- Bits & Blades
- Carving & Turning Blocks
- Glues & Adhesives
- River Table Epoxies
- Furniture Grade Lumber

SMALL TO MONSTER SIZE!

Open to the Public

From Vine to Wine since '89



Now making biochar
BarrecaVineyards.com
509-680-6357



THE CUTTER THEATRE

302 Park Street, Metaline Falls, WA

EASTER CANDY SALE

Box of
Homemade Sweets

\$8 each or 2 for \$15

*Purchase boxes for yourself,
as a gift for that special
someone, or to donate to
people in the community.*

Orders must be placed by
March 22nd. Pick up is April 2nd

For more information and reservations
contact The Cutter office at 509-446-4108
Office Hours: Mon, Wed, Fri, 9 am - 4 pm

NEXT - LEVEL » PRODUCTIVITY

Take your tractor's productivity to the next level this season.

Designed for challenging terrain, the YANMAR SA424 tractor has greater ground clearance and provides a rugged, stable platform for the work you need to do.

Powered by a famously reliable YANMAR three-cylinder diesel engine, the SA424 delivers a unique combination of horsepower and fuel efficiency.

And the new operator platform was designed with you in mind: It's easier to climb on and off. The seat is more comfortable, and every instrument and control is at your fingertips.



2020 • 2019 • 2018

**PRODUCT
QUALITY**



PROVEN
QUALITY

**10
YEAR**

10-YEAR / 3,000 HOUR COVERAGE
LIMITED POWERTRAIN
WARRANTY

YANMAR TRACTOR MODELS

SA SERIES 21- & 24-HP • YT2 Series 35 HP platform & cab • YT3 Series 47 & 59 HP platform & cab

To learn more or to find a dealer nearest you, please visit YANMARTRACTOR.com.



WE RENT EQUIPMENT TOO! Call for Details.

**4533B Railroad Ave
Clayton, WA 99110**

509.276.0728

DeerMtnEquip.com

Daily News You Can Use!

*Live, local news weekdays
at 7 am, 8 am, Noon & 5 pm
Saturdays at 7 am & 8 am*

KCVL
FM 94.1/AM 1240

KCRK
FM 92.1



**NEW
RC
Hobbies**

STIX & SPOKES

BICYCLES & RC HOBBIES

BICYCLES
Service • Repair
Parts • Accessories



RC HOBBIES
Sales • Parts
Custom Painting

509-690-2772

stixandspokes.com • 519 N. Park St., Chewelah, WA

M-Sat 10 - 4

New Appreciations

By *Becky Dubell*

My freedom to hop in the car, take off to wherever I want to go and do whatever I want to do was missing. Most people, myself included, like to help others in need and I love it when they let me lend a helping hand. But you know what I have discovered? I am not so good at asking and accepting help from others.

I was informed by my friends and family that they appreciated that I did eventually ask for help. Except maybe Jerry, who took me on my first trip out of the house. Do you know there is room on a “Becky List” for 18 stops that need to be done? Well ... 19 if you count lunch at Ronnie D’s, which was not on the list. But, since it was a Becky List, it got added so I could cross it off!

Jerry did not think there were that many places in Colville. Boy did I prove him wrong. It only took three hours, which is where I noticed my freedom had been curtailed a bit. With him waiting in the truck I didn’t feel I could visit like I usually do on my trips to town. Thank you so much Darcy, Mary, Jerry, Jamie and Dan, and Barb and Jeff.

I don’t believe I ever appreciated the use of wheels until I lost that part of my lifestyle for almost three months. I love to drive and have never had any problem jumping into any rig and taking off. That comes from learning to drive in beat-up old stick shift trucks, fancy Mercedes automatic and stick, old rum runner station wagons, Dodge camper vans, and of course our family car, the Barracuda. Vehicles had never intimidated me until my bubble wrap episode. I now have a different outlook on motorized vehicles.

I had a wee bit of an accident the end of November. I have come to the conclusion that dear departed Jim had packed me in bubble wrap and sent the car flying, flipping and spinning to get my attention. Well ... he succeeded! Who knew there was so much medical

stuff that needed to be ruled out as to what happened so that I could feel safe getting behind the wheel again.

I always look for the silver lining and I found one: The tests revealed a couple of things that needed to be looked at and they are things that would not come up in a typical health examination. I would have most likely just put up with the situations, just like Jim did with his backaches. He had suffered an injury to his back at age 18 that would flare up periodically, and when this last one showed up, he just rode it out like always. Little did we know that prostate cancer (which we had not known about) had metastasized and moved to his liver, lungs and bones. Soap box time again! PSA test for guys over 50. It’s just a blood test to check up on the health of the prostate.

As for me, no, I don’t have anything that serious! Just something for us to keep an eye on. Now I have a new soap box, however, so look out. Most of you know how mouthy I can get about things I really believe in.

I was raised in Alaska. During the winter we always wore our coats, boots and gloves in the car while traveling. After having flipped my car, I really appreciated the warmth of my coat and gloves. On cold days I ask my coatless customers at the Do-it Center, “Where’s your coat?” I am usually told, “It’s in the back seat.” Well ... something to think about: which way is the backseat after an accident that lands you upside down?

I had no broken glass but remembered about the tool that breaks the glass so I could get out of the vehicle. Well ... its home was the pocket on the driver’s door ... wonder where it ended up after flipping and spinning ... its home in my new car is the glovebox. (Thank you, James, for having a hammer in your truck to break the glass.)

Heavy stuff in the passenger compart-

ment of my SUV-style car? I’m thinking that is not gonna happen anymore. I can see all that stuff flying around. Am looking for some place to put tire chains at the present time. Please be very aware of how you pack and travel in your car.

Another silver lining: I am now driving Reddy, a red GMC Terrain. Again, I had a Becky List of what my car had to have. I only had to compromise on one item – passenger seat folds back instead of forward so an 8-foot 2x4 would fit inside. I now have a back-up camera instead of a warning alarm that sounds when getting too close while backing up. And I have HEATED SEATS! Oh my. Heavenly. Hey ... did I tell you that I have heated seats!?!

I am never going to take driving for granted again. It feels good to have that freedom back. Reddy is ready to take on new adventures. Her driver is ready to join her “On the road again,” which is what I text to my girls when it is time for a drive. (I’ve done it so many times that my phone automatically puts those words up after I type the O.) Be safe and enjoy your freedom and your adventures!

Becky is a mother, grandma, and great-grandma who is all about family and friends, loves northeast Washington, and follows the mantra: “It is what it is and it will become what I make it.”



Red Barn
*Secondhand Furniture
 Antiques*
 Mon - Sat • 9 to 5:30
490 West 2nd Ave
2nd & Railroad on truck route
509-684-8995
Creston & Luan Clowser



Mountain Meandering

My Nippy Winter Bird Count

Article & Photo by Patricia Ediger

Counting birds for the Great Backyard Bird Count (GBBC), Feb. 12-15, was especially challenging this year when our temperatures plunged into the single digits. I always try to make time for this important event, which is when the Audubon Society and Cornell Labs team up to collect data from all around the globe. Participants are asked to spend at least 15 minutes observing the birds in their own yard or any other location, counting the number of each species observed. These counts per species are then reported at birdcount.org for each day and location. This data is used by the scientists to see how bird populations are shifting and changing as well as what effects warm and cold weather patterns have on bird movement around the world.

For those of us living in the colder climates like northeastern Washington state, the first two days of the GBBC 2021 were so cold that it was just unbearable to remain outside for more than a few moments at a time. So, with binoculars in hand, I observed and counted through my windows while staying warm and toasty.

When we built our home many years ago, we purposefully put in a lot of large windows in order to enjoy the beautiful landscapes that surround our property. I was able to observe 12 different species of birds, including wild turkey hens, ravens, hairy and downy (pictured) woodpeckers, evening grosbeaks and Steller's jays, and smaller visitors such as black-capped and mountain chickadees, dark eyed juncos, song sparrows, nuthatches, and pine siskins.

Last summer we had large numbers of evening grosbeaks nesting and raising fledglings. I believe many of these particular birds returned this winter, remembering the food sources here at

my home.

By the third and fourth days of the count, temperatures were reaching into the 20s and I was able to spend some time outside, down near the mouth of the Colville River in Kettle Falls. I was happy to run into some friends also out observing the ducks swimming in the river and waddling about on ice.

Overhead, we saw a pair of first- and second-year immature bald eagles hunt for a meal. More than 25 Canada geese had gathered in the shallows around the bend of the Colville River where it joins the Columbia River's Lake Roosevelt. Alongside them was a large flock of either greater or lesser scaups. Even with binoculars I couldn't tell for sure which they were. But we did identify hooded mergansers, golden eyes and mallards.

On the final day of the count, I was able to sit outside at home for a couple of hours, layered in fleece and jacket, gloves, hat, and a blanket. This time I had my camera and long lens at hand. Birds filled the bare shrubbery and trees, darting in and out, flying right over my head from feeder to feeder.

As I sat quietly, pine siskins and nuthatches and chickadees were landing inches away from my feet, picking fallen seed out of the fresh snow. Many of them had fresh snow droplets clinging to their little head feathers. A downy woodpecker male with bright red feathers flew from one suet hanger to another, choking down hunks of suet as fast as he could swallow. Pine siskins battled for social hierarchy in the air over the available food, even though there was plenty provided.

I closed my eyes at times to just listen to all the wings and fluttering. The sound of a woodpecker in flight is much different than that of the smaller birds.

Each variety has a unique sound in both wing and call. Nuthatches have a tinny yank-yank call as they forage and climb up and down trunks and branches. Black-capped chickadees emit a buzzy chick-a-dee-dee or a clear whistle of fee-bee.

I try to document my sightings with photos. Photographing bird visitors takes a lot of patience as they seldom remain in one place for longer than a second, hopping from branch to branch, diving in for a chance to grab a sunflower seed or piece of dried fruit. At fast shutter speeds I take hundreds of shots, hoping for at least one clear, delightful pose. For me it becomes a bit addictive and I usually call it quits only when I am just too frozen or duties of work call.

I submit the best of my images to the eBird website (<https://ebird.org>) for their online library. Unfortunately, this year the photo contest for the GBBC was canceled.

Still ... I am so thankful to have this time and thankful to see how many of my "little friends" enjoy the bounty I faithfully supply. In fact, the chickadees and nuthatches have become so accustomed to my presence that they will land on the feeder before I even finish hanging it back up. I know they watch me as much as I observe them. I hope they know I am their ally and sense the joy they bring me. And I greatly anticipate the coming of spring and warmer days that will allow me to spend more of my days outside with the joyous sound of bird song.

Patricia Ediger is a freelance photographer specializing in wildlife, nature, and landscape photography. See her work at the Old Apple Warehouse, Kettle Falls, WA and at patriciaedigerphotography.com.



Spring is Just Around the Corner...!

We Have What You Need For Your Improvement Projects

Check out our **CLEARANCE WHEELBARROWS** for 20% off and up!



HANEY
Lumber & Supply Inc.
1101 N. Highway, Colville • 509-684-2150

Tools
Materials
Expert Advice





**DEER PARK
AUTO BODY**

Collision Repair &
Paint Specialists

(509) 868-2746

deerparkautobody.com
deerparkautobody@yahoo.com
412 W. Crawford Ave.
Deer Park, WA 99006

EOE & Provider

NEW Health

Medical | Dental | Pharmacy | Behavioral Health

Locations

Chewelah
Colville
Ione
Loon Lake
Nine Mile Falls
Northport
Springdale

509-935-6004

newhp.org



- In-person visits
- Curbside care
- Telemedicine visits
- Curbside pharmacy pickup
- COVID-19 screening/testing
- Behavioral health services
- Dental care for prevention, restorative and emergencies

Most insurance plans accepted including Medicare and Medicaid

*Don't Trust Just Anyone For That
Once-In-A-Lifetime Investment
Call "The Water Professionals!"*



Hours: 8-5 Mon-Fri

- Water Well Drilling
- Pump Systems
- Water Treatment
- Full Service Store

- Hydrofracturing
- Geothermal Heat Loop Systems

Lic. #FOGLEPS095L4

www.foglepump.com

Serving Northeast Washington Since 1981



A+
rating

MEMBER



Water Quality
ASSOCIATION



Like us on facebook

COLVILLE
509-684-2569
1-800-533-6518

DEER PARK!
509-276-5400

REPUBLIC
509-775-2878
1-888-845-3500

SPOKANE
509-244-0846
1-888-343-9355

TURNMIRE Eco CONSTRUCTION



General contractor specializing in tile, complete bathrooms, kitchens, and other interior work.

Skilled, courteous, non-smoking crew that completes jobs quickly, with top quality and a smile!

509-220-4367 • Serving Northport - Kettle Falls - Colville
Google Us For Pics & 5-Star Reviews • TURNMEC912DE

THANK YOU FOR SUPPORTING & BUYING LOCAL HISTORIC OLD APPLE WAREHOUSE

160 E 3RD AVE KETTLE FALLS, WASHINGTON

Meyers Falls Market

M-F 10-6, Sat 10-4 • meyersfallsmarket.com • 509-738-2727

15% OFF!

All Terry's Naturally products



Coupon expires 3/31/2021

Please present this coupon to receive your discount!

15% OFF!

All Cadia brand products

CADIA®

Fill Up Your Cart!

Coupon expires 3/31/2021

Please present this coupon to receive your discount!

Antique Mall

Mon-Sat 9:30-5, Sun 10-4 • oawtrading.com • 509-738-4848

25% OFF ANY PURCHASE!



LOCATED DOWNSTAIRS IN
THE OLD APPLE WAREHOUSE
130 E. 3RD AVE., KETTLE FALLS, WA.
TERESA ANDERSON 509-680-5785

Beading & Crafting Supplies, kits, Handmade Crafts, Jewelry, Accessories & Gifts. New Age Products. Sweet Grass & Incense. Repairs, Custom Orders, & Lessons. Open Wed-Sat. 10:30-5:00
Call to place pick up orders 7 days a week.

FACEBOOK/THEHANDMAIDENBEADJEWELRYSHOPPE.COM

Coupon expires 3/31/2021

Please present this coupon to receive your discount!

Old Apple Warehouse

GIFT CERTIFICATES

Now Available!



**OAW Gift Certificates are
Good for 30+ Vendors!**

\$5 OFF ANY GIFT CERTIFICATE OF \$50 OR MORE IN MARCH!

Coupon expires 3/31/2021

Please present this coupon to receive your discount!