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What's Inside

- From the Publisher's Desk, by Gabriel Cruden
- Random Acts of Community, by Christine Wilson
- **8** Life Matters, Dr. Barry Bacon
- 10 North of the Boarder, by Eileen Delahanty Pearkes
- 12 Monthly Muse, by Loren Cruden
- **14** In Nature, by J. Foster Fanning
- **16 Are These Your Generations Too?** by Karen Giebel
- 18 What's Happening, Arts, Music, Dance, Events & More
- 20 Listen Up, Music Reviews by Michael Pickett
- **21 A Good Read,** Book Reviews by Loren Cruden
- 23 Mountain Meandering, by Patricia Ediger
- **25 To Your Health,** by Brenda St. John
- **26** A Year On the Farm, by Michelle Lancaster
- 29 Living in NE WA: Lessons Learned, by J. Merrill Baker
- **30 Inner Landscapes,** by Gabriele von Trapp
- 33 Family Ties, by Becky Dubell
- 34 Dining & Lodging Guide

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AUGUST 2019 ISSUE DEADLINES

AD SPACE RESERVATIONS: Friday, July 19th WHAT'S HAPPENING LISTINGS: Friday, July 19th

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From the Publisher's Desk

By Gabriel Cruden

After a year of talking about it, we're actually doing it. And it still doesn't seem entirely real. Although the daily depletion of the bank account is a clear testament to the unequivocal reality. We are on a family road trip across the lower 48 with four children (ages 7-12) and two adults in an SUV with enough gear wedged into every corner of the vehicle to keep us in clothes, camping and entertainment for two months. So far we have seen some amazing sights, had some memorable experiences, taken a plenitude of pictures, and we all still like each other. Couldn't hope for better.

There was the issue with the back hatch opening on its own every time the vehicle was put in gear. And Yosemite Falls was a mob scene worse than Black Friday at Walmart. And WHY do children only need to use the bathroom 10 minutes AFTER you have left from the last stop? But that just goes back to the reality, I guess, and is all part of the adventure.

In that vein, it has been interesting to note how some of the towns we pass through could be anywhere, with the same fast food joints, the same box stores, the same suburban row housing. Some are clearly past their heyday, the skeletons of a once-vibrant downtowns seemingly held together only by the fading memories of what they once were. Some places are expensive tourist traps clustered close to major scenic destinations. Some places are so desolate and rundown that we would exclaim with incredulity, "People live here!" And some places are thriving, communicating a sense

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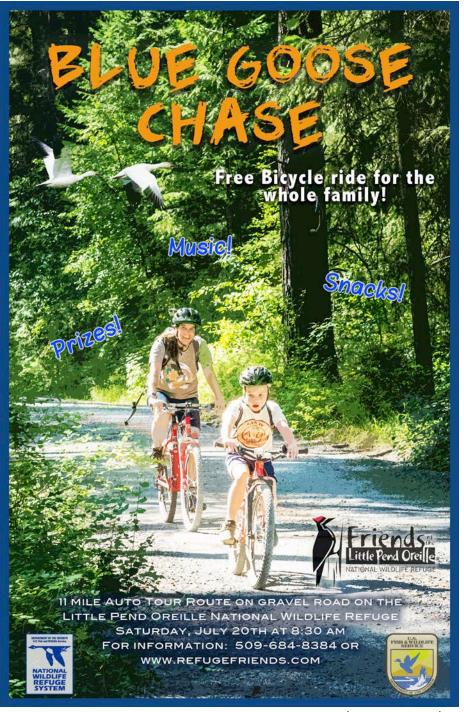
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of vitality and community that invites us to linger and be a part of something.

Through the course of this quick sampling I have become increasingly aware of how each place and time has its moment. Like tonight's sunset, framed by southwest Arizona movie-set mountains and saguaro

cacti, emblazoned in our rearview mirrors, snapshots of something glorious. And this juxtaposition of what was, what is, and what could be, amid our transience, is full of reminiscence and possibility, but most of all a keener appreciation for each moment's time and place.



The Balance of Pleasure

By Christine Wilson

Time for Sigmund Freud lessons, 201. The lessons of 101 would probably be all that weird, repressive sexual stuff he came up with. He was a product of his age, as are we all, each in our time. In addition, he was pressured not to offend the powerful elite who, in his case, were wealthy men distressed by his publication of information about the frequency of sexual abuse. It was one of those "you'll never work in this town again" kind of deals and so he changed his focus. It was the darndest thing, he wrote. There were a lot of women on his caseload who held fantasies about their fathers. That quieted down the movers and shakers but set us back a century in terms of sexual abuse awareness.

Anyway, on to Freud 201. Sigmund Freud observed that humans seem to slip, either more fluidly or more rigidly, among three states of mind. He described them as the id, the superego, and the ego.

The id is that part of us that loves pleasure. He was talking about pure and absolute pleasure with not one bit of interest in moving to any sort of higher ground. This is the drive for the easy life. I think of it now as the part that makes us want to avoid conflict. It is also the part that gets us to eat more yummies than we feel good about later. Our taste buds collude with our id at that point. It is the driver behind our reactivity and it boxes out any well-reasoned responses to the stressors

and demands of life.

After a few years of life, we start to develop what Freud called the superego. Parents, schools, neighbors, legal authorities, and even peers start to teach us about necessary limits on the id. We start to learn that other people deserve a turn on the playground, hitting your sibling will get you in trouble, and taking from other people will make you feel badly. The superego becomes our inner parent and bugs us about following rules and behaving appropriately.

The third aspect of Freud's observations on human development was his version of the ego. This is not a reference to the ego of arrogance fame. It is also not the part of us that gets bruised when someone puts us down or gives us feedback we don't like. Freud used "ego" as a term for the mediator between the id and the superego. Before its development, we can swing wildly between excessive pleasure seeking and severe restraint.

In my early 20s I had a lot of fun with my id. Housekeeping was of no interest to me and messes would pile up. Then I would get the dreaded call: My parents were coming for a visit. My superego was activated and, with much inner scolding, I would launch into rule-following mode. By the time they arrived, there were places to sit, clean dishes stacked neatly in cupboards, and a general atmosphere suitable for grownups.

It took me another decade or so to be

able to legitimately activate that mediator between the id and the superego. It was a relief not to be swinging back and forth between the extremes of pleasure and social requirements. I'm still not that great at housekeeping but in general those three parts of my brain get along much better than they did back in the day.

Balance is never still. We may get a little too serious and need a break. We may get carried away in pleasure mode and need to straighten up a bit. The mediator, in the form of that Freudian ego, can help us find a balance. Humanity does better when we all have a fluid and respectful steadiness within that continuum.

Childhood is the easiest time to develop that balance. We are born with the id, so there's not much effort needed by caregivers to teach us how to desire pleasure. The superego takes some intentional effort. As parents, caregivers and our communities in general take the time to point children toward caring for others, toward the need for vegetables and not just ice cream, toward routines and bedtimes, toward curiosity about other people, toward the impact of their behavior on others, and toward boundaries, we are helping them build their superego.

The Circle of Security crowd in Spokane describe a parent's job as being "bigger, stronger, wise, and kind." When a parent or even a community strives for that, kids grow up feeling comfortable with but not





Random Acts of Community

excessive about their desire for feeling good. With a kind introduction to boundaries, rules and respect for others, children grow up to have a healthy inner superego. They are ready to become participants in a community. When parents encourage their children to think for themselves, to be self-reflective about what works and doesn't work, kids develop that mediator skill and can navigate the continuum.

Here's the dark side. We all know people who have what I call an unleashed id. I suppose I call it that because I've watched our dog, unleashed and following her goal of doing exactly what she feels like. No awareness of roads, no picking up on social cues of people who don't want to be licked to smithereens, and no recognition of proper etiquette. Yep, that's an unleashed id for you. Social media has created a perfect platform for unleashed id. We don't have to face the people we are berating. David Brooks of the New York Times has been making a great case that we have created a culture of self-interest above all else.

Children experience a baseline in their youth. They adapt to what they are exposed to and establish that as the foundation from which they grow into adults. If we expose them to valuing their feelings, caring about others, and sorting out increasingly complex nuances as they mature, they turn into pretty awesome adults. If they are exposed to a deficit in one of those areas, it takes a lot more effort to develop them later on. I know it can be done; I've seen it for myself during the forty years I've been a therapist. I've lived it myself. It's just easier if, as family members and communities, we foster that in the first place.

I'm a fan of having fun and feeling good. The problem comes when we ignore our superego. In Freud's time, at least as reported, the superego was so emphasized that you might not know there was anything else. There just didn't seem to be a lot of enjoyment. The sense of propriety was so extreme there were people who covered their piano legs with cloth, lest someone be mortified by the lewd exposure of leg, albeit made of wood.

Now I think we find ourselves a bit on the id side of things. Perhaps it is a cultural attempt to balance out the excessive prudishness of our past. The place we find ourselves now requires a group activation of our center, that Freudian ego. It is, as I said earlier, the adult that balances out our child and our parent parts. I would not want us to go back to the repression of excessive superego days. I'm not in a big hurry to sew covers for our table legs.

I am proposing that we seek balance, as in all things, and reign in that id a bit. A little fun, a little social contract, and a voice that seeks to make sure we are keeping our equilibrium: That's my hope for our future.

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



With Liberty and Justice for All

By Dr. Barry Bacon, MD

I am sitting in a crowded hospital room with a young physician in training. I am teaching her a skill that she very much desires to have. It's a skill that must be experienced rather than simply observed. "Put your left hand here," I say, "and hold this towel like this. Put your right hand here on the baby's head, and guide the baby out as you encourage mom to do her pushing. She will do the work; you are guiding the baby to minimize harm." Then I pull my hands away. The student will deliver this baby on her

My student is from one of those high-powered ivory tower schools where the teaching is outstanding, but the students are third or fourth in line for the highly-sought-after clinical experiences. Today will be different. She is first in line. She will provide the care, and I will take a back seat.

Stepping back is one of the hardest things that I do in a situation such as delivering a baby. But holding back and letting the student go is necessary, and it represents the best learning experience that I can give her. A beautiful baby emerges, alert, vigorous, wailing, covered in vernix, the natural lotion of newborns. "She's perfect," the student encourages the mother. "Great job."

We move step by step through the remaining tasks of cord care, bleeding control, examination, repair. I recognize that my student may never have done a repair before. Turns out I am right about this. She has only watched in the past.

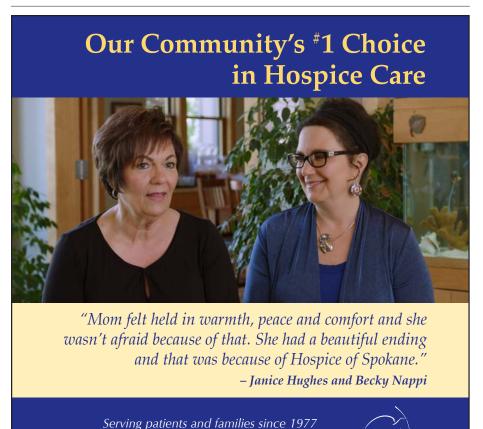
Today she will take the needle and instruments and do the suturing. "Put the needle in here and bring it out here," I explain. She does an immaculate job. We repeat our exam, check the repair, clean up our mess, and step away from mom.

Next we attend to the littlest, newest patient. She is an amazing creature, wide-eyed, black-haired, beautiful. We walk step by step through a newborn exam. I ask the student to demonstrate each task so that I know that she is competent to do each. "Good job," I encourage her in turn.

Afterward, we sit down and go over the case, review the steps we've taken, and she rehearses what she has learned. She is bright and interested and engaged in the process. It's rewarding to me to know that at this stage of my career as a rural family doctor, I still have much that I can contribute to the learning of a student from a high-powered medical school. She loves what we do here. "This is the best rotation that I've had," she affirms. She's not the only one to say that.

Part of the fun of teaching is the opportunity to know our students on a deeper level. Who are they, what have they done, what life experiences do they bring to their work, what are they passionate about? It so happens that this young woman has started a humanities club of sorts at her school, a different emphasis, a means of keeping physicians human. She did this as a first-year medical student because she found that, at her school, the leadership only gave such things lip service. She and some fellow students decided they would add another dimension to their education.

Every month, the students invite patients with various ailments to come and speak to them, share their life experiences and explain the ways in which their diseases have affected them. The students created a website. They write poetry and create art and they dance and sing in operas, as do the patients



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Life Matters

they know. They have found ways to celebrate their lives in spite of their diagnoses.

It doesn't sound like this would be a valuable part of medical education, doesn't really focus on the nuts and bolts of pathophysiology or pharmacology. But here's the problem. Physicians are human too. If we never take time to heal ourselves from the traumas of our own lives, but instead find ways to simply bury ourselves in the busyness of our work, we can look like we are functioning on the outside but, in truth, on the inside we are merely technicians, and we miss the opportunity to become healers.

There's another side to this particular student that has me intrigued. It is her deepest pain, her darkest secret, the pain that guides her through her medical education and calls her to passionately provide care for people who are suffering. Here it is. Her father suffers from mental illness. He has suffered all of his adult life.

At times his mind has taken him on a wild religious roller coaster; at other times, he has collapsed into a sea of despondency. Because of his untreated illness, he has engaged in behaviors that are embarrassing at best and illegal at worst. He is in jail now, facing charges that could be considerable. This is my student's secret pain. Who does she talk to? Is it important to her career, to her future? How does she deal with this grief? I am able to feel her pain, at least

a little. I too have a family member who is incarcerated. I know how he suffers.

We are the nation with the most incarcerated citizens in the world, 2.2 million people in prison, 108% of capacity. At 8.9% of the prison population, we also have a higher percentage of women incarcerated than anywhere else. About 50% of incarcerated people worldwide are in three countries – the United States, China and Russia. (World Prison Population, BBC News).

The mentally ill suffer tremendously in jail. Over 2 million mentally ill people in the United States are jailed each year. About 15% of the men and 30% of the women in our jails have serious mental illness. Often, mentally ill people remain in jail for months, without being found guilty, waiting their outcome. (The medical student's father has been jailed for 10 months without a hearing.) At least 83% of persons with mental illness do not receive needed treatment while incarcerated. Mentally ill people stay longer in jail for the same crime as persons without a mental health diagnosis. (National Alliance on Mental Health).

It is a huge burden on our taxpayers. It is an imposition on our freedom. It is an injustice to people suffering from mental illness. It is a political hot potato that no one appears to want to address. It's important to me because my son has been incarcerated for 13 years, and I have seen his suffering, his mental anguish, the wrongs that have been

done to him. I can only imagine what happens to an older man suffering from mental illness. Who would believe them if they told of atrocities or abuse? Likely no one.

I grew up in a time when we believed that whoever you were, if you were an American, you had the same rights, privileges and protections as anyone else. Now I believe that, although we still aspire to this same lofty goal, justice has become twisted to the point that it is sometimes unrecognizable. It's a darker side to America that I think desperately needs attention, but no one seems willing to talk about it because, well, it's not politically expedient.

Don't just take my word for it. Listen to the anguish of my bright young student from an ivory tower medical school, and others like her. Find her there, struggling alone to keep up with her classmates, all the while silently suffering, supporting her dad, trying to find a way to make sense of a senseless system that even the brightest among us can't navigate. All you have to do is find her and listen, and she will tell you. Keep looking. You may find her in a small rural hospital where she is helping a new mommy bring a new life into the world.

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.





North of the Border

A Pearl of Great Price

By Eileen Delehanty Pearkes

The fragile shells reveal themselves to me every once in a while as I walk along the shoreline of the Kootenay Lake's West Arm or the Kootenay River. They always feel like discovered treasures, though they have little actual value in today's world. The shells look remarkably like a tide pool mussel shell, though they are rounder and flatter. The outer shell is a deep navy blue; the inner surface polished and pearly.

Margaritifera margaritifera (the freshwater pearl mussel) was once gathered and relished as a food by the indigenous people of the upper Columbia. These shells feel more fragile than the ocean mussel, though this may only be a sign of the mussel's challenge to survive in a system of reservoirs.

This freshwater mollusk was once the most abundant bivalve shellfish in the

world. Today, it is endangered, as a result of river regulation, drainage, sewage outflow, dredging and pollution. In addition to these challenges, the freshwater pearl mussel struggles when the invasive zebra mussel is introduced through the transfer of boats from an afflicted waterway. The sort of habitat this mollusk craves is harder and harder to find: a thriving population of native fish, clean gravel, and well-oxygenated water.

The main stem of the Kootenay River and the lake's West Arm are today still as glass, with limited natural current. In places, the Kootenay River and the outlet of Kootenay Lake were once cauldrons of current and spawning fish almost year-round, just the right habitat to support a large amount of river food – including the freshwater pearl mussel. Some local memory recalls the

musselin greater numbers than today, from a time before Libby Dam in Montana and the Corra Linn and Brilliant dams west of Nelson. Shells cast off by river otters and other creatures once littered the shorelines. A friend has often described digging and playing along the sandy littoral and coming across them all the time.

Freshwater mussel larvae are born in an abundant wash of up to four million babies, tiny specks of plankton floating in the freshwater. Some are inhaled by kokanee or bull trout. The lucky survivors attach themselves to gills before they are swallowed, where they feed and grow on microscopic particles as the fish move through the water. Scientists believe that mussels clarify the water as they feed, to the benefit of other aquatic creatures. After up to a year parked in these mobile





homes, the tiny mussels drop off, to nestle into clean gravel or sand in streambeds.

The freshwater mussel is one of the longest-living invertebrates, consistently living for more than 75 years and, in some cases, up to 250 years, working quietly below the water's surface to digest plankton from moving water that passes through their own gills.

As they eat and digest they build up fine layers of calcium carbonate on the curved inner walls of their homes. This calcium forms a smooth lining called nacre. The soft creatures don't like irritation of any kind. They coat large particles of sediment caught in their delicate digestive systems. These form a mass of calcium known as a pearl.

In his 1981 study of a proposed heritage site on the Slocan River in British Columbia, archaeologist Gordon Mohs discovered discarded mollusk shells in such concentrated deposits that they indicated regular harvest. In 2009, Dr. Nathan Goodale and his team discovered two small fragments of mussel shell in their investigations further upstream, at the Slocan River Narrows. According to Goodale, one fragment was cut-marked, suggesting that the mussel was cracked open and used as food. The ethnographer James Teit referred to the mussels as "famine food" for the Salish tribes, a term that suggests the mollusks were always available, even when the meatier and preferred salmon or sturgeon were not plentiful. The historical record describes them being gathered by



Okanogan peoples, through holes in the ice in the Okanogan River.

Beyond these fragmented historical references, Sinixt/Skoyelpi elder Martin Louie provides a mussel memory tied directly to traditional knowledge. In the 1970s, he confirmed to ethnographers that the mussels were gathered in the old times along the Columbia River and its

Even more fascinating was Louie's description of another shell, widely known by the Chinook jargon term higua. When he described it, researchers assumed he was referring to Dentalium pretiosum, a white, tusk-shaped, ocean species once harvested and traded extensively by Coast Salish people.

Multiple archeological sites along the upper Columbia River and its tributaries contain Dentalium shells. Archaeologists and ethnographers had always assumed that they originated in salt water and came to the region through trade. Martin Louie challenged that view with his insistence to researchers that he knew of a fresh-water shell just like it, harvested at a pair of lakes south of old Inchelium (close to the Columbia River) people once dug the long, white shellfish up from the thick sediment, boiled the soft insides out, and used the shells for decoration.

Fur trade explorer Alexander Ross described the hair of women he encountered at the mouth of the Okanogan River between 1815-25 as "ornamented with double rows of the snowy higua." Was the higua adorning the hair of Interior Salish women from the region's own freshwater species? It won't be easy to answer that question. The two small lakes, as well as the community of old Inchelium, lie beneath the waters of the Lake Roosevelt reservoir.

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





On Review

By Loren Cruden

People of my generation or older probably remember being told by parents, "If you have nothing good to say, don't say anything at all." This admonition has not held up well in the internet era, but it is still the Monthly's policy on book reviews.

When Karla Rumsey, the previous publisher, asked me to do these reviews I wondered what books she'd want me to cover. "Not blockbusters," she said. "Otherwise, whatever you think is good. And be sure to include local writers." When Gabriel became publisher he continued this policy. In fact, throughout the magazine he expects Monthly writers to focus on the region's spaciously communal positives.

So, I don't get to be one of those cathartic reviewers allowed to whip out her scintillating intellect-sword and, with superior skill and verve, slash, slash, slash a writer's hard efforts (and very soul) to confetti. Which is okay, I guess, as it would require, first of all, reading lousy books and, even worse, violating another admonition: about not doing to others what I wouldn't want done to me. As a fellow writer - thus subject to review - this is a wise as well as compassionate admonition to heed.

Mostly I review fiction, but recently sat down with a couple good

nonfiction books that, despite being good, made me uncomfortable. It's easy to toss aside a book I don't want to finish, but when it feels like there's something important to be gained despite the discomfort, it seems worth persevering. Which is what I did with those unsettling books. I figured, okay, I can listen to mind's ingrained reactions any old time; so, at the moment I'm going to just give that a rest and listen to what's on offer here in the book. It turned out propitiously.

I do like being receptive to what someone has to say. Reviewing has taught me to pay attention to what I'm reading in new ways, in order to be able to convey what I think an author achieved and how she or he went about it. There is both loss and gain in this process. The loss is of simple absorption in a book. Like absorption in eating a wondrous meal without figuring out its ingredients, or taking in the magic of shooting stars without thinking about their scientific explanation. The gain is in understanding - glimpsing the operator behind the curtain in Oz and realizing what he or she is up to - and the layers of art and meaning that this close attention brings to light.

As when listening to music, speeches or debates this way, one begins to parse the particular strands behind the effect. It's a shift of focus, an emotional step back that can enhance appreciation even while it deconstructs, and can also be an aid to critical thinking. But still, it is a distancing (like when parents disrupt a

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Monthly Muse

child's fixation on emotion by saying, "Use your words, Sweetpea; use your words.").

Another consequence of Reviewer Consciousness is that after reading at most the first couple chapters of a novel – sometimes it takes only a few pages - it is apparent where the story is going and what will occur. Like in movies when you know the second guy in the line of soldiers patrolling the jungle is going to get shot ... now. So, the real test is whether the book's author can transcend predictability through superb writing, or surprise the reader through superb subterfuge.

This plot/dialogue predictability applies to life as well, of course: to our tendency to interact as if from a script. Once, in the middle of a painful argument with my boyfriend many years ago, I started tittering. I couldn't help it; the predictability of the argument was so obvious and absurd - what each of us would say and in what tone of voice. Yet the drama's momentum seemed unstoppable (the show must go on!). When my inappropriate off-script titters burbled out, my sweetheart stared incredulously at me, forgetting his lines mid-flow. "Sorry," I said. "Could we stop, rewind, have a totally different conversation?" (As a writer, I have great faith in editing, revising, and starting over.)

The hardest books to review are ones I like best and ones I like least – but decide to review, regardless.

Why review a book I'm not entirely swept away by? It might be one with merits appealing to readers whose inclinations vary from mine, or by an author nonetheless worthy of attention or who is addressing things of surpassing interest to area readers.

Why I find it hard, on the other hand, to review books that blow me away is the feeling that the review will not do them justice - my skills (or allotted word count) not up to the task - or because the book is so absorbing that it flies under the Reviewer Consciousness radar, landing deep in inarticulate territory where it continues to affect me.

Receiving feedback from readers - and authors - of books reviewed is (usually) fun and (always) appreciated. Sometimes I'm offered an expanded or completely different perspective on a book through this feedback: more to consider or savor.

Karla didn't want reviews of genre fiction for the Monthly and

I've continued – with exceptions – to abide by this policy. So, typical crime novels, science fiction, westerns, romance, horror, fantasy, and so on don't get coverage unless the author is local or the story and style go beyond their genre in some notable way. Such a number of crime novels, in fact, have lately spilled over into the literary category that someone from another planet might easily conclude that murder is a refined mainstay of our contemporary lifestyle. Though, recalling Shakespeare, maybe this is nothing new.

I apologize to fans of genre fiction for not serving their preferences more often; and to readers who favor 18th century English literature; and those who love heartwarming stories meant to foster tears, smiles, and untroubled rest; and fans of books in which computer technology is featured as cool or world-saving. But who knows, maybe some month you'll yet discover that I've reviewed something to your tastes.

Recently I read a New Yorker article about how our speech patterns mirror those we use in music. When speaking English, for example, we "use minor thirds when telling sad stories and major thirds when telling happy ones. We match pitches with those we admire and expect the same of those who admire us. We harmonize when we agree – starting our sentences a perfect fifth or an octave from where the last sentence left off - and grow dissonant when we disagree. Our arguments are full of tritones."

This is fascinating – both because we do it unconsciously and because this aspect of communication (or that of body language and micro-expressions, for the deaf) is absent when reading dialogue in books. This puts all the more weight on words themselves, and their writer's skilled command of "voice." My mother - writer and teacher - once noted that, "Words are on the page with hundreds of other words. But when we look at what is being said - their meaning - some words are written in fire." Something to aspire to and admire in our best literature.

Writing is an ever-changing playground for communicating human experience, with reviewing part of the game; but of course it goes nowhere without readers.

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



Trails End Gallery featuring: Fine Art by local & regional artists & Custom Jewelry by Tim Nielsen Designs 101 N. Park St. Suite B Chewelah, WA 99109 (503)516-8355 tjnjewelry@yahoo.com Mon-Fri 10-5 Sat by appt. Trails End Gallery



The First Flight is the Hardest

Article and Photos by J. Foster Fanning

The Okanogan and Columbia Highlands are home to many nesting bald eagles. The American Bald Eagle Information Center estimates that nearly 10,000 pairs of nesting bald eagles can be found within the continental United States, with almost 10% of that number residing within Washington State alone. Looking north into Alaska and British Columbia, there are even more nesting pairs of eagles.

This is great news, considering that this majestic bird was on the edge of extinction in the 1960s due to pesticides, poachers and habitat loss. After bald eagles were protected through the U.S. Endangered Species Act of 1966, and DDT was banned in 1972, bald eagle population numbers increased steadily. And just over four decades later, in 2007, bald eagles were removed from the list of protected and endangered species.

Nonetheless, for an eaglet to mature from egg to the stately bird we so admire can be a difficult process. The American Bald Eagle Foundation states that up to 40% of first flights for fledgling bald eagles are fatal. Why? Several factors influence this statistic. Proximity of nest to water sources means that many young eagles

learning to fly fall into lakes, rivers or streams and drown. Erratic flight through trees, into power poles and other structures, can fatally injure immature eagles. Simply landing on the ground and not being able to gain flight before being discovered by predators plays a big factor in young eagle fatalities.

So, what is life like for a bald eagle chick prior to that risky first flight? A typical bald eagle nest is around five feet across. And given that eagles often use the same nest year after year, some nests become massive, spanning as much as nine feet in diameter and weighing up to two tons.

Adult eagles mate for life. If either bird happens to die outside the brooding period, the surviving eagle will find a new mate. Every mating season the female eagle will lay one to three eggs about five to ten days after mating occurs. And unlike many birds, both parents take turns incubating the eggs until they hatch, which usually takes just over one month. Then the eaglets remain in the nest for approximately two months while both parents feed and protect them.

Life in the nest is in no way idyllic. The only water source for these





young birds is from the meat and fish the parents bring. Shade-less eagle nests can be scorched by relentless sun and eaglets may perish from dehydration. Of course, the other weather elements such as rain, frost and snow can impact the nest. Competition for food among the eaglets in the nest is intense as well, with the stronger nestlings often forcing a pecking order on weaker siblings. Occasionally squabbles result in one bird fatally falling from the nest.

Overall, disease, starvation, bad weather, predation, and accidents cause more than 50% of eagles to perish during their first year. However, when an eagle survives, it can live 20-30 years in the wild.

We may often think of the bald eagle in terms of freedom to soar through the sky and perch among the highest peaks, which contributed to this species becoming the national symbol of the United States, but getting there is not easy.

A fledgling's first flights are preceded by practice within the nest. If you get out those field glasses and watch an eagle's nest from the distance when the fledgings are active, you'll likely see a number of open wing displays. Occasionally the immature bird will perch on the side of the nest and perform open wing flight simulations. I have even seen fledglings lift off the nest by several feet in a breeze, only to settle back again. Then, soon, the eaglets are fly-hopping up onto nearby stout branches and practicing their wing skills. And then one day they are airborne.

Of course, the big challenge is landing. As Isaac Newton said, "What goes up, must come down." Watching a bald eagle loft from the nest can be glorious. Watching a young eagle land, not so much. First of all, the eaglets are overweight, outweighing their adult parents by a pound or two.

In Nature

First flight often equals ground skimming, which is a semi-controlled tactic young eagles fall into. Meaning they have not mastered gaining elevation with their wings, so they just manage to skim over the ground, usually down slope, from nest to earth's surface.

I've seen them take hours to go from ground to low brush, to tree limbs, to tree tops. Often one or both of the parent birds will be nearby, demonstrating that flight does indeed work and encouraging the young ones to keep trying.

To the observer of these fledgling antics there is humor to be found. Observing an eight-pound young eagle try to grip and land on the top of a newly sprouted pine top can bring outright laughter when the eagle, refusing to let go its grip, turns nearly upside down when the pine top or branch sags under its weight.

Seemingly against the odds, many young eagles manage to grow into adulthood. It takes approximately five years for the mottled feather patterns of the immature bald eagles to turn into the iconic white heads and white tails. Now is a good time to lace up those boots, grab the field glasses, and get out there to observe young eagles in the nest. Maybe you'll get lucky and catch a view of a successful first flight.

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



Northport Community Health Center

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Health Center: 358 N. Main St., Colville, WA 99114 Dental Clinic: 370 N. Main, Colville, WA 99114

Are These Your Generations Too?

By Karen Giebel

Twenty-five years is generally accepted as a generation. When the North Columbia Monthly celebrated its 25th year of publication in May, it got me thinking, seriously thinking, about the passage of time and of life.

My thoughts have come in dribbles and drips as well as paragraphs and sometimes, at 4 a.m., a whole story. For whatever reason, I just have not been able to put the passage of time and the meaning of generations to sleep, so I thought that maybe if I wrote down my thoughts, I could understand why I cannot let this subject rest. I think this story is mine but it may also be yours.

The first 25 years of life, both mine and maybe yours, was the generation of the most tremendous growth. We start as a twinkle in someone's eye that becomes a single cell that morphs into a fetus that pops out at about 9 months as a beautiful bouncing baby. This baby grows at warp speed from babbling infant to rambunctious toddler to timid preschooler to confident schoolchild to hormonal teenager to high school graduate to "What do you want to be when you grow up? Oh my goodness, I have to decide on a career that will last me my entire life NOW?!"

Then it's on to college or trade school or work and, just maybe, meeting the love of our lives, marriage, and the cycle starts again when the first baby is born. At least that is what it was like for me. Too much happening in way too short a time." A generation of unbridled growth and change. At age 25, the end of my first generation on earth, I became a mother and the cycle began again.

The second 25-year generation of my life, and maybe yours, seemed to be about settling and focus, with a bit of growth and the start of understanding the true meaning of the word "loss." Raising our children, hoping we had some idea of doing it correctly. Praying I didn't damage them for life from some not-wellthought-out plan, just kind of winging it, as so much else was going on. Trying to maintain a career that I loved but could not afford the time or effort to advance.

Maintaining a house, our home, and pretending I had some kind of social life. Social life? Does Girl Scouts, Boy Scouts, sports, dance and PTA count as a social life? That was pretty much it. Band concerts, music lessons, softball and soccer along with dance and football pretty much consumed my hours. I hosted many a backyard BBQ plus picnics at my favorite state park. Then realizing that my parent's health was failing, I stepped in and the holiday meals that my mom always hosted became mine. I loved hosting my family and my love for cooking really took off, a blessing that follows me to this day.

Then the losses started. My beloved father-in-law died, followed by all my many aunts and uncles. My dad, who I adored, died, followed a year later by his mother, my grandmother. My mom,





who I shadowed, took care of dad until he passed. Three months later she was diagnosed with terminal cancer. Mom died in my bedroom and in my arms the day after Christmas in 1994. That was three weeks after my marriage ended. I was 42, parentless, and a divorcee.

Not one of my better years. And I still had eight more to go in my second generation of 25 years! Can you see why my brain has been spinning these last few weeks trying to understand the meaning of time and the passage of years? But, as a nurse and an observer of life, I have been privileged and honored to be present for so very many families whose 25-year generations have had incredible highs and unfathomable lows.

Now there is the puzzling feeling that, in the third generation of my life, I began speeding toward my fourth set of 25 years! At age 50 with my kids grown and gone and, really, most of my family gone, I was able to focus on my career and enjoy moving forward to a few things I had put off for years, like learning how to play golf. I became a certified SCUBA diver. I took up serious hiking and roller blading, of all things!

But now also the reality of aging is taking hold. At the age of 65, the realization of mortality is sinking in. The past twelve months have seen the deaths of six wonderful friends, all younger than me. Can you relate?

I believe that what has had my brain spinning at 4 a.m. is not

"What do you want to be when you grow up," but rather "What do you want to be as you grow old?" And my gut response has been "I have no clue! Why are you asking me this?"

I had not given one minute of thought as to what I wanted to be as I age because I was not aware that I was aging. Another day or another year has just been that, another day and another year. I am busy. Always busy and always working hard. So, I have had to do some soul-searching to discover who I want to be as I grow old.

First, I want to be kind. I want to accept all people as they are without regard to ... anything. Of course I would like to remain healthy, but realize there is absolutely no guarantee of that one. Having had several very minor surgical procedures in the past year, I am reminded that, in the blink of an eye, all that could change. I hope to be creative. I am not an artist or a jewelry designer but I love to cook and I enjoy sharing my life journey through my writing. Maybe someone "out there" hears my voice and says "yes, she understands." Being useful and productive is something I value beyond measure.

Well, putting all this into words has helped to settle my overactive mind a bit. I can see where I am able to give to myself and of myself. Mostly what I want to be as I grow old is a loving spouse, a loving mother and a loving grandmother. And now, because it is in writing I hope I can put my brain, my heart and my soul at peace.





IORE LISTINGS & DETAILS AT NCMONTHLY.COM



Events

July 4: Independence Day

July 4: First Thursday Art Walk, 5:30-8 pm, downtown Chewelah.

July 4: Northport Chamber of Commerce Concert and Fireworks, featuring food (starting at 4 pm), music and dancing (starting at 5 pm), and fireworks (at 10 pm). Visit northportwa. us for more info.

July 6: Summer Party at China Bend Winery, featuring live music, belly dancers, food and, of course, wine! Noon to dark. See ad page 7 for more info.

July 6 & 20: Republic Eagle Track Raceway race days. Visit eagletrackraceway.com for more info.

July 7: Northport Lions Club BINGO at the Northport School Cafeteria, Noon-4. Early Bird, Regular, Fast Pick and Blackout with a \$500 Jackpot. Must be 18 or older to play. Call 509-690-2158 for more info.

July 9: Colville Community Blood Drive, 11:30-4:45, Ag Trade Center, 411 W Astor St., Colville. Vitalant is the sole blood provider to more than 35 hospitals across the Inland Northwest and needs at least 200 donors each day to help meet the needs of those patients. A single donation can transform the lives of up to three people. Call Amber Short at 509-714-6443 to reserve your spot.

July 12: Colville Library Improvement Club book sale, 10-1, library basement. All proceeds benefit the library. Hardback books: \$0.50, paperbacks \$0.25, children's books \$0.10, boxes of books \$1-\$2, plus free items.

July 12-14: Wings over Republic. See ad back

July 12-14, 18-21: The Little Mermaid Jr. Children's Play, Kettle Falls Woodland Theatre. Thur. & Fri. shows, 6 pm, Sat. & Sun. shows, 4 pm. Tickets at Colville Chamber of Commerce, www.brownpapertickets.com, and at the door.

July 13: Kettle River History Club's Community Annual Picnic and School Reunion, Curlew Civic Hall. Potluck starts at noon. "Ya'll come!" Call 509-779-0901 for more info.

July 13: Northport Raceway race days. Visit facebook.com/groups/8614388563/ for more

July 18-20: Downtown Sidewalk Sale & Street Faire, Kid's Day, Light Up Colville, Cruise in Car Show, live music, raffles up to \$500 in cash! See ad on page 2 for more info.

July 20: Tiger Tri-Tiger-Du starts at Beaver Lodge/info. Visit jmarshall@colville.wa.us for more info.

July 20: 3 on 3 Basketball Tournament, next to the Colville Junior High School, with all age divisions, sponsored by Colville Kiwanis. Registration forms at Clark's All-Sports or colville3b3.weebly.com.

July 20: Opie-Cox Golf Tournament and Auction.

July 20: Public Policy Forum, Book Review: Facing the Anthropocene: Fossil Capitalism and the Crisis of the Earth System, Ian Angus, 2016. In association with St'al-sqil-xw, Veterans For Peace Chapter #004, Poor Peoples' Campaign. Kettle Falls Public Library, 12-4 pm, potluck lunch and snacks offered, non-alcohol beverages. Email info@stalsqilxw.org for more info.

July 20: Springdale Parade and Showcase in the Park, featuring live music, Tae Kwon Do demonstration, magician and humorist Dick Frost, cash and vendor raffle drawings, and more! Visit southstevenscountychamber.org for more info.

July 21: Rustic Furniture Making Demonstration and Q&A presented by students learning the skills of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, hosted by the Stevens County Historical Society. See ad page 24 for more info.

July 22: Free lecture from National Geographic "Adventurer of the Year" Jennifer Pharr Davis, 6-7 pm, Republic Brewery, 26 Clark Ave., Republic. Suitable for all ages. Davis is a long-distance hiker, author, speaker, and Ambassador for the American Hiking Society. She has hiked over 12,000 miles on six different continents, including through-hikes on the Pacific Crest Trail, the Appalachian Trail (three times), the Colorado Trail, the Long Trail in Vermont, the Bibbulmun Track in Australia, and numerous trails in Europe and South America. Her belief is that "the trail is there for everyone at every phase of life" and with the goal of getting people- especially women and children- outdoors on their own terms. Visit republicbrew.com or call 509-775-2700 for more info.

July 26-27: One Act Play Festival, featuring new works, 7 pm, Pend Oreille Playhouse, 236 S. Union, Newport. Call 509-447-9900 or visit pendoreilleplayers.org for more info. See ad page 4.

July 26-28: Backcountry Horseman steak ride. See ad back page.

July 26-28: Pick Axe Blues Festival. See ad back page.

July 27: Colville Valley Fiber Friends' Annual Spin-in-the-Park, Colville Yep Kanum Park, Kegel Shelter, 9-4, open to the public & free admission. Join the spinning circle or peruse fiber-related vendors, raffle table, \$10 bargain fleece table, and more! Call 509-675-5649 for more info.

July 27-28: Down River Days, Ione. Find this fantastic event on Facebook for more info.

July 28: Annual BBQ, Pend Oreille Playhouse, 236 S. Union, Newport. Call 509-447-9900 or visit pendoreilleplayers.org for more info.

Aug. 2-4: Rendezvous Days in the Colville City Park featuring live music on two stages, food, crafts, classic car show, baseball tournament, kid games, pioneer dance and more! Visit colvil-lerendezvous.org and see ad page 31 for more info.

Trail & District Arts Council has a packed calendar of events at trail-arts.com.

Music at Northern Ales, 325 W. 3rd Ave., Kettle Falls, northernales.com, 509-738-7382: 19th: Open Mic, 7-10 pm (See calendar for full listing) Music at Republic Brewery, 26 Clark Ave., Republic, republicbrew.com, 509-775-2700.

12th: Sway Wild w/ Dave McGraw & Mandy Fer (ticketed event), 7 pm

17th: Jason Boland & the Stragglers with Bri Bagwell (ticketed event), 7 pm

21st: Jason Eady (ticketed event), 7 pm

25th: Dani Bacon, 7 pm

27th: Coyote Willow, 7 pm

25th: Dani Bacon, 7 pm

Meetings & Opportunities

Margo Sety is the featured artist at the Tri County Economic Development District Gallery with a display of her watercolor paintings, many of them featuring scenes from around her native Chewelah area, available for viewing and purchase Mon-Fri, 8-4. Call 509-684-4571 or visit www.tricountyedd.com for more info.

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

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

Notice: Water will not be available at the following campgrounds during the 2019 summer season: Kettle River, Snag Cove, North Gorge, Marcus Island, Kamloops Island, Cloverleaf, Hawk Creek, Haag Cove. Bring your own water.

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

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

Camas Valley Grange No. 842, second Saturday at 5:30 pm at the Grange in Springdale.

The NE WA Amateur Radio Club, first Saturday at 11 am, Valley Fire Training Center.

Fire District 10 volunteer firefighters, 1st

Tuesday of the month, 7 pm, FD10 Fire Station on Aladdin Road. FD10 Commissioners, 3 pm, Friends of FD10, 4:30 pm at the Station on the 2nd Tuesday of the month. Visitors and new volunteers are welcome.

The Panorama Gem and Mineral Club, third Tuesday of each month, Arden Community Center, 7 pm. www.PanoramaGem.com.

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

MORE LISTINGS & DETAILS AT NCMONTHLY.COM

The Northport Times

NORTHPORT - JULY 2019: The Glorious Fourth is once again upon us. A rampant, noisy time in Northport. The numerous races following the grand parade down Main Street, are most notably favored. Expectation of large crowds to be in attendance has been considered in preparation of all the features in the programme. About dark, the fireworks display will commence. Music rendered by our local talent "Murphy's Law" is expected to be heard long into the night.

The old grange building has been purchased by Mr. & Mrs. Ward of Featherkyle Island. They have stated their intentions are for the building to house a store and a coffee roasting operation.

Mrs. Wilson called on her neighbor Mrs. Murray asking to buy her rooster. Her reason was that her son of twenty-two years worked the night shift and when the rooster would crow during the day her son could not sleep. Mrs. Wilson queried, if the rooster's crowing kept her son from proper sleep, then why did she want it. Mrs Murray's reply was, "We're going to have chicken soup." The rooster was sold and became soup.

Mr. J. Peterson on the eve of his wedding chose to borrow a canoe for some much needed time of reflecting before the big moment. While out in the middle of Deep Lake, the canoe capsized by a sudden gust of wind. Mr. S. Burke's farm dog sounded an alarm alerting his master, who quickly got his rowboat and rescued Mr. Peterson along with the canoe. The only losses were Mr. Peterson's last minute lists and a lovely photograph of his betrothed. The new Mrs. Peterson thanked Mr. Burke with a freshly baked apple pie.

—Viola Murphy

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



Return of the Carpenters

Karen Carpenter thought of herself as a drummer when she and her brother started out. How her stunning vocals were noticed,

nurtured and enthusiastically endorsed by producer/drummer Hal Blaine is a legendary tale in the music industry. The studio giant rescued one of the greatest voices of all time from almost certain obscurity (and we still got to see her phenomenal drumming on TV in the '70s).



Brother and bandmate Richard Carpenter has never stopped working to keep his sister's recorded legacy alive, and bringing Carpenters and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra to market only cements this duo's

> work on some of the finest songwriting and performances of all time

> You wouldn't think there would be a lot of new territory here, but these orchestrations and pristine remixes make the whole thing feel vital and fully realized. The Carpenters always had a lush production sense, and

Karen's gorgeous takes on "Superstar," "Top of the World" and "Rainy Days and Mondays" are beautifully presented here. With Richard's perfectly realized orchestral arrangements adding deeper, nuanced character to songs most of us have heard dozens of times, pieces like "We've Only Just Begun" and "I Need to Be in Love" absolutely shine.

While audiophiles complain about the digital domain in many respects, the fact is, Richard Carpenter's detailed work and studio fixes have showcased his sister's genius in a way analog never could in the '70s. This album is an absolute gift to hear and reintroduces the world to one of the greatest voices to ever grace the airwaves. Although we're not hearing any new material or any of her "lost" tracks from the Phil Ramone sessions, these eighteen gems are absolute platinum. This album is a must-have.

Guided By Voices: Lo-Fi H ligh Output

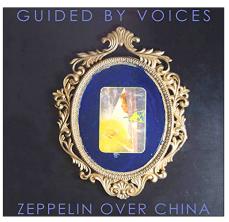
In the three decades that Guided By Voices has been championing their low-fidelity brand of heavy pop, band leader Robert Pollard has seen his share of bandmates and collaborators come and go. While the band used to kick out multiple albums a year, the charm of having three great songs out of fifteen wore a little thin.

With "Zeppelin Over China," GBV seems to have found a new guiding star, and that is to load one great album full of as many solid songs as possible. With

gutsy cuts like "Carapace," "Bellicose Starling" and the soulful "Jack Tell," GBV fills this 32-song album with some of the best material they've ever done.

Let's face it, no one wants to hear pristine recordings of Guided By Voices songs ... that's part of the beauty of it all. From their first four-track cassette albums, this unit pioneered a lo-fi aesthetic that lent an immediacy and ferocity to their songs, like a garage-band demo (only with really good songwriters).





For as long as Pollard can keep this current solid lineup (or something close to it) happening, we might enjoy many, many late-career gems from this band that was an alternative from alternative when flannel and angst became just a little too popular back in the '90s. The integrity of the band hasn't diminished, even if the output has more than doubled in recent years.

Stream Pickett music free on Apple Music, Spotify, Rhapsody and Beats. Just search "Pickett magnetic feedback" and enjoy a whole album's worth of music!

A Good Read

Reviews by Loren Cruden

The Friend, by Sigrid Nunez

Award-winning novelist Sigrid Nunez's latest book, *The Friend*, set in New York, isn't a conventional novel. Often essay-like in its digressions, pertinent quotations and detached observations, there is yet deep feeling along with engaging thought.

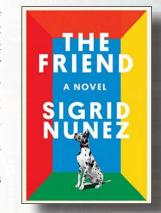
The "friend" of the book's title might refer to Apollo, the Great Dane the story's narrator is compelled to adopt after its owner – the narrator's longtime friend and literary mentor – commits suicide. Or it might refer to the mentor. This ambiguity in the title adds to the multiple lenses through which the book could be described: as being about solitude or writing or ageing or suicide or differences between men and women or between cats and dogs, for instance. It is a wonderfully intelligent (and humorous) book – and quick to read – but what the story is really about is what encompasses all such multiplicities and ambiguities: love.

Narrator and dog grieve together. "[Dogs] don't commit suicide. They don't weep. But they

can and do fall to pieces. They can and do have their hearts broken. They can and do lose their minds." The narrator tries to find ways to ease Apollo's suffering. "I once had a rabbit that I let loose in the house.... Whenever music was put on, the rabbit would make his way to a speaker and plant himself there. Usually he'd just lie still, listening, or maybe he'd start to groom his ears. But if I played Bach's 'Sheep May Safely Graze', he would get up and cavort around the room."

Apollo is unmoved by music, whatever kind is played.

The narrator, a writer (never named), grieves in typical human ways – crying bouts, physical clumsiness, lack of mental focus, social withdrawal – but also in writerly ways where, however devastated she feels, she can't stop observing, thinking and acting as a writer does: everything literary fodder, until perhaps not. I won't tell how the story ends, but Nunez's characters, human and canine, linger beyond the final page.



Girl at War, by Sara Nović

Does anyone think about the war in the Balkans these days? Sara Nović's debut novel, *Girl at War*, brings it all back, seizing the reader's attention and not letting go. She does this, not by writing a war novel, but by engrossing us in the story of a Croatian girl into whose ordinary world a war abruptly, grotesquely intrudes.

Orphaned, smuggled to America, Ana grows up tough and academically successful but unhealed, eventually drawn back to her homeland. But the familiar people and places of her childhood memories have changed – or are gone. It is a story about what is externally and internally built upon war's ashes when resurrection fails. "[American] musings about how and why people stayed in a country under such terrible conditions were what I hated most ... they couldn't fathom that such a dangerous place could still harbor all the feelings of home."

Civil war may be the most bitter and scarring of all human conflicts, still evident in America as well, though the mainstream flows on. "People's use of the word *starving*, when they obviously were not, had always bothered me, but it was especially irritating at college, where every night was a buffet of excess." Without the luxury of cultural amnesia, Ana abides in exile's neither-here-nor-there limbo, and finds return to Croatia to be the other side of exile's coin: to no longer belong there, either.

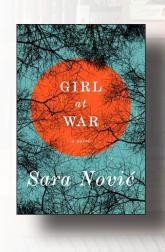
The book's vitality is sourced in the many forms of courage its characters – even the minor ones – embody, in both explicit and oblique ways. The story is not about misery and brutality but about tenacity and resilience, a hopeful book by a tremendously effective new writer.

"They're killing them,' the man said.

'Who?' said my father, studying the paper for clues.

'Everyone.'

'Would you like some soup?' said my mother.' Loren Cruden writes fiction, nonfiction, and poetry, available at www.LorenBooks.com, and provides Home Pet Care in the north Stevens County area.



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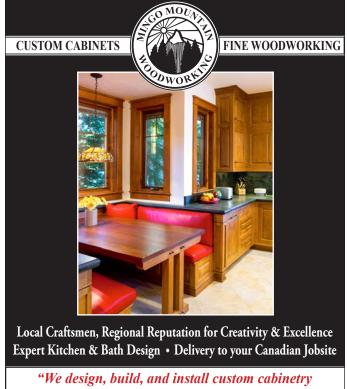


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Mountain Meandering

In Praise of Sunshine

Photo & Text by Patricia Ediger

I have been thinking about the sunshine, specifically about how much I love it.

There's nothing new about the sun - it's with us every day. Yet there is something about beautiful sunshine that I never grow weary of. I cherish sitting in its warmth after a chilly day. I love watching the way morning sunshine hits the mountain fir and cedar trees as it slowly rises above our ridge, sliding down into the valleys until all is wrapped in its glow. I enjoy the shadows that sunlight makes in the morning and evening golden hours. I still am not sure which I like better. The freshness of the morning, when all is awakening, or the serenity of the evening, as nature is settling down for another night. I never tire of the attributes of sunshine, right down to how it reflects upon the feathers of the calliope hummingbird.

Of course, when our skin and eyes grow weary after too much exposure, we need a break. But for many of us who live in the northern regions, warm sunshine is a very welcome friend. We revel in the longer days and spend as many hours outside as we can afford – in the garden, on or beside our lakes and rivers, hiking or playing, or just sitting on the porch watching the birds busy with courting, nesting, and feeding. Sunshine causes the flowers to bloom and the grass to grow. The trees unfurl their leaves and bear their fruit. Seeds in the ground rush up into its light to grow and provide nourishment for all who partake.

Light is the most important tool in photography. Photographers go to great lengths to capture the most compelling lighting.

Sunshine is a favorite subject for songwriters. Think of the Beatles' inspired "Good Day Sunshine" and "Here Comes the Sun." There's John Denver's "Sunshine on My Shoulders" and Bruce Springsteen's "Waitin' on a Sunny Day." Go back

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to 1928 for the Carter Family's everlasting hit "Keep on the Sunny Side" or to 1939 when the Pine Ridge Boys go right to the heart with "You Are My Sunshine." Songs that tell about the way sunshine lifts us, energizes us, gives us hope for another day like little Orphan Annie's "The Sun Will Come Up Tomorrow." With all our mobile music devices we can now enjoy the sunshine and have all our songs about it too, simultane-

ously. Melodies, cool breezes, sunshine in nature ... what could be better?

There is a phrase in a song from the film *Brother Sun*, *Sister Moon* that says "Love is all around you, comforting, with gentle lullabies that make your heart sing." To me sunshine is a picture of perfect love, surrounding us all in a gentle embrace, unconditional, all-inclusive. So I will treasure every minute of these long summer days and, even as the days shorten into winter, the sun will offer moments of sunshine, warm upon my face. Sunshine really does make my heart sing.



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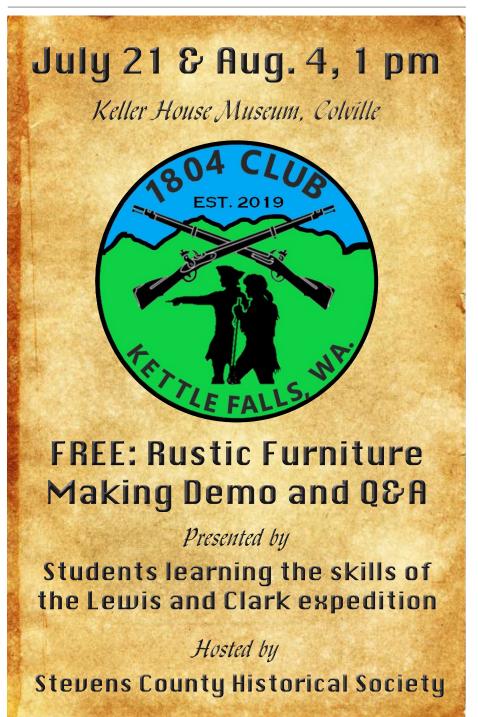
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PACIFIC WILD



The Practice of Choosing Joy

By Brenda St. John

"At times our own light goes out and is rekindled by a spark from another person. Each of us has cause to think with deep gratitude of those who have lighted the flame within us." ~ Albert Schweitzer

Publisher's Note: Long-time columnist Sarah Kilpatrickhas decided to retire from the North Columbia Monthly and Brenda St. John shares this appreciation.

Sarah Kilpatrick's regular column in the North Columbia Monthly has brought an awareness of yoga to the general population for many years. Through Sarah's easy-going writing style, many readers came to understand that yoga is for everybody, or to be more precise, that yoga is for every body. Sarah has always explained that each asana (AH-sa-na, the Sanskrit word for the "pose") can be modified to suit the individual.

I recently asked my yoga students what Sarah's column has meant to them over the years, and the consensus was that they appreciated how Sarah brought yoga to the mainstream – that yoga is for *them* – men and women of all ages and physical abilities and lifestyles, rather than being an activity limited to the people found on magazine covers. Sarah's column has affirmed for them that they are on a good path in preserving their body's ability to function, an ability that tends to change over time.

To me, Sarah always conveyed that yoga was a way of life rather than just a physical practice. Yoga is not only for the body, it is also for the mind. The body and the mind are so intrinsically connected that what is good for one is also good for the other.

Sarah always shared a quote or two that succinctly expressed a nugget of enlight-enment that went along with her theme for the month. Non-yogis (people who do not practice yoga) could find something to gain, an awakening, just by reading the quote, and Sarah's words expounded upon it. And yogis (those who practice yoga) could gain even more by practicing the asanas she described.

One thing Sarah brought up in almost every class I attended is that, "We act with intention and detach from the outcome." Those words resonated with me the first time I heard them and still play in my head on a regular basis. From time to time I say the same thing to my own students, often prefacing the phrase with, "As Sarah Kilpatrick would say..." and I can only hope that my students are taking those words to heart as deeply as I have.

Those words, and others she shared, gradually created a deep shift in my thinking. She gave me a greater awareness of "the present moment," which significantly released much of the anxiety I used to carry. Since most of my anxiety is rooted in fears of "what *might* happen" in the future, by living in the present moment I feel chronic anxiety melting away. Now when I find myself anxious, I ask myself, "How are things *right now?*" Generally the answer is "okay," so I take a few slow deep breaths

and smile, and suddenly it's a whole new world. Thanks, Sarah!

It's fair to say that Sarah changed my life, which, according to Judith Hanson Lasater, is the best compliment you can give to a yoga teacher. And just to throw it out there, here is what is NOT a compliment: "That was a great workout!" Because yoga is not a workout; it's a work-in. Through our physical yoga, we can learn to practice many virtues on ourselves: compassion (be kind to your body), acceptance (respect your physical limitations), patience (deepening the pose will occur over time), and thinking non-judgmentally (whatever your limits are today, it's okay), as well as many others.

The natural extension is that after habitually practicing these virtues on ourselves, we then tend to extend similar kindnesses to others. It is the beginning of a ripple effect that makes for a better world.

Sarah's resounding attitude in person and in her writing has been joy. She regularly encouraged us to find joy in the asana, which spilled over into finding joy in life. The microcosm setting the stage for the macrocosm. Becoming stronger and more flexible are just positive side effects to the main work of yoga. May Sarah's joyful attitude and encouraging words spark you to seek out or return to a yoga class. We all extend our gratitude to you, Sarah. Namaste.







A Year On the Farm

Here's What's in the Feed Trough

By Michelle Lancaster

Our farm focuses on natural diets, so we feed relatively little grain to our animals. That said, we do have a couple uses for grain. Chickens have access to grain as a year-round supplement to their free-range diet. The cattle, when producing milk, also receive a little grain supplement if they calve in winter months.

In an effort to provide the highest quality of feed at the lowest cost, we started grinding our own grain mix using local, non-GMO grains. We purchase grain from local farmers, filling 1,000-pound totes on our trailer. Most of the farmers have their own scale or the bags are pre-weighed.

The 2018 grain prices were \$0.12 to \$0.15 per pound. That comes out to the equivalent of \$6 to \$7.50 per 50-pound bag, plus transportation cost (\$0.50 per bag), supplement costs (\$2.43 per bag),

depreciating the cost of the grinder, and electricity for grinding, for a final cost of \$10 to \$12 per bag.

My dad bought a used grinder from our neighbor, which is what prompted us to finally consider grinding our own grain mix. If you are interested in buying a grinder, start by looking at the options on Premier One's website. Ours is temperamental - the grain has to be poured in slowly or it clogs - but if you baby it along, like most pieces of farm equipment, it gets the job done.

Totes or barrels of grain are stored in our shop. (Note: This is a great reason to own cats - we have six farm cats and very few mice!) A five-gallon bucket, two-thirds full, grinds up in just a few minutes and lasts for two days of feed for our flock of around 60 hens. Our grinder produces a coarse, yet effective, grind. Simply cracking the

outer hull does wonders for digestibility. By storing the grain in whole form, it stays fresh until we grind for immediate use.

The main components of a grain ration that are grown locally include wheat, oats, barley and peas.

- WHEAT: The best all-purpose grain, especially now that most corn is genetically modified and/or not available locally. Protein varies by type (12-16%) and works well as up to 50% of the grain mixture for most animals.
- OATS: Sweet/palatable, provides fiber source that helps digestion of all of the grains. Works best as a small portion of the mix (15-25%).
- BARLEY: A good source of energy, a corn alternative. Limit barley for chickens to less than 30% of a mixture.







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- PEAS: We are lucky to live in a location with an abundance of pea growers, therefore have affordable access to this high-quality protein source (22+%) that can be used as 15-30% of a mixture.
- FLAX SEED: When available, flax is a great addition to the grain mix as a form of healthy oils (omega 3s) and protein. We have fed flax in a small amount as a supplement, but do not routinely feed it due to the high cost and the fact that our hens are already free range year round and get oil in the form of lard in their supplement blocks. We do plant some flax seed for the hens to graze on in the fall.
- SUPPLEMENTS & SALT: Grains, especially in modern depleted soils, may lack essential vitamins and minerals. Different grains naturally consist of different levels of minerals, so feeding a variety helps give the animals a more well-rounded diet. In addition, mineral supplements are available for most species. We buy Poultry Nutri-balancer, an organic kelp-based mineral mix for chickens, sold through Azure and some well-stocked feed stores. We mix in oyster shell as a calcium source for the

hens, but also grind up their egg shells to feed back. Many of our egg customers collect their egg shells and return them to us, so the hens take back in most of what they put out in calcium. For our dairy cattle and sheep, we source an organic dairy mineral mix through a local co-op. All of our animals get loose Redmond Selenium salt. If animals are raised grain-free, they can still be given minerals free-choice in a feeder.

Our mixes change a bit by type of animal and local availability. For example, we do not grind grain for our sheep – if they need a treat, we would feed whole barley or oats because the sheep can sufficiently grind the grain down with their teeth. The milking cows get a pretty equal mix of the grains for an overall 16% protein ration. The chickens get primarily wheat and peas with a smaller amount of oats and barley and peas (20-22% protein for chicks; 16-18% for layers).

Did you know chickens are omnivores? In summer months, the chickens eat most of their protein in the form of bugs and worms. Our chickens are most decidedly not vegetarian. So, during the summer we cut back on protein (peas) and feed whole

wheat, barley and oats soaked in clabbered milk. These days, with two fresh (recently calved) cows and 10 gallons of milk per day, the hens are literally swimming in milk. The grass the cows eat is up to 20% protein and very high in energy (sugar), so cows do not need grain in summer. In many ways, we find summer to involve less farm work than winter (giving us time to work in the garden).

If you are worried about transitioning to home-ground grains, I recommend Harvey Ussery's *The Small-Scale Poultry Book* where he notes that our fear of feeding our animals anything besides a commercial mix is a very modern and unfounded concern.

For approximate levels for each grain, books such as Morrison's *Feeds & Feeding* or online sources such as ATTRA can help with more specific information. Folks in the past fed their animals very simple diets – and we can do one better, the simple fresh grains PLUS a healthy mix of minerals and vitamins in the form of supplements. Maybe even a few little treats out of the garden!

Spirited Rose Farm is having a contest, in celebration of farming, to give away a Jersey heifer calf. For contest rules and entry, visit spiritedrose.wordpress.com.









Living in NE WA: Lessons Learned

How Home Life Turned Solar

By J. Merrill Baker

Not having a routine, maybe it is time to make one. However, I am recalcitrant. And it is the reason I have not had a schedule since our retirement. You know, toss the watch, literally, and sleep in for a few weeks? You may discover that circadian rhythms are a reality. Wikipedia has this: "A circadian rhythm is a natural, internal process that regulates the sleep-wake cycle and repeats roughly every 24 hours. It can refer to any biological process that displays an endogenous, entrainable oscillation of about 24 hours."

Unfortunately, my "endogenous oscillation" does not seem "entrainable." I still can't seem to sleep before midnight nor do very well at rising before 8 a.m. This makes me a "night person" and it pairs somewhat with the "day person" I am married to. We meet in the middle and it works. He makes a great cup of coffee or tea (probably in self-defense) in the mornings. He thinks I'm feisty because I am a redhead, but I think it's my circadian rhythms. They are related to the sun, right? Having a solar-run home, I can relate!

Planning our move from a four-bedroom home with regular appliances and going from grid electronics to an off-grid situation took a bit of planning. Okay, A LOT of planning! It was a natural switch because, in the area we were moving to, laying in electricity was cost-prohibitive. We were fortunate that our general contractor had built his own concrete home and established his own solar system, along with bringing his extensive experience with other "alternative" builders to our project.

It was all new to us, using insulated concrete forms, solar equipment, and propane appliances, along with an Amish wood cookstove. The solar industry was young and we were learning as we went. Adventure indeed!

Early on, we hooked up with a couple of suppliers of solar products, both in Idaho. One issued a catalogue that taught us how to assess our energy needs. We listed all our appliances and lighting for each room in the home, noting everything we thought we'd ever use. We compiled all the watts required for each room and each appliance, from hair

dryer and curling iron to toaster and vacuum. Anything that uses heat is a much bigger draw on batteries. We stopped using an electric coffee maker and went to a French press and a stovetop percolator. Bonus – better coffee! Our local supplier for propane has reliable appliances and helpful personnel.

This assessment helped us determine which type of solar system we needed; we chose a 24-volt system. Next was a battery pack, Hup Solar One, now in its twentieth year of operation. For our needs, 1,200 watts worth of solar panels proved more than adequate. With that information we could figure out what size house generator (8,000 kw) and how to allow for the start-up factors (there is a surge when you go to fire up a generator that has a draw already waiting). Our inverter, which changes the DC energy of sunlight from the panels into household AC electricity, itself uses a small "phantom load" of electricity 24/7. Additional DC wiring of each room (and a dedicated breaker box for such) gave us the ability to run DC appliances in case of an inverter failure, which thankfully has never happened.

Thinking ahead, we also provided a switch offering us the ability to run a separate generator to be able to charge up our battery pack directly. Whew!

Convenience would have been wiring our wall receptacles to be able to turn them off with the ease of a switch. We did not, instead using several of those multi-outlet surge protectors to plug in our TV, stereo, DVD player, and the occasional vacuum.

Smarter would have been starting a "Homestead Manual" right away. Eventually it has been pieced together, listing equipment, serial numbers, any maintenance, parts recycled, etc. Keeping the generator, battery pack and inverter information handy for reference was key for us. We learned how to check and maintain solar batteries, and to do so more than once a month in the hot summers when they can heat up and evaporate water quickly.

Our water system (completed in the second attempt) was professionally lasered in and brought over 2,000 feet to our home. We installed a triple water filter downstream, with a single filter for the preliminary intake,

which is changed more often. Drawn from a deep underground spring that was developed, the water tested excellent. We added frost-free water spigots at intervals, and one beyond our home for the garden. Experience has proven that not all frost-frees are created equal, so our lesson was to get the best ones that we could, and add one more than you think you need. Maybe that barn we want will get built eventually.

We initially installed two on-demand water heaters, one for the radiant flooring and one for the household. These older models used propane with the pilot light burning constantly. We learned that we needed taller air venting to avoid frozen insides and the subsequent destruction of the inner copper workings. Cold air runs downhill, just like water, and this is a mountain after all. The newer models have a small igniter to spark the fuel to heat water on demand.

We discovered early on that the circulating pump for the radiant flooring has higher requirements during winter, causing us to use more fuel for the battery pack to power it. The contractor anticipated this by plumbing in the hook-ups for a wood-fired boiler for the radiant flooring, which we have not used yet. The cement has achieved a balance maintaining the mass at an average of 68 degrees in winter. We have used supplemental heating that is safe indoors when family and guests visit, but generally our wood stoves keep us warm and fed.

Other lifestyle changes allowed a bit more simplicity (no ironing, for example!). But yes, a few more wrinkles because of drying the clothes on a clothesline. I don't *have* to vacuum every day, and I compensate by rationalizing that we are each and all returning to dust every day; I am probably cleaning up ancestors!

So much has changed with alternative building over the years, we are always encouraged and still excited to use some of the ideas. Maybe a rocket stove to heat up the greenhouse for year-round produce? Or heat a barn in cold winters?

It is still an adventure, which we encourage at every turn. Onward!

J. Merrill Baker, solar advocate and happy camper.

A Reckoning Force

By Gabriele von Trapp

When I gave birth to my daughter 29 years ago, I had no idea what kind of force I was releasing into the world.

The first sign of Eva's willpower and determination became obvious at the tender age of six months. I witnessed a scenario of immense amusement and decided not to interfere.

Baby Eva sat on a blanket in the middle of the living room floor quietly and contentedly playing with a little hand-held toy. Her two-and-a-half-year-old brother came strolling by and noticed the toy and decided he must have it for himself. Without hesitation he grabbed the toy in mid-stride, thinking he could easily snatch his object of desire from this little helpless infantile. To my amazement, she did not let go, cry, or fret. Determination was clearly and intensely expressed in her

countenance and she held an iron fist.

Soon there was a tug-of-war and I could see in my son's facial expression that he was perplexed by her strength and will. He relinquished the object of desire and went about his merry way. Never again did he test this obstinate force, not even in adulthood.

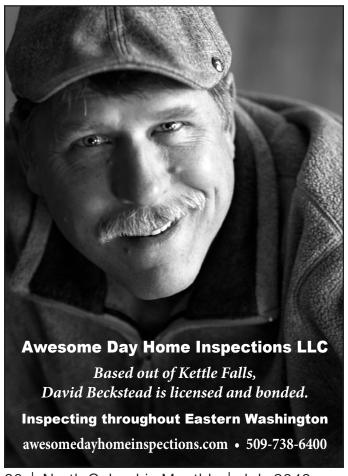
As a toddler, Eva had a knack for noticing detail. She liked to express herself by drawing and painting, and at two years of age she drew a picture of me. The details were phenomenal. Not only did she draw my earrings but also the posts behind my ears holding them in place. To my astonishment, she also drew my uvula. What two-year-old would notice an uvula?!

Before age three, upon the untimely death of her father, Eva took it upon herself to help care for her two older brothers and me.

As grief took the better part of a year for me to work through and I was unable to function fully, Eva would tuck her older brothers into bed each night after making sure they had had something to eat. She would also feed me a sandwich she had made and then cover me with a blanket while I was lying, debilitated, on the couch. She then put herself to bed without my prompt or participation. These are sad memories for me, but I am forever astounded by her maturity.

Eva's strength of force, determination and willpower did not vacillate in her early school years.

In kindergarten, she chose to sit in the school office during her noon recess, and not because she was in trouble or needy. While other children were out playing,





Inner Landscape

Eva was learning to knit. She was determined to learn and the office staff were delighted to help her. With her small agile hands working busily, it was in short order that she mastered the art of knitting.

As she proceeded through childhood, Eva had her share of rough and tumble. Even though there was a five-year age difference between her and her oldest brother, she kept up in all activities - hiking, climbing, rope swinging, cliff jumping, swimming, and all else the boys did.

In her teenage years, as a protective mother I dared to challenge her will and determination, but not without struggle and hardship. Once this child of mine made up her mind, best move out of her way. On occasion, I would try to hold firm, but to no avail. She left home at 16 and not without challenge and a slew of altercations. We even duked it out in the driveway at one point and it took all of me to overcome her. I stopped short of throwing her into juvenile hall to make my point and instead hopelessly relinquished to the force before me. She held her own, managed to keep her nose clean and put it to the grindstone of life. She was succeeding.

By the time she was 25 years old, she had a successful career, an awesome and supportive husband, and was building a home in Twin Lakes, Idaho. Never did she ask for my help financially, or need to. The home was absolutely darling and no detail was overlooked. They sold it two years later for a very tidy profit.

By this time, Eva had developed a vision and goal. Her dream was to operate a wedding venue and in short order she found a piece of property in Deer Park, a small tract farm with a big, beautiful, gambrel-roof barn. There was an incredible amount of work to be done to transform the farm to venue but nothing this dear girl could not meet head-on. Her vision was concise and set. Ideas were well planned and financially calculated, and all was far beyond what I could have ever envisioned. I was almost convinced it was impossible to pull off a project of this size. Falling short obviously never entered my daughter's mind.

Evermore Event Center is in its first

year of operation, and how magnificent it is. I walk out every morning with coffee mug in hand looking over the barn and grounds in complete awe. Every detail has been tended, the layout perfect, and features well-appointed. It is a stunning marvel.

Although they are now welcomed, I don't often make suggestions. I am only too happy to step aside and become a witness to a reckoning force of willpower, determination, audacity, and vision which goes by the name of Eva.

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



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Family Ties

Colville Journal

By Becky Dubell

Might try something new in my life. Been reading about keeping a journal. Sounds a lot like the diary I did as a kid. I'm thinking if I journal, I will have more information to pull from to share with you guys out there about our secret neck of the woods that is not staying a very well-kept secret. What's up with that?

It seems there is always something around the corner up here that really reminds me why we settled down in this area over 36 years ago. Raised in Alaska (1957), married (1976), moved to Phoenix (1976), back to Anchorage (1977), to Delta Junction (1978), back to Phoenix (1979), and Florence, AZ (1982). In the first seven years of our marriage we figured out that the hot and the cold did not set well with us. Came to Colville in November 1982 and we all - mother-inlaw, brother-in-law, aunt-in-law and us four - hopped in the trucks and moved in May 1983. I still get the "I'm home" feeling when I come around a certain corner on Hotchkiss Road which overlooks a small valley. (Turns out that same corner tugs at my Alaskan son-in-law's heart too.)

Lost my train of thought ... not very unusual for me. Oh. I remember. Journal.

A few things that stick in my mind from this last month didn't need journaling to remind why I love this area. Only been on AntMan twice so far, for short trips, but it was soooo cool to be out there in the wind on my bright, noisy CanAm motorcycle. Jamie and family decided to splurge on a coffee stand stop while out shopping. Went back and forth about "Should we really splurge?" Preschooler JJ made the decision to go for it. They placed their order. Received their order. Went to pay for their order. Were told that someone had been in earlier and gave them lots of money so all the drinks were free. Jamie says that kind of thing does not happen to her - love small towns!

Colville weather report Becky style: backwards. Second weekend of June: high 80s, sitting at the garage sale under the awning with fans and water. Weekend before: sitting at garage sale around the fire pit with jackets on. Weekend before that: grandkid skinny-dipping in the creek at the wedding cabin. Weekend before that: had to make a trip to town to buy a warm jacket for same grandkid. Welcome to Colville!

We got rid of lots of stuff in the garage sales. We had decided beforehand nothing was going back into our houses, garage or barn. So ... tried something new. The bigger stuff got taken down to the end of the driveway with a "FREE" sign on it. Decided that we would add some of the medium-size stuff. By the time we got back down to the pile there were only two items left. So, we made trips

down and back for the next three hours and now only have to make one trip to the Habitat Store and one to the dump. Pretty stinking cool! We hope all those treasures found a good home.

With my work location I get the chance to talk with a lot of people in what I call my "30-second conversations across the desk" (sometimes longer). One couple spent over two years wandering the U.S. and knew they found their new home when they pulled in to Colville in February. Do you remember February weather? They were from the south and had school-age kids. They could see past the snow and cold.

Have I mentioned that I love the Colville area? Been here for over half my life and am still finding new stuff, roads, lakes, and people. Have talked to quite a few young adults (not kids anymore) my daughters' ages that have stayed in the area since graduation and then quite a few that have been away and have moved back "home." Daughter Jamie is one that has come back and I couldn't be happier about it. JJ will have - and has already had - a better life here. That almost fouryear-old granddaughter has grown sooo much in the past year. She has made me drop my jaw - literally - a few times. Thank you Colville!

P.S. What were you doing 50 years ago when man landed on the moon on July 21, 1969?



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

Say You Saw Us in the NCM!

Lodging Guide

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

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



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

Kettle Falls

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

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





GRANDVIEW INN MOTEL & RV PARK: has 13 'Navy' clean rooms, 23 RV full hook-ups, 2 shower houses, laundry, picnic area with fire pit, and large shade trees. 509-738-6733, 1-888-488-6735, 978 Hwy 395 N., www.grandviewinnmotelandrvpark.com

Newport

DANNYANN'S B&B: Enjoy a hearty breakfast and explore the beautiful Pend Oreille River Valley. Three appointed guest rooms with private baths. Play & Stay: 3 blocks to train ride & shops, 1 mile to river & trails. Relax. Renew. Retreat. 131 N. Spokane Ave., dannyanns.com, 509-447-3787.



Northport



RIVERTOWN SUDS N GRUB:

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

Orient

BEARDSLEE FAMILY
RESTAURANT: Where
everyone is family. Home
cooking and specials every
day. Also serving spirits,
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cream. Karaoke every Thur
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7am-8pm. Hwy. 395 in
Orient, 509-684-2564.



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Come see us in July:

July 12-14 – Live music, dinners, tours, small airplane fun and more at this family event. wingsoverrepublic.com

July 26-28 – Horseback ride the beautiful Kettle Crest trails with Back Country Horsemen. lesagregory83@yahoo.com

July 26-28 – Dance to rhythm & blues! pickaxeblues.com

