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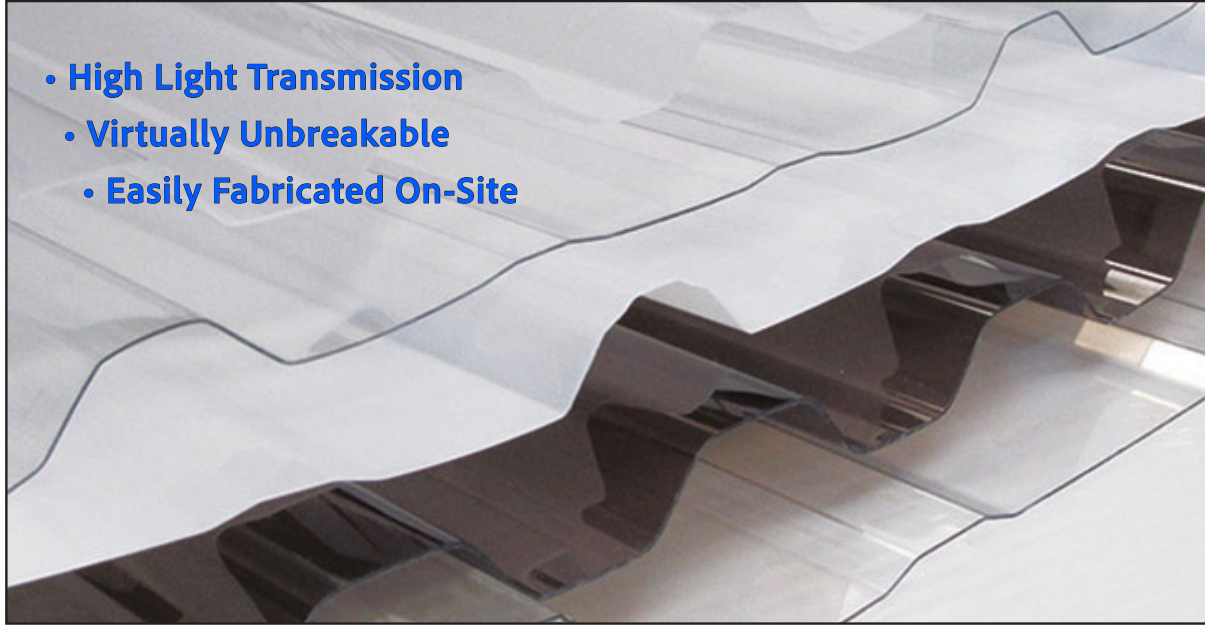
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Make All Places Seen

- JOHN ODELL, allthelandandsea.wixsite.com/wordsofwords

A Note from the Publisher

The *North Columbia Monthly* is a free monthly magazine distributed throughout northeastern Washington and is a vehicle for sharing stories that we can relate to, imagine, or feel. It is about *where and how we live*. In emphasizing these kinds of stories, it is my hope that the idea of connection, common ground, and community will be infused into our consciousness and become integral to what we choose to strive for, and what is considered the norm.

I believe that we can all have different perspectives, different viewpoints, different ways of being, *and* I believe that we can find connection and build community around the things we share in common. Thank you for reading. I hope you feel enriched for having done so.

~ Gabriel

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Good Work

Building a strong relationship can be so worth it

By Christine Wilson

*“He who can no longer pause to wonder and stand rapt in awe,
is as good as dead; his eyes are closed.” ~ Albert Einstein*

Client One: I am giving up on women.

Therapist: Why?

Client One: They are too much work.

Therapist: What do you mean?

Client One: I work with other men. I can say, “Hand me the #^*% hammer,” and they say, “#^*%” and hand it to me and then I say, “#^*% thanks.” It’s done. Move on. With women you have to be so careful. Tone of voice, facial expression, words. OMG, the words.

Therapist: I have good news and bad news. Which do you want first?

Client One: The bad news.

Therapist: You are a straight guy in your 30s. It is likely you will fall in love again and it will be a woman.

Client One: #^*%.

Therapist: The good news is that when you are with someone who is different from you, you get to live a more colorful life, within a rich tapestry of heart, mind, and soul.

Client One: That sounds like a lot of work.

Therapist: It’s good work, if you can get it.

Client Two: I am giving up on men.

Therapist: Why?

Client Two: They are too much work.

Therapist: What do you mean?

Client Two: My girlfriends and I can talk about how we are feeling about things. If something hurts us or we

have hurt someone else, we can talk about what happened. We pick up on what is going on with each other. I have to make my male friends angry in order to get them to communicate.

Therapist: You are a straight woman in your 30s. It is likely you will fall in love again and it will be a man.

Client Two: #^*%.

Therapist: The good news is that when you are with someone who is different from you, you get to live a more colorful life, within a rich tapestry of heart, mind, and soul.

Client Two: That sounds like a lot of work.

Therapist: It’s good work, if you can get it.

Reality may vary on a case-by-case basis.

An overriding caveat is that, at some point, I realized the extreme arrogance of my earlier notion that I would allow people to be who they are. “Gosh, thanks,” they might say. “So kind of you.”

I was at a couples therapy conference years ago when a group of experts in the field sat on the stage for a panel discussion. Harriet Lerner, author of *The Dance of Anger*, said she and her girlfriends did not fit the stereotypes of *Men Are from Mars, Women Are from Venus*. John Gray’s description of men fit how they felt more often than the Venus thing did for women.

When I was working at the Bellingham Street Academy in my early 20s and we were squirreled away in the base-

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Random Acts of Community

ment of the YMCA, an employee of the Y asked for help carrying something heavy. I was probably 22 and 5-foot-11. The student I was standing with at that moment was 13 and probably 5-foot-2. He was the one asked to help carry whatever it was. He looked up at me, gave me an arms-up pose that is now the emoji for a shrug, and we both burst out laughing. He struggled to help carry something that would have been much easier for me.

There is a fine line between legit differences in people and our stereotypes. “Beginner’s mind” teaches us to see people and circumstances without pigeonholing them. I’m better at that after all these years as a therapist, but my assumptions can still sneak up on me. As I’ve described before, one of my education professors ushered four people into the front of his classroom. He had us write out our thoughts about who they were, what they liked, and what they did for a living. I don’t know if he sought out people who would be especially hard to predict, but we all got everything wrong. That was an early clue for me to work on the assumptions I made from visual observations.

Within a decade I was in graduate school, learning the art of active listening. Listening to another person well enough to actually hear them without cross talk or questions or solution-focused comments was so difficult that we questioned whether we could even be therapists at that point. So, I added what I heard to the list of categories I wanted to watch for as I believed those assumptions.

Then I was a therapist. I sat across from people who continuously shattered any stereotypes I might have had. As an example, I worked with an avowed racist who adamantly made his points but could weep as he talked about the terror of his childhood. He could identify that he hated himself and that he found comfort in the shaky peace of viewing entire groups of people as less than him. I disagreed with his way of coping, but he was not a sociopath and his underlying pain was heartbreaking.

At that point, I was raising two sons. I could see that my nerdy adolescent self was afraid of boys and wrote them off as mean and dismissive of girls like me. My sons and their friends gave me a close and personal look at the struggles of being male. They also introduced me to a broader way to see things.

This lovely man I am married to had a group of close friends when I met him. They all have continued to teach

me how to apply these lessons to adult men. All the theory I had about being open-minded has been challenged and he has shaped me into a better, more open person. I can see that what is right in front of me really is “the entry point,” as Kabir, that old Indian dude, said in the fifteenth century.

I am aware now that stereotyping people drains us of hope that we can have genuine conversations. What’s the point of talking to someone if you already think you know what they are going to say? If you think you have nothing to learn from them? Or that they are wrong even before they open their mouth?

That Albert Einstein quote seems a little harsh to me, but I take his point about wonder and awe. Add to that our longing to give and receive love and I think that no matter who we

are or what our specific relationships look like, when we can see each other with fresh eyes and real curiosity, we can increase the likelihood of recognizing our common ground.

I do not think this is an easy task. That lovely man I mentioned earlier has a different set of eyes and experiences than I do. Harville Hendrix, author of *Getting the Love You Want*, said there are stages in any relationship. The first stage is, “We are one.” The second stage is, “We are one and I am the one.”

His third stage is one he calls Transformation and Conscious Love. I was at a training at some point where a couples therapist said she always starts off her therapy by giving a couple a piece of paper and asking them to decide who gets it. She doesn’t care what they come up with. She cares about their process of negotiating with each other. A little girl said to me that she and her friend never argue. Her friend said: “I don’t want to be rude.” I told her that disagreement is not rude. If I had handed them that piece of paper, the first girl would have expected it to be hers and the other one would have just handed it over. Guaranteed path to trouble.

That process is deep and complicated and definitely a lot of work. It’s not always fun and can be a noisy, uncomfortable, arduous source of peace. The bad news is that resistance to this reality is a major source of suffering. The good news is that it is good work if we can get it.

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

“Stereotyping people drains us of hope that we can have genuine conversations.”

Eclipse

A meditation on loss, love and the light that remains

Story by Dr. Barry Bacon, MD, Photos by Shelley Bacon

I am a long way from home. The moon is about to pass exactly between the sun and the earth in its orbit. The eclipse will be total. The sun's light will be completely obliterated for 108 seconds except for the ring of light emanating from around the sun's coronal edges.

A narrow band of the earth extending from Iceland to a few islands in the Mediterranean Sea will witness this spectacle. Depending on one's point of view, this event may be considered the glory of the heavens or a reminder of the fragility of our existence. We can thus be grateful for the life we receive as a gift each morning or lie in terror that we may lose our existence at any moment. "Riders on the Storm" by the Doors is playing in the background, an appropriate metaphor, I suppose, for the pessimist in us reminding us that we dare not take this life for granted.

Thousands stand on the port deck of this vessel gazing toward the west. The sun is intense, its heat reflecting from the railing, the seats, our bodies. We stand at the ready with our specialized glasses in hand, sweat

dripping from our foreheads. The sun is approaching the horizon, and it almost appears the two orbits will not meet before the sun sets. The moon is invisible to us, hidden by the intensity of the sun's brightness reflecting across the earth's atmosphere.

But just as predicted, the moon begins its encroachment on the sun's orb. Slowly, over the course of more than an hour, the two appear to merge past one another, the moon inching across the sun, taking an incrementally larger bite from its outline. The people on the deck gasp and exclaim. Dozens of boats are anchored out in the harbor, all filled with people doing what we are doing. Gazing up at the heavens.

The sun is no more than a faint crescent now, the brightness of its intensity not lessened by its near obliteration by the moon, at least to the naked eye. Then suddenly the whole earth grows perceptibly dark. Its temperature noticeably cools. The crowd emits an unexpected gasp. The heat from our life-giving star has suddenly faded away. A shadow passes before us and over us in the path of the moon.

I become keenly aware of how beautiful

and fragile our lives are. We live and die hanging onto our faith that tomorrow and on the next day and all of the tomorrows that follow, the sun will rise again. The promise of life hangs on the unfailing orbit of our planet remaining within the realm of life, and the sun refusing to fail.

Just now, I become aware of something which we had not seen before. A lesser light reveals itself. Venus has been present but invisible until the sun's brightness is obscured. But there she is, tiny, modest, beautiful. A light to give us hope but which could not reveal itself until the great-





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er light was hidden.

Horns are blasting across the waters of the bay. The messages between the ships in the harbor and our own craft signal their joy at the spectacle we all, men and women from all corners of the earth, are witnessing, the collective wonder of our species celebrating with cheers and horns and whoops that we are all glorying in this moment. I raise my voice with the others. But just for this, the darkest moment of the eclipse, I turn my gaze to Venus. And I wonder if it could be a metaphor of our lives ...

On another day, some friends and I decide to take a hike along the Tuscan coast between two cities. But the coastal path has been washed out by a landslide, so the only way is

up and over the hillside trail, thousands of rough rock-hewn steps up into the stratosphere. We pant and sweat on shaky legs up and over the ridge.

I am the first to arrive at the top, where I find three notable things: a fountain of life-saving water, a mini-market selling ice cream, and an automated defibrillator. I fill my canteen, buy pistachio ice cream bars for the entire hiking party, and wonder incredulously at who in their right mind would put an automated defibrillator at the top of a wretched mountain climb? Did they really think one would wait until they reached the summit to have a heart attack? Or expect someone while experiencing a cardiac arrest

to climb to the top in order to request electrical resuscitation? Either way, it appeared to me that the AED was at least two decades old, so likely was good only as a decoration...

When life is good, our children are healthy and our careers are on track; we bask in the glory of the sun, full steam ahead, sails are full, and we are clipping across the waters unencumbered by any weights. When we lose a child or experience the sorrows that accompany this life, it is like an eclipse that obliterates the light that gives us life. The sorrow is so great, the grief so intense that there is no way we can

survive, and we struggle to find a reason. But if we stop and look up, there is a fragile light to which we may cling, as a small candle in the darkness. Light the candle. See the hope that remains.

I have found that light on this voyage. We are not alone in our grief.

I am traveling with a number of classmates and colleagues, several of whom have lost children to disease, addiction, unexpected occurrences. They are suffering as we are, struggling to find a reason to go on. Grief has become a way of life, not an event. The loss of their children is not something we work through. It has become the place where we live.

Together, we are finding a way to live in our grief. We light a candle for each other, we hold each other up, and despite the eclipse that has taken so much light from our lives, we have found that love does not end. We choose to live in that love, and life is still beautiful here, holding our candles in our hands.

Dr. Barry Bacon has lived and practiced family medicine in Colville for nearly 30 years, working in small, rural hospitals in Washington state, teaching family medicine, and working on health disparities in the U.S. and Africa.





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There Are Places... ---

Story and Photo by Tina Wynecoop

*“There are places I’ll remember
all my life, though some have changed... some have gone and some remain...
in my life I’ve loved them all.”*

~ Beatles, Rubber Soul album, 1965

The Lennon-McCartney song “In My Life” flows through my thoughts these days.

The place I’m remembering is the sandbar—a long spit of land extending into the Spokane River out from its north bank. Over many decades we gathered here to camp, for birthdays, holidays, to celebrate milestones or to just to *be*. This place is where our family’s ancestors lived.

The first time I came to the sandbar was with a carload of high schoolers who wanted to show me the bright spring sunflowers (*Arrowleaf balsamroot*) blooming *en masse* on the slopes above the river. It was dazzling and I’m not sure I paid attention to the geographical phenomenon jutting out into the river which gave the place its name: Coyote’s Spit. Back then I was new to the region and everything “stood out” to the point of overwhelm.

My next visit to the sandbar was in winter, when winters were so cold the river would freeze over. My new husband was sharing with me how the frozen river sang—how the cracks in its ice made music that reverberated throughout the river’s surrounding bluffs.

I don’t know if many humans have witnessed this winter phenomenon. According to online sources, “singing ice” is a natural acoustic event where frozen water surfaces produce haunting, whale-like tones, sci-fi sounds and deep low groans. It happens when temperature drops or internal stress causes ice sheets to expand, contract, and fracture, sending resonant vibra-

tions across the surface. Witnessing it was an awesome experience for this newcomer from western Washington where winters are so mild.

Here, before winter sets in, we head to the sandbar to watch hordes of Canada geese fly down from the nearby wheat fields to overnight in the river. We bring our chairs, wear layers of warm clothes, build a little fire to cook our dinner—always hotdogs and beans—and wait to witness the wondrous calls of thousands of geese getting ready for bed, geese full of the gleaned grains which add to the fat reserves they need for their upcoming migration.

During the year, the sandbar’s surface appears and disappears—caused by the activity of Grand Coulee Dam operations. The water level on the Spokane Arm of the dam’s vast reservoir fluctuates, often triggering landslides along the river’s sandy bluffs. During summers, the river is a recreational paradise. Boaters pass over the sandbar unknowingly. When water levels subside the boat propellers sometimes trench the soil, leaving visible tracks across the sandbar’s surface.

Before its impoundment by the dam the river seldom strayed beyond its original channel. Wild salmon could navigate their way to natal streams to spawn and begin the cycle that had always been.

Back then, the river had narrow places and fording it wasn’t difficult. Young Joseph Wynecoop (born 1885) herded (swam) his pigs through a shallow area just below the sandbar to reach the delta on the other side. This place

offered a shortcut from the Reservation to Davenport or Reardan to market his livestock. The family remembers.

Norm Lehrman, a geologist well-acquainted with the geography/geology along the Spokane River, answered my question about how the sandbar came to be:

“As you know, the sandbar is unique in the region. I know of nothing else like it in either the Spokane or Columbia Rivers. First, it is not the result of either a landslide or the discharge of a sediment-laden tributary. By simple inspection of aerial photography and lidar images, there is no drainage or landslide scar. So, what then?”

“The sandbar is positioned central to an area where the Spokane River takes a 90-degree bend from a linear southwesterly flow to a linear northeasterly flow. These linear segments are structurally controlled by faults or fracture zones in the underlying bedrock. Topographic highlands border these structural zones, forcing the river to cooperate.

“The sharp bend results in a whirling eddy current nestled in the abrupt bend. This slack water deposits and drags sand and gravel to form and maintain the bar. The bar likely first formed during the sediment-loaded outflow of melting glaciers some 12 to 14 thousand years ago.”

Just think of the life-forms that have made this landscape their own. A place where the river flowed freely, and deadwood necklaced its shoreline. Where trunks and roots of old trees were deposited when the river surged

unbridled in spring; where eagles, both bald and golden, perch on them, kingfishers chatter, and river otters leave the aftermath of their meals – the carapaces of many crawdads. The otters' footprints around the huge driftwood tell other stories of their presence. The driftwood does not drift anymore; the river is sluggish and cannot budge the heavy loads of wood it once moved with ease and power.

Near the sandbar, just upstream, in the early 1900s my husband's grandparents, aunts, uncles and cousins resided, at different times, in a little wood-frame house. This was the home where Chief Lot and his wife visited and invited the grandfather into the tribe. The home still stands.

It is a place where stories were

made and shared, and persist. Not so long ago, a former tribal archaeologist (non-Indian) and her team questioned why *we* were trespassing on tribal land, implying by our skin color and blood quantum that we certainly didn't belong here. The quiet (enrolled) Indian among us didn't try to justify our presence, so his wife gave the archaeologist a rundown... sharing why this remains our sacred place. She "let" us stay.

It is a place so imprinted on our DNA that when the old Indian and his wife launched their two-person kayak and headed across the river to visit where his grandmother had retreated – her private woman's camp – they didn't mind, after floating downstream back to the sandbar, that they were too old to climb out of the kayak and onto shore,

and so they rolled out, got soaked, loaded the boat onto the 4-Runner, turned the heater on high, and headed home, content with their visit and homage to this ancestral landmark.

Our sacred place? Yet aren't all places sacred? In the photograph, the grandson is sitting on the bluff overlooking his beloved sandbar, memories flooding in. Sacred memories, sacred place.

"There are places we remember..."

Tina Wynecoop has said that western Washington, where she grew up, was the most interesting place in the world – until she moved 300 miles east in 1970 to teach on the Spokane Indian Reservation. She says the culture, geography, history, weather, people, and flora and fauna of this inland region have become her beloved "home ground."



September Random Thoughts

Canine ESP, Inland Northwest architecture and more

By Bob Gregson

Dogs and Extra-Sensory Perception

Everyone knows each dog is special in many ways. Barney, our rescue dog, goes way beyond that. He, like all dogs, can “read” the mental atmosphere with the humans he knows. Alas, in addition he has ESP and reads our minds even when not nearby.

That’s proven by several recent examples. He often hangs out and sleeps in the bedroom closet or under the dining room table, well out of sight and two or three rooms away from our sitting area. Multiple times in the past weeks I had decided to stop reading or computing and qui-

etly go out the nearby door to get the mail from the box across the street or do something else outside. What a surprise when he got to the door at the same time I did! No signals to him two rooms away, no noise, just thought waves in the ether.

This is new. Bonnie and I marveled at this terrific new capability and hope he’ll soon learn to mop floors and run the vacuum cleaner.

Architecture

Somewhere in earlier copies of this magazine the publisher, Gabriel, included a list of the various kinds of regional topics that would be welcome in his magazine. One of the first on the eclectic list was “architecture.” What could someone say about that? I wondered.

Not having seen other articles on that subject, here’s my pioneering effort to break the dam, so to speak.

In the Northwest over the centuries the “architecture of the moment” started with tepees; then log cabins; then frame houses with clapboard siding and brick downtown buildings; then those wonderful Craftsman kit homes sold by Sears, Roebuck and Company; then post-World War II small one-story square homes (two bedrooms, a living room, kitchen and bathroom). Those were ideal starter homes for GIs just back from the battlefields, opting to raise their families in towns or suburbs instead of going back to the family farms in the Midwest. Or to apartments in large cities where they grew up.

Wife Bonnie’s family fit that pattern. After completing their WWII

military service, her dad and grandma, both of whom served in the Navy including time at Lake Pend Oreille Naval Station and Navy Pier 91 in Seattle, were lured away from returning to an Iowa farm and a small-town bakery, respectively. They liked the climate and scenery and set down new roots for their families in Seattle in the late 1940s.

A decade or two later, split-level houses became the new thing, including gold or avocado-colored fridges and stoves. Maybe those colors are coming back in style soon?

Home air conditioning became widely available and popular with architects and builders in the ’60s, turning houses into cool places like the movie theaters where some used to go to beat the heat. And some of us remember “alternative air conditioning”: bedroom mattresses hauled out to the screened-in front porch to escape the oppressive night-time heat retained in most homes. Some probably do the same thing today, those unlucky enough not to have A/C but lucky enough to have a sizeable old-fashioned screened porch.

Now, single-family homes being built around us in the Spokane Valley seem to be of two very different types: traditional two-story homes on reasonably wide lots with attached garages to one side, or rather narrow homes that, from the street, appear to be mostly a two-car garage with a people door just off to one side and a second floor above.

If lot space is available there is now another quite fine option: a “mobile home” or sometimes called a “man-

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ufactured home.” Built in factory assembly lines, they are dandy as a living space. When set on permanent foundations or in a shallow pit, the modern versions look good, are energy-efficient, and often of quite good quality.

Those structures feature two or three modules 18 to 60 feet long by 14 feet wide trucked into place and cleverly joined together ... an interesting process to observe. There is another version where the home is mostly built in flat sections in a factory then assembled on a foundation.

Building materials are so expensive now that it makes a lot of sense to construct home after home in a tightly controlled assembly-line factory. It's pretty simple to truck cubicle components to their final destination, connect them to already sited water/sewer/electricity/gas/cable, and bingo, new occupants can move in within a day or so. We've happily lived in two fine manufactured homes.

Those, and the “tiny house” concept, also factory-built, seem like an economical wave of the future – not architecturally splendid like Craftsmans or custom-built homes, but certainly adequate. And, after all, each home will be surrounded by the whims of the owner: garage, trees, grass, garden, fences, shrubs, flowers, and paint choices. Easy to make each into a distinctive home with yard and garden.

(So that's one version of “architecture in this region.”)

Pedestrian Alert: Electric Bicycles/ Scooters Are Among Us!

The Centennial Trail from Spokane to Coeur d'Alene runs by our house. Barney and I walk a short bit of it every morning as well as cross it to our mailbox every afternoon. And, sad to say, the trail has become a hazard!

Those electric bikes and scooters go so fast that we've almost been hit

several times because of their stealth approach from behind. They can easily sneak up silently on you at high speed. And if Barney suddenly veers a little toward the middle of the trail to smell a dead squirrel carcass his life can be in danger. Likewise, the scooter or bicycle rider might be thrown over the handlebars and suffer major injuries if he/she smacked into 45-pound Barney broadside. Near misses happened twice in recent weeks.

One approach can be for the bicycle/scooter rider coming up from behind to loudly say, “On your left!” early enough for me to tighten the leash and stay hard right. That's what normally happens on most trails that host both walkers and riders.

Football Season

It's that time again. After all the interest and hoopla associated with World Cup soccer one wonders if European football (called “soccer” only in the U.S.) will maybe get as popular here as what we call “football.” Interestingly, the U.S. National Football League is working hard to generate interest in *our* football in Europe and South America. Maybe it will join soccer in popularity worldwide? American football is, in some ways, more dangerous – and a lot more expensive to play, given the uniform, helmet, pads, cleats, mouthguard, etc. Versus any open flat space where anyone can kick a round ball back and forth to others or against a wall. The U.S. mis-shaped football is quite an odd duck when you think about it.

We'll see what our Seahawks are going to do this year. First game is on the 9th against the Patriots!

Bob Gregson, a 1964 West Point graduate from Pasco who served two combat tours in Vietnam, left the corporate world to organically farm on Vashon Island. He now lives in Spokane, his “spiritual home,” where his parents grew up.



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A Year On The Farm

Herbal Tea

By Michelle Lancaster

My family is an *herbal* tea drinking family. As a child, I took pride in being like the Daughters of Liberty boycotting British tea (tea, a caffeinated plant originating in China, not native to the U.S.). As a young adult, I offended a Scottish friend and visitor to my home when I offered him my herbal selection of teas. “Tea? These are not *tea*!” he chided me. Well, OK, I thought. Then after a move to Maryland (borderline “the south”), I was offered peppermint tea by a dear church friend. Awesome, I thought, finally an herbal tea drinker! I just about choked on the sickly sweet sugar water with slight mint flavoring that she handed me. Not tea, but *sweet tea*. Bleh! Feed it to the hummingbirds.

Now I have a little homestead covered in herbs and an encouraging mom who got me started with herbs and a teapot with built-in strainer. I can make homemade tea blends to my endless delight!

So, what tea do I like to drink? What blends are best? When I asked my mom this, the answer was, “Oh, I just throw together whatever I have left over.” Which is pretty true. Raspberry leaf seems to be the base ingredient in most of her teas. Mullein for the lungs and rosehip for vitamin C are commonly in her mixes, too. I think raspberry leaf has the most comparable tea-like taste, minus the caffeine. If you are wanting to switch from black/green tea to herbal tea, give raspberry leaf a try.

Black currant is a new tea blend I am working on this year. Most blends available online are black tea with added black currant berries and/or

leaves. I want black currant on its own, so decided to make my own blend. I started by dehydrating black currant berries. This process makes the currants taste sweeter, but also preserves them for easy storage. I then harvested black currant leaves to dry. The leaves are supposed to help ease joint pain and the berries are high in vitamin C. I have high hopes for this mix.



Lemon balm grows like a weed around here, but the lemon flavor is very mild. I found that mixing lemon balm with lemon verbena creates a lovely tea with strong lemon flavor. Verbena is an annual plant in my area, but is worth picking up a start from Meadowlark Farm each spring because the plant grows big and has a good-enough annual harvest (and strong flavor) to justify the expense.

Violets are a vitamin-packed, mucilaginous plant (meaning it is soothing). The flowers when steeped become a

beautiful purple/blue color that kids would get a kick out of. The flavor is mildly sweet with an almost blueberry taste. Add some dried or fresh blueberries for a healthy, fruity tea.

Catnip was touted as a tea ingredient, but when I tried a single-species tea, my definition was “dirt with a hint of mint.” Maybe I just had a bad plant, but I will leave it to the cats. Do yourself a favor and stick with tried and true peppermint if you like that classic mint flavor.

Nettle is one of my favorite teas. The emerald-green color is appealing and the flavor is slightly like spinach, but mild enough. My favorite prep method is to fill a jar a quarter full, top with warm water, steep 12 hours. This brings out the minerals and a deeper flavor. Drink as a refreshing cold tea over the next few days.

There are many other teas I could talk about, but the ones discussed here, so far, my favorites. They grow easily in our environment and all are safe to consume as they are considered edible herbs, meaning you can eat them in fairly large quantities in your regular meals.

If you are a beginner herbal tea drinker, I do not recommend throwing together a bunch of herbs at first. Instead, try making a single cup of each of many various herbs. Then decide what you enjoy, what is dominant or subtle, and start mixing from there.

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

More Than Ashes: The Impact of the Modrite Fire

By Jessi McDowell, ICRC Summer Youth Employee

The fire in Inchelium affected the community in many different ways. It not only damaged land and property, it also disrupted the everyday lives of our people. Families had to leave their homes, roads were closed, and important places and resources were put at risk. It truly stressed how quickly a community's normal way of life can change during an emergency.

One of the greatest impacts of the fire was evacuation. Power outages made it difficult for people to get groceries, and some stores had to deal with food going bad. People also lost access to water, and appointments had to be canceled because it was not safe or possible for everyone to travel.

Many people were left searching for places to stay while they were away from their homes. These problems made an already stressful situation even harder for families in

the community.

The fires damaged important areas around Inchelium. Legacy housing was among the things at risk of being lost. Fields caught fire. Wildlife was also affected, and traditional harvesting sites were put in danger. These are important because they connect not only to the land but also the community's way of life and traditions. Losing them could mean losing parts of the history and resources that have been important to the community for generations.

The fires in Inchelium were more than just flames burning through the area. They disrupted people's homes, routines, resources, and connection to the land. Even after the fires are gone, the effects continue to impact the community.

Yet the flames cannot burn away the strength of the community that calls Inchelium home. Fire cannot burn away the hearts of the Inchelium community.



Fighting the flames on the outskirts of Inchelium in August. Tony Boyd photo, used with permission.



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I'm Katie Kleinhesselink, Your New Community College Dean

By Dr. Katie Kleinhesselink

I've spent much of my life asking myself what it is I really want to do. When the chance came to become Spokane Community College's Dean of Rural Education, the answer was clear: this. This is the work I want to do.

I was born in Spokane, and my mom's family has been around the Walla Walla area for generations. I grew up mostly in rural Montana, but Eastern Washington was never far away. I moved to Colville at the beginning of July, and I'm happily settling into the small pleasures of living across the park from campus.

I know rural life in both its splendor and its hardship. My dad was a miner who ranched sheep and cattle on the side. The year I turned 15, he was permanently disabled in a car wreck. No longer able to mine, he tried going back to college. It was too much. "Ah well, I already have a PhD from the school of hard knocks," he joked.

I stumbled too. I started college as a first-generation, working-class student at an out-of-state private research university, and quickly dropped out. I graduated eventually, but with debt and no clear path. Those experiences drive me today. They're why I'm passionate about creating opportunities for rural folks to learn, work, and thrive in the places they call home.

In my work, I consistently ask what barriers stand between people and economic security — geographic, cultural, financial, otherwise — and how we knock them down. In higher education, we often talk about "meeting students where they are," but for me that's not a metaphor. It means physically showing up in communities, listening, and understanding what

people actually need. As I start this role, I'll be spending a lot of time across the Tri-Counties, listening to students, families, and employers about the opportunities they want close to home.

One of those opportunities is already underway: In January 2027, we're launching our Colville-based Practical Nursing program. Students can complete their coursework and clinical rotations with local health care providers. Applications for the first cohort are open now.

A lot of folks have asked me about my vision as dean, and the truth is that it's up to the folks in

Stevens, Ferry, and Pend Oreille Counties. I want SCC's rural campuses to be their community's colleges, places people can point to and say, "That's ours." I may be new here, but I also feel it in my bones that I'm home. This is the work I'm called to do. I'm excited to keep learning what communities want and need — and to build that future together.



This page made possible by the Spokane Community College – Colville Center. Learn more about our programs and certificates at scc.spokane.edu/Colville or call 509-276-8040.

Movie Review by Sophia Mattice-Aldous

Now Playing: *The Samurai and the Prisoner*

If you go into Kiyoshi Kurosawa's *The Samurai and the Prisoner* expecting a martial arts extravaganza, you are likely to be disappointed. If you go in with an open mind and desire for an intricately woven story, you will be well rewarded.

In the film set in Japan in 1578, commander Araki Murashige (Masahiro Motoki) barricades himself in Arioka Castle after betraying his ruthless warlord, Oda Nobunaga (Bando Shingo). When a murderer infiltrates Araki's inner circle he's forced to seek answers from his prisoner, Oda's remarkable strategist, Kuroda Kanbei (Masaki Suda).

While there is some impressive fight

choreography, the movie plays out like what it is—a murder mystery, and a damn fine one at that. The intrigue is expertly on display among riveting cinematography. At more than two hours, there was no toe-tapping on my part to see the story wrap up, even while I was brimming with curiosity as to what the outcome would be.

Surprisingly to me, this is Kurosawa's first period film (no relation to renowned Japanese director Akira Kurosawa). I haven't seen all his movies by a long shot, but what I have seen

has convinced me that the man can do any genre; he could direct a Pop Tarts commercial and it would be cinematic.

Though *The Samurai and the Prisoner* is showing on big screens, it's only at select theaters in the United States, which is a shame. It deserves a wide release in my mind, but if you can only find it on streaming in the future, it deserves to be watched either way.

***Not rated, but I recommend only to adults and maybe mature teens. Runtime 2 hrs, 28 min.**



Classics Corner: *Terminator 2, Judgment Day*

He's back! To celebrate its 35th anniversary, James Cameron's *Terminator 2: Judgment Day* returns to theaters for a limited run Aug. 28-Sept. 2. Yes, I have my ticket, as I have never seen this classic sci-fi action fest on the big screen, and I have no intention of missing it. Hailed as possibly the best sequel ever, *T2* has worked its way into our cultural lexicon and is a pinnacle of the action genre.

After the events of 1984's *The Terminator*, *Judgment Day* picks up ten years later, with Sarah Connor (an intense, gripping Linda Hamilton) jailed in a psychiatric ward for her foretelling of the looming apocalypse. Her son and future resistance leader, John Connor (Edward Furlong), is adrift in foster care, unknowing that the T-800 (the one and only Arnold Schwarzenegger)

and a mystery figure (Robert Patrick) have been sent back in time to seek him out, one to murder him and the other to protect him.



Besides amazing stunts and special effects that I think hold up well, *T2* also has a lot of heart. For a movie about machines, Cameron and co-writer William Wisher never forget the heart under all those moving parts.

All the actors get a chance to shine, with Hamilton transforming from an uncertain, coping 19-year-old in the first film to a woman so ruthless and obsessed with protecting humanity she's almost forgotten her own. Furlong's John is allowed to be a kid, acting foolish like children sometimes do, but we also get glimpses of the strong, capable leader he is said to become.

Schwarzenegger's performance has been parodied to hell and back, but that's what can come from creating a character so iconic that even people who have never seen a *Terminator* movie still recognize someone voicing the role. He obviously turns in one of his best performances here.

I don't want to say too much else, just in case you are new to *Terminator* movies. If you have been meaning to get around to it, now is a great chance. As countless people have told me, there's nothing like seeing it on the silver screen. Otherwise, there's still streaming.

***Rated R, runtime 2 hrs., 23 min.**

Sophia Mattice-Aldous is a longtime movie buff and a Murrow News fellow at *The Newport Miner* and *RANGE Media* through a program administered by WSU. Please email questions, comments and suggestions for film reviews to sophia-matticealdous@gmail.com.



Rotary Scholarships: Investing in Our Community's Future

By Liselotte Butterfield

Each year, the Colville Rotary Club is proud to support local students as they take the next step toward their education and careers. Through these scholarships, our club invests directly in the future of our community and recognizes students working hard to build their futures.

One of the largest scholarships we award is the Vinson Fund Scholarship, which typically provides approximately \$4,000 to a graduating student. The amount can change yearly, but the purpose remains the same: to provide meaningful financial assistance to a local student pursuing higher education.

Rotary also awards a \$1,000 Vocational Scholarship, specifically intended for students choosing a career path through a trade school, vocational program, or two-year college. We believe these educational paths are essential to our community and economy, and this scholarship recognizes students preparing for careers in skilled trades, technical fields, and other hands-on professions.

The McKellar Scholarship carries a special piece of Rotary history. It was established by a current Rotarian, Jerry McKellar, who is one of our club's charter members – a dentist who later became an accomplished sculptor and painter. His work can be seen throughout our community, including the well-known bear sculpture in Heritage Court and the Flower Dancing in the Wind sculpture in Yep Kanum Park. This scholarship reflects his longstanding commitment to both Rotary and the community he has helped shape.

For the past two years, Rotary has also presented the Lynn Ross Family Scholarship, established by Rotarian Lynn Ross. This scholarship provides another opportunity for our club to support a local student as they pursue their educational goals.

Finally, for the past two years, Rotary has awarded the Mary Selecky Scholarship, established in memory of a Rotarian who

passed away. Mary was deeply passionate about service and giving back to others. She volunteered extensively and was involved in leadership both locally and at the state level. The scholarship is awarded to a female student pursuing a career in healthcare, reflecting Mary's dedication to healthcare and service.

Together, these scholarships represent more than financial assistance. They are a reflection of Rotary's belief in Service Above Self and our commitment to encouraging the next generation of community leaders, skilled professionals, and

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caregivers. Through these awards, we are proud to help local students turn their goals into opportunities and, ultimately, give back to the communities they call home.

Colville students can pick up the scholarship applications around February at Colville High School, or online at <https://colvillerotary.org/scholarships.php>. You don't have to be a Colville High School student to apply. After students turn in their applications by May, we interview them individually and award the winners at the Senior Award Night.

*This page made possible by the Rotary Club of Colville. Learn more at www.colvillerotary.org
View where all the Clubs in the district meet at www.colvillerotary.org/?p=whereclubsmeet*

LISTEN UP

Reviews by Michael Pickett

Shania Twain's Reflection

Country music has a handful of true rock stars, and Shania Twain is certainly one of them. Breaking out in the '90s with a sound that forever – for better or worse – changed modern country music, Shania's talent could often be outshined by her image. But VHS tapes of her club days exhibited one of the greatest voices to ever come out of the great white north.

Now, with *Little Miss Twain*, the Canadian country icon draws from her upbringing in a way not found on previous albums. The writing and performances here are largely strong and soulful, as with the intimate, mid-tempo "Northern Town," which feels kind of like an old Jewel tune,

lyrically. A little clunky, word-wise, but moving and vivid in the scenes it paints.

Spinning tales of growing up in rural Canada, facing massive loss (her parents were killed in a 1987 car accident, ultimately leaving Twain responsible for raising her siblings), betrayal (as found in the subtly blistering "I'd Be Loving Me") and ultimately finding love and light in signature upbeat tracks such as "Down the Middle," Shania makes her way through an album that may be more true to her than any previous work.

Having successfully navigated the Taylor Swift Oversaturation Trap,



Shania Twain has lived and performed through very public loves and losses and has not only returned to what she does best but in a way that feels more autobiographical than anything we could have imagined in her earlier days as country music's rocking bombshell.

Muse's Mixed Signals

To say *The Wow! Signal* by Muse is polarizing seems like a monumental understatement ... like saying Ozzy had a thing for bats. Long-time fans are hailing it as a welcome return to their grand space-rock roots while



musically vacuous corporate magazines are calling it melodramatic and overwrought.

Opening with the cartoon-opera of "The Dark Forest" just feels fun. Isn't that what rock music should feel like? "Cryogen" and its big guitars sound very much like the Muse of old, while the driving pop of "Nightshift Superstar" is an interesting blend of heavy dance music and impending fan outrage, as the band deftly navigates melody and audio controversy.

Let's face it: A band like Muse can do what they want. Reminiscent of Queen in the way that they unpredictably blend camp and crashing arrangements, the best thing they do

on *The Wow! Signal* (named after a mysterious space signal captured by an Ohio State SETI project some 50 years ago) is to keep people arguing about what it all means.

Just days ago, a friend sent video clips from the current Muse tour, and the sound and visuals were absolutely arresting. The creativity that pours from these guys is undeniable, and bands that can keep their fan base guessing, lamenting, but still coming back for more are a rare breed. In a musical world where predictable marketing is everything, this English trio has honed unpredictability into an art form.

Check out Michael Pickett's audio and visual work at: mpcreator.com.

A Good Read

A Dog's Breakfast, by Phil Teller

Reviewed by Terry Cunningham

Phil Teller is a local author and I'll give you a hint: *A Dog's Breakfast: Outright Lies and Other Short Fiction* has nothing to do with feeding dogs. I enjoyed this book for many reasons, one of which is that I learned something right from the beginning. A dog's breakfast is a British expression. As the back cover says, it's "an unappealing mixture of many things ... a hodgepodge ... a disorganized mess ... but probably still usable (or consumable in the case of food). From the idea that a dog will eat anything and feeding it a mixture of whatever is on hand."

That description might not persuade you to open the book, but I encourage you to do so. Teller has been perfecting his craft for many years as a writing instructor and a freelance writer or, as he puts it, a penslinger for hire.

A Dog's Breakfast left me thinking about many things. His short stories and poems took me from my childhood through to my adulthood, emotionally and intellectually. From dreams of great loves to some of our greatest fears. I had to reread some parts and share them with my wife.

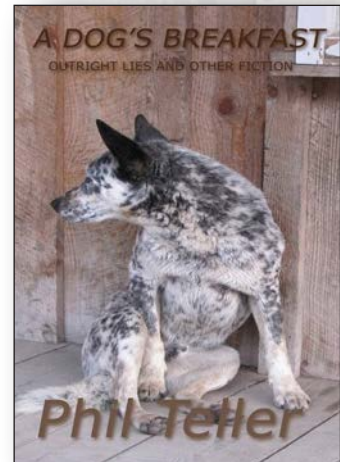
Teller's writing technique and the stories he chose had me in a quandary about how to describe the book in a way that would encompass all the stories in it. I see why Phil chose this title. He's got 32 stories packed into 151 pages.

Honestly, I paced myself because I didn't want it to end. There's humor, love, a goodbye to father ... all brilliantly written. Many of his stories are located in our beautiful Pacific Northwest. And *A Dog's Breakfast* hit Amazon's top 100 at number 16 when first released.

Teller's newest book, *Suitcases*, is coming out soon – I know he has been working hard on it. I think we'll see another best-seller.

At 75 years of age, Teller is in his element, enjoying the country life on his small farm in Stevens County.

Terry Cunningham, who calls himself "a lifelong Earthling," has been a Stevens County resident for more than four decades. Now retired after 30 years as an arborist, he says he's constantly "stunned and amazed by our world," much of which comes to life in books.



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Learning to Bend

By Brenda St. John

*“He makes His sun rise on both the evil and on the good,
and sends rain on the righteous and the unrighteous.”*

~ Matthew 5:45

Sometimes life throws us a curveball and it can be hard to think clearly. After a great loss or a major life change, a person can be overwhelmed and not know how to proceed. That’s my current mental state, and I know of several others who are in similar situations.

Sometimes people can see a major change on the horizon. It comes on slowly, but it can be seen in the distance, and its inevitability cannot be denied. Other times a person is blindsided by an event that seemingly comes out of nowhere. Both are difficult. I’m not sure a person is ever really ready when certain things come to pass.

My three-year-old granddaughter is about to start attending a “nature preschool” where the motto is, “There is no such thing as bad weather, only inappropriate clothing.” This is a quote by Alfred Wainwright, and it reminds me of my current mindset. The rain, the snow, the wind, the storms may come, and all I can do is shield myself appropriately from the worst of it using whatever I have at my disposal.

For me, the healing benefits from yoga come from:

- Diaphragmatic breathing
- Living in the present moment
- Feeling gratitude

With those three tools in my toolbelt, I can navigate my new path. One thing yoga prepares us for is change. Life is in constant flux, and I need to surrender to what is.

I can already feel the season changing, too. The mornings and evenings are a little cooler than they were a couple weeks ago. The smoke disappeared and left a hint of fall in the air. Others in my family are also going through major changes. One of my daughters recently had to start a new job after the company she worked for eliminated her position nationwide. Two other daughters just had babies. Their families are adjusting to the new additions. My father, too, has been dealing with a big change. After spending some time in the hospital, he was released to a rehab facility. He would prefer to be back in his own home, managing his life on his own terms.



As the Greek philosopher Heraclitus observed, we cannot step into the same river twice. The waters are continually flowing and changing. Perhaps the same is true of our lives. We may return to a familiar place, a familiar yoga mat, or even a familiar pose, but we ourselves have changed.

A yoga asana that exemplifies change is Dancer Pose. In Sanskrit, the pose is referred to as Natarajasana. This is a pose that requires movement and balance. The yogi stands on one leg while the other leg bends and lifts behind the back, and is then grabbed and lifted higher. There is usually a bit of wobbling going on as the body makes tiny movements in balance-adjustment. This is a very vigorous and beautiful back-bending pose. It requires concentration and grace, and it embodies change. Dancer pose is a dance between opposing forces. The foot presses into the hand while the hand draws the foot back. The result-

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ing opposition creates lift, opening, and forward movement. Sometimes what feels like resistance or loss can become part of what promotes growth.

To assume Dancer Pose, begin in Mountain. Shift your weight onto the right foot. Bend the left knee back behind you, bringing the left heel toward the left glute. Reach your left hand back and grab your left foot from the inner ankle.

Bring your opposite hand (the right hand) up toward the ceiling. Find a focal point to help with balance. Press into your grounded foot and activate your core. Begin to tilt your torso forward and, at the same time, begin to lift the left foot away from the body. Keep the chest open.

Bring the back foot up as high as comfortably possible, striving to get the back thigh parallel to the ground. Hold for several breaths. To release, slowly lower your back foot down and return to Mountain Pose. Don't forget to practice on the other side.

There are contraindications for this pose. People with joint injuries, uncontrolled high blood pressure, or significant heart conditions should consult an appropriate healthcare professional before attempting the full pose. Those with balance challenges may practice a supported variation

using a chair or a wall.

Life may ask us to bend in ways we never expected. As in Dancer Pose, we may wobble, lose our balance, and need to begin again. But perhaps bending means learning to yield and find a new center of balance. The river keeps flowing. The seasons keep

changing. And so do we. Perhaps yoga is teaching me that learning to bend is part of learning to live.

Namaste.

Brenda St. John has taught yoga classes in Chewelah since 2010 and is also a Spokane Community College ACT 2 instructor.



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What Are We Each Looking For?

Understanding others can start with understanding what they need

By Rob Sumner

Recently, I came across a video featuring Chase Hughes, and it got me thinking. If you're not familiar with him, Hughes is a behavioral expert and author who teaches about human behavior, communication, and influence. What caught my attention was this:

Why do people do what they do?

We all have people we're naturally drawn to. You meet someone and conversation is easy. You seem to understand one another. You just click.

Then there are people who have the opposite effect. Something about them rubs you the wrong way. Their decisions don't make sense to you. They react to situations completely differently than you would. Sometimes you walk away thinking, *Why in the world would they do that?*

I've certainly had those moments.

Over the years, I've tried to approach those situations with empathy. Instead of immediately deciding someone is wrong because they don't see the world the way I do, I try to ask:

What would make their behavior make sense from where they're standing?

That's not always easy. We naturally judge other people's actions through our own experiences, values and personalities. We think, *I would never do that*. And maybe we wouldn't.

But we're not them.

That's why something Hughes discussed intrigued me. He described six social needs that may help explain what people seek from their interactions with others: significance, approval, acceptance, intelligence, pity and strength.

I don't think the point is to put everyone into a box.

Human beings are much too complicated for that. I see it more as another lens through which we can look at behavior – and perhaps become a little slower to judge it.

Significance: "I want to know that I matter."

Some people want their accomplishments and contributions recognized. They may talk about what they've accomplished, who they know or the difference they've made.

We might hear bragging.

But perhaps underneath it is someone asking, "Do you see me? Does what I do matter?"

Approval: "Am I doing okay?"

Some people frequently look for reassurance – "Was that okay?" "What do you think?" "Did I do that right?"

That can become frustrating if you don't need the same reassurance. But for someone who values approval, a sincere, "You handled that really well" may mean far more than we realize.

Acceptance: "Do I belong?"

Acceptance is a little different.

Approval asks, "Do you think I'm doing a good job?"

Acceptance asks, "Am I one of you?"

For some people, belonging to their family, workplace, church, team or community is incredibly important. Think about how powerful the simple words, "We're glad you're here" can be to someone who deeply values belonging.

Intelligence: "Do you see me as capable?"

We've all met someone who needs to demonstrate what they know. They explain things in detail, correct inaccuracies or become uncomfortable when their knowledge is

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questioned.

It's easy to interpret that as arrogance.

But maybe they're really asking: "Do you respect what I know?"

Sometimes asking, "What do you think?" or, "Walk me through your thinking" completely changes that interaction.

Pity: "Do you understand what I've been through?"

The word *pity* can sound negative, but I think the underlying idea is more important.

Some people have a strong need for their struggles to be acknowledged. They want someone to understand what they've sacrificed, endured or overcome.

Our instinct is often to immediately try to fix the problem. But sometimes the person doesn't need a solution first. They need someone to say: "That sounds like it was really difficult."

Sometimes empathy needs to come before solutions.

Strength: "Do you see that I can handle this?"

Finally, some people deeply value independence, toughness and control.

They may resist being told what to do or dislike asking for help. If you're naturally a helper, this can be confusing. You're thinking: "I'm just trying to make this easier for you."

They're thinking: "I need to know I can do this myself."

Same situation. Two completely different perspectives.

And that's what I found so interesting about this idea. Instead of trying to memorize categories or analyze everyone I meet, there's a much simpler question I've taken from it:

What does this person want me to recognize about them?

Do they want me to recognize that they're important?

That they're doing a good job?

That they belong?

That they're smart and capable?

That they've been through something difficult?

Or that they're strong enough to handle things themselves?

We may never know for certain—and that's okay.

The goal isn't to become an expert at analyzing people.

The goal is to become better at seeing them.

There's also an important distinction here: Understanding someone doesn't necessarily mean agreeing with them.

You can understand why someone made a decision and still believe it was the wrong decision. You can understand

someone's reaction without reacting the same way yourself. You can recognize what another person needs without abandoning your own standards, boundaries or values.

Empathy isn't agreement. It's understanding.

So, the next time someone frustrates you, confuses you or does something completely different than you would, resist immediately asking: "What's wrong with them?"

Instead, maybe ask: "What might they be looking for?"

Maybe it's significance. Maybe it's approval or acceptance. Maybe they want their intelligence recognized. Maybe they need someone to acknowledge what they've been through. Or maybe they simply need to feel strong.

We're all walking through life carrying experiences, insecurities, accomplishments, fears, hopes and needs that aren't immediately visible to everyone around us.

Maybe understanding people isn't about figuring them out. Maybe it's about becoming curious enough to try to understand them before we judge them.

Because we're all trying to connect. We're all trying to matter. We're all trying to navigate life through our own experiences.

And in one way or another, we're all looking for something.

Rob Sumner is a doctor of physical therapy, strength specialist, and owner of Specialized Strength Fitness and Sumner Specialized Physical Therapy in Colville. He can be reached at 509-684-5621 or Rob@SumnerPT.com.

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Fireweed

A first responder *after* fires

Story & Photos by Cindy Talbott Roché

This summer will likely be remembered for the fires. I hesitated to even use the word fire in the title of this story this soon after all the losses, heartbreak, and smoke-filled days. But as summer draws to a close and fall arrives, my favorite wildflower is the one I think of as my “summer clock.” Maybe calendar is more descriptive than clock, as the buds at the tip of the flowering stem unfold into flowers and the flowers develop into seed pods with the passing days of summer. Seed pods mark the days past, flowers are the present, and buds represent the future days.

First, fireweed is not a weed. It is a widespread native wildflower in the evening primrose or willowherb family (*Onagraceae*). Fireweed is found in forests and meadows, around lakes and along streams and rivers, from sea level to alpine habitats. Its native range is described as circumboreal, meaning its distribution encircles the globe within the northern temperate and subarctic zones.

In my first botany class at WSU, I learned that fireweed came up in the rubble after the bombing of London in World War II. The traditional British name for it was rosebay willowherb, but it earned another name: bombweed. They used it for making tea in the post-war years. (From an American perspective many decades later, this seems like a very British thing to do: Make the best of a bad situation and brew a cup of tea.)

They also used fireweed shoots as a spring vegetable, high in vitamins A and C. Fireweed flowers yield copious quantities of nectar that bees transform into a rich, spicy honey. The flowers can also be used to make



a floral-fruity jelly or syrup (<https://thealaskafrontier.com/how-to-make-fireweed-jelly/>).

While fireweed is not a weed, it is definitely adapted to fire. It has two primary strategies for colonizing burned areas: go wide and go deep.

The “go wide” tactic is to cover the burned areas with wind-borne seeds. A single fireweed can produce as many as 80,000 tiny seeds, each of which is attached to a parachute of tufted silky hairs that enable it to float on air currents. When the cylindrical pods at the tops of plants (four to six feet tall) split open, the seeds are launched into the wind like miniature paragliders. These seeds can travel for miles and miles. Fireweed was one of the first plants to appear after the eruption of Mt. St. Helens in 1980. We know the plants were from wind-borne seeds given the depth of the ash layers. They could not have sprung from buried roots or a soil seedbank.

Fireweed’s second strategy is to go deep and hunker down. Over the years I’ve spent hiking in the forests of the Pacific Northwest, I’ve noticed inconspicuous fireweed plants in the shade of forests. They weren’t tall, didn’t have flowers, and seemed sparse. These are fireweed plants on a limited income (too much shade), so they eke out a living, waiting for a break. For fireweed, wildfire is winning the lottery.

During wildfires, intense heat typically penetrates barely an inch into mineral soil (the exceptions being when fire smolders in deep duff, slash piles and stumps). Fireweed taproots reach depths of three feet, and their network of horizontal underground stems (rhizomes) are four to eight inches below the soil surface. Both the taproots and the rhizomes store energy and

A Botanist's View



are safely below the heat of the fire, ensuring survival. The rhizomes facilitate rapid horizontal spread after a fire and allow the whole colony to share water and other resources.

Whether with widely dispersed seeds or with roots present in the forest before a fire, fireweed plays a huge role in recovery of the forest. The nitrogen-fixing bacteria in its root nodules improve soil conditions for subsequent plant communities. Fireweed's dominance in early post-fire communities bridges the gap between disturbance and forest regeneration.

Fireweed is often an important food source in post-fire landscapes where other forage is temporarily scarce. Large herbivores (deer, elk, moose) browse its foliage, particularly the tender young shoots in spring. Bears consume both the leaves and flowers. Small mammals eat the seeds and may cache them for winter use.

Because it blooms from the bot-

tom up on long stalks, fireweed produces nectar for a much longer time than most other flowers (measured in months, not days or weeks). This makes my "summer clock" wildflower particularly important for butterflies, bees, and, especially, hummingbirds. I'm looking forward to a fireweed extravaganza in the coming years.

Cindy Talbott Roché, a 1973 graduate of Jenkins High School, has written for the Field Guide to Grasses of Oregon and Washington, and provided grass illustrations to Flora of North America and botanical articles to Kalmiopsis. She's presently working to restore wetland habitats for wildlife on her family farm, and can be reached at grassesandmore@gmail.com or on grassesandmore.wixsite.com/grasses.



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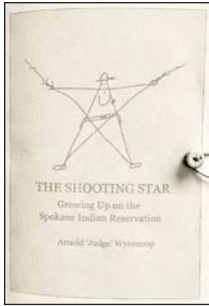
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The Shooting Star: Growing Up on the Spokane Indian Reservation

By Judge Wynecoop

Excerpts from Judge Wynecoop's 2010 book The Shooting Star: Growing Up on the Spokane Indian Reservation, reprinted with permission.

POLEBRIDGE, MONTANA

For a few years right after I got out of the Air Force, our fishing trips included Montana. Brother Chick was doing summer work for the Forest Service in the Polebridge area, which is on the North Fork of the Flathead River. He knew all the good fishing places, so we would load up my Dad's '56 Ford panel and head for Montana.

On one trip, Wig, Steve, Glenn, Dick and I picked up Chick at the ranger station and headed out to look for a camping site. We went upriver, found a spot, and after supper, settled down in our sleeping bags. During the night Wig walked in his sleep – he told us later. He said he woke up walking down the road with his sleeping bag over his shoulder, saying to himself “Those dirty guys left me.” Then upon awakening he realized that, walking in the dark with his sleeping bag over his shoulder, he must look a lot like a bear, and he knew that generally all of us were heavily armed with six-shooters or rifles of assorted calibers. So, he quietly got resettled before any of us woke up and started shooting.

The next morning, we did some fishing on the North Fork but had very poor luck and decided to relocate our camp that evening. It was getting dark, so we followed our noble Forest Service expert's advice to go camp near a lake and try fishing it the next day. We were on a very crooked, narrow, lumpy back road and had to reject one campsite when a cougar ran across the road in front of us.

So, we proceeded onward to the lake after a narrow

miss of a head-on collision with another fisherman as we arrived. As we broke over the hill to go down to the lake, we were surprised that the great fishing lake was literally civilized. There was every imaginable type of camping outfit there and campfires and lights all over the place, so we decided to go elsewhere. This time we went downstream and found a nice side road and a good place to camp. After supper, again in the dark, we settled down to sleep.

Shortly there began a thunderstorm, very loud and beautiful, but a little scary, too, with the wind blowing so hard, and there were mean, hungry bears behind each bush or tree swaying in the wind. I lay there watching the lightning and listening to the thunder. Wig and Steve didn't want to get rained on so they were sleeping in the Ford panel. The light was on and I could hear them talking. Wig said, “Well there's one on you there, and another there,” and then Steve said, “There's two on you,” then he said, “They're all over you.” So, I had to go find out what was after them. Since we had moved in a hurry, they had both stored their plastic boxes of fishing lures in their sleeping bags and those lures were now stuck to their clothes, and they were sitting in the panel picking lures off each other!

The next morning, after breakfast, we decided to try the North Fork again, so we drove to a handy spot and started fishing.

Chick and I went downstream, and the rest went upstream or stayed in the area. Well, Chick and I had our own system of fishing which was more like a cross-country

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Judge Wynecoop flyfishing Harvey Creek on Monumental Mountain. Photo by Tina Wynecoop.

foot-race – with each guy trying to get to the next spot first and try a cast or two and move on. We fished like two hungry coyotes hunting for mice.

With our undivided interest on our fishing, most of the day went by very fast and we suddenly realized that we were miles downstream and had better start looking for the road. As we came out through the jack pine thickets to the road, we noticed the panel coming along with a fuming, tremendously angry older brother driving. He slammed on the brakes, leaped from the car, and started thoroughly chewing on us. We had been gone so long they became worried about us and Wig had spent most of the day driving up and down the road looking for us. This whole trip had been very unproductive, but interesting and mostly enjoyable.

BEEP IN THE NIGHT

We had some favorite fishing places. One was a camping trip to the Colville Reservation to Nine Mile Creek at Frosty Meadows. We went there many times. There were beaver ponds just loaded with trout, and it was a beautiful place to be. We were always way over the legal limit, Glenn especially. Oh, he kept the right amount in his fishing

bag, but usually had fish stuffed in his boots, pockets, and anywhere handy. It was a major part of the trip to see where Glenn had the “camp fish,” as he called them.

This one trip, quite a bunch of us went: Glenn, Dick, Wig, Chick, and me. We got there late in the evening, got our camp set up, had supper, and climbed into our sleeping bags for a good night’s sleep.

Well, along about midnight there came a thunderstorm and it was wild – a real crasher, with heavy rain. I awoke to a cold, wet feeling and discovered that my sleeping bag was filling with water. So, I decided to be the first one into the pickup. I was quickly joined by Dick, who had the same problem. We were kind of sleeping when all at once we noticed this BEEP. It was more like the sound a sheep makes. This went on for a while and soon Wig started yelling, “You guys cut that out!”

We weren’t doing anything. The heavy rain somehow caused the horn to beep, but there was no way to convince three sleepy wet fishermen who were locked out of the pickup. So, they spent the night dozing and swearing at us and none of us got any sleep. Most of the next day was spent napping and fishing. We caught a lot of fish – beautiful, fat, eastern brook trout.

Wildfire Starts

A firefighter's memories of beavers, bullets, dogs and trailer tires

Story & Photo by J. Foster Fanning

Residents of eastern Washington know this is a terrible wildfire season. As of this writing, Spokane, Nespelem, and White Swan are among the hardest hit of the many communities experiencing evacuations and devastating structure losses. As a retired fire chief with more than 40 years in the fire service, my recent focus is on fire prevention, fire mitigation and reaching out to family and friends in the at-risk areas – as well as keeping my own greenbelt intact.

Maybe it was from all the newsfeeds, or the daily inhalation of wildfire smoke, but as I was moving sprinklers I got to thinking about the causes of wildfires I have experienced and investigated. We likely all know of lightning, ignorant and illegal burners, arsonists, and high winds blowing trees or other debris into powerlines. However, there are many other causes of ignitions. Some I remember didn't amount to much, some were tragic, some were simply off-the-charts weird, and a few were actually humorous, at least to this firefighter.

We firefighters talk about the basics of what's required for ignition: fuel, heat, oxygen. Heat is the wildcard here. It enters the picture in many differing ways. Just ask the teenage kid on the outskirts of Tonasket. This was years ago, so he's grown now, but he had a harebrained idea to shoot birds off a powerline with a hunting rifle. Well, he missed and shot the charged wire. One end hit the ground just right to spark and ignite. Fortunately, we

caught the fire before much damage occurred. It took a bit to figure out the cause, but the young lad admitted his wrongdoing when my investigation led to his doorstep.

Then there was the fire up near Wauconda where I let the dispatches

2,000-acre run and burned down three of his neighbors' homes just outside the town of Oroville. This person faced very severe legal ramifications.

Sometimes there is humor in a fire start, like one small grass fire outside the community of Malo. A homeowner

suspected his very young son had been playing with matches (I met my first fireman that way in about 1957 when I was six years old but I'm not telling that story here). Anyway, the dad wanted me to talk with the boy, who was nearly in tears. I walked over to the distraught lad and asked him if he knew how the fire started. He sniffled back his tears and said, "Yes." "Can you tell me?" I asked. And he said, "The dog did it."

It was everything I could do not to burst out laughing. I told him he needed to have a talk with his dad and to tell the truth.

One of my firefighters gave him a little handout packet we carried with a Smokey Bear comic book in it. But the really funny part came to me years later when I was reading in the *Spokesman-Review* that a homeowner's dog actually did start a fire when it was chewing on a box of Blue Tip matches and ground the heads together enough to ignite. I told my deputy chief that maybe the kid had been telling the truth all those years ago.

One summer's day I was driving through Barstow when I chanced to see a fire in a small yard behind a house with flames climbing up the garage wall. I radioed dispatch and launched the local fire district. Parking my pa-



A 2# fulgurite formed from high-voltage discharge of a downed power line current melting the sandy soil silica into glass tubes, which caused a wildfire ignition.

know I had determined the cause. "The beavers did it," I told them, which was followed by a long pause at the other end of the radio transmission. "Beavers?" Yep. Beavers had chewed down a cottonwood which, as it fell, took out a nearby powerline and created that kind of spark mentioned above. We were off to the races and caught that fire rather small as well.

Not all fires are caught small. Once during a burn ban a guy slipped out at night on his own property and burned his dog kennel rakings of hay and manure. The next day was 90 degrees with upslope winds when the smoldering fire kicked up and made a

trol rig, I started the pump and began pulling hose. The house had a home hairstyling business and I could see a lady cutting another woman's hair. They were startled to see me running up in wildfire gear and a charged hose in hand. "Sorry, ma'am, but your garage is on fire." That really startled them. Fortunately, I had arrived in time to knock down the fire, which had escaped from a burn barrel her husband lit that morning, and hold it until reinforcements arrived.

Another time, up near the U.S.-Canada border town of Midway B.C., I was commanding a running 100-acre blaze. As we arrived on scene we discovered more fires along the Kettle River Road. I had already ordered an investigator to be assigned to this incident. When he arrived I uttered

that foul word, "Arsonist?"

The investigator set right to the task and a couple of hours later showed me the evidence – pieces of metal. Automotive wheel components. His theory was confirmed when he traveled a few more miles up the road to the Midway border crossing post and discovered a vehicle with trailer stuck there as the Canadian authorities would not let him into the country with a one-wheeled trailer.

That's right, the person towing the trailer didn't realize his tire had gone flat and deteriorated off the rim. As he drove, the steel rim had degraded to red-hot pieces by the friction created from dragging on the pavement. Those red-hot pieces had caused several ignitions along the roadway. The driver (who was not an arsonist) was billed

for the fire suppression costs.

Well, I'm running out of room so we will chat later about the grasshopper in the electric fence and a subsequent 500-acre fire, and one we named Toasted Tweetie where a bird somehow grounded itself atop a power pole and fell in flames to the ground. Not to mention the backhoe that hooked a power pole guywire and started a blaze half a mile away. Yep. There's a lot of different ways to cause ignition. Stay safe out there and keep those wooden matches away from your dog.

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

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Seasons

A changing landscape reminds that nothing stays the same

By Karen Giebel

*"To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven:
A time to be born and a time to die; a time to plant and a time to pluck up that
which is planted..."*
~ Ecclesiastes 3:1

At no time of the year am I more aware of the changing of a season than I am in mid-August. Perhaps it's because I am not done with summer. It's gone by too fast and there is still so much I would like to do that can only be accomplished in summer.

At first, the changes are subtle, almost unnoticeable, but they are there. The color of light changes from sharp and brilliant to a softer blue with shades of yellow filtering through. The oppressive heat of late summer is tempered by the cool, indeed sometimes cold early

mornings.

No longer am I heading outside to do chores at the crack of dawn to beat the heat and the wasps. There is time to linger over coffee in the morning as the sun takes time to warm both air and earth. I find myself reaching for a flashlight at 5:30 a.m. instead of awakening way too early as the sun rises at 4. Even in the midst of this endless drought, there is a touch of humidity in the air and hint of dew on what little green grass is in our yard.

It's quiet on my morning walks with our yellow lab. LuLu and I pondered why the air was so still. I mentioned it to my husband before I realized it was the absence of the songbirds. Yes, most have moved on and their replacements have yet to arrive. Gone are the swooping, flitting swallows, the chattering pine siskens, the noisy Say's phoebe, the flocks of starlings and the sweet-sounding finches. The western bluebird families that brought me so many smiles this summer when they came flying in when I shook that bag of

mealworms departed without looking back when their biologic clock signaled it was time to leave.

Only a stray straggler hummingbird still lands at the nectar feeders nowadays. I believe these are just passing through on their migration south. It is a new season in their lives and I will miss them until next spring.

The deer are hungry now as they start searching out new sources for food as they prepare for winter. The fields are bone dry and crackle under my feet and there is little for the deer to graze. The hillside is browsed out so they are daring to come into our yard and munch on the crabapple and willow trees and what little green grass they can find.

They try hard to find a way into the fenced garden, hoping for apples, pears, plums and maybe even tomatoes. They munch the flowers in the raised beds next to the house and the herbs I have carefully tended all season. Chives and basil seem to be their favorites.

My birdbaths are dry every morning and I figured out the deer are drinking

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Reflections on Life's Journey

from them as the normally flowing springs have gone dry this summer, something we have not experienced before. I put out two buckets of water next to the birdbaths, which they are drinking, and that at least stops them from knocking over the baths.

Turkeys have reappeared in large numbers to resume walking their paths up the hillside over the crest and down the hill to the neighbors who have unprotected apple trees. Where they spent the summer is a mystery to me and it is reassuring to know they are still around.

We have a fenced yard off our front porch and LuLu spends a great deal of the day out there observing and tending her cats. Yes, she loves her kitties. Last

evening I opened the door to let her in and was greeted with a blast of gagging skunk odor. Oh no! Yes, the poor dog got skunked but thankfully not a direct hit. I surmise that Mr. Stinky was just outside the fence and LuLu went to investigate.

So, skunk season has returned and they are on the move again. I called our friend who does nuisance trapping and he said he is getting call after call to set skunk traps. He'll bring us a trap later today.

The vegetable garden is where there is such noticeable seasonal change. Early growers like lettuces and radishes are done. Summer squash and cucumber plants are going strong and tomatoes are coming on fast. I picked

the first four tomatoes on August 16. My white bread- sliced tomato-Duke's mayonnaise with a sprinkle of salt sandwich was awesome. Dan enjoyed a mouthwatering classic BLT on toast which is something he has craved since planting tomatoes in the spring. Another month and we'll be picking apples and both the pears and plums will be ready in October.

Yes, the change of season is in the air. I can't hold onto summer any more than I can hold back the tide. "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven."

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

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June 12th to August 31st

From Yellowstone to local campgrounds, summer is best when shared with family

By Becky Dubell

June 12th – SCHOOL IS OUT! Summer, here we come. Mixed feelings among all the students, teachers, friends and family members. Our family got to celebrate at the Vaagen Field. A family picnic with food from one of our favorite places, Ronnie D's. We were even able to talk over the noise of the Zero Turn Mower. (Wish we had one at home cuz our grass – not lawn – could get cut really quickly.)

What to do with about 2½ months of nothing to do? I'm thinking that our family could come up with all kinds of things to do. We do have an RV or two. Oh. Have I told you? I'm now retired?!? So, I do have the capability of crashing my granddaughter JJ's plans of places to camp. Well. I guess I only crashed one of them this year, so far, but I'm sure I can improve on that.

Oh. Wait. Right now, as I write, there happen to be two weekends left before August 31, the first day of school. Last year I lost track of the number of trips taken to Silver-

wood by her family. This year I believe they've been only once, so ... we shall see. I'm going to use my old faithful quote: "If you don't ask you are telling yourself no."

The words "old faithful" make me think of one of the family's favorite visits this summer. This one was without the RV known as Jay Bob. The family decided that Jay Bob might have an objection to moving at 80 m.p.h. on the freeways pulled behind the truck known as Bolter. So, Stella the Subaru got to stretch her legs/wheels.

The West Gate of Yellowstone is a place to behold, I've been told. The kids stayed a couple of extra days; it was so cool. The Old Faithful geyser, of course. Jamie liked the boiling mud and JJ didn't have to wait a half hour for the bubbles to spurt like she waited for Old Faithful. The Grizzly & Wolf Discovery Center was another favorite place with the bears, eagles, etc. Oh. Don't forget the otters that got the chance to show off their swimming skills in their glass pools. Sounds like it has really grown since



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I visited there in the '70s. JJ's favorite was the candy shop where they have jawbreakers the size of softballs. And yes! There is one sitting on JJ's kitchen counter.

We crashed the camping at Kettle Falls Campground in April. We might have even been asked if we wanted to join JJ and family on this trip. The lake was way low – docks were on dry land and the marina was one big dry hole. In all my 43 years here, I had never been down there when the water was that low.

Say, I'm sure you've heard that I'm RETIRED with an RV! So, I now have an excuse to get out of the house and go explore more of our fantastic northeast Washington sites – even the high and dry boat docks and marinas. One place on my bucket list is the actual Kettle Falls when the water is low. I'm thinking the water will not be as low as it was when Lewis and Clark came through here but it will still be impressive. Added to that trip will be the old town site of Marcus just up the river. Maybe even take Betty Boop out for a couple of nights at the local campground.

JJ and family have quite a few places they go to for the fun of camping. I sometimes wonder if part of the fun is the not really knowing what you will end up with when you pull in to set up. Water? Electricity? Dump station? WiFi? Paved or dirt roads/trails? Bathrooms? Pull-through or back-in parking? To list a few places: Diamond Lake KOA – private lake for fishing and disc golf. Blue Lake: catfish that JJ can "call in" with her fingers, and turtles. Ravenwood RV and Silverwood RV: next to Silverwood Theme Park. Quest: smooth trails for scooter and golf carts, pool.

JJ's 11th birthday had a couple of really cool surprises. Jamie (the Mom) typed in to Google "otter experiences near me" cuz JJ is a full-blown otter fan of all 16 species. Well. Medical Lake has an animal sanctuary! Capybara family (largest rodent) of mom, dad and two kids. Porcupine to touch. Tortoise about two feet across. Baby emus like JJ's shoe straps and Mom's rings. And many more to see. But ... JJ about freaked out when the gal came out with Crash and Eddie. Two local otters!!!



And one very star-struck and in love (judging by the pictures) 11-year-old that had a hard time getting any words out of her mouth. She thought it was a dream. She got to spend half an hour with the two of them. Scratching otter bellies on her 11th b-day; how cool is that?!? Playing with their magic marbles. Banging marbles on the metal chairs cuz they liked the noise. 10,000 hairs per square centimeter. She says, "It's like petting a cloud." She has changed her career goal to working at the sanctuary. Wonder where she is going to spend her 13th birthday? You have to be 13 to swim with the otters.

I had fun interviewing JJ about her vacation and can you tell which part of the summer she liked the best?!?

The other cool surprise was she measured 5-foot-3 and 1/8 up against the door frame on her birthday. Granny BB (me) is at the same mark on the door frame. She had me take my socks off.

Mom is about 1 inch taller. Ten

days later, just for giggles, JJ stood against the door frame again. One inch farther up the door frame. Really?!? One inch in 10 days? No tippy toes or puffy hair. Well? She tells us that she has been really hungry and a little cranky lately. That is one heck of a growth spurt I would say.

August 31st – first day back to school. Mom is going out for morning coffee with the family minus JJ who is entering the 5th grade with the teacher she was hoping for.

Welcome to another busy school year. Enjoy!

Alaska Picnic

Saturday, September 26, 2026

Noonish to when the stories or food run out
Anyone with an Alaska connection welcome
Yep Kanum Park (Colville)

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

They Rest Here

By Donna Potter Phillips

There is a tombstone for Timothy Shea in Forest Cemetery in Coeur d'Alene. There also is a tombstone for him in the Fort Wright Military Cemetery in Spokane. So, just where does Timothy Shea rest?

Records indicate that Shea was baptized on Dec. 23, 1855, in Clondrohid, County Cork, Ireland, the son of Con and Mary Walsh Shea. He came to Massachusetts (likely the port of Boston) and as of Oct. 6, 1886, was living in Fall River, Bristol County, Massachusetts.

The paper Shea filed with the court on that date stated he was a night-watchman and was born in Aries, County Cork, Ireland, on Sept. 10, 1855. He further affirmed that he arrived in New York about the twelfth day of May 1873, when he was 17. Then 31, he said it was still his "bona fide intention to become a citizen of the United States of America," and renounced all allegiance to Queen Victoria.

Shea ultimately did become a citizen on Oct. 21, 1886, in Fall River. Six years earlier, in the 1880 U.S. census taken in June in Waltham, Massachusetts, Timothy Shea, age 25, was listed as a boarder, a laborer and having been born in Ireland.

So far so good. Soon after becoming an American citizen, Shea joined the U.S. Army. That's when confusing and conflicting information emerges.

There are several contributor numbers listed on this FindAGrave page, but trying to find a name for any of them proved fruitless. So, who contributed to the Timothy Shea memorials?

Here's what is known about Shea:

- From the *Registers of Deaths in the Regular Army*, Vol. 16: "Timothy

Shea, Rank: Pvt, 4th Inf., born about 1855, died 12 Apr 1888, acute peritonitis, d. hospital, death location Fort Sherman, Idaho Territory, race Irish; birthplace Ireland."

- From the *U.S. Registers of Death in the Regular Army*, 1860-1889: "Timothy Shea, Pvt, born 1855, died 12 Apr 1888, location Fort Sherman, Idaho, age 33, Irish, born Ireland, enlistment age 29 7/12, had served for 3½ years."

- From the *U.S. Burial Registers, Military Posts & National Cemeteries*, 1862-1960: "For Fort Wright Cemetery, Timothy Shea, Pvt, Co. B, 4th Inf. Died 12 Apr 1888, first interred at Fort Sherman, Idaho."

- From the *Register of Enlistments*, 1784-1884: "Timothy Shea, enlisted (place in Massachusetts not readable), born Cook Co, Ireland, age 25, laborer, blue eyes, brown hair, 5'8", Des. (discharged?) after 4/82."

In 1998, Maggie Rail, a local historian and cemetery researcher, surveyed as many Spokane County cemeteries as she could locate and placed her findings online (www.interment.net). She stated this about the Fort Wright Cemetery:

"Fort Wright was approved by an act of Congress in 1895 and officially opened in 1899. The original U.S. Army post covered 1,000 acres and was an active military base until 1958. The cemetery was authorized by the Secretary of War on December 13, 1899. Remains of soldiers, officers and others were moved here from Fort Spokane and Fort Sherman, near Coeur d'Alene, in 1900."

The website, FindAGrave, tells two stories for Shea. A search for him in the Forest Cemetery yielded this: "Timothy Shea from Kerry County, Ireland, served in the U.S. military

infantry. He is the only soldier from the Fort Sherman era that was not relocated when the Post moved to Spokane in the 1890s. Fort Sherman was owned by the U.S. Army from 1877-1901. By 1905 many of the graves and the remains of the soldiers were relocated to Fort George Wright in Spokane."

The notes regarding Shea's resting place in the Fort Wright Military Cemetery on FindAGrave state: "This is surely the final resting place for Pvt. Shea, but he was originally interred at Fort Sherman Cemetery in Coeur d'Alene, ID. When Fort Sherman closed in about 1901, all of the soldiers buried in the Fort's Cemetery were moved to the closest active Army fort, Fort Wright in Spokane. At some point his fellow soldiers erected a cenotaph at the original burial place in the now Forest Cemetery in CdA. There must be a hell of a story here, as a 43 year old Army Infantry Private in 1898 is surely an oddity. He may have been killed in the War with Spain. I intend to do more research."

A note I found in the library of the Museum of North Idaho in Coeur d'Alene states, "Pvt. Timothy Shea, registered as having been reinterred in Spokane, along with other servicemen from Fort Sherman (is incorrect); he still lies in Forest Cemetery."

The question becomes: Which research do you want to believe?

Wherever he does rest, I hope it is in peace.

Donna Potter Phillips has been active with the Eastern Washington Genealogical Society for nearly 50 years. Her passion is searching out ancestors, learning family histories and helping others find their family's stories. She lives in Colbert.



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Postcards from San Francisco

Story & Illustrations by Marci Bravo

The skies were smoky when my son and I packed our bags for a long-awaited trip to my old stomping grounds of San Francisco. As we drove to the airport from Colville, it seemed that winds and smoke had blanketed our corner of Washington from devastating wildfires that ranged from Nespelem in the Colville Reservation to our much closer neighbors of Gifford and North Spokane. I said many quiet prayers for the friends and strangers whose homes and lives were in danger's way and thanked my lucky stars to have planned this trip earlier in the spring with my dear friend Aimee.

I had been anticipating this trip because we were going on a mother-son vacation to see the city I had called home for a dozen years. At 10 years old, he couldn't remember his last trip there as a toddler. Plus, my son has grown such eclectic interests in food and culture that potential adventures seemed endless. I was looking forward to introducing him to Aimee and her family (she and I had met while we each were traveling solo in India 17 years ago, just the beginning of a lifelong friendship) and spending time



with her 3- and 6-year-old darlings, who I had fallen in love with earlier in the spring.

Off we went – and got to experience new and different aspects of San Francisco. Going with my kiddo led to my only trip to Alcatraz, via a wind-whipped ferry ride (the splash zone on the hull is real, people). Stark and cinematic vistas surrounded a sobering and informative tour of the legendary prison. We spent each day on public trains and buses, as well as climbing the city's hills and pounding the pavement across various neighborhoods. We slid down concrete slides overlooking the skyline.

We ate the best Shanghai-style pork buns.

Hawthorne rode on a pedal-powered Ferris wheel built by friends 25 years ago. (My son, forever a trooper, topped out at 25,000 steps on our third day, and then we took a “lazy day” to recharge

our batteries.)

We hailed our first and then second Waymo rides. The autonomous taxis developed by Google that we took were pretty swanky – Jaguars, actually – bejeweled with 360-degree



Creative Being in Stevens County

cameras and sensors, and little top lights that displayed our names so that no one could accidentally mistake it for theirs. While on the rides, we could play our Spotify playlists, and we watched the dash display of what the car sensed around it (pedestrians, other cars, and its fellow Waymos), as well as the moment that the car indecisively fluttered the brakes at a yellow light and then gunned it just as the light turned red (a little too human).

I showed my son my longtime home of Butchertown, where I lived in a neighborhood of artist warehouses on Islais Creek and the Bay for a dozen years. My first place was once known jokingly as the Kal Palace, where the eponymous artist and mad scientist created fire-breathing robots, and curated roommates that ranged from award-winning journalists to an eclectic collection of artists and misanthropes. Now it has become a studio where a small group of people make larger-than-life props for corporate and private theme parties. What used to be our kitchen was now a space piled with life-size statues of acrobats balancing on silver orbs, a 10-foot Homer Simpson and equally large Oscar awards on pedestals, a white tiger, a giant purple squirrel and an X-wing fighter hanging from 30-foot rafters, and more. Honestly, somehow, it tracks.

The most heartwarming memories we created were with the handful of friends and family we met up with during our short week. Hawthorne and I got to plan and make a pizza bar for our favorite local three-year-old's birthday dinner, sweet Oli. We made vegetarian sushi with Auntie Aimee and Uncle Rahul. We played century-old arcade games with my 27-year-long BFF Tanya and her high school-aged daughter Pilar at the Musee Mechanique; we wandered Fisherman's



Wharf and the remnants of a Filipino festival with my college-aged nieces Kaitlyn and Nikka; we explored the new Presidio Tunnel Top Park with my and my husband's mutual best friend Zephy and his twin sons; and we had sushi at a restaurant where NASA rockets delivered our orders to our table with my college homegirl Michelle, who I had first met in New Orleans when I was 19.

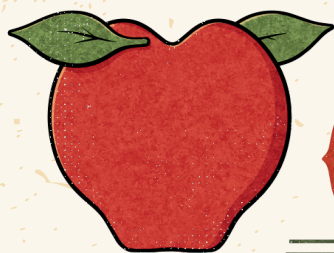
Though 24 years have passed since I first moved to the city, time and memory don't feel so distant. It's seeing my son with my friends' growing children, our homes and long-cultivated careers, as well as our shocking amounts of gray and white hair that really underscore time's passing.

It's good to look back, to have friends that I can grow old with, and to see just how far we've come. And as the old saying goes, the only thing better than leaving for a far-away place is coming home again.

Marci Bravo is a multi-media artist, wife, mother, teacher, friend and yogi residing in Colville. Follow her on Instagram @marci_bravo_makes.



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