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# From the Publisher's Desk...

By Gabriel Cruden

Living where we do, a half mile from the Columbia River, surrounded by mountains, afforded sweeping views of the valley, and with a significant array of interesting wildlife in close proximity, I do not often feel drawn to pack up the family and drive to some distant location for a camping vacation. But that's what we did.

Our group numbered nine and ranged in age from 5 to 71. We were bound for Yellowstone National Park, the Grand Tetons, and the Wind River Range. If we were going to go to all the effort and expense of leaving home, it better be for a destination with some wow-factor. We were not disappointed.

Even with all the work of managing youthful exuberance while packed into a vehicle for hours at a time, the logistics, the food and rest stops, setting up and taking down camp, and the inevitable adjustments – some of them major – that were made to accommodate the reality of the trip as it unfolded, versus the original plan, the trip was very much worth the effort. It was also a sort of rite of passage, in its way, one that moves you to a new vantage point in life. And what a slide show it will be, when I get around to compiling it.

In addition to the experience of seeing some amazing parts of our country, some of us for the first time, we were also making the trek for a very solemn reason: to spread the ashes of my aunt, who passed away last year, at the place she loved most of all in the world. Caught up in the managerial aspect of traveling with children, I was taken off guard when the time for our special ceremony came. I didn't feel ready. I hadn't visualized how it would go. I hadn't prepared for the resurgence of tears, the constriction of my throat as I shared what I had written in her memory, and the still-sharp hurt of loss.

But it turned out just right anyway. A hard thing, to be there, in that moment. Such gratitude at the same time. And leave it to the five-year-old to decide to carefully sprinkle a little bit of ashes

on each and every flower, all luminescently lit by the morning sun, in a symbolic circle-of-life gesture, entwined with innocence and encompassing purpose.

We each make our way in the world. We each search for, and sometimes find, meaning in our own way. There's a great deal of busywork that gets in the way, though. And the constant hamster wheel of striving to get ahead in life, to get somewhere, to be somebody, to attain status or worldly goods. A very familiar story, I know. Yet

we keep doing it. Out of habit. Duty. Necessity. Fear. Because it's what's expected, what's encoded in our social DNA.

As I replay in my mind the experience of watching my aunt's ashes swirl and settle in an eddy by the riverbank, blending with the sand and rock, I still feel the momentousness of the occasion. And I reflect on the recognition that, like our trip, while planning and striving are important, living on purpose is too. Each breath really does matter.

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# Get a Life, Not a Screen Grab

By Christine Wilson

*"I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived."*  
~ Henry David Thoreau

There is much being said these days about the division between public and private life. The distinction was more obvious back in the day; now the lines are fuzzy. Does a Snapchat friend count as a friend? If a person you only know on Facebook passes away, how do you grieve? Do you attend their memorial? When does surveillance become unacceptable? What are the "essential facts of life"? Part of current thought is that we have gotten so far into public life that, unless you are a Luddite or intentionally paying attention, your private life is slipping away.

Without being a fan of conspiracy theories, I can still be unnerved that a shopkeeper can send me an email receipt without asking for the address. We start to fill out an order online and the rest of the data is finished automatically.

Convenient, yes, but still creepy.

The internet has turned our lives upside down because it has all happened so quickly and so completely; we haven't had time to adapt. I am reminded of being 12 and adding several inches to my arms and legs one summer. It took me a while to maneuver around on the planet without tripping. I am looking forward to the day when we have settled into this new world, although I think it is going to take a lot more conscious effort to adjust than it did for me to get used to my change in height.

For starters, it seems we don't even notice all the ways it is tripping up our lives. When my nerdy dad told me in the early 1970s that someday our newspapers would be available on computers and we could select the articles we

wanted to read, I thought that was far-fetched. It sounded appealing, just impossible.

So here we are, forty years later. Instead of far-fetched, his notion has become an understatement. Now we have computers and iPhones and iPads and they all have instant notifications of an unimaginable amount of data. And the data lets the programmers know what the next data is that we might be interested in, so we continue to get fed information based on our biases. Those biases then get more set and those data architects send more information based on them. We are surprised when people think differently than we do, but their data feed can vary significantly from ours.

Our emotional intelligence has not caught up with the changes. We stream hours of a

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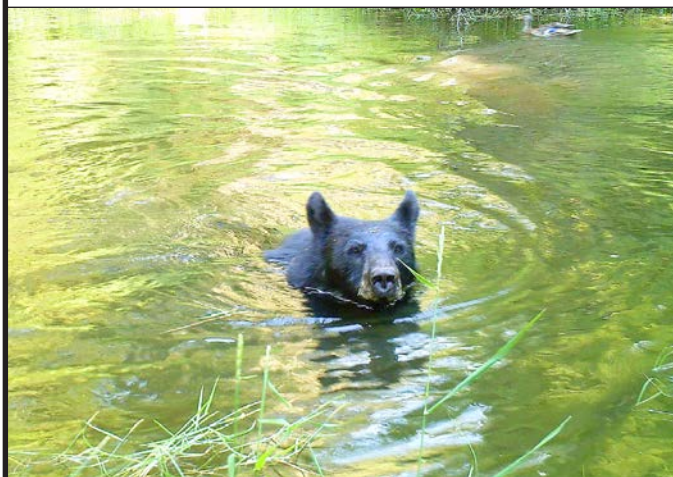
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# Random Acts of Community

series because, as the TimeWellSpent.io people say, we are pulled in by the cliffhanger at the end and because there is a countdown on the screen, getting us ready for the next episode. We can rant on a Facebook page without having to think about the person we are demeaning; there will always be someone who agrees with us. We can click on one thing and then another and then another and not even remember what the top of the rabbit hole was about. This might all feel like a private life, since we can be sitting in our house in our underwear at three in the morning, with no one else nearby, but that is not private life. Private life is about our work, our friends, our family, our neighborhood, and our connection to the natural world in minute-by-minute real time.

A friend of mine calls herself a Thoreauvian, or however one would describe a follower of Thoreau. To her, the “essential facts of life” are those that are in front of you – with other people or in a garden or contemplating nature. She and her husband mourn the loss of present moment living by saying that too many people are living a “Be *there* now” life. Before I had a cell phone, I was at a lovely restaurant in San Francisco, sitting outside with a view of the water, next to a table of young people who were literally on their cell phones throughout their entire lunch. This was before texting so they were actually all talking on these phones. They left before we did and as they disappeared I wondered if they thought that counted as lunch with friends.

I am not, however, anywhere close to a Luddite myself. Without the internet I would not have the relationship I have with the Swedes in our family. Our granddaughter recognizes us and tries to reach us through the screen. I have every intention of helping “put her to bed” by reading to her when she gets old enough. I consult through Facetime and Skype. I keep track of my brother and sister and their lives through texting. I know about crabbing season because of my brother’s photos and glorious descriptions. The list goes on. But part of my essential facts of life is that I look forward to sharing a crab dinner with them on Camano Island in real time. Virtual information can only go so far in my book.

As any self-respecting yoga teacher can tell you, balance is never still. It starts with conscious intention. The website I mentioned earlier, Timewellspent.io, is dedicated to inspiring a balance between our private lives and the public sphere.

On their website you can see a young man walking down a city street, reciting a poem that starts: “Architects of our digital world, stop. Be better. Because we can be.” He adds: “It’s like my attention is kept systematically raptured by

algorithms that know exactly what I want ... or not what I want, just what I watch. ... It seems the decision is already made for me; the countdown box moving, there it goes ... 5, 4, 3, 2, 1. I need to sleep but you made me want this more. This is not what I consciously signed up for.”

In the poem, he hopes for the architects of our public life to “actually enhance the world outside the device in our hands.” And, finally, to “imagine a future where technology is built on our values, not our screen time.” I would also argue that when it is based on our opinions, we get lopsided and then we are shocked to discover other people think differently. It gets easy to think they are (fill in your favorite derogatory word here).

I hope Google and Apple and all the rest listen and take the advice of TimeWellSpent.io. However, in the meantime it is our job as individuals to develop the emotional maturity and energy to manage that balance and especially to develop a tolerance for silence. It is our job as a community to provide real time activities that inspire our citizens to get out into the interactive world. It is our job as parents to support the development of interests and curiosity outside the screens we’ve given them.

Some simple thoughts to that end are:

1. Share meals with friends and family that are technology-free. Play actual games that take time to set up. I remember being at a dinner party, thinking we were all right there with each other, when one of the guests shouted out about a famous person who had just died. It completely freaked me out; he had his phone on his lap and was checking for news alerts.

2. Pay attention to what you say, or, as Don Miguel Ruiz says, “be impeccable with your word.” If you wouldn’t be that snarky to someone’s face, don’t be that snarky online. And if you would be that snarky to someone’s face, I can promise you there are many ways, including online, to teach yourself kinder ways to get your point across. You don’t have to be rude to make

your position known. It’s gotten easier to be rude in the public world, and it’s creating an anxiety and anger feedback loop. Expose yourself to opinions that differ from yours.

3. Accept that real life is messier and takes more patience than imaginal life. When the husband of a friend of mine turned 40, he ran off with a woman from work with whom he had inspiring discussions about literature and philosophy. My friend told me that the discussions they had to have at home were about who would clean the toilet and sit with a sick child in the middle of the night. How, she wondered, could she compete with those grand lunches? Sinking in to a real private life may take some getting used to, what with all those toilets and sleep-deprived nights, but once you get the hang of it, it is wonderful precisely because it is real ... and when it doesn’t feel wonderful, there are an infinite number of sources for discovering how to manage it. The trick is to be there with yourself and with the other real people who are going through that real life with you. If you are in a room with another person right now, look up and smile at them. Tell them I said hi.

Real life is messy and frustrating and lovely and emotional and, well, real. Until those architects of our digital world figure out how – to use another line from TimeWellSpent.io – “to be truly technologically advanced” and create a “future that is not all screens” but is “built on our values, not our screen time,” we need to step up and do this for ourselves. To quote Brian Andreas in *Traveling Light*:

*The thing is, he said,  
Is to like the things you like  
And to like the things you don't like.  
Is that some Eastern thing, I said,  
And he said no, since he was from Idaho  
And it worked there just fine.*

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

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# What in the World Am I Doing and Why

By Dr. Barry Bacon, MD

Sometimes the stories we hear about ourselves and our motivations for doing what we do, whether legend or fabrication, are unrecognizable. I recently learned that I am moving to Africa. I heard that my license was revoked, and that I was guilty of malpractice, so I had to quit my job. Also, that I am retiring. Also, that I am moving to Spokane and I have sold my practice.

Here is what I am really doing and why, although, in all honesty, the wild speculation is more fun, and has greater entertainment value. Let me explain by starting in the middle and letting the story unwind as it will. It is the story of how one life event can impact all others. It is the story of the power and meaning of family.

In 2008, I traveled to a place where I had never been, for reasons that were obscure, for an uncertain outcome, all of which was sketchy. I found myself in Pollock, Louisiana. I ate a bean burrito there at a taco place. That's

as much as I remember about the town.

On the other hand, there were so many significant things to which this trip was connected, all hanging in the balance, like chickens and white picket fences and a life, future grandchildren, western civilization. I didn't understand how, I just knew that despite all of the uncertainties and the unknown connections to whatever the future may hold, I had to go. I had not seen my oldest son for four years, had not heard his voice, had not touched his skin. He was incarcerated there in Pollock, and this was my one chance to do all of those everyday and common things before he would be locked up in a maximum security prison for an additional unknown period of years.

I knew that my wife and I were his link to sanity, to hope, to whatever faint glimmer of a future that was good and free remained for him. So, without hesitation, I went.

Life has its twists and turns, and you don't always see what is coming around the next bend in the road. Some of us plan our lives in advance, thinking that we are in sole control of our destinies. Me, for example. I would marry when I was 23, finish medical school when I was 26, have my first child when I was 27, blah, blah, blah. That's not how it happened, but better things than I had dreamed came true.

My first child was a wonderful surprise, completely out of time, from which I have never recovered, a beautiful gift. My second, the only one we actually planned, was a delightful child, a kind, friendly, open boy, best described in his approach to life by his own words at the age of four in the remote Malawi highlands among complete strangers: "These

are my new friends who I don't know yet." He was wonderful.

When we returned to the U.S. in 1990, we were certain that we were ideal parents, and I had the naïve notion that if you just love a child enough, all will be well. We adopted two children, a boy and a girl, when we settled in Colville, and we were foster parents besides. We loved our adopted children as much as our biological children and we discovered that love alone does not result in living happily ever after, whether by biology or adoption.

A friend who bore a child with a serious congenital condition said it this way about his son: "Well, let's say that we found ourselves on a journey and we thought we were going to Rome, but when we got on the plane, we found out we were going to Amsterdam."

Life is like that. We don't get any guarantees. Life throws things at you that you couldn't have anticipated.

So, when you see your beautiful son struggling with decisions that you know will end in disaster, but you can't make the decisions for him – and suddenly your wife is in a support group with moms of incarcerated children, and she is having online conversations with women whose children are on death row, you know that you got on a different plane and your destination will be somewhere different than you expected.

I remember sitting in my office listening to a patient describe the woes in her life, patiently nodding and taking notes about her suffering, but inwardly thinking, "do you have any idea what I am going through? Let me tell you..." but of course I didn't. I am quite sure that this would not have been a very effective counseling strategy.



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Back to Pollock. I saw my son. I spoke to him face to face. Through the bars of the prison, I was able to touch his hand, feel the roughness of his skin, hear the edge to his voice, try to understand what cannot be understood. And smile at him, while inwardly weeping for him. Offer him hope. Tell him of my faith in him. Speak of a future that at present he could only see dimly. Try to listen more than correct his thinking. Try to keep living.

Then, at the end of May this year on a Monday evening, I came home to a message on my answering machine. It was from a number in Texas that I didn't recognize, and the message was so garbled because of poor connections that at first I did not recognize who it was. "Hey guys, I wanted to let you know that I'm on my way home. I should be there in two days. OK, sorry I missed you. Bye." I stood by the phone for just a moment and let the meaning of those words soak in.

My wife arrived home at midnight from a work-related trip. I got out of bed, took her by the hand and led her to the answering machine and told her, "there is a message here that you need to hear." Then as the significance of that message – the release, unexpectedly, of our son from prison after 13 years overwhelmed her – I held her as she trembled from the joy and relief. We laughed and cried together.

Within four days of his release, we were hanging sheetrock together in his train-wreck of a house. He loves the thing, because it is his own space, although it is completely gutted, doesn't have a shower, stray cats living in the basement, no flooring, no wall covering, mice ... never mind. What's wonderful about this is the fact that he wants to work hard, keep his mind occupied and create something beautiful. It tells me that something within him has not been destroyed.

The other fact that found its way to the surface on that day is that I have missed him deeply. And I want to spend more time with him. If I miss this opportunity to do so, I have missed something too important to have another chance.

Which is why I have made the decision that I have to leave the practice of primary care in Colville, step away from this job completely after 27 years and work for a week straight in a rural hospital doing emergency and hospital medicine, then take three weeks off each month to spend more time with my family. I know that for many this is a shock, and I have no desire to cause suffering to anyone, but looking back on the years that I have spent putting my patients' needs first, while my family often suffered silently, knowing that

dad was missing important events in their lives because he was doing something for patients, it's time that I reestablish my priorities.

I'm not moving. Colville is still our home. Shelley and I will stay connected with community functions and causes. I will teach some in Spokane, and work on homelessness in Colville, build tiny homes when I can, work on a medical school in Ethiopia. But I will carve out time for this most important piece

of my life. The future of western civilization depends on this part of my journey. Because everything, our civilization, our values, the things that matter and last and endure, start with family.

Thanks for understanding.

*Barry Bacon is a family doctor in Colville who specializes in full spectrum family medicine and works on health disparities in local communities and in Africa, and teaches family medicine in those locations.*

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## Hue of Ice, Scent of Forest

By Eileen Delehanty Pearkes

The upper Columbia River landscape has a certain density, with high mountains crowding around narrow valleys, forming a steep terrain where things can change quickly. Ecosystems shift from cedar-hemlock rainforest, to spruce-fir snow forest, then finally to no forest at all in a landscape of alpine tundra. Above the tundra sit plantless slabs of granite and glacial ice. These glaciers, situated all around the uppermost source of the Columbia, represent a significant source of the river's cool mountain flow.

One of the largest ice fields is Illicilliwaet Glacier, located at the northern end of the transboundary Selkirk Mountains in western Canada. This closely studied and photographed slab of ice is a centerpiece of Canada's Glacier National Park. Its toe at one time sat right beside the path of a transcontinental railway and highway. Tourists could pull over and, after a short walk, step right onto the icefield. Today, the great Illicilliwaet has lost all its toes and most of its foot, having retreated far up the mountainside in response to the warming climate.

Not to be confused with Canada's park is the U.S. Glacier National Park, located in western Montana in the Rocky Mountains. This park has seen an even more dramatic – and some would say critical – retreat of its ice. From the 150-odd slabs documented there in the mid-nineteenth century, it has just under 40 today. Some have lost up to 85% of their ice. They all may be entirely gone by the end of this century. This predicament nudges glaciers toward the category of heritage.

As the edges of ice fields melt, they carry away deposits of silt, gravel and rock in a remarkable transfer of geological materials from the high alpine to valley floors, where the silt in natural river systems distributes itself as nutrients across the riparian and river estuaries. The Illicilliwaet Glacier gives birth to several river systems: the Duncan, emptying into the north end of Kootenay Lake, the Illicilliwaet, joining the Columbia at Revelstoke, B.C., and the Incomappleux, draining into the north end of the upper Arrow Lake south of Revelstoke. In dammed systems, like the Columbia and the Duncan, much of the glacial silt collects now behind various dams.

All three of these glacial rivers in one way or another contribute to the powerful flow of the Columbia River, as it descends from the mountains and winds its way across the Interior Plateau through an arid landscape that bears no resemblance to its genesis. All three of these river systems also flow through valleys that once hosted some of the oldest cedar-hemlock rainforests in the west. Most of the grand old

trees have been logged away. One of the few remnants of original forest is a tourism feature of Canada's Glacial National Park. One is hidden at the back end of the Incomappleux River valley, in a notch of astonishing moisture. I visited this remarkable place in August, a year ago.

By the time the Incomappleux has finished gathering high-mountain glacial silt, gravel and rock into its watery arms and has found its way to the notch, it runs thick as milk. Its opaque flow winds through the low-gradient valley toward the Columbia. This relatively broad valley is classified on B.C. Interior Wetbelt Forest maps as "very wet." Ecologist Greg Utzig has described the valley as "the wettest of the wet." On that August long-weekend a year ago, boots on the ground experienced a drenching 36 hours of heavy rain. Over the past 1,500 years, rainfalls like this have supported the development of a mature cedar-hemlock forest far from the rainforest coast.

The interior temperate rainforest is unique. To flourish, temperate rainforests typically need to be close to maritime weather. Damp ocean breezes and storms keep rain coming and hold the range of mean annual temperature between 39 and 54 degrees Fahrenheit. The interior rainforest, by comparison, sits 300-500 miles from the Pacific. The spread of its mean temperature is wider. A large portion of its annual precipitation falls as snow. It would be easy, in fact, to miss that the upper Columbia landscape is a temperate rainforest, except for the presence of cedar and moisture-loving hemlock trees, as well as a wide variety of lichen.

After the Pacific weather systems have drenched the coast, they scud across the Plateau and hit the upper Columbia mountains. These mountains catch the second wave of the maritime storms, creating a temperate atmosphere. The Incomappleux valley hosts a vestige of surviving old growth temperate forest, an ecological marvel within the climatic marvel of this inland, temperate world.

In 1814, traveling down the Columbia River,

fur trader Gabriel Franchère commented in his journals about the cedars he saw near the mouth of the Incomappleux River. The cedars were, he said, "here, as on the borders of the sea, of a prodigious size." A full 200 years ago, with no scientific instruments, Franchère recorded the remarkability of an inland temperate rainforest.

When my journey to the big trees began a year ago, the sky was clear and the sun hot. Accessing the wet Incomappleux notch required an initial drive on logging roads through a clear-cut landscape that had been replanted in an effort to "farm" the timber in tight economic cycles.

Eventually, our pickup reached the end of the road, a bridge washout. We piled out to continue eight miles farther, through more recovering clear-cut, some of it replanted, some of it left to fend for itself after washouts and rock slides blocked access to the last of the mature forests. The logging road narrowed more and more as we hiked, until it became a faint single track through scrub alder and young hemlock crowding in from both sides. Everywhere, on this hot August day, moisture hung in the air.

By dinnertime, we had reached the border dividing the logged terrain from the area that was still untouched. We pitched our tent on a mossy bluff. At dusk, the rain began to fall, at first lightly, then more and more heavily, its patter joining in with the roar of the Incomappleux River passing by below the bluff. The next day, we teetered across a log spanning one of the river's tributary streams and entered a magical world – the grove of millennial trees we had come to see.

The journey continues in next month's column. With thanks to Madeleine, for carrying the heaviest pack, and to Simon, for showing us the way.

*Eileen Delehanty Pearkes lives in Nelson, B.C. Her new book on the Columbia River Treaty, A River Captured, was recently released by Rocky Mountain Books. For more of her explorations of the western landscape, visit [www.edpearkes.com](http://www.edpearkes.com).*

### EAVESDROPS What people have written about the north Columbia region

*"Coyote gave us to the river ... an expression of love.*

*Coyote will make it right.*

*Bringing back to love,*

*bringing back another memory."*

*~ Marilyn James*



# A Young Vagabond Finds a Path

By Connor McCammon

What are all of these kids and young adults doing up there in those mountains? What is this Job Corps program everyone's talking about? Well, alright, I'm sure there's a line about halfway between those of the community who know about Job Corps and those who have yet to even hear the term. My name is Connor, and I'm here to give you the rundown on what it is we're doing out here.

First off I'll go ahead and tell you a bit about how I ended up joining Job Corps. You see, I've been a vagabond since graduating from high school. By vagabond, I mean that I have yet to live in one place at a time for any longer than about six months over the past five years. I've traveled this country as a homeless man, worked jobs I had to learn to appreciate, and stayed with family when in times of need. Certainly

not your first-class citizen, but I have lived an adventurous life.

Now, as spontaneous and exciting a lifestyle like that can be, I had no direction. I had no career path in place and certainly no specific plans for my future. My plan was everything. My path was everywhere. For a man approaching his mid-twenties, this may still not be such a bad thing. Unless, that is, you've come to realize that you've already exhausted all of your ambitions; already seen and done so much only to find yourself back on grandma's couch.

So, sitting on my nana's couch in Arizona, I naturally had to ask myself the question of all questions: What am I doing with my life? I started writing song lyrics and poetry with an old friend of mine from high school and thought, maybe music. As we began to get back in touch, he started telling me all about his experience with Job Corps – joining fire crew and making his way to an advanced training program.

I could tell he was going places with his life – becoming an independent adult with a future – and my heart skipped as I began to wonder if I too could make something of myself. Joining Job Corps swiftly became my own next big step in life.

Let's jump ahead a couple of months now, and ... ta-da! Here I am training to be a wild land firefighter in Curlew Job Corps. As much as I may miss certain freedoms that being an adult on the road had provided me, I know for a fact that I am heading in the right direction. As I lie in bed, in a room full of new friends, playing my harmonica, I pay mind to how far I've come since I got here.

Before arriving at Job Corps I had developed one of those beer guts you get from being lazy, not socializing and watching maybe a bit too much Netflix. I tended to sleep all day and was indifferent to any notion of getting out of the house except for work and the occasional afternoon adventure. Not to mention my smoking through about a pack a day. Since joining Job Corps I have developed a solid workout routine, read about eight books and found an unexpected amount of support from the staff and many of my peers. All of this came from only three months in the program, and I must say that I'm in the best shape of my life.

Right from the get-go I was making friends and connections with fellow students, as well as staff members, who were happy to show me the ropes and get me settled in for a long trek forward. I found people who wanted to be a better version of themselves just like me. It's hard not to feel at home when you're smiling and laughing more in the first week than you have in months on your own.



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In this home away from home, in the middle of mountains and forests, I'm with a group of fairly like-minded people who are looking to better themselves. Now, that's not to say there aren't bad days. As with any community or varying version of society, we're going to see some struggles. Clashing personalities, misunderstandings, and all-around just trying to fit into the role of an upstanding citizen.

But here ... here there is a silver lining. I am gratefully blessed with three meals a day, my own bed in a safe place, plenty of recreational activities, books to read and a steady paycheck. I never thought I'd be so well off. And this is just the beginning.

On top of the regular communal living comes

an intense new level of education and training. I have always looked to nature with a sense of awe and wonder, as I'm sure many can say for themselves as well. Now my wonder, and desire to comprehend what it is I'm looking at, has finally come into focus. My chosen trade in Job Corps has me looking at nature with so much more understanding.

I no longer see just a bunch of beautiful trees, lakes and animals. I can start to see the why and how of this land we so love to immerse ourselves in. With the training I have been provided, I can see a path forming in front of me. One where I not only get to understand the nature all around us, but I get to be a part of it, too. I know for a fact my life is back on track. I have a goal, and

I know now that I have a future in shaping and progressing the land we're all a part of.

I know I might be a tad vague in my description of Job Corps itself. But for someone who is trying to find their way in the world, Job Corps is a hard-working, tight-knit community of the next up-and-coming generation of workers. We are here to build ourselves into people who are ready to take the future head-on.

Speaking only from my personal experience, I must say this is a place for those who have decided for themselves that "I am tired of being lost." We are here to discover a path to our future, and start walking it.

Learn more at <https://www.jobcorps.gov/>.

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# Close Encounters of the Natural Kind

Article & Photos by Joanie Christian

In our paddling adventures over the years, we have been wowed by incredible scenery and wildlife. Those moments are indeed memorable, but the everyday happenings in nature have come to be a much-cherished part of our kayaking journeys. As we go about our days at home and work, there is a whole other world out there with a rhythm of its own. A foreign, untamed, and fascinating reality different than our own.

Kayaking has given us a front-row seat to that world. In a speedboat, you never notice these things, but exploring a lake via kayak gives you a whole different experience. For us, kayaking affords the opportunity to slow down and, for a brief moment in time, savor that other world. And it reminds us that we are part of a bigger picture.

The type of kayaks we have has made a big difference in our ability to do this. If you're contemplating buying a kayak, there are some important things to consider to make sure you get one that best meets *your* needs. There are many types of kayaks on the market, with an array of features to consider, and widely varying price points.

Some are for sea kayaking or whitewater conditions, others for more placid waters. Shorter, wider kayaks provide more stability, while longer and narrower models are more efficient in the water. Sit-on-top kayaks allow you and your gear to rest on top of the kayak, while sit-in models have openings in the kayak body for your legs and cargo to fit into. The sit-in models enable the paddler to sit closer to the water level and paddling is more efficient. The

paddler is also less exposed to the elements.

We chose mid-price, sit-in models with a large cockpit (opening), as the smaller cockpits felt claustrophobic and we imagined all kinds of mishaps getting in and out of them. I needed a larger cockpit to store my camera gear in front of me as well. We have shorter 12-foot models without rudders, which allow us to navigate in shallow areas and turn around in tight spaces. They are also easier to transport.

A supportive and adjustable seat is an absolute must. In our pre-kayaking years, we had a canoe with no back support and had back pain after even short excursions. With the supportive seats in our kayaks, we can paddle for hours very comfortably. Go to a store that will allow you to sit in them, or, better yet, borrow and try out a model you are considering purchasing. Choosing the right kayak makes all the difference. The wrong one can make you never want to go kayaking again. The right one can make you fall in love with exploring the world via kayak.

Without a rudder on our kayaks, we can paddle in water just 4-5 inches deep, exploring areas that can't be accessed by a canoe, rowboat or motorboat. We've been able to closely observe waterfowl, turtles and beavers this way. Beavers live up to their reputation of being busy and creating channels that seem to magically appear overnight. Some are wide and deep enough to navigate via kayak, and it is astonishing to see how dramatically these fairly small creatures change the landscape in a short period of time. If I am close to an active beaver lodge, I can often hear their squeaks

and grunts, or chomping on food. It brings a smile to my face as I picture the beaver family going about their business inside.

When kayaking, I tend to skirt around the shoreline of a lake, as there are all kinds of interesting things happening along the shore. In the spring at Trout Lake on Sherman Pass, we found water lilies spiraling up toward the surface from the bottom. You could almost sense the new pink and lime colored shoots reaching for the sunlight.

I confess, I used to think that bird watching was for old people. Either I have reached the "old people" milestone, or I have gotten a little wiser and developed an appreciation for them that I didn't have before. This spring, we observed female waterfowl swimming along the shore with their young, where they are well camouflaged and more protected from predators. Sometimes, I don't notice a mom and babies until they get spooked when I am just a few feet away.

Usually the hatchlings skitter off with their mother, but occasionally one submerges instead. Their navigation is fair at best, and they tend to pop up like corks in the very spot they went under, immediately going under again. While humorous to watch, the end result is that these little guys in all their endless bobbing get separated from the rest of the group. They are very vulnerable to predators when this happens.

I inadvertently caused a merganser duckling to separate from its mom and siblings at Little Twin Lakes recently, and was worried about the eagles and ospreys snatching it up for a meal.







*American Loon and chicks.*

Though I know that many of the hatchlings will be eaten by larger birds of prey before reaching adulthood, I couldn't help but try to rectify the situation I created. I paddled ahead in front of where the mom and siblings were, redirecting them back in the direction of the one that had become separated. The little one was safe ... for now.

Loons are very easily startled when nesting, alarming with their signature call if you get too close. Last year, though, an adult pair at Big Meadow Lake with two chicks swam very close to my boat, feeding with their heads underwater right in front of my kayak. I was

able to sit quietly and watch them for several minutes. While they were unfazed by me, they did alarm at seeing a bald eagle flying overhead. A friend who is a wildlife biologist shared that 90% of loon hatchlings are eaten by the bald eagles. Perhaps these were feeding close to my kayak for protection from the eagle. Hearing the call of a loon on a quiet lake is a highlight of our kayaking experiences. And on a truly special day, we've been able to observe new loon chicks riding on the back of their parent.

Mama mallards and their ducklings sometimes swim right up to our kayak, so close I can hear them nibbling on bugs in the lilies.

I chuckle when I watch a mama mallard squawking at her rogue duckling that wants to do its own thing.

I find these observations of ordinary daily life on a lake to be enchanting, wondrous, peaceful and restorative. You can't buy happiness, but you can buy a kayak, and in my book, that's kind of the same thing.

*Joanie Christian, a freelance photographer, has lived in the Colville area for more than 40 years and is still finding new things to discover. Follow some of her adventures at [stillwaterpaddling.com](http://stillwaterpaddling.com).*

*Merganser and chicks.*





# Sandi Everson: Forward Together

By Loren Cruden

Sandi Everson arrived at my house bearing a box of M&M-chip cookies still warm from the oven. From the moment of meeting her, it was like chatting with a kind neighbor.

I assumed that asking Sandi what brought her to and kept her in north Columbia country, and what sparked her to get involved in community projects, were separate questions. I was wrong.

"In 1994 we were looking for property in Montana because Seattle was just closing in on where we lived. But everything we found in Montana was so expensive; my husband said, 'Let's look up in eastern Washington.'"

"When we came into the Chewelah Valley we just never went home – parked our trailer until we found a place to buy. I wanted Northport, just fell in love with the area. We saw this beautiful blue farmhouse and my daughter said, 'Go knock on the door and see if they'll sell.' I told her, 'Oh they'll never sell; that place has been in the family for generations.' Two weeks later, it came on the market and that was it. I didn't even need to see what it looked like inside. Sometimes you just know. This was my home.

"That's what brought us here. What kept us here is that I fell in love with the people. It's a community that loves to work together, to do things together."

Not only did Sandi and her husband remain in the area, but both their grown daughters continue to live here as well: one in Northport and one in Kettle Falls, drawing in in-laws and producing grandchildren. But what is it that informs love of community with the kind of stamina so apparent in Sandi's participation?

"I was forty years old, extremely shy, couldn't talk to anybody or even look them in the eye. I would be involved, but it had to be behind the scenes. Going into business with my friend, I told her I'd do ninety-five percent of the work,

but don't make me talk to anybody."

I interrupted to ask what the business comprised.

"We created an educational card game that teaches Greek and Latin. We were both home-school moms. We wanted to teach our kids the Latin and Greek roots for words, but the usual way was so boring. What we started doing instead was so much fun – playing with the words – that we created four games in one. They're now used in five countries and in Harvard's ESL program." She laughs as if this triumph is wonderfully absurd.

"So, back to the shyness: When we moved here our church did a soup kitchen at the barter fair. I was scared to death, but went along to help. We had a trailer to cook in and I thought, okay, I'll be able to hide inside this trailer while I cook the food.

"Well, we totaled the trailer, had to cook on a flatbed out there in the middle of the fair where everyone could see.

"This little kid I served whispered that it was the best soup he'd ever had, and I started looking at the people we were serving. So many of them were kids.

"The next year, I had a clown suit made, put on makeup, and all the sudden there was this whole new world for me, because people weren't looking at this lady: I was just a clown. We started going to the hospital and everywhere, getting more involved in community. WSU had contacted us about a grant. Another gal and I sat down and wrote out an application – I'd never done anything like that before – and we got accepted for the grant.

"I wanted to have more connection with people, so I got a job at Tony's Market. It was just ... fun! But it has been a very long journey, getting there."

One that clearly focuses around projects, I realized as Sandi continued.

"For seven years we'd been trying to get a youth center open in Northport. It kept falling through. But I asked our new pastor one day if he was going to do anything with the church's 16-by-20-foot outbuilding. He said no, but that he'd like to see kids in there. So we got it for free – just had to pay for electricity and get a porta-potty and hand-washer. We opened the building as a youth center in March; the kids couldn't believe it."

"What's the population of Northport these days?" I asked, to put all this in context.

"Around 300," Sandi said, "with a service area of about 4,000."

"What is it that brings people out of the hills to do things for community?"

"When we started the Horizons project, Northport had the highest participation rate of all the communities involved. We had over eighty people come and do the study circles looking at poverty in our area. Not just financial poverty, but also people lacking family and so on. We formed five study groups. The school allowed us to have one group amongst the children in the school, during school hours. One group met at the bar. Another met in a church. It was amazing for a little town like ours. Thirty people went through leadership training, from youth on up. We discovered that people are willing to participate if they know what's happening. So we started a phone tree to keep people informed. The community decided to work on five projects: a farmer's market, a community garden, a youth center, town cleanup, and a community information sign. The youth center was the last of those to get going. We had a community center where kids could use the computers and hang out, but



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# Conversations

it wasn't really a place where they could be loud and play games.

"It was the town, not me, that decided these projects should be done. When you listen to and empower people, I think it makes the work more successful and sustainable. We're in our ninth year with the community garden and it's beautiful.

"We also have senior meals going, once a week. The seniors said they wanted it to happen. We're on our eighth year with that. There are anywhere from 18 to 24 seniors coming in, and take-outs for seniors at home. But it is the chance for connection that matters as much as the food. A young man, about 23, asked if he could come wash dishes and play music for the seniors during the meals. That got another lady started; she played piano while people were arriving."

Sandi mentioned several local churches that financially support the meals program and provide a venue; the seniors themselves donate \$4 each for the meal if they can afford it. All this talk of food and gardens had me reaching for another of Sandi's cookies. My cat Taliesin hopped up onto my lap, to help with crumbs.

"Northport Community Preservation and Restoration is what we call what oversees these projects, and that came out of the original Horizon grant with WSU. They gave us so much useful training. Even though their funding is not ongoing, what we've done with it is self-sustaining, because of the training. They taught us how to recruit volunteers, how to do a nonprofit, all of that. We do fundraisers – a yard sale, a silent auction, and rent out an office that was part of the original grant – it keeps the community center totally funded. And there's an annex building we rent for yoga classes and massage."

**Q:** Are all segments of the community part of this?

**Sandi:** Yes. We're learning to connect through partnerships with churches, businesses, schools, Lions Club, nonprofits and so on, everyone heading in the same direction. We all want to see our town succeed. We want our kids to have a reason to stay here. We each do our own thing, but there's a common goal, moving our town forward together."

"It sounds like Northport has figured out how to keep a collective eye on the ball rather than pursue divisive squabbles," I ventured.

Sandi nodded, took a sip of her tea. "I look at the diversity in our community and it is unbelievable for such a small place. Out in the world we would probably not all get along. But that's not important. We care more about the community than about any individual differences we might have. It's about caring for one another, looking for opportunities to



*Sandi Everson (as a clown) and her grandson.*

serve others. Within the group I work with, we disagree politically and yet we can listen to each other. I wish our country could be that way, working together."

"Northport would seem exceptional in these times," I said.

"Sometimes our group goes out together just for fun, not for meetings or work on projects," Sandi replied. "We find time to just be friends. I think that developing that caring relationship with one another has been what's kept things going. And looking at each other's strengths and weaknesses, also – which was part of the WSU training. Knowing who best to send in to different situations. Learning such things as a group has really helped us. Seeing the different ways people approach things."

"To be able to sustain commitment and cooperation is quite the accomplishment, on a day to day basis," I noted.

"It has not been without rocks we've tripped over," Sandi warned. "But that tenacity or whatever you want to call it has been there. We want to be together. We want to make it happen."

"So what's on the front burner for you at the moment?"

"This year, for the Colville Fair, I got this

idea – while driving across the state to visit my parents – for creating an entire city at kid-level. There's going to be a grocery store, a barber shop, a post office, a bank, a fire station, a police station, a school, and a church – all kid-sized – and a community garden, a lumber yard, and a farmers market (I hope).

"I contacted the Master Gardeners for help, got a pedal tractor and police car. The idea is a kids' city where kids learn while having fun. I've been getting help from lots of people. My son-in-law built a beautiful kid-size pulpit for the church out of old barn wood. The students at the Northport School made twelve benches. Our firefighters will bring their truck down and let kids handle their firefighting clothes and gear; I thought it would be good for them to feel how heavy those clothes are.

"The whole Kids' City will be underneath the grandstand. We're making it into a really nice space to be in."

Which I think pretty well describes Sandi's work in general.

*Anyone wanting to get involved in the Kids' City project or find out more about it can contact Sandi at 509-732-8847. The Colville Fair runs Aug. 24-27.*



# New Beginnings Inside Prison Walls

By Nancy Hill

I used to think punishment was justice. Now I'm open to a new way of thinking about the criminal justice system and the handling of men and women according to the crimes they have committed.

Working as a jail and prison ministry volunteer for several years, and taking part in various social advocacy committees in the Spokane area, I promote rehabilitation in order to improve lives and reduce recidivism. Throughout my adult life I've volunteered with youth and adults who have been in trouble. Volunteering at the jail and prisons, showing up, engaging in conversation, and simply being there is what I do. I believe this makes a difference for the better. Although I've never been incarcerated, life experience, both the good and the bad, are my credentials.

So on this day, walking down the corridor at the Spokane County Jail, stark walls enclose me. Entering the elevator, I speak to a camera on the ceiling. Knowing someone can see and hear me, I say, "Three West." Lorine, who is 34 years old, is expecting me. (Respecting her desire for anonymity, I've changed her name.)

The previous week, she called out to me, "Hi, do you remember me?" I thought, oh yes, the girl who said she was possessed by demons and wanted exorcism. I wished it were that simple. She had been here last year for possession of drugs. After being at the jail for three months on a misdemeanor charge, she was released.

Now on the third floor, Lorine's temporary place of safety, I walk to the cell assigned to her, a cubicle nine feet by twelve feet. She and another woman share a toilet and there are two single beds. Below the window, through which I see Lorine, is a small screen. I begin speaking to her. "Hi there, it's good to see you."

An officer comes over to where I'm standing, and opens the door. Her allotted time out is twenty minutes. We go to a table and sit down together. I say, "Can you tell me what went wrong?"

She says, "I'm a call girl in Nevada, and here again on a charge for possession of drugs. My son lives in Spokane." She looks at me pleadingly.

Suspecting a sense of helplessness, I ask, "Are you drawn to the lifestyle that money can bring?"

I hear the pain in her voice. "Yes, but it's more than that." She pauses. "I don't think I can stay away."

Her hands flex while she reaches out, not able to find the feelings she's having. As we talk, she tells me about being sexually assaulted when a young girl. The trauma Lorine experienced is impossible for a child to process alone and there must be fear residing in her that the memory can't capture. That's where the demons are. Is she hoping for some semblance of control?

I believe stability is possible when help, directed in a positive direction, can be conceptualized. She is not aware that her actions in the present are related to her past; nevertheless, crime is punishable by law.

In a *New York Times* article by Rebecca Ruitz on May 12, 2017, Jeff Sessions, the U.S. Attor-

ney General, is trying to make sure of tougher sentencing: "In an eight-paragraph memo, Mr. Sessions returned to the guidance of President George W. Bush's administration by calling for more uniform punishments – including mandatory minimum sentences – and instructing prosecutors to pursue the harshest possible charges. Mr. Sessions' policy is broader than that of the Bush administration, however, and how it is carried out will depend more heavily on the judgments of United States attorneys and the assistant attorneys general as they bring charges."

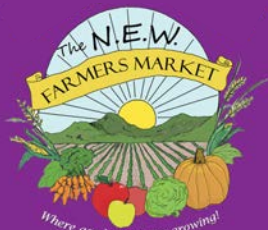
Lorine and I have a good talk. It's time for her to return to her cell. I hand her a book. "Maybe you'll find something that will be encouraging. It's my story of hope." With tears, she clutches it to her chest while expressing thanks. I continue to the next person.

The awareness that our punitive system is not working is slowly being recognized because so many individuals come back through the system time and again. The Spokane County Jail, Geiger Correctional Facility and Airway Heights Prison are beginning to implement programs aimed for an individual's success. Also, the Spokane Regional Law and Justice Council is a leader in efforts for positive solutions in the community at large. It has received grant money from the MacArthur Foundation to further work toward a more successful approach. Other states notice Spokane's efforts in making changes for the good.

The following week at the jail I find Lorine gone with no explanation. Usually I know the next destination. Chances are, she will be back through the system. I hold hope in my heart that my efforts will mesh with those of others in our comparable goals.

Nancy Hill, a retired caregiver, enjoys writing with the Inland Northwest Writers Guild of Spokane.

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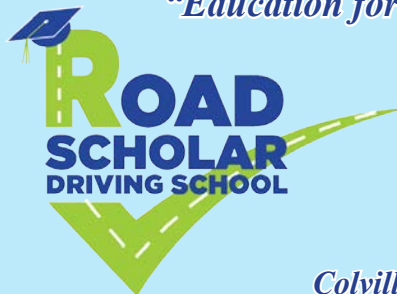
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# Deep in the Woods? Good!

By Bronwyn Worthington

The scorching hot drive slowly led us from urban streets to primitive dusty roads. At last, my children and I arrived at the cabin in the woods for our long-awaited getaway. After stopping long enough to take in the familiar smell of pine trees, I busied myself with unloading food into kitchen cupboards.

Meanwhile, my daughter selected the tiny but ever-so-cozy room on the first floor. Determined to personalize her space, she quickly began plastering posters onto the log walls. Upon reaching the top of the stairs my son walked toward the master bedroom where light flooded in through multiple windows. Without a thought, he hurled his duffel bag on the floor. Sleeping quarters now claimed, he wasted no time moving on to explore new territory.

Early the next morning I awoke to the view of a deer tending her baby fawn. I rushed to wake my children, and the three of us cherished a front-seat view of this mother-child dance.

Later, a trek into the forest opened the door of possibility for spotting smaller animals. Together, we watched rabbits and chipmunks darting to and fro. Before long, my youngsters were leading the way through the woods, fully confident in their youthful instincts. I found myself asking how fifteen years could have passed since I started this crazy mama life. How is it that these two have morphed from babes in the pouch – to littles always underfoot – to adolescents forging ahead?

After a day filled with the pleasures of observing meek and mild animals, we found ourselves in for a turn of events. In passing, my son declared that he had seen a critter moving about in the entryway closet. When I asked what he thought it might be, he shrugged and suggested, “A squirrel?”

For the next 24 hours, my daughter and I felt certain we were hearing strange noises from this closet. I tried to dismiss visions of rodents and bats, knowing all the while that pack rats have been known to show up here on occasion.

During the third day of our trip, I suddenly heard my daughter shriek. Rushing downstairs, I saw her staring at the entryway closet, yelling, “Snake!” By the time I made my way over, our new roommate had slithered out of sight. Uncertain as to whether he was still occupying the closet, I phoned my parents, the rightful owners of the cabin.

My dad suggested alerting a nearby neighbor who held a reputation for being an accomplished snake trapper.

After considering our options, we did what any average city folk might do. We made a call out to the local hardware store in search of snake traps. After the clerk politely informed us that these types of traps were not part of their inventory, she suggested we lure the animal into a pillowcase. I couldn’t help but laugh as I pictured myself attempting to charm a snake into my pillowcase!

Much to my relief, the noises within the closet faded, and we never spotted the snake again.

Our most memorable wildlife sighting came later in our week when, once again, my daughter alerted us with a loud yell. Pointing outside, she declared “Bear!” Sure enough, as my son and I gazed out the window, a brown bear sauntered around the house on his way back into the woods.

A sense of gratitude and awe filled the moment, giving way to a new family memory. Isn’t it funny how animals in nature nearly always show up when we’re least expecting to see them? More often than not, wild animals make themselves visible when we quiet down. In doing so, we offer them the right to vulnerably go about their business. Through quietly paying attention to our surroundings, even the most mundane routines can be revered. Who knows what new experiences might just surprise us today?

Despite the inevitable challenges, I thoroughly enjoyed our wilderness getaway. With video games and social events set aside, we accomplished our goal of embracing our home in the woods. The simple act of showing up created space for new adventures and deepening connections between my children and me.

On our final day, we dropped by a nearby lake where we completed our trip. Each of us plunged into the glimmering ripples of water. After finally having our fill of sun and sand, we topped off the afternoon with over-priced ice cream treats. With gratitude for the simple pleasures of life, we drove home dripping with summertime joy!

Bronwyn Worthington is a teacher in Spokane where she is pursuing her M.Ed in teaching and learning with an emphasis on social emotional learning. Say hello to her at [bronwynworthington.com](http://bronwynworthington.com).





# Bucks in Velvet

Article & Photos by J. Foster Fanning

In the Columbia Highlands we are no strangers to life with *Cervidae*, members of the deer family, which include deer, elk and moose. All these creatures have several things in common, including growing and bearing antlers. And antlers are where I'd like to dial in the focus of this article.

Occasionally, for a photographer, the opportunity presents itself to bring the camera to bear on an antlered member of one or another of these species such as the mule deer buck in full velvet pictured here. Like other backwoods folk, I've crafted antler into carvings, buttons, pipes, plant and coat holders, door handles and more. There are a number of "sheds," the term used for the cast-off antlers found in woods and meadows, adorning my porch, along with a few mounts in the house.

But what makes an antler? As many *North Columbia Monthly* readers may already know, antlers are bone, not horn. They are made of true bone fed by rapidly growing blood cells carried in the outer velvet covering. When in velvet, antlers are hot to the touch, are covered in soft, brushy hair, and have an unusual waxy feel. A combination of

protein and minerals are required for deer to grow their antlers. This is very different from horned animals, whose horns are made of a finger-nail-like substance called keratin.

Another difference between antlered and horned mammals is that horns do not shed and need only protein in order to optimize growth. Mammals with horns gradually add to existing growth over the course of their lives, unlike *cervids* who must grow a new set of antlers every year.

The timeline of antlers: Beginning around the start of spring in virtually every forest in continental North America, buck deer begin sprouting twisting organs out of their forehead. At first this is nothing more than two silver-dollar-sized patches of cells on either



side of the buck's head. From late March until early fall, the growing antlers are covered in "velvet," a temporary covering like a soft moss layer over a smooth stone. Beneath this protective coating, blood vessels and nerves fasten around fast-developing bone, as if the animal were growing a femur with no surrounding muscle. As the antlers grow, they branch into gradually larger forks.

A buck in velvet is sensitive and exceptionally protective of his antlers. These animals will not fight or spar with their antlers. If provoked they will rise to strike with their hooves instead. If you have the opportunity to observe a buck in velvet slipping through the woods, you will see him delicately turn to avoid brushing branches with his antlers.

Antler growth is an extension of the animal's body condition. A well-maintained buck with the proper nutrition attains the maximum antler growth. From the time antlers begin budding in late March and for the next few weeks growth is minimal. The primary reason is the lack of daylight compared to what it will be in June. Moreover, most bucks are still stressed from the long winter so their overall body is in







recovery mode. Also, antler growth is slow at first because spring green-up, which equals quality food, isn't normally available in the northern states until mid-to-late April. By the end of April brow tines on a fully mature buck should be easy to spot as well as growth of additional antler beam.

The deformed antler on the young buck pictured here (top, left) is most likely from an injury in early velvet when the antler was just a nub. Freak antlers like this are not uncommon, but they usually are not so radical. Often, if the damage is not deep in the pedicle, the next year's antler growth will not be deformed by the previous injury.

Generally, the month of May heralds an abundance of high-octane food, both natural and man-created. All food and forage preferred by deer are high in protein and other essential nutrients. This allows the animals' general body condition to recover from the stress of winter and sets the stage for prompt antler growth. Animals like the starfish or the gecko are known for rapid limb regeneration, but deer are among the fastest organ-growers in the animal kingdom. If food is ample and a buck is healthy, his tines can grow at a rate

of around three-quarters of an inch a day.

Come the Strawberry Moon of June, and if normal rainfall occurs, nutritious food will be lush and readily available to these browsers. Food, coupled with the longest amount of daylight of the year, provides the hormonal provision allowing antler growth to accelerate.

By the time June draws to a close, nearly all the primary points on a rack will have started to grow but still appear very bulbous. Adequate rainfall is crucial to assuring that the best antler growth continues throughout July. If drought conditions occur, the nutrition level of the food decreases, which has a tendency to cause a drop in antler growth. By the time July ends most bucks' antlers are fully formed, ushering in the antler hardening process.

In our Highlands area, bucks will have completed their antler growth by mid-August, at which time the blood flow to the antlers diminishes. Over the course of the next two to three weeks the antlers will harden. During this time the overall size of the antlers actually appears to decrease because the velvet covering the antlers shrinks as the

blood flow slows.

Sometime in late August through mid-September the antlers appear to become itchy and most bucks will rub against saplings for a day or two to peel the velvet from their antlers. You can easily spot the saplings with the bark scraped off. If you see a sapling scraped to a height of eight or ten feet, don't assume that it was made by a massive deer ... the long scar comes from the buck bending the tree to the ground as he continues to rub and scratch.

With smooth and solid calcified bone antlers, the buck is ready to advance its hereditary position within the herd. But that, my friend, is an entirely different story. Enjoy the summer outdoors, boots laced, field glasses in hand, camera at the ready. You never know what you will see. ...

*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. His photography is currently on display at the Coulee Dam Credit Union and Brown Bear Real Estate, both in Republic, WA. Learn more at <http://fosterfanning.blogspot.com>.*



# WHAT'S



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# APPENZING

## Events

**Aug 1-4:** Riverwood School Nature Camp, 146B Buena Vista Rd., Colville. Play outdoors, do projects, sing, & get healthy snacks too. Call 802-989-8400 or visit [riverwoodschool.org](http://riverwoodschool.org) for more info.

**Aug 4-5:** Annual Rummage Sale at the HUB Senior Center, 132 W. Elep Ave., Colville, 9 am - 5 pm (3 pm on Saturday). Donations accepted M-F, 9-3. Call 509-675-1479 for more info.

**Aug 4-6:** Colville Rendezvous Days (35<sup>th</sup> annual), with live music and entertainment on two stages, food, craft and commercial vendors, beer garden, Pioneer Dance, kid's inflatables that include a water slide and a bounce house, plus other Kid activities, classic car and bike show. Multi-church service on Sunday at 9 am. Rotary Club of Colville will hold their annual Blazing Saddles Bike Ride on Saturday as part of the festivities. Visit [ColvilleRendezvous.org](http://ColvilleRendezvous.org) for more info. See ad on page 4.

**Aug 5:** Fly-in breakfast/Open house at the Colville Airport, 7-11 am. Airplane and helicopter rides (weather permitting), vintage aircraft and other aviation attractionst. Fly-in camping welcome. Restrooms, shower and free wi-fi available. Pancakes, eggs, ham, and coffee will be served.

**Aug 5:** Blazing Saddles 5<sup>th</sup> Annual Bike Ride sponsored by the Colville Rotary Club. Meet at the Yep Kanum City Park, three route options, 100, 68, and 45 mile ride, plus a 25 mile fun ride for a discounted price. Register the day of the ride or in advance at [blazing100.org](http://blazing100.org).

**Aug 5-6:** Outboard Hydro Plane Racing, on the Pend Oreille River just north of the bridge, Newport, WA. Racing Starts at 10 am both days. Visit [www.slora.com](http://www.slora.com) for more info.

**Aug 10:** The 2017 Doctors' Convert, Colville City Park Rotary Pavilion. Fundraiser meal, 5:30 pm, live and silent auctions and concert, 6 pm. Free admission, door prizes, food and fun. Proceeds benefit TCCHF's Hope Street Project: Tiny Houses for the Homeless.

**Aug 11-12:** Relay For Life of Pend Oreille Valley, 6:30 pm - 6:30 am, Newport High School. There is no fee to register for or attend Relay For Life. Participants are encouraged to set a goal of raising \$100 to become a member of the Hope Club. Visit [relayforlife.org/pendoreillevalleywa](http://relayforlife.org/pendoreillevalleywa) to register a team and for more info.

**Aug 11-13:** Earth Rising Sanctuary Healing Gathering, featuring over 20 presenters with workshops on the healing arts, gardening, healthy living, alternative technology, and more. Many workshop leaders available for private sessions. Sat. evening concert by Amy Jo Ellis (9:30-10:30 pm) and Fiddlin Big Al (10:45-11:45 pm). Sun. evening music jam. 3470-C Moore Rd., off of Flat Creek Road, Kettle Falls, WA. Email [earthrisingsanctuary55@gmail.com](mailto:earthrisingsanctuary55@gmail.com) or call 509-732-4301 for more info.

**Aug 12, 26:** Dirt track racing at the Northport International Raceway, Marco Meldrum Memorial on Aug 12. Night racing on Aug 26. Visit [northportinternationalraceway.com](http://northportinternationalraceway.com) for the full schedule and more info.

**Aug 12-13, 26-27:** Newport WA Priest River ID Rotary Club Excursion Train Rides, departing Newport, WA, traveling along the Pend Oreille River. The ride takes approximately 45 minutes. A narrative of the history of the area will play during the ride. Riders can also participate in a treasure hunt and "robbers" may be encountered. Souvenirs, entertainment, vendors and more will be available. Aug 12 & 13, Noon & 3 pm, Aug 26 & 27, 11 am, 1 pm & 3 pm. Tickets can be purchased at [sporttrainrides.com](http://sporttrainrides.com), or by calling 1-877-5 ALL-ABOARD (1-877-525-5226). See ad on page 34.

**Aug 18-20:** Kettle Falls Camp & Jam at Happy Dell Park, Kettle Falls. Music lovers converge, touring bluegrass bands and regional acts perform, and food and craft vendors will be available. The public is invited to take in the main stage acts as well as walk freely and watch or participate. Tri-County Music is facilitating free workshops on musical instruments, voice, storytelling and composition, and providing free access to the camp jams. Other activities include: Band Scramble, Open Mic, Contra Dance, Jamming, Raffle, etc. Day tickets start at \$15, weekend passes are \$60, camping included. Call 509-675-6590 or email [mark@tri-countymusic.org](mailto:mark@tri-countymusic.org) for more info. See ad on page 36.

**Aug 19:** Fire District 10's Annual Firefighters BBQ, 11-3, at the Deep Lake Association Picnic area. Hamburgers, hotdogs and beans. Donations are welcome. There will be a silent auction, pie auction and yard sale. Please no early birds for the yard sale. Call 509-732-4195 for more info.

**Aug 19:** Day in the Park with Habitat for Humanity Colville Valley Partners, 9-5, Yep Kanum Park, Colville. Enjoy kid activities, games, and local vendors with crafts and foods. See ad on page 13.

**Aug 19-20:** Garlic Faire at China Bend Winery with live music, arts and crafts, gourmet foods and lots of garlic! On the Northport-Flat Creek Road along Lake Roosevelt at 3751 Vineyard Way, Kettle Falls. 800-700-6123, [www.chinabend.com](http://www.chinabend.com) for more info. See ad on page 9.

**Aug 24-26:** Downtown Colville Sidewalk Sale, featuring local artists and vendors, Thur and Fri, 10-6 and Sat, 10-4. Sponsored by the Colville Chamber of Commerce. Call 509-684-5973 for more info.

**Aug 24-27:** NE WA Fair at the Colville Fairgrounds. Red, White & Blue, This Fair is for You! Boise Cascade will sponsor a free family night on Thursday, dance lessons and teen dance at 8 pm on Friday, parade at 10 am on Saturday. Kelly Hughes Band at 9 pm on Saturday. Country Chevrolet will sponsor a free day on Sunday. Check out the Kid City! Call 509-684-2582 for more info. See ad on back page.

**Aug 25-27:** Wings Over Republic Fly-In, featuring Washington National Guard helicopter and crew, boat excursions, food, live music, tours, FAA seminar, and more. Visit [www.wingsoverrepublic.com](http://www.wingsoverrepublic.com) for more info.

**Aug 26:** 15<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Celebration at Meyers Falls Market in Kettle Falls, Noon-7 pm. Outdoor BBQ and kids' tent, live music, including Planetary Refugees at 5 pm. Meet local producers, lots of samples and giveaways. Visit [www.meyersfalls-market.com](http://www.meyersfalls-market.com) for more info. See ad on page 4.

**Aug 26:** Lawn mower races, Noon, Newport/Oldtown. Food, fun, and excitement. \$20 entry fee, free for spectators.

**Sep 1-2:** Festival of Neighbors at Happy Dell Park in Kettle Falls, featuring games and face painting for kids, food vendors, crafts, a classic car show and a wide variety of music, entertainment, and more. Two raffles are already underway. Prizes are a park bench (on display at the Kettle Falls Info Center) and a painting (on display at Kettle Falls Banner Bank) by local artist Linda Hyatt Cancel. All proceeds go toward the Festival of Neighbors. Call 509-738-2414 or email [kfvendor@gmail.com](mailto:kfvendor@gmail.com) for vendor spots and more info. See ad on page 5.

## Music, Dance, Theater & Film

**July 29, Aug 26:** Rave Up! Dance your legs off at a summer evening of mad beats and classic jams with a mix of rock, classic rock, rap, hip-hop, dubstep and even a bit of country at the Rotary Pavilion at Colville's Yep-Kanum Park from 8-11 pm. Music

and light show by Royal Red Entertainment. The event is free and provided by the Colville Recreation Department with support from 49 Degrees North Mountain Resort, Colville High School Athletic Department, School Board, and ASB, the Colville Valley Swim Club and the Vinson Fund.

**Aug 4:** Free movie night at the Colville Airport, 8, with snacks and refreshments. The movie will be *The Great Waldo Pepper*, a 1975 film with Robert Redford and Susan Sarandon set in the late 20's to early 30's full of early aviation barnstorming adventures. Rated PG. Everyone is invited to attend, bring your blankets and chairs to the outdoor theatre.

**Aug 10:** Movie Day at the HUB Senior Center, 132 W. Elep Ave., Colville, 1 pm, featuring the documentary *The National Parks: America's Best Idea*. Free popcorn and soft drinks will be served. Call 509-675-1479 for more info.

**Music at Northern Ales**, 325 W. 3<sup>rd</sup> Ave., Kettle Falls, [northernales.com](http://northernales.com), 509-738-7382:  
3<sup>rd</sup>: Sara Brown, 6-8 pm  
10<sup>th</sup>: Justin Johnson, 6-8 pm  
11<sup>th</sup>: Cross Current, 7-10 pm  
17<sup>th</sup>: Mark Harding's Variety Show, 6-8 pm  
18<sup>th</sup>: Open Mic, 7-10 pm  
24<sup>th</sup>: Finessa Fann, 6-8 pm

**Music at Republic Brewing Company**, 26 Clark Ave., Republic, [republicbrew.com](http://republicbrew.com), 509-775-2700. Note: some shows require tickets.  
2<sup>nd</sup>: Wood and Wire, 7 pm  
5<sup>th</sup>: Hillfolk Noir, 7 pm  
13<sup>th</sup>: Fireball Mail, 6 pm  
30<sup>th</sup>: Jason Boland and the Stragglers, 7 pm

**Music at The Flying Steamshovel**, 2003 2<sup>nd</sup> Ave., Rossland, B.C. Visit [theflyingsteamshovel.com](http://theflyingsteamshovel.com) or call 250-362-7323 for more info.  
2<sup>nd</sup>: Langhorne Slim w/ Guests, 9 pm  
8<sup>th</sup>: Band of Rascals w/ Guests, 8 pm

## Literature & Writing

**July 31, Aug 7:** Join us every Monday at noon at the Colville Library as we work our way through the Dewey Decimal system. A topical reading list will be available at each presentation. July 31: Dewey 800s-Public Speaking with Adena Sabins. Aug 7: Dewey 900s-History with Jack Nisbet.

**Aug 12:** Authors and Ales, 5:30-8:30 pm with best selling author Kerry Schafer, aka Kerry Anne King, at Northern Ales in Kettle Falls. Live music and raffle for Colville Valley Animal Sanctuary. Call 509-738-7382 for more info. See ad on page 4.

**Aug 16:** Libraries of Stevens County presents Free Self-Publishing for Beginners, 6pm at the Chewelah Public Library. Multi-published, best-selling, and award-winning author K.S. Brooks will explain the self-publishing process, how to avoid scams, and how to produce a quality book. With over 30 titles published via both self-publishing and traditional means, Ms. Brooks will educate attendees on the writing and publishing industries. Ms. Brooks currently resides in Chewelah, is on the Indie Author Day Board of Advisors, and runs Indies Unlimited, a website named in *Publishers Weekly* as one of Six Great Blogs for Indie Authors. Visit [thelosc.org](http://thelosc.org) for more info.

**Writers' Group:** Open invitation to writers of all skill levels and categories of writing, to a writers' group facilitated by author Loren Cruden. Regular gatherings for feedback on one another's work and help in developing skills. If interested, don't be shy; call Loren at 509-675-8644.

## Arts & Crafts

**Aug 4:** Gold Mountains Gallery reception in Republic, 4 - 7 pm, featuring new work by master woodworker David Wermuth and oil paintings by the late Everett Russell. Refreshments will be served. The artists coop is open Wed-Sat, 10:30-4:30 and offers a wide assortment of locally made arts and crafts.

**Aug 12:** Weave 'N' The Woods, a day of fiber and friends in the Colville City Park, 10 - 3, Kegel Shelter on the east side of the park. There will be spinning, weaving, knitting, crocheting, and anything else having to do with fiber. Bring a comfortable chair, your wheel, loom, or needles and hook and be prepared to have fun and visit with a lot of other fiber enthusiasts.

**Aug 15:** Deadline for submission for the Friends of the Little Pend Oreille National Wildlife Refuge annual photo contest of pictures taken during the year at the Refuge. Contact Joel Anderson at [onionjoel@gmail.com](mailto:onionjoel@gmail.com) for rules and an entry form.

**Aug 23:** Learn to make a kite at the HUB Senior Center, 132 W. Elep Ave., Colville, 10 am, all materials provided. \$3 suggested donation.

**Featured Artist Annette Coady** at the gallery at Meyers Falls Market in Kettle Falls for the months of August and September. Annette is a watercolor and oil artist and her subjects are mostly western lifestyles and ranch landscapes. She is also a professional photographer. Annette is living and preserving the life she is passionate about.

*Continued on page 34*

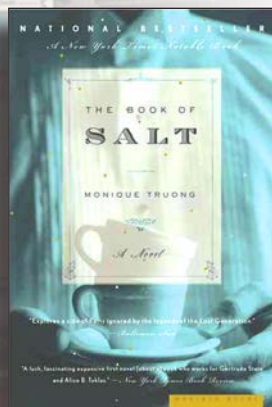
CALL HOSTING PARTIES TO CONFIRM LISTING INFO. THE NORTH COLUMBIA MONTHLY WILL NOT BE HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR ERRORS OR SCHEDULE CHANGES. VISIT [NCMONTHLY.COM](http://NCMONTHLY.COM) FOR DAILY LISTING UPDATES OR TO SUBMIT A "WHAT'S HAPPENING" LISTING.



# A Good Read

## *The Book of Salt*, by Monique Truong

Reviewed by Loren Cruden



Despite not being a fan of food-centered literature, I occasionally come across culinary prose that draws me in. *The Book of Salt*, a novel by Vietnamese-American writer Monique Truong, is one of those. The story is about a cook who works for Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas in 1930s Paris.

Binh, the cook, is Vietnamese. We glimpse scenes from his childhood back home under French colonial rule (and his father's calloused thumb), and his experiences as a galley hand at sea, as well as his life in Paris with "the Steins." In Paris, Binh's observations are not of the famous couple's literary activities, but of the women themselves, Toklas' exacting but bohemian presence in her sandals and batik dresses; Stein's American "open-faced roast beef sandwich of a smile."

An outsider far from home, full of yearnings and loneliness, the arriving Binh at first wanders the city looking for work. "No longer able to trust the sound of my own voice, I carry a small speckled mirror that shows me my face, my hands, and assures me I'm still here. Becoming more like an animal with each displaced day, I scramble to find shelter in the kitchens of those who will take me." Having gained experience in many kitchens, Binh "can always tell a professional chef from a home cook. The knife work gives them away. There is an economy of movement coupled with a warrior-like aggressiveness that immediately identifies the chef."

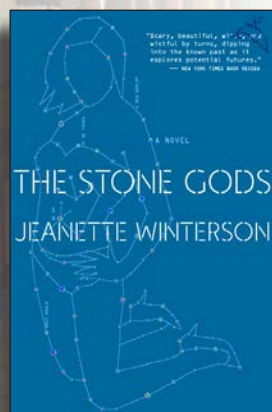
In the employ of Stein and Toklas, Binh is instructed to always call Gertrude Stein by her full name, as if one word, and to call Alice "Miss Toklas." So that is how the reader comes to think of the pair. Binh's perspective becomes ours as we behold life in Paris from his vantage. An acutely observant but invisible vantage, as that of servants has been since servants existed, yet one set in the intimate heart of what goes on.

One of the book's many sensual food metaphors is delivered after "GertrudeStein" pryingly asks Binh what his definition of love is and he silently points to a decorative arrangement of quinces on the table and shakes his head. His juicy explanation of this, to the reader though not to Stein, ends with, "...love is not a bowl of quinces yellowing in a blue and white china bowl, seen but untouched." Binh himself, clandestinely gay, thus all the more silent, longs to be seen and touched by someone to whom he is not subservient ("I followed you up four flights of stairs, and with each step I was a man descending into a place where I could taste my solitude, familiar and tannic").

For the cook, every emotion – perhaps every perception – has a distinct flavor, often variations of bitter or salty. His brother, a sous chef in Saigon, early-on instructs Binh that "to be a good cook I had to first envision the possibilities. I had to close my eyes and see and taste what was not there." Which is true of good novelists, too.

## *The Stone Gods*, by Jeanette Winterson

Reviewed by Loren Cruden



*The Stone Gods*, by multi-award-winning Jeanette Winterson, is not subtle. It steps up to the plate and whacks a satiric line drive. Winterson (like Margaret Atwood, lately) uses speculative fiction for her tale of consequences.

The story is launched from a planet blatantly, if futuristically, like our own. The populace has been informed that a beautiful new planet has just been discovered; hopes of migration to it are high: "...we'll leave this run-down rotting planet to the Caliphate and the Sino-Mosco Pact, and they can bomb each other to paste..."

Billie Crusoe, the narrator, is of the opinion that the pristine new planet "needs us like a bed needs bedbugs." Lamenting the degradation of her home world, she sees little chance of humanity not repeating the same mistakes on a new world. Nonetheless, Billie finds herself an intergalactic political prisoner, and falls in love with a sapient robot on their way to prepping the Blue Planet for human habitation.

The story is not lacking in polemic. It makes

the most of its futuristic scenarios, using short, bitingly witty scenes, quantum mysticisms, and poetic flights of description. Winterson pokes into human nature, robot nature, and nature itself. She celebrates tenacity: "...we have survived wars and terrorism and scarcity and global famine, and we have made it back from the brink, not once but many times. History is not a suicide note – it is a record of our survival." (So far.)

Prepping the new planet does not go as planned. The story then makes several *Cloud Atlas*-like shifts, well executed and sometimes very funny: reincarnational parables. The book is about longing, basic primal desire that over and over seeks something to quench its thirst – whether the journey is only from the womb to the world or across far reaches of space. Over and over "the sun rose and we set sail through the clean emptiness of another chance."

Loren Cruden's fiction, nonfiction and poetry can be found at Meyer's Falls Market in Kettle Falls, and at [lorenbooks.com](http://lorenbooks.com).

## In Theaters: *Baby Driver*

Reviewed by Sophia Aldous

What could be cooler than a movie with a title drawn from a Paul Simon song? Lots of things, I'm sure, but for the sake of this review, let's just say that Edgar Wright's *Baby Driver*, a heist flick one beat away from being a musical, is pretty cool.

None of the characters break out in song, but the use of music to syncopate routine actions like getting coffee, counting money or even firing a gun offer a fresh take on a genre that audiences are plenty familiar with.

Baby (yep, that's his name), played by Ansel Elgort, is a talented getaway driver for a criminal big shot (Kevin Spacey). Baby almost makes it out of his life of crime when he meets and falls

in love with a pretty waitress (Lily James). Of course, he gets pulled back for one more heist with robbers Buddy (Jon Hamm) and Darling (Eiza Gonzalez), and the intensely disturbing and appropriately named Bats (Jamie Foxx).

Again, if you have seen a heist or gangster picture, you know this plot. What holds your attention here is the sound mixing, which lushly swells in your ears, thus causing your eyes to pay attention to the ballet of movement and precise editing that's happening on screen.

Wright is a master of where to point the camera and how to deliver a seamless final product; while many other action films rely on jarring editing or shaky cam, he shows it all to us in a smooth sweep that is both exciting and engaging.

It doesn't hurt that he pulls good performances

out of his actors as well. Elgort is intriguing as the music-loving, crook-between-a-rock-and-a-hard-place Baby, with enough sweetness and verve to make us root for him. Foxx is chilling as the slow-burning, unhinged Bats, and Hamm, formerly of Don Draper *Mad Men* fame, is delightfully surprising as a bad guy barely able to stay ahead of reality.

The driving scenes are also a thing of beauty, well choreographed and gripping. If I have one complaint, it's that the love story made me raise the occasional eyebrow with skepticism, but it's not as trite or useless as other romances forced into summer blockbusters, and it's not a distraction from the quality of the film. *Baby Driver* is fast, fun, and all the good things summer movies should be made of.

## Classics Corner: *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*

Reviewed by Sophia Aldous

It's been 80 years since Walt Disney's pioneering full-length animated film *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* wowed audiences, but I can't help but feel that cartoons are still viewed as a lesser form of entertainment in our culture, even though many go on to slay at the box office and garner critical acclaim. *Aladdin*, *Beauty and the Beast*, the *Toy Story* movies, *WALL-E*, *Zootopia* – the list goes on and on. Perhaps that's a passionate tirade for another time. For now, let's talk about this stunningly gorgeous American piece of art based on a German fairy tale.

Who doesn't know the story of a princess who escapes the clutches of a vain, evil queen to find sanctuary in the dwarfs' home, only to be tricked by said monarch in disguise into eating a poisoned apple and being awakened by true love's kiss, bestowed by a prince? It's a set-up so intricately woven into our cultural subconscious, it can be easy to forget it's even there in the first place.

*Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* served as the bedrock for that particular type of Disney branding that would launch the company into the global corporate titan it is today, and become the grandmother of the "family film" variety.

Not everything about the 1937 *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* stands the test of time, particularly our main character's naiveté and downright passivity that would be an annoying characteristic of many a Disney princesses for the next several generations. And nothing personal against Snow White's voice actress

Adriana Caselotti, but in my own opinion her high-pitched intonation can be grating.

However, there's a reason why this movie was picked for preservation by the U.S. Library of Congress and why it graces the American Film Institute's list of the 100 greatest American films. The animation is stunning, a book of folklore illustrations brought to life in flawless color and imagination. For me, it's a movie I can turn on and watch without the sound, though the musical score is its own triumph.

Maybe the themes of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* aren't relevant to a modern audience, but the creativity and heart that beats in every frame of this film deserves to be appreciated. For the young or young at heart, it's a movie that merits viewing.

As the saying goes, "everyone's a critic" and Sophia is no different. She is a reporter and cinema aficionado in Newport, WA, and enjoys every

genre, from action movies to silent films and everything in between (even that weird French stuff). Reach her at [sophiamatticealdous@gmail.com](mailto:sophiamatticealdous@gmail.com).

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# LISTEN UP

## Styx: *The Mission*

Reviewed by Michael Pickett

The first rock album I ever bought with my paper route money was *Pieces of Eight* by Styx. This was back when albums weren't just a collection of fabricated singles... they were cinematic. Every song was a piece of a dazzling audio puzzle, and – on top of it all – bands were coming off the road from 200 gigs a year to put out an album so they could go out and play another 200 live shows in support of their latest masterpiece.

So, it's been over 10 years since we had any new music

by Styx, and the fact that their latest, *The Mission*, was going to be a concept album (telling the story of a manned mission to Mars) was some of the best musical news to come along in quite a while.



Tommy Shaw hasn't lost a step vocally on the dramatic "Radio Silence" or the dense "Red Storm," where drummer Todd Sucherman lays down some absolutely jaw-dropping rhythms over Shaw's smooth and stratospheric lead vocals. Keyboardist Lawrence Gowan creates his own distinctive vocal and synth sounds while still drawing from

the Styx prog-rock canon on "The Outpost" and the phenomenal, classically-tinged "Khedive."

In 2015, I took my young son to see Styx live. Judging from the boredom a fair amount of concert-goers expressed at the thought of sitting through a Styx set, the average American listeners are on a fast-food music diet that is so audio-nutrient-free that they have no idea what they're missing (despite their desire to sit through drive-by the likes of washed-up hacks like Poison and Dokken).

So, is *The Mission* as great as Styx platters of old? Not quite, but it's so fantastic and so much better than anything you'd ever hear by Foo Fighters, Katy Perry, Kanye or whatever else is passing as "elite" just now that it's a blast of fresh Martian air from start to finish.

## Kygo Aims High

Reviewed by Michael Pickett

If you've been listening to Top 40 hits, or shopping, or flying in a plane, or generally living your life on any level, chances are that you have been exposed to at least a little tropical house music. While not all trendy trends are great, this is a sound that actually is pretty refreshing... and at its center is Norwegian producer Kygo.

Handling remix chores for the likes of Ed Sheeran, Selena Gomez and Zed, Kygo has masterminded a clever throwback sound that almost picks the best stuff once offered by Yanni, Enya and others and weaving it into side-chained synth swells and floaty flute sounds that create a very danceable but very listenable (imagine that!) pop sound that has permeated... well... everything.

His own debut album, *Cloud Nine*, is so laden with guest artists (Kodaline, John Legend

and Julia Michaels, just to name a few) that it's like a compilation album. Massive hits like "Raging" and the gorgeous "Carry Me," with Michaels, are reason enough to take notice. With atmospheric, compelling sounds rooted in island music, the tropical house trend is one that has brought dance music back from the "beep-boop" brink of absurdity.

While it's impossible to predict how long taste-makers will allow producers like Kygo or Thomas Jack to continue this sound of "perpetual summer," it's a welcome break from where things like dub and trap were taking us, with more



elegant sounds replacing the nearly ridiculous, tinny Casio-keyboard snares hitting at 200 beats per minute. While that can be fun for a song (or less), the sounds from *Cloud Nine* feel propulsive but soulful, with artists clamoring to get aboard the Kygo Train.

This debut album is an impressive cross-section of sounds, composition and collaboration that hope-

fully stands this producer-artist in good stead for at least a couple more full albums.

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## Along the Mountain Path: Recuperative

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

***"To relax fully, you need four conditions: warm, dark, quiet, and still. In the practice of recuperative poses, we are manipulating the nervous system toward a desired state."***

*~ Judith Lasater*

Baby, it's hot outside! Welcome to the full blossoming of summer. The mornings are delicious, and the late afternoons lend themselves to the practice of recuperative poses. These are practiced by setting up props to support the body, encourage specific opening, and enjoy full relaxation. We learn to surrender into the props and relax into the experience of the cool, calm center that is always available to us if we take the time to get there. It is said by many yoga teachers and students that often a 20-minute recuperative is more refreshing than a nap.

Twenty minutes may sound like a long time to remain still, but Judith Lasater maintains that it takes fifteen minutes just to "settle the body."

As you settle into the supported pose, you will feel yourself relax. After a bit, you may notice some tension, and skillfully exhale to let go. You will relax a bit more deeply each time you notice tension and let go again. If you set a timer, you can surrender to this process and derive the full benefit of the pose. At some point, you will simply "be" the pose.

Try to find a place to practice where it is warm, dark (you can always cover the eyes) and quiet. The "still" part is up to you!

Here is a wonderful recuperative to help you cool down and relax, as the need arises. It is called Supta Baddha Konasana (Reclining Bound Angle Pose). You will need a yoga bolster (or a firm pillow, long enough to support your back and head, and about four inches thick), three to five blankets, a strap to "bind" the pose, and an eye bag, if desired.

Place the bolster lengthwise on your mat. Fold a blanket to make a firm support for your head, and place it at the top of the bolster. Sit in Baddha Konasana (soles of feet together close to the pubic bones, knees dropping out to the sides) in front of the bolster, and take the strap behind you, across the sacrum, not up on the kidneys.

Take the long, free ends of the strap across the top of the thighs and run the buckle end under the balls of the feet. Pull the strap firm, and buckle it up to hold the legs in place.

Take a blanket on either side of the legs, and support the weight of the thigh bones to relax the front hips and encourage release.

Ease your back onto the bolster, taking care to support your lumbar curve. If your lower back feels pinched, pick up your pelvis, and tip your tailbone down toward your heels to make space in the low back. Pull the head support down to just touch the shoulders.

If you are using five blankets, you can place a blanket on either side of the torso, and as you take your arms out 30% from the body, in external rotation, you can slip each hand into the open fold of each blanket. This is very relaxing! You may want to cover the eyes with an eye bag, or simply close them.

After 10-20 minutes (20 is better!), slowly open your eyes to the light in the room, press your hands onto the floor by your hips, and sit up. Spend a minute or two just sitting in Baddha Konasana before returning to your day.

As you move through the busy days of summer, may you take the time for rest and recuperation. Then continue your journey, body and mind fresh and clear, upon the Mountain Path.

Namaste.

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

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# Small Business Startup Basics

By Barry Lamont

Many of us have great business ideas, but in our zeal to make it happen, we leap to the end and miss the most important part of starting a business: planning. Selling that great product or service you are sure everyone will want without proper planning and analysis could put you on a course for disaster. Outlined below are the basic areas you need to pay attention to when starting a new business.

## PLANNING

Creating a business plan is key to the rest of your startup process. Business plans come in two varieties. The first is the plan you create for yourself if you are self-funding your startup, usually a brief road map to get from startup to operating. The second is the plan you write if you're seeking funding from potential partners or lenders. This plan should be in much greater detail so anyone reading it will have full understanding of your business. Either type of plan puts your ideas in logical order. If done with thought and research, usually everything else is just doing what you have already planned.

The business plan is an overview of your business, including a business description, marketing plan and financial analysis. Thinking through these points will give you perspective on what you are doing and what you will need to do.

The business description should include: business name, what the business will do, why you are qualified to operate the business, how you will operate it, where will the business be located and when it will open.

The second area is marketing. Marketing plans are a review of who the customer base is. Will you sell to individuals or other businesses? Is the market local or regional? How will you price the product or service? Who are your competitors and how will you at least match them? How will you advertise and promote your business? Marketing your product or service is essential; if no one knows about you, the business is sure to fail.

Probably the most important part of your business plan is the financial section, the revenue and expense forecast for the business. Take the time to estimate the money you will need to start up and your income and expenses on a

monthly basis for a three-to-five-year period. Naturally the key here is to determine if your income will exceed your operating expenses. There are many formatted spreadsheet templates that allow you to enter your revenue and expenses on a month-by-month basis, saving the struggle of creating something from scratch. The Small Business Administration ([www.sba.gov](http://www.sba.gov)) has an excellent selection of free Excel spreadsheets you can use to complete revenue and expense forecasts.

## LEGAL STRUCTURE

Decide on the best legal structure for your business and determine if you need any licenses or permits to operate. The four most common legal structures for a small business are sole proprietor, partnership, limited liability corporation (LLC) and S Corporation (S Corp). Many small business owners use the LLC or S Corp as their legal structure due to the protection they provide for an owner's personal assets. Each of the four options has its pros and cons (to be covered in another article).

Two excellent resources provide comparisons of the options, the Small Business Administration ([www.sba.gov](http://www.sba.gov)) and the Small Business Guide for Washington State ([www.oria.wa.gov/Portals/\\_oria/VersionedDocuments/Business\\_](http://www.oria.wa.gov/Portals/_oria/VersionedDocuments/Business_)

[Publications/small\\_business\\_guide.pdf](#)).

If you want to organize as something other than a sole proprietorship, you can get assistance online at <http://bls.dor.wa.gov/ownershipstructures.aspx>, or, for S Corp, <https://www.sba.gov/starting-business/choose-your-business-structure/s-corporation>. You can also work with an attorney who is familiar with businesses.

## LICENSING

For a State of Washington business license (required) go to <http://bls.dor.wa.gov/file.aspx>. If you live within a city limits, check with the city to determine if a city business license is required. Also check on the Washington state website to see if you need a special permit or license because of your kind of business.

## INSURANCE

Most insurance agents or brokers can help you determine what your insurance needs are. If you are providing professional services, such as massage therapy or some type of medical service, you may also want to consider professional liability coverage.

## FINANCES

When getting started on your finances, even if you don't have any employees, you will need to get an employer identification number (EIN), which among other things is required when filing taxes. Once you have a Washington state business license and EIN in hand, get a commercial bank account. Most banks offer free ones. The mistake many make is

to think they can combine their personal and business accounts. If you do this, be prepared to justify every expense as personal or business. It is far easier to keep things separate.

You must register your business and pay taxes with the state Department of Revenue if your business meets some general criteria (<http://dor.wa.gov/content/doingbusiness/registermybusiness/>). This requires quarterly reports to the Department of Revenue and paying state taxes quarterly. Also, consider paying quarterly to the IRS, as this spreads your tax burden throughout the year.

Another critical component to finances is record keeping. This means maintaining records on a daily, weekly and monthly basis. It is far easier to record things while they are fresh in your mind versus trying to remember details about something that occurred weeks ago. There are many off-the-shelf bookkeeping programs that will work, but despite claims, those programs are often challenging to customize to your needs and are probably overkill in a startup situation. I recommend keeping it simple. A journal with revenue and expense columns is often all you really need. Collect enough detail to allow tracking of specific revenue and expense areas and to measure your progress toward sales goals.

One final comment, and that is my recommendation for a free consultant everyone has access to, the internet! Smart searching, particularly using government and non-profit sources, will provide answers to almost any of your questions. Plus, the staff at Tri County Economic Development District are always ready and available to answer questions.

*Barry Lamont has over thirty years of experience managing and directing public and private non-profit corporations providing community services. Among his current board and director roles, Lamont works for Tri County Economic Development District as the small business advisor for Stevens County.*

## Creative Nonfiction for the Freelancer

By Linda Bond

Whether you are new to the field or an accomplished freelancer already, creative nonfiction will likely form a large portion of your writing assignments. As consumers ask for a lighter, more entertaining approach to their factual reading material, this form (sometimes called literary nonfiction or narrative nonfiction) is growing rapidly in the marketplace. So, let's take a closer look.

### What is Creative Nonfiction?

Creative nonfiction combines factual information with literary styling. It must be factually accurate. It relies on thorough research as well as creative writing skills. Although it is true, it will read like fiction. You, as a reader, are already familiar with this form even though you may not be aware of it.

Have you ever read a fun memoir like *Running with Scissors* by best-selling author Augusten Burroughs? Instead of simply reporting birth, growth, school, parents' names, places he lived and other such data, Burroughs gives us a narrative that is compelling and fun to read. It is filled with anecdotal stories and descriptive language, and scenes made easy to visualize. It is written with his personal flair and in his own style; no one else writes like he does.

The same can be said of popular essayist David Sedaris and his newest book, *Theft By Finding: Diaries (1977-2002)*. The writing flows and entertains like fiction, presented in his distinctive style.

But what has this got to do with freelancing, you might wonder? Well, although you might not be interested in writing your memoir or a book-length essay, unless you are a strictly

technical writer, you will likely be asked to provide creative nonfiction articles. And whether it is for a promotional blog, a magazine website, or a print document, your writing will be based on literary concepts with an understood agreement with your reader that your reported data – dates, numbers, names, locations and other details – will be accurate and truthful.

Though the styles of Burroughs, Sedaris and others may be unique to them, by reading such material you can gain insights into how to introduce, highlight, contrast, structure, enliven and provide context for your own material.

### Topics for Freelance Articles

Following are a few of the kinds of articles you may be contracted to write:

- Short stories based on true events
- Travel essays based on your own experiences or those of other travelers
- Essays about restaurants or particular food items, menus or chefs
- Short memoir-like excerpts from your own experience, focusing on a particular theme
- Coverage of local news events and personalities
- Short promotional or advertising pieces for products or services
- Puff pieces about celebrities
- Religious or philosophical essays

In short, there's really no limit to the types of writing that you may need to produce. And even though you are writing about things that are true, you will want to apply your creative writing skills in order to compete with all the

other freelancers who are vying for the same contracts you are hoping to land.

### Resources and Opportunities

If you have completed an education that included creative writing, you are probably ahead of the game. If not, you may want to consider taking some writing classes. You may even decide to pursue an MFA in creative writing at a university. But there are other resources available to help you meet your goal of becoming a strong, competitive creative writer.

An online site that I like is [www.creativenonfiction.org](http://www.creativenonfiction.org). This site was created by author Lee Gutkind in 1993 and is a kind of one-stop-fits-all resource for the creative nonfiction genre. He offers classes, conferences, mentoring, books and other helps. He also produces a print magazine, *Creative Nonfiction*, in which the work of writers is featured, centered on a particular theme in each issue. Who knows, you might even find yourself submitting to this publication from your own well of creativity!

*Reader's Digest* ([www.rd.com](http://www.rd.com)) offers online opportunities for having your work displayed. Included on the site are such opportunities as True Stories (i.e. Share Your 100-Word Story).

*North Columbia Monthly* offers opportunities for freelancers. Go to <http://www.ncmonthly.com/about> to see which topics and themes are desired.

Get out your sharpest factual pen and your creative spark and go to it!

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



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# A Homemade Sip of Italy

By Louanne Atherley

I recently spent a lovely Sunday afternoon at Quillisascut Farm learning to make nocino, an Italian liqueur made from green walnuts.

Rick and Lora Lea Misterly are dedicated foodies, locavores, cheesemakers and two of the hidden treasures that make this such a wonderful place to live. At their farm, just a couple of miles from the Columbia River in Rice, Washington, they not only raise an impressive organic garden and orchard and a large herd of goats from which they produce a wide variety of gourmet cheeses, they also host a cooking school that draws students and teachers from as far away as Seattle. They hold numerous workshops throughout the year exploring a variety of foods.

Lora Lea grew up in a house that made its own cheese, so the traditions and knowledge are deep. She also shares my Nordic roots, and among the workshops she offers is one to make *lefse*, a tortilla-like bread made from potatoes (and a holiday staple at my house).

A tour of their facility with its large commercial kitchen where the workshops are held, gardens and outdoor woodfired oven is a real treat. Their

workshops draw an interesting and eclectic mix of people. Stop by Meyers Falls Market in Kettle Falls if you want to try some of their cheese, and while you are there you can check out their book, *Chefs on the Farm*, which is full of great recipes, or go to <http://quillisascut.com> to learn more about them.

Like many of the spirits we enjoy today, nocino (pronounced "no-CHEE-no") has its roots in medieval monasteries where it was used to treat digestive disorders, among other things. Its origins are credited to the Romans who had a high regard for walnuts, calling them *Juglans Regale* or "nuts of Jove" after one of their main gods. It is still mainly produced in the Emilia-Romagna region of northern Italy. There is also a French version called *vin de noix* that adds red wine and a German version called *Nusse*.

A tradition associated with the production of nocino says it should be made on June 25, near the time of the summer solstice, also the eve of the traditional feast of San Giovanni (St. John the Baptist), and consumed on Dec. 25, the feast of the birth of Jesus Christ. As you might guess,

this tradition was established in the time of the Christian conversion of the Celts. It replaced a pagan feast honoring the sun. Another tradition holds that it be made with an odd number of nuts.

In the secular world, nocino can be made any time before the shells of new walnuts begin to harden. It is traditionally made with English walnuts but black walnuts can also be used.

Start with 15 to 21 green nuts. You may want to use gloves to prevent staining your hands, although this didn't seem to be a problem in my experience. Quarter the walnuts, put the pieces into a quart jar and add aromatic spices. Be careful not to overwhelm the flavor with too much spice. Suggested is some combination of the following: five cloves, one stick cinnamon, a one-inch piece of vanilla bean, five coffee beans, a star anise pod, and orange or lemon peel. Traditionally a family's preferred combination was often kept secret, creating interesting variations in flavor. (Lora Lea warned that you should judge the flavor by smell but don't be tempted to taste it. She said she learned the hard way that the bitter walnut is a powerful emetic and will likely

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# From the Soil

cause you to vomit.)

Fill the jar with vodka. Cover it with the lid and let it sit on the counter for 40 days.

Then pour the liquid into a pitcher (the walnuts can be used again for a second batch) and add 1-2 cups of sugar. Stir until dissolved and pour into glass bottles with stoppers or corks. Store in a cool dark cupboard for 40 more days and then enjoy.

Lora Lea gave us samples of some made in previous years. The flavor is dark, sweet and bitter at the same time, with a nice hint of spice. It can be sipped as an aperitif or after dinner as a digestive. It also can be added to cocktails or espresso. In cocktails, it is most often paired with dark liquors such as bourbon, scotch or brandy. Here is one cocktail recipe as an example:

## Midnight Manhattan

2 oz. bourbon

1 oz. nocino

Dash of orange bitters

Stir with ice and serve with brandied cherry garnish

A quick search indicates that it may be difficult to find nocino commercially, although there are a couple of distilleries in Washington that make it, Skip Rock in Snohomish and Sidetrack in Kent.

Life speeds up for many of us this time of year as the busy harvest season approaches, and we realize that the holidays will soon be upon



us once again. It is easy to get caught up in all there is to do. I need to remind myself to take a moment to feel gratitude for the bounty of this amazing corner of the world.

*Louanne Atherley says, "I was born into a farming family and raised on a meat and potatoes diet, but exploring the diversity of foods from other cultures has been a lifelong passion."*

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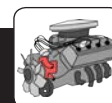
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## The Art of Food Preservation

By Michelle Lancaster

Food preservation factors into homestead life around here because of the short growing season. Most crops give us only one shot each year at collecting and preserving. Fruit ripens on trees and vegetables plump up to be plucked as I make a checklist in my mind of how to extend the bounty into the cold season.

Over the years, my repertoire of preservation methods has expanded in successes and failures, tries and retries and some never-try-agains. I like the certainties of tested recipes, adapted over the years to suit our tastes. I also enjoy the unknowns of new recipes or adaptations.

Last year, I canned peaches in water with just a pinch of cinnamon and a squeeze of lemon (because we try to limit sugar consumption and honey overpowered the flavor of the fruit). To my surprise, we love the peaches without sweetener! Local, ripe, organically grown peaches explode with natural flavor, and I learned that canning in plain water does not remove all the flavor and

sweetness. Instead, the peaches taste as close to fresh as ever. *I love when one of my experiments actually works out.*

My mother taught me how to can food – primarily green beans, pears, peaches, and applesauce – at a young age. After years of eating home-canned foods, I heard my high school biology teacher say we should tell our mothers and grandmothers that canned food (on the home level) is dangerous and deadly and they should stop canning. I think I told him I would never be brave enough to tell that to my grandmother. Saying something like that to her would have been more hazardous to my health than eating home-canned food!

In my family, birthday gifts are almost always functional, practical items. A couple years ago, I received a top-notch 10-rack stainless steel food dryer with rear fan (my sister received a two-layer pressure canner that year, and later my husband gave me a meat slicer for our anniversary – see?

Practical gifts...).

After having my food dryer a while, a friend admonished me for trying to dry everything. She's right, I got a little carried away! Dried zucchini – a surprising addition when chopped and added to soup (also dried carrot, onion, tomato, sweet pepper, celery, garlic and herbs). Dried mango dipped in lemon – my new favorite fruit. Fruit leather – blend pears with concord grapes for a melt-in-your-mouth delight. Concord grapes, seeds removed and halved, make an interesting raisin to add to salads.

I have to start to learn to only dry foods we'll actually consume. As an example, I found that I tended to overlook the dried herbs in their unadorned state, but if blended into a mix we use them a lot more frequently. The biggest bonus to dried food is the convenience – just grab a jar and add what you need to your recipe.

Speaking of convenience, freezers also provide an expediency. Some things, though, do not thrive in a post-frozen state. Green beans (chewy) come to mind. And milk (chunky). Other items, such as corn, berries, and apple cider, thaw to the same freshness as when first processed. A guaranteed way to make your guests happy at a winter party is to provide a crock-pot full of warm spiced cider.

Guests and family also delight in freezer jam, particularly raspberry freezer jam, which tastes as wonderful as popping a fresh raspberry in your mouth. The red of raspberry freezer jam is as red as the day you crush the berries – compared to cooked and canned jams, which are shelf stable but much darker and not as fresh-tasting. My favorite new jam is half pear, half huckleberry – the sweetness of pear enhances the puckery flavor of huckleberries (no added sugar needed). I like to make some freezer jams and some canned jams, which are handy for those times when we forget to thaw a jar.

Owning a root cellar is convenient, too. The property my parents purchased contained a root cellar and my dad rebuilt it several years ago. Now, hops grow over the rock-lined exterior to block the heat of the sun. Inside, heavy rough-cut wood shelves hold containers, a sand floor can house root crops, and pallets hold boxes of potatoes and other crops that do well in cool, moist conditions.

Some crops store well staying right in the garden. Carrots, for instance, can be top-lopped, mounded with dirt, covered with straw, and tarped. I've heard that kale and other cold-season crops can be extended by covering in straw and exposing when ready to be eaten. I have







not tried that method yet, as we turn over the post-harvest garden to the chickens as bug and seed hunting ground.

My favorite – that is, the *easiest!* – food storage option is the basement. This method does not work for all foods, but we successfully use the basement for winter squash, alliums, and apples. Pumpkins and squash last almost a year when placed on a pallet in our basement. I cook one up as needed and the rest are cut open occasionally throughout the winter and filled with clabber as a treat for our egg-laying hens.

Redwing storage onions keep for 8-10 months by simply curing them for a few days, then placing in mesh or a breathable wire container. Apples store fairly well in the basement (and in the form of hard cider and vinegar). Individually wrap in paper, place in apple boxes, and label. Sometimes we mix varieties within one box for more flavor in applesauce or pie. Other times we separate varieties, because some are longer lasting than others. Sometimes this form of apple storage provides a delay in processing – so that other fall projects can be completed and applesauce-making takes place as the nights darken early and we search for things to occupy our time inside. Apples remain eating quality through the holiday season and we run out of fresh apples around March or April.

I like the ambiance of the basement when harvest season is just completed – wooden apple boxes piled high with wrapped orbs layered in straw, stacks of burnt orange and vibrant green squash, bags bulging with brick red onions, and braids of magenta-striped garlic. A full basement signals that winter is coming – slowly, after an

Indian summer, we hope!

In winter, I find myself eating a lot of heated foods (meat, soup, canned food, etc.) so I try to offset that by eating fermented and raw foods for their probiotic effect. My stomach tells me if I'm not keeping up on the probiotic side. I like sauerkraut, and try to consume some daily – by adding it as a condiment on my hamburger, mixing it in with pasta salad, or eating plain. Cabbage grows well in the northeastern Washington climate and provides a weighty amount of food per growing area. The long storage potential, plus ability to convert into fermented foods that last even longer, should get a person through most of the winter.

If your interest in preserving food developed recently or perhaps you want to store something longer, research terms like food storage, temperature, humidity, and storage time. Different types of food crops require different types of

storage environments. For example, squash likes higher temperature and drier air, whereas carrots like near-freezing temperature and very high humidity.

Reading up on ideal storage for different foods can help on a daily basis. Even if you go to the store to purchase all your foods, knowing the preferred climate of foods enhances the shelf life and nutrient content of food. Eating home-preserved food saves us money and saves resources. If I need an onion, I go downstairs and grab an onion – no need to drive to the store for one missing ingredient. I often quip that all I want to buy at the store is coffee and bananas. How well we put up food in the fall determines how close to that goal we get.

*Michelle Lancaster homesteads with her family on Old Dominion Mountain in Colville. She writes at [Spiritedrose.wordpress.com](http://Spiritedrose.wordpress.com).*

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# What's Happening... Continued from page 23

**Classes at E-Z Knit Fabrics in Colville:** Open Workshop, bring projects you need help with, first Saturday of each month. BERNINA Embroidery Software master class, registration required, second Wednesday of each month at 9:30 a.m. Machine Embroidery Projects, different project each month. Check with store (165 N Main St, Colville) for projects, samples, dates, times and costs (some classes are free). 509-684-6644.

**Colville Piecemakers Quilt Guild** meets on the 3<sup>rd</sup> Tuesday of the month at the Assembly of God Church in Colville at 6:30 pm. Visit [colvillepiecemakers.webs.com](http://colvillepiecemakers.webs.com).

**Cross Borders Weaving Guild** meets on the 2<sup>nd</sup> Saturday of each month at the VFW Hall, 135 Hwy 20, Colville. Email [woodtick50@aol.com](mailto:woodtick50@aol.com) for more info.

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

## Farm, Field & Forest

**Aug 5:** Washington Farm Forestry Association, NE Chapter, Annual Forest Owner's Field Day, 9 - 3:30 pm, at the Hare and Sheppard family's 4,500 acres ranch, 1885 Aladdin Road, outside Colville. The

tour will showcase various stewardship management activities that have kept this ranch viable from generation to generation. This is a free event and is open to the public. The tour begins at 8 a.m. at the Ranch with a pre-tour "meet and greet." Coffee, donuts and juice will be provided by the NE Chapter of WFFA. Transportation to the field sites will also be offered. Participants should bring a sack lunch for a picnic in the woods, beverages will be available. Sturdy shoes and weather appropriate clothing are a must for this field tour. Also, a folding chair is recommended for your comfort.

**Aug 17:** NEWA Permaculture Guild, 5 pm, Community Connections Room, Meyers Falls Market, Kettle Falls. Please park in back; bring a snack or dish for afterward potluck. For info, call 509-680-1480.

**Need someone to pick your excess fruits and veggies** so they don't go to waste? Contact Linda Murphy, NEW Gleaners president, at 509-690-3539 and help fill the pantry of your local food bank. Interested in being a NEW Gleaner picker? Fill your own pantry while helping to feed your hungry neighbors in need while reducing food waste. Picking schedules are flexible and are usually for just a couple of hours in the morning, June - October. Fruits and vegetables must be free of spray and can be shared with anyone but not sold. Ladders, boxes and pole pickers provided.

## Wellness

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

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

**Friday Night Rebels** has an AA meeting weekly on Fri. from 7 - 8 pm at the Providence Mount Carmel Hospital Health Education Center-lower level (1169 E. Columbia Ave, Colville).

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

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

*Continued on page 36*

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## Grounded

By Tina Tolliver Matney

The first time I broke my foot I blamed my kids... and the neighbor's kids. I grounded them all, even the neighbor's kids, for leaving the gate open one early morning after they all piled into my son's car, like clowns at a circus, and headed down the driveway on their way to school. This little lapse of responsibility was the initial link in a chain of events that ended with the guffawing guy who called in every nurse, tech and available doctor to hear my tale as he put on my cast and wrapped my aching foot and swollen toes with some pretty pink tape.

We used to have llamas. Butch and Sundance were their names. When we got them they were calm and quite content to just mosey around and munch on the lush green grass and browse in the fenced area where we enjoyed their mostly peaceful presence almost as much as we rejoiced in their lawn and brush-mowing skills.

But then one night a cougar happened. Three cougars actually. I know that sounds crazy and unbelievable but it's a true story. (I'll save the details for another day.) But the result of the triple cougar trauma was that Butch and Sundance learned they could leap over the back fence quite easily. I'm not sure if they'd ever tried leaping before, but on that night they didn't hesitate and looked like Santa's reindeer taking off into the dark night.

It wasn't easy getting them back home that night and it was even more difficult to ease their little minds that there wasn't a large wild cat around every corner. They freaked out from then on whenever even the house cat came within spitting distance. They had been traumatized. Apparently, if the fight-or-flight response is triggered in a llama, it never turns off. So this is why, on the morning of the negligent gatekeepers, the llamas escaped as soon as they spied the open portal to what they assumed would be safer pastures... somewhere.

When things like this happen, I'm never ready. And by not ready I mean I'm usually either not dressed or I'm just not mentally alert enough to think quickly. On this particular morning, however, I was up, dressed, and feeling fit as a fiddle. Sure miss that feeling. I was eager to tackle the garden in my brand new Doc Martens that were hugging my feet without pinching like the previous pair of cheap work boots I had tossed aside in eager anticipation of a summer with no blisters.

After gathering the garden tools I came from the back side of the house with a wheelbarrow and the gaping hole of the open driveway gate caught my eye. Glancing toward the barn I knew

in an instant that the morning gardening plans had just gone by way of two wayward llamas. So, I grabbed a bucket of grain and a halter from the barn and set out on foot to search, hoping they hadn't gone far and praying they stayed off the highway.

Llamas leave a distinct footprint, so it didn't take long to find them down along the river at the family cabin, munching on the grass and clover and apparently thinking that the great beyond was a cougar-free happy zone. Rounding them up was easy enough, and by rounding them up I mean I tricked one of them by offering the grain bucket and then getting the lead rope around him while he munched on the molasses goodness. My hope was that if I had one in a halter with a lead rope then the other would follow.

So we headed home, taking a short cut through the horse pasture. And by short cut I mean that it was a really dumb idea. I was feeling good in my Doc Martens while I was thrilled to know I still had plenty of day left to work in the garden. As we got closer to home and the closed stock gate, I spied my daughter's horse across the pasture. Or maybe it's that I heard her, more than saw her.

This is when I learned some things that were quickly drilled into my memory, and the side of my foot.

I learned that leading a llama and trusting the other one to follow without getting distracted by yummy wild honeysuckles and clover wasn't all that easy. I learned that I rather enjoyed ticking off, in my head, the chore list I would be giving the negligent teens for the next week. I learned that horses make a growling noise when they aren't very happy. And I learned that this horse, in particular, hated llamas.

Maybe she was afraid of them. I don't know. It was more like she just wanted them dead and had no qualms about carrying out the deed right then and there. The look in her eyes gave me pause to assess my situation and think about the fact that I hadn't written a will.

She charged in a flash of flared nostrils and flying mane so fast that I had time to simply drop the lead to the first llama, who wisely jumped out of the way while I attempted a half gainer in the opposite direction. The other llama drew back a few steps but continued to watch the show with a piece of red honeysuckle sticking out of his mouth.

I succeeded in not dying, and if you've ever seen the rippling muscles of a very angry horse about to run you over, you know I'm not kidding when I say that I could have indeed needed a dirt nap by dinner time.

But I got up and grabbed the llama's lead rope and pulled him with Herculean-like strength through the stock gate with Mr. Honeysuckle, who suddenly realized we weren't messing around anymore and followed suit just in time to miss the second charge of the angry beast that I now had qualms about my daughter ever riding again.

This is when I noticed how bad my foot felt.

I looked down and noticed the shiny grommets were all gone. Well, not "gone" gone, just not visible. Because they were smashed and embedded into the leather of my foot so deep I couldn't see them. I cried. Those boots were expensive.

While the cast guy continued chuckling even after I finished my saga for the third time, he handed me a paper and pencil so that I could get that chore list down on paper, since it had grown considerably on my way to the emergency room.

This was the first time I broke my foot. The second time I simply stepped in a hole while wearing flip-flops. There was no one to ground except me.

*Tina is a mother, grandmother, artist, rescuer of owls, eagles, hawks and other wild creatures, children's book illustrator, gardener and hobby farmer who makes her home on the Kettle River. Write her at [grandmamatina@gmail.com](mailto:grandmamatina@gmail.com) and check out the Kettle River Raptor Center on Facebook.*



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# What's Happening... Continued from page 34

## Miscellany

**Aug 9:** Northeast Washington Genealogical Society meets in the basement of the LDS Church, Juniper Street, Colville, at 1 pm. Good organizational skills are crucial to success in genealogical research. NeWGS's recent WSGS Outstanding Volunteer award recipient, Norma Yost, will bring us up-to-date on her "Do-Over" project she shared with this group several months ago. This includes a few surprise twists along the way and how she and her sister modified the project to fit their personal research style. All visitors are welcome.

**Aug 22-Sept 6:** Small Business Boot Camp at Colville Community College is an accelerated program that enables you to take the next step in launching your small business. Call 509-533-8482 or email Allison.armfield@ccs.spokane.edu for more info.

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

**Tri County Economic Development District (TEDD)** has launched **Northeast Washington Insider**, a mobile app that rewards people for exploring Ferry, Stevens, and Pend Oreille counties. Users of the free app can earn points by simply visiting places in the region, including a multitude of outdoor recreation destinations; retail, food and beverage and lodging locations; and heritage sites. Points can then be redeemed for goods or services at local businesses. The app was created using the 468 Insider platform from 468 Communications with funding from Ferry, Stevens, and Pend Oreille

counties as well as the cities of Colville, Chewelah, Republic, and Newport. Northeast Washington Insider is available now as a free download on the iTunes App Store and Google Play. Businesses in the tri-county area interested in offering a reward to increase traffic to their place of business should contact TEDD at 509-684-4571.

**Department of Ecology's E-Cycle Washington** is a free and easy way to recycle your old and unused TVs, computers, monitors, and tablets. By funding recycling services, manufacturers help deliver electronic waste recycling across our state, at no cost to local governments or consumers. Find a free drop-off location near you by calling 1-800 RECYCLE or by going to [ecyclewashington.org](http://ecyclewashington.org).

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

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

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

**NOTE:** It is the responsibility of the parties placing the *What's Happening* notice to keep the listing current. Notify us at [ncmonthly@gmail.com](mailto:ncmonthly@gmail.com) or 509-684-3109 of any changes. This listing is provided as a courtesy to our readers and to event organizers on a space-available basis.

## MORE LISTINGS & DETAILS AT NCMONTHLY.COM

ALSO: Check previous editions for usual, reoccurring listings that may be missing from this edition due to shortness of space.

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## Waffle Watch

## New Leadership

By Alex Panagotacos

*Waffle is a Bernese Mountain Dog training to be a therapy animal at Rural Resources Victim Services and Kids First Children's Advocacy Center.*

All of us at Rural Resources Victim Services and Kids First Children's Advocacy Center said goodbye (reluctantly) to our director, Suzi Fode. Suzi (one of my favorite humans in the world) moved back to Moses Lake. We're sad to see her go, but happy that she is back in her old stomping grounds where she can be near family.

Consequently, I got a promotion! I'm now assistant director. I haven't seen the offer letter yet, but it's coming. I mean, it just makes sense. My main human, Alex Panagotacos, is now the director, so of course I should be assistant director, right?

Despite this big change in leadership at Victim Services, our programs have not wavered in quality. First of all, the cutest therapy dog in the universe (me) is still here. Our victim advocates are still providing compassionate, non-judgmental support to survivors of domestic violence, sexual assault, child abuse, and all other crimes. We've got a 24-hour helpline (1-844-509-SAFE), we respond to the hospital 24 hours a day for survivors of violent crime, and our offices in Colville, Republic and Inchelium are staffed with caring victim advocates who are specially trained to support survivors of crime.

As a Children's Advocacy Center, we provide wrap-around care to survivors of child sexual abuse. This is where I do most of my work. When a child survivor comes in to Kids First, I'm there to give them a big welcome hug. Our victim advocates and forensic detective are really good with kids, but sometimes a

kid just needs a big, furry friend to help them feel at ease. I sit with these courageous little humans while they are in the waiting room and provide some levity with my goofy nature.

I'm nearly ready to take my access test to be an official Forensic Interview Dog! This means that I'll be able to go into the interview room with the kids. We have a friendly interview room where the forensic detective talks to child survivors of sexual abuse. Each interview is recorded and sent to the prosecutor's office. It's a really important part of the Children's Advocacy model because it reduces the number of times that a child must tell their traumatic story.

I'm eager to pass my test so that I can support kiddos while they are in the interview room. It can be very scary to talk about that stuff. I'm learning ways of providing comfort in those situations. If I can tell that the child is distressed, I can lean on them or set my head

in their lap, for instance. It might not seem like much, but those gestures can make a huge difference.

My job here is to help survivors (children and adults) feel as comfortable as possible in the wake of violence and crime. It's no easy task, but as a team, we do our best to make that happen. So, all that to say, we have new leadership and Rural Resources Victim Services and Kids First Children's Advocacy Center is here to support survivors.

*For more information on Waffle and the work of Rural Resources Victim Services and Kids First Children's Advocacy Center, visit on Facebook (@RuralVictimHelp) or call 24 hours a day 1-844-509-SAFE(7233). Rural Resources Victim Services provides support to survivors of violence and crime in Ferry and Stevens Counties. RRVs also provides awareness and prevention education. The services are confidential and free of charge.*

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# My Climate Change

By Paul Lindholdt

In recent years wildfires upwind of us have hit Spokane and nearby communities hard. In mammalian heads like ours, smell and taste entwined so far that we feel as if we are ingesting smoke.

Airborne cinders lodge in nostrils. Tar from burnt pine pitch won't wash out. To gain relief we rinse in rivers, bathe ourselves in lakes. At home my family and I use a nasal-irrigation solution – a neti pot that feels, at first gurgle, a little bit like waterboarding might. Soon its salty-warm emulsion becomes a soothing relief.

Two years of summer fires caused our throats to catch, our eyes to stream, our lungs to cough up stuff. The Columbia Plateau turned to murk for weeks. Visibility fell to several hundred yards. "Apocalyptic," one friend muttered, peering out his window, the legendary annihilation of the world his only frame of reference for what he saw.

Wood-smoke seeps through household screens. It is composed of invisible aerosols freighted with carbon. It carries nitrogen particles suspended by the billions. It settles as a

film on furniture indoors. Several hours west of us in Winthrop, friends watched hillside flames creep nearer by the hour. They freaked when they saw embers drifting down from cloudless skies. Bundling pets and possessions, they left their wood-frame home and shifted to Spokane. The Evergreen State seemed to have been ironically named.

Stress swept in with summer weather. Murky horizons called to mind humidity's dimness in the distant Smoky Mountains. Instead of the steamy atmosphere back there, though, our vistas in the intermountain West proved dusty-dry and toxic. Opaque viewsheds became "the new normal" (a phrase that soon grew wearisome to hear).

As a motorcyclist, one who deploys internal combustion for sport, I am part of the problem. I contribute to the very atmospheric degradation I lament. In the summer of 2015, I throttled through Usk, Chewelah, Kettle Falls and Republic to seek relief. On the Spokane Indian Reservation and south to Keller, charred trees greeted me. Motoring even farther north to try to escape the smoke, I crossed into Brit-

ish Columbia. I found myself reeling along glacier-fed lakes and streams.

More than 700 Northwest glaciers are shrinking fast, scientist Mauri Pelto reports. Every new drought is eroding some 5-10 percent of ice-field volumes. Pelto has studied glaciation for three decades on the slopes of Mt. Rainier, which is the most heavily glaciated snow peak in the lower 48. He regularly measures the ice fields of Glacier National Park as well. Long-dead forests come to light as the sheets of ancient ice pull back. Pelto says climate change is swiftly dissolving the signature glaciers of the Northwest, making them punier than at any time in the last 4,000 years.

Glaciers are ecologically essential. They balance out droughts. They function as storage reservoirs for in-stream flows in the hottest months of the year. Those are the months sea-run fish are at risk, most in need of chilly water to fin up inland rivers to spawn.

University of Washington researcher Wendell Tangborn dubs glaciers the canaries in the climate-change coal mine. He ties their changing fate to droughts and fires. The "mass

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balance” of glaciers – a reliable gauge of their health – measures yearly variation between growth from snow and shrinkage from global warmth. For the first time in recorded history, Tangborn says, the mass balance has shifted to the negative.

Climate disruption is a kind of ice age in reverse, it occurs to me. Commercial vapors are corroding rivets on the voyaging spaceship Earth. Exhalations from our industry diminish even those regions least occupied by people. As the planet warms, as the ice caps liquefy at greater rates, weird weather is likely to be more and more the norm.

\* \* \*

In August 2015, on the west side of Spokane where I live, the Houston Fire was growing fast. The gate that shutters Erika and Andrea Zaman’s rural lane would do them no good if the flames crept across a nearby field of weeds. Erika, away on business in Seattle, said later, “It was a very scary ordeal. I felt panic knowing that my children were not in a safe place and I was a flight away.”

From our house, I watched the white smoke surge. I felt lucky no wind was blowing. Winds cause fires to grow legs. Those legs vault rivers, roads, even narrow waists of lakes. That’s what happened in 2014 when the shores of Fishtail Lake burned. Wind also causes fires to roar hotter.

Erika and Andrea live near Palisades Park. In the 1930s the Civilian Conservation Corps carved that massive common ground from a vast plat of rimrock, pines and shrub-steppe. Under dog-hair ponderosa pines, heavy duff and scrub brush burgeon, providing tinder for fires. Dumb luck might shove the flames away from the women’s home, we hoped – might sacrifice a portion of the park and leave the human community whole. With only one

half-perimeter road for the hardhats to enter and kindle backfires, Palisades could become a Spokane County conflagration for the ages.

I helmeted up and motorcycled out to see what I could see. Soon I hit a safety roadblock. I had company – residents hoping to go home. Stamping horses in trailers and dogs smearing truck windows queued up behind the roadblock. Homeowners shuffled, slouched, regarded smart phones. They’d been hustled out of their homes.

Through an opening made by the road, we could just glimpse the fire. It crawled like a glow-worm through the understory. It ate the August-dry tinder. When it hit a tree, it nibbled at the needles before devouring the crown in a feast of flames. A small plane began to buzz above the horizon. We had seen such planes douse fires in McCall, Idaho, twenty years before. This plane extruded a red rooster tail of slurry above the burn and turned.

We homeowners ought to reckon better. When we live amid coniferous forests in the arid West, we take risks ecologists have warned about for decades. Actuaries have calculated those risks, even if clients on the piney margins have not. Ponderosa forests evolved with fire, we’ve been told. Some pines not only withstand flames, they grow taller and stronger when the understory is thinned.

The same week as the Houston Fire, a brisk wind bent the branches of the tall pines in our yard. In a bad dream, I saw flames racing down our street. In such an event, there would be little for us homeowners to do. Climb a ladder with a puny garden hose. Wet the structure down from atop the roof and hope or pray for the best.

When the fire flared across Grove Road where Andrea and Erika live, two of the couple’s three kids were with a sitter at home. Er-

ika was in Seattle, Andrea at the airport. The sitter and kids watched the fire from indoors. Local authorities brushed aside the possibility the blaze could vault the asphalt of Grove Road – until it did.

They had to evacuate until the hotshot firefighters and planes could turn the fiery tide. Some fifty other residents near the burn evacuated with them. The babysitter’s mother took the women in for dinner. They were luckier than many in Eastern Washington. They got clearance to return home that same day. They crept back in, breathed relief and offered sincere and public thanks to the firefighters. Kept the windows closed, ran the AC, tried to get some sleep.

\* \* \*

A week after the Houston Fire calmed down, I motorcycled out Grove Road to the 60-acre burn site. Scents of ash and phosphates fouled the air. Slumping barbed wires resembled a guitar neck widowed of everything but strings, its working frets of cedar posts long gone. One barn had vanished; another stood scorched. Bulldozer-carved fire lines scarred the land. Orange-clad convicts, to make sure the embers were dead, stamped on grass clumps and tree roots, mopping up the mess.

Blighted trees and grasslands stretched as far as I could see. On both sides of rural Grove Road, chemicals from the flame retardant had painted the gravel and the fields red. Invasive weeds and grasses, awakened by the shock of flames, fed on the fertilizing phosphates, stabbing through the ash to rally stronger than before.

*Paul Lindholdt recently wrote the books Explorations in Ecocriticism and In Earshot of Water. He’s a professor of English at Eastern Washington University.*



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# Inner Landscape

## Losing It

By Gabriele von Trapp

Losing a job is not only discomforting and sobering, it is overwhelming, disorienting, humiliating, and the experience is not a friend. You find yourself suddenly hurled into a restless current that drives you onto jagged landscapes you never knew existed, especially within yourself.

All that you dared to believe and trust no longer abides in the comfort and safety of the familiar, the tried and true, the promise and the hope that life is a sequence of events moving you toward an anticipated future. The space you thought to be your place begins to drift away.

I was notified in early April of the decision that, by the end of August, my position of more than eight years "will be eliminated." Five of the longest months and shortest months of living with what I thought I knew and all of which I don't. The stinging words of the announcement still swirl in my thoughts like a hula-hoop around my mind, spinning in endless cycles, around and around unforgivingly, resurrecting the demon that dispels all hope and exhumes the fear that lies deep within, which we dare not consciously stir.

As an unmarried woman of a seasoned age (60), the prospects of my future leave little to be desired. How can I, at this age, redeem myself to meet an impending destiny? How will I sustain myself until I can grasp the imminent events already coming toward me? I'm not yet willing to allow the current to carry me away and discard me at some distant enigmatic shore. It's too risky, daring and frightening.

I have always found comfort, safety and purpose in my jobs and I have consistently had one or another.

I began working at a young age, babysitting, mowing lawns and cleaning, sewing tobacco leaves onto laths, breathing in the sweltering heat of the dingy, dusty barns of New England in mid-summer. I was discovered to be an excellent equestrian and inducted into a professional trick and precision riding team. I managed my first store at nineteen with four more to follow. An eight-year career that proved myself to me; unsurpassed in successes, opportunities, accolades, bonuses, acknowledgment and confirmation.

I accomplished the same in the fields of avionics, telemarketing, office management, sales and education. My identity has always been tightly bound to my profession, occupations being the platform to hone my skills, fashion my fortitude, test my limits, shine, win, achieve, discover, build, blossom and unfold.

Let's go back further. As a young immigrant to this country, I began grade school not knowing a word of English. My mother dropped me off at

school with the simple direction to color the apple red and the chicken yellow. She left me there to fend for myself for the rest of the day and for the rest of my schooling. I was all too soon humiliated by my classmates, kicked, slapped, pinched, punched, spit at and outcast. All attempted interactions resulted in severe penalties inflicted by children who were frustrated with my lack of ability to communicate. I could not speak the language.

By matter of necessity I found my first job: learn the language. I devoured the dictionary, saturated myself with synonyms and kept the thesaurus always at my side. By fourth grade, I won second place in the school spelling bee against fourth-, fifth- and sixth-graders. Second only because I misunderstood the word: coffin. I spelled coughing, a much harder word to spell. In my mind, I won the recognition I desired and an accomplished sense of self.

My next job was to excel in my secondary education. I was adept and studious, always striving, testing my limits, shining, winning, achieving, discovering my strengths and unfolding. My "jobs" provided me with the tools I needed for survival, inclusion and self-worth.

The job that I am losing was also a platform for striving and unfolding. It presented itself as a great education and an opportunity to design and strengthen myself. I explored areas of me that were latent, or not yet born. I found a comfortable niche in serving, supporting and connecting, a means to chisel out a woman of fortitude and aptitude.



**First day of school in Mannheim, Germany, 1963. The cone, a traditional gift to first graders, is filled with school supplies and candy.**

Now, once again, I find myself an immigrant, a refugee in the landscape of myself. The prospect of no job leaves me feeling hollow, useless and abandoned. I feel the diminishing definition of myself and of all that I thought I knew. My dwindling gumption has found no purpose or direction. I'm like an empty page waiting for words to bring meaning. Shall I let the current sweep over me and set me off to an unknown horizon? Must I lose myself to find myself?

Gabriele von Trapp immigrated to the United States from Germany with her mother, Elsa, in 1964 at the age of seven. She has lived in Texas, Louisiana, California and Connecticut, and found her way to Stevens County 28 years ago by unfolding a map, closing her eyes and placing her finger down.

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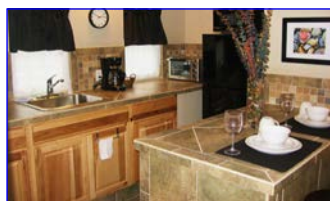
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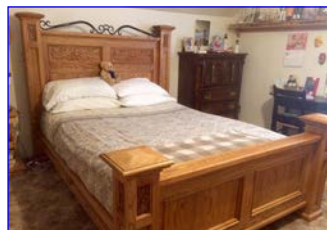


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