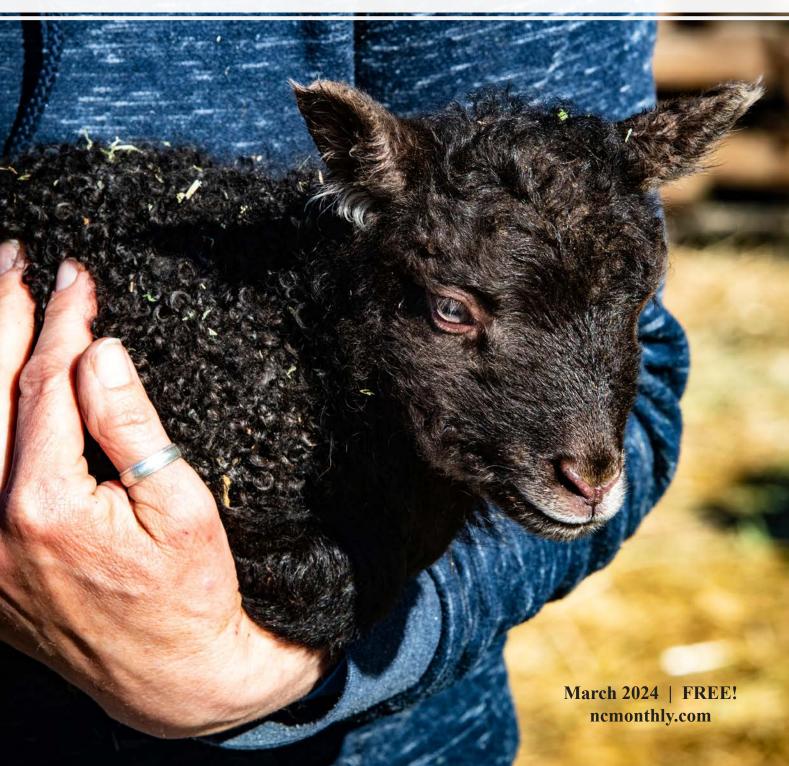


# NORTH COLUMBIA MONTHLY ——WHERE AND HOW WE LIVE———





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A wee icelandic sheep, held by Angie Barton. Photo by Joanie Christian. See more at joaniechristianphotography.com.

#### 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



- JOHN ODELL, allthelandandsea.wixsite.com/wordsofwords



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

Gabriel Cruden

#### **Editor**

Si Alexander

**Copy Editor** 

Ellen S. Shaw

#### **Advertising Sales**

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

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

Christa McDonald Photography & Business Services 509-570-8460 • christamc@aol.com

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P.O. Box 983, Kettle Falls, WA 99141 509-675-3791 | ncmonthly@gmail.com www.ncmonthly.com

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# The Set Point of Joy

By Christine Wilson

"No matter how cynical I get, I just can't keep up." ~ Lily Tomlin

"Reality is created by the mind; we can change our reality by changing our mind."

~ Plato, about 2,400 years ago

"Idealism detached from action is just a dream. But idealism allied with pragmatism, with rolling up your sleeves and making the world bend a bit, is very exciting. It's very real. It's very strong." ~ Bono

Avoid "the doctrine of fatality." ~ Democracy in America, Alexis de Tocqueville

"Pleasure and pain are like profit and gain. Sometimes you win and sometimes you lose. Be kind to yourself when you're tired of yourself.... It's ever so low when there's nowhere to go and your spirit lies close to the ground. Take a long look behind, I'm sure you'll find a friend there who'll help pull you round."

~ Fairport Convention, "Pleasure and Pain"

How do you explain misfortune? How any of us answers that question creates the path to the next question: What can a person do to deal with it?

I am fond of referring to Parker Palmer, the recovering idealist who described his own idealism as a root cause for his depression. He said it kept his head in the clouds, because he was always thinking about how things could be, if only people would just (fill in the blank here with whatever your pet "if only" wish might be).

I lean toward that end of the spectrum. When it gets away from me, my heart feels like it is cracking a little bit. When I feel that, I rely on Leonard Cohen's statement that "There is a crack in everything. That's how the light gets in."

On the other end of the spectrum is cynicism. I think of cynics as disappointed idealists, whose broken hearts have not had a chance for repair. Cynicism can create a feedback loop. Each disappointment builds on the next and can start to prove the point that cynicism is the only wise

perspective. The resulting unhappiness is like an emotional caulking that keeps Leonard Cohen's crack sealed up. The light can't get in.

Psychology began its journey focused on the relief of suffering. Abraham Maslow challenged that thinking, encouraging us to imagine something more satisfying. The psychologists Martin Seligman and Francine Shapiro have been two of the more recent ones to focus on creating a path for us to flourish in what can clearly be a difficult world.

As Shapiro was developing the treatment method known as Eye Movement Desensitization and Reprocessing (EMDR), she noticed that eliminating the pain of traumatic memories was not enough. The experiences were neutral, but she knew the human spirit could go beyond that. We can take the lessons from our disturbing memories and find our often-hidden strengths. Those act as an underpinning for the active version of hope.

This is why I have found Parker

Palmer's term "the tragic gap" so appealing. We idealists can waste a lot of time being disappointed with reality. We can see how things could be, if it weren't for that "what if" list.

I used to think that cynics were probably just more observant than I was. I had been called naïve in my youth. What I think now is that we slide back and forth along that spectrum, depending on our mood, the specific topic, and what we are exposed to. Pessimism is contagious, but so is optimism. We have choices.

The psychologist Martin Seligman, in *Learned Optimism*, says that having hope gives us the energy to do what we can to make a difference. Remember how, after Pandora opened that forbidden box and all those horrible miseries flew out, what remained at the bottom of the box was hope.

Back to the question about how we see misfortune. Dr. Seligman's research showed that a pessimist sees misfortune as permanent, pervasive, and without hope for improvement. The light at the end of the tunnel,

### **Random Acts of Community**

after all, is probably an oncoming train. An optimist sees misfortune as temporary and specific to the particular situation in front of us. The light at the end of the tunnel points to a way out.

Many a discouraged person has told me they have "no control over anything." That is where, for me, the Serenity Prayer's "wisdom to know the difference" comes in. Sometimes I call it the patience to put up with the difference. Mostly, I think the "cracks in everything" are tuition in the school of hard knocks. Sorting that out can protect us from the fatalism de Tocqueville warned us about.

Just as there is a metabolic set point for weight, Seligman's research found that there is a set point for joy. That might sound discouraging in of itself, but I discovered something important about that metabolic set point. I thought mine was established and I was doomed. As I recovered, last year, from a parasitic infection, I was told my metabolic set point was set for life.

Since I am more likely to interpret misfortune as temporary, I scoured the internet for information. Beth Israel Deaconess Medical Center in Boston found that people can change their metabolism by losing 10 percent of their weight, and then maintaining that for six months. My experience seems to confirm that.

Seligman's research shows that, "within reason," we can change our set point for joy in much the same way. Mad Eye Moody, in the Harry Potter series, was fond of shouting, "Constant vigilance!" In terms of metabolic set points, I have fostered the energizing version of hope, acknowledged the changeability of circumstances, and focused on my choices each day, with an aspiration of a more relaxed form of vigilance.

I have had the privilege of sitting with many people who have shifted their set point for joy. Dr. Seligman developed what has become known as Positive Psychology. There are five aspects he focuses on for that shift, and the internet is full of detailed information about how to foster them.

- Positive emotion is developed by practicing gratitude and forgiveness in addition to noticing in the moment even small bits of pleasure.
- Engagement basically means showing up for your life to the best of your ability.
- We are pack animals, and the research is pretty solid about the need for relationships.
- Creating meaning in your life is linked with overall well-being. Many people find that meaning by reaching out beyond themselves, seeing what they can do for others, even in little ways. I recently walked past an elderly woman who was trying to post a letter through her car window. I watched her struggle as I walked

up to mail my own letter. It was easy to offer her a hand, and she was grateful. As I walked away, I remembered that when I was a Brownie Scout, we carried a coin in our pocket. When we did a good deed for someone during the course of the day, we could switch the coin to the other pocket. I had to settle for a dog treat, but it had the same happy effect.

• Accomplishment is the last of his five approaches to positive living. A Veterans Administration report I had been putting off writing was nagging at me. Once I sat down to write, I was reminded of the deep satisfaction of a task completed. That is joy-producing for sure.

Changing my metabolic set point was not easy. I assume I will always have to pay attention to what I eat. My sweet tooth would be happy with a collection of daily cookies and good chocolate. I think the same thing might be true of our joy set point: constant, energetic, joyful vigilance, with friends who cheer us on.

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



# Somebody's Daughter

### By Dr. Barry Bacon, MD

I'm in a clinic with a colleague from another health care facility. It is a familiar place, but I'm feeling decidedly uncomfortable. The woman before us fell in the street and needed help getting up and getting inside to receive care. She's a mess. Her hair is a frazzled lime green. Her legs are swollen, and she is having a hard time tracking. Her hands are dark and cool, she shakes as she talks with us, and she smells terrible. She is 59 years old.

I need to determine why she fell and what is making her so sick. But also, I want to know how she got here. What was the path that led to this point in her life. Alone, traumatized, victimized, without support or belonging. The men and women who should have protected and nurtured and loved her are nowhere to be found.

I begin asking her the painful questions, prying gently. Who helps her? Does she dream of living differently? Would she come back and talk with us again? Were any of the government agencies helping her? Where does she stay? How can we support her in achieving her goals for a better life?

My colleague begins to question her as well. I hear the passion in her voice, deep concern that she feels for the suffering of the woman before us. Could we talk with her a bit more? Perhaps we can work on the issues most pressing in her mind, but also engage her in a plan to change her circumstances, give her hope and a future. A little at a time, we are peeling away at the cover that has insulated her, but from which she cannot escape without someone coming alongside.

On another day, I am crawling underneath a small brown house, the pipes having finally thawed sufficiently to create a flood under the floor. It's cold, I'm wet, I have just enough space to crawl on my elbows and knees in order to minimize the soggy clay from saturating all of my clothing. It's a workout for my abdominal muscles, and I'm really feeling it. Fortunately, the PVC pipe under the house is intact, but alas, the brass flow regulator has burst as well as the shut-off valve. I'll need to get some additional parts.

I walk into the hardware store, hoping no one will recognize me. I smell of cat urine and mold. I apologize to the lady behind the counter for looking like such a wreck. She shrugs. She doesn't seem to have noticed.

With the house fixed and plumbing replaced, the house is getting closer to completion. Within a month, we'll have the Sheetrock completed, the lights on, the walls painted, and the house furnished. We'll have another place that someone can call home.

On still another day, I'm preparing to travel with a couple of friends to pick up a donated piano. I'm emptying firewood from the back of my pickup and a stranger walks up and asks if I can jump-start his vehicle. As I finish unloading the firewood, he tells his story. He left his home in another state to come to northern Washington where he was invited to stay at and care for a ranch. Unfortunately, the owners decided they really only wanted him to take care of things during the very cold snap so that the pipes didn't freeze. Now that the danger was over, they asked him to leave. Dejected and hurt, he was on his way back to where he had come from, hoping to pull his life back together in some fashion.

Driving with friends over the miles to pick up the piano, I think about that man. What if we created a place for people traveling through with no place to stay? A shelter? A safe house? My friends and I speak about life, dreams, future work, job opportunities and what it means to be an honorable man. What about the 59-year-old woman without hope or a place to belong? What if we became honorable men who promised never to take advantage of another human being, and that became the expecta-



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### **Life Matters**

tion of every man in our clean and sober recovery housing? What if we created a place of belonging? A place of sobriety, uncluttered by drug use? What would that look like? It might seem like a pipe dream, but not for long. Soon, we will create such a place.

We drive high into the mountains to the ranch house where the piano has been lovingly cared for by the donors. Now it has completed its usefulness here, and with not a few tears it is lovingly donated for our purposes by people who believe in our work. My wife, Shelley, shares with them the story of how this piano will have a new life. It's old, heavy, elegant and beautiful. It will fit perfectly in the place we have prepared for it. The ranchers tell our friends tales of bears, cougars and bobcats, and of life in these mountains.

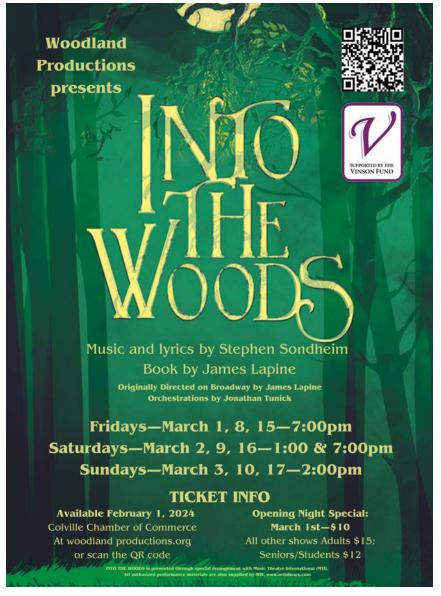
We carefully find our way back down and to the place where we unload our treasure. We sit by the fire, share a meal, and talk about what this place represents. We speak of the men who will come here, of their lives transformed, the future and hope of those sitting around the table. The floors around the modest woodstove are old and rustic. The men and women around the table are plainly dressed, content with the simple comfort of warmth, good food, and the companionship of other people. I've never felt more at home.

It may not seem like these stories are connected, but they are all fabric of the same thread. There are many, I know, who are experiencing abuse, neglect, aloneness. I suppose if we knew of all the sorrows in this world, the knowledge would crush us. But I think that misses the point. To be overwhelmed by the sorrows and

therefore do nothing can never be the right response. Better, I think, to open the door that is before you, and step through. Better to have tried. Better to respond with compassion than to stifle it because our efforts wouldn't be enough for all.

So, we try. Among our acquaintances some are praying for the woman in this story, for clarity, for the chance to change her circumstances. We are not content to stand by while she suffers. We hope to save as many of our broken sons and daughters as we can.

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.



### The Language of Hands

#### Article & Photo by Tina Wynecoop

"I called my 2-year-old handsome today and he proceeded to stare at his hands for the next five minutes." ~ (Twitter/@MumOfTwo)

This dear little Twitter post jumpstarted the focus of my *NCM* column:

My older sister and I grumped about being sent to bed at night when sunlight was still streaming through our bedroom window. I was around four years old and didn't understand that summer's daylight extended waaaay past bedtime. Wide awake, we whiled away the rest of the "day" unable to sleep.

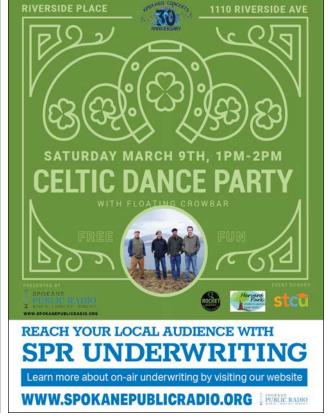
I would tiptoe over to my sister's bed, and she would draw pictures to entertain me – especially images of people. Uncle Cliffy lived with our family. He was dating a beautiful woman. Karen made drawings ofher. I was enthralled by the way her hands could portray something on paper. How something recognizable would flow from them. Karen made those long, bright hours fun by turning captivity into activity. My recollection remains vivid through all these decades.

I was an artist, too. In kindergarten our teacher asked each student to draw a picture of their family pet. I drew Dockie, our dachshund. Mrs. Putnam sent our artwork home with us. I presented my handiwork to my parents. They were stunned. They told me to never! Ever! draw that "part" of

him which hung down below his belly. They didn't display my masterpiece on the refrigerator. It took me years to figure out what the big deal was.

I didn't have a clue what "going to school" was about, but art and recess were my favorite subjects. When it was time to return to the classroom after recess, we were told to line up and hold hands with another classmate and march indoors two-by-two. No one ever wanted to hold my hands because of the ugly skin condition on them. I didn't know the word *pariah*, but I certainly was one. One day, after recess, a classmate just held out her





### **Home Ground**

hand and took hold of mine. How accepting that gesture was. It wasn't long afterward that all the warts disappeared.

My dad was a handyman and a professional fireman for the Seattle Fire Department. He worked rounds

of four days on, then two days off, and then four nights on. His schedule enabled moonlighting and he was always busy building fishing boats, roofing or painting houses, and doing other hard labor that made for dirty hands. I liked to catch him when he came home from work and washed up. Have you ever washed your hands with gritty sand? He did.

According to the wording printed on the back of the round SKAT can perched on our bathroom sink, the product did the following: "Removes Dirt, Paint, Ink, Stains, etc. Gives

good results with warm or cold, hard or soft water. Excellent for Household Use, Cleans Sinks, Pans, Paint or Floors. Made from High Grade Materials. The Skat Co., Hartford Connecticut. Since 1903." Dad would remove the lid and dig his fingers into the glop. I'd be hanging around, watching the way his hands danced together and came out squeaky clean.

I've always appreciated the movement of hands working together. Hands can express strength, tenderness, welcome, encouragement, help, applause, acceptance, gifting ... hands are multi-talented and can multitask. I received a marriage proposal while on a fly-fishing adventure accompanied

by the proposer's daughters, cousins, and my dog Sam. Mr. Proposer pulled a ravel of string off my red sweatshirt and wound it multiple times around my ring finger. I gave him my hand (and heart).

When he was a young boy, his



great-uncle George visited the family on the Spokane Reservation for the first time. Uncle asked to inspect each of his seven grandnephews' hands. My future husband remembers, "He looked at mine and then advised, 'They are square. You stick with farming.' Which was alright with me," the boy thought.

When I emigrated from Seattle to Wellpinit, I would notice approaching drivers lift their hand from the steering wheel and wave at the person they were passing. How cool to receive a handwave greeting at 30 m.p.h.!

I could go on and on about hands; I'll wrap my column up with an experience a friend gave me permission

to share:

One snowy Christmas Eve, she left a dangerous situation in her home. Nine months pregnant, she planned to sleep in her car with her 15-month-old son. She was cold, distressed, very sad, and full of self-pity, when she felt her

> son's hands stroking her face to comfort her. She was touched by the tender  $compassion\,his\,baby\,hands$ knew how to express.

> "Occasionally in life there are those moments of unutterable fulfillment which cannot be completely explained by those symbols called words. Their meanings can only be articulated by the inaudible language of the heart [and hands]."

> > - MLK

The two are inseparable. Tina says: Growing up in western Washington, I thought it was the most interesting place in the world until I moved in 1970

to teach school on the Spokane Indian Reservation. The culture, geography, history, and flora and fauna of the eastern part of the state is now my beloved "home ground."



# Saving Eden, Part 1

#### Article & Photo by Joanie Christian

I often reflect on how blessed I am to see and photograph amazing scenes and wildlife. Nature is a continual source of inspiration and awe for me, but a recent experience was so unexpected and extraordinary it felt like once in a lifetime.

We often visit the Okanogan Highlands, where beautiful landscapes and diverse bird species are a welcome diversion during winter cabin fever. In this isolated area, a person will see far more birds than people. Combined with nonexistent cell service, you can blissfully disconnect from the chaos of modern life and enter a different world for a time. When you do see another car, they wave at you as if you're an old friend, further endearing me to this region.

In 2020, after photographing snow buntings in stubble fields of the highlands, I connected with the property owner, sharing photos I'd taken from the road of the beautiful birds. We've stayed in touch since. Little did I know that this budding friendship would lead, years later, to something that would profoundly impact both of us and, most importantly, would save the life of a modern-day unicorn.

It was a lazy Sunday morning in late August, and I was still in my robe enjoying a rare day with no plans. An email, photo and video from my Okanogan friend arrived, with a message that a snowy owl was perched on their fencepost.

Very strange... a handful of snowy owls migrate to Washington state from the arctic each winter, but they don't usually arrive until late fall or early winter. A snowy owl in August was extremely unlikely. Opening the attached photo, I think I gasped as I stared at something far rarer than a

snowy owl with a faulty inner clock. I was looking at a pure white leucistic great horned owl.

An animal or bird with leucism has partial or complete loss of pigment. Some leucistic animals and birds are splotchy (such as a pinto horse); others are faded from their normal color, and some are completely white. The eyes of a leucistic animal or bird retain the normal color, compared to an albino's eyes, which are pink or red due to the absence of eye pigment. Both conditions are hereditary and caused by a recessive genetic mutation, meaning offspring must inherit the mutation from both parents to have the condition. Environmental and nutritional issues can contribute as well.

I've photographed leucistic birds, but all had patches of normal pigment mixed with white. It is often difficult to correctly ID a leucistic bird. This Okanogan owl had all white feathers. Even the beak and talons were white. And the facial shape, vibrant yellow eye color, and plumicorns (the "ear tufts" that great horned owls are known for) helped positively ID this owl.

The incidence of leucism in birds is 1 in 30,000 birds. It is even rarer in owls. There are an estimated 3.9 million great horned owls in North America. I could find only five documented leucistic great horned owls in North America, most of which had partial pigmentation. This pure white owl was one in a million! And it was MAGNIFICENT.

The video showed the owl on a fencepost, with my friend videotaping just a few feet away in broad daylight. The owl just sat there, seemingly undisturbed. This was not normal behavior, and it was concerning. I asked if I could come and observe and photograph the owl. She was receptive but her

husband had been quite ill, and was uncomfortable about having someone on their property. I always honor the wishes of a property owner, but I was worried about what might be causing this owl's unusual behavior.

A couple hours later, another video arrived. The owl slowly walked through their yard, unsuccessfully trying to catchbugs. Uh oh. Definitely not a good sign, and my instincts were sending me warning signals. I explained my concerns and asked if they would be okay with me coming to search for the owl from the road, but not going on their property. They were fine with that, and we made plans to keep each other informed of any new sightings.

I contacted a friend who rescues raptors, sending the photos and videos to get her take on this owl. She was on the road in Montana with crummy cell service, so I knew ongoing communication would be iffy as I headed into the highlands with my own poor cell service.

My husband is my travel/adventure partner, but due to work commitments and a pup whose middle name is Naughty, I would need to go solo. With his full support, I asked for the next day off from work, hastily stuffed some clothes, snacks and water into a bag, packed some heavy-duty gloves and a pet carrier and hit the road.

Ibooked a cabin at Eden Valley Guest Ranch, very close to where the owl had been seen. I mentioned the reason for my visit to the owner, Robin, who said the owl had been on their property all summer, perched on their basketball hoop, begging for its parents to feed it. She had given the owl a name, Eden.

She said Eden had disappeared a couple of weeks ago after a big weekend event on their ranch, which worried

Robin and Willow, a member of the ranch staff. This was likely an owlet born this year... a clue to the puzzle. During a previous stay at the ranch, I learned from Robin that a white great horned owl on the property had died a few years ago. Eden was the second pure white great horned owl at this ranch in just a few years. So this territory had at least one breeding great horned owl pair that were both carriers of the genetic mutation for leucism.

Leucistic animals and birds often have health issues. Vision and hearing impairments are common. Abnormal pigmentation can affect wing, talons and beak strength and the ability to regulate body temperature. And a bird with no pigment has no camouflage and is more susceptible to predators. In a cruel twist of fate, the very thing that made this owl so beautiful could

also be putting it at risk.

I remembered a story my Montana-bound friend shared about a great grey owl she'd photographed hunting in a field near Spokane. Unfortunately, the owl was soon found dead in the field. A large mass was discovered in its mouth. It couldn't swallow the prey it had caught, and slowly starved to death. If health issues related to leucism prevented the white owl from successfully hunting, it would starve to death as well.

I checked into my cabin and then went out searching for the owl until after dark. I spotted about 10 great horned owls, but not the unicorn I was looking for. As the sun disappeared below the horizon, the owls started landing on fenceposts and power poles, scanning the fields for prey as their nocturnal hunts began.

> In a narrow draw, an adult great horned pair and their normal-colored owlets were hooting back and forth to one another on both sides of the road. I slowed. rolling down my windows to listen to the calls echoing in the canyon, a haunting and intimate concert in nature's amphitheater. It was as beautiful as any concert I would ever hear, and a memory that will stay with

I had internet access back at the cabin and reconnected with my raptor-rescuing friend, who had reached out to her raptor rescue/ rehab and veterinary contacts. The consensus was that this owl needed to be rescued immediately. It had likely begun having issues after being recently weaned and couldn't hunt successfully on its own. Chances were high that it was starving. It was critical to quickly find and rescue the owl.

I updated my friend who had first seen the owl, and then had a restless night pondering the good and not-sogood possibilities that could unfold the next day. A lot of stars needed to line up for a good outcome. I said a prayer or five for the owl and everyone involved, finally drifting off to sleep.

At dawn, I was about a mile from the ranch when I saw a white dome just over a ridge back in the direction of the ranch. Looking with binocs, I saw the top of the leucistic owl's head. Hallelujah. I headed back to a corner of the ranch, where I had full view of the owl about a half mile away, perched atop a short pine tree on the guest ranch property.

After observing it a while, I returned to the ranch lodge, updated Robin and Willow, who graciously provided breakfast while I called the resources my raptor-rescuing friend had lined up to help. A falconer would travel several hours the next day to attempt a rescue, but needed someone to keep a visual on the owl until they arrived. I got another day off from work and extended my stay at the ranch.

And so began my watch over the beautiful creature atop the pine. The most exquisite tree topper I will ever see. There is much symbolism surrounding owls, and I felt a sense of the sacred while in the presence of this ethereal owl that glowed in the sunlight.

Please come back to next month's North Columbia Monthly for the conclusion of "Saving Eden."

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



# The Mysteries of Cold Plunging: A Journey into the Depths

### Bv Rob Sumner

The content of the North Columbia Monthly is strictly for informational purposes only and should NOT be used as a substitute for professional medical diagnosis, advice, or treatment. Please, ALWAYS seek the advice of a physician or other qualified health provider with all questions that you have related to, or about, a medical condition.

In a modern world where comfort often reigns supreme, the idea of willingly subjecting oneself to freezing temperatures might seem absurd, even masochistic. Yet, hidden amidst the frosty depths lies a practice that has captivated the minds and bodies of health enthusiasts worldwide: cold plunging.

My exploration into the world of cold plunging began with a modest step - a decision to incorporate cold

showers into my daily routine. Armed with knowledge gleaned from the pages of various health and wellness books, each extolling the virtues of cold exposure, I ventured forth with cautious optimism.

Living in a household supplied by well water, I knew the initial hurdle would be low. Our water, drawn from the depths of the earth, possesses a chill that could rival even the coldest mountain streams. Thus my first cold shower was less a gentle introduction and more of a baptism by ice – a shock to the system that left me gasping for breath yet strangely invigorated.

As the days turned into weeks, I found myself drawn deeper into the embrace of the cold. Gradually extending the duration of my cold showers, I marveled at the resilience of the human body and the mind's capacity to adapt. The initial discomfort gave way to a sense of exhilaration, a rush of endorphins that left me buzzing with

energy long after the water had turned warm once more.

Encouraged by my progress, I decided to take the plunge, quite literally, and invest in a cold plunge unit. Arriving in a compact package from an online retailer, the inflatable contraption seemed almost comically simple in design. Yet, as I set it up in the corner of my garage, filling it with water and ice, I felt a sense of anticipation building within me – a thrill of excitement mixed with a healthy dose of apprehension.

The first immersion was, in a word, electrifying. As I lowered myself into the icy depths, every nerve in my body seemed to come alive with sensation. The initial shock gave way to a strange numbness, a feeling of detachment from the world outside as my body struggled to acclimate to the cold.

But, amidst the shivers and the fleeting doubts, there was a profound sense of clarity - a feeling of being

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### Forever Young-ish

fully present in the moment, stripped of all distractions and preconceptions. In that icy cocoon, I found solace - a refuge from the chaos of everyday life, a sanctuary where mind and body could find harmony amidst the chill.

As the weeks turned into months, I found myself drawn back to the cold plunge unit time and time again. Each session brought with it a renewed sense of vigor, a surge of energy that propelled me through the day with newfound purpose. And as I reflected on my journey, I began to understand the profound impact that cold plunging had wrought upon my life.

Physiologically, the benefits were undeniable. Increased metabolism, heightened dopamine release, enhanced immune function - the list of

positive outcomes seemed endless. But, perhaps more important, cold plunging had become a metaphor for life, a reminder that growth often emerges from the depths of our coldest challenges.

Yet, for all its transformative power, cold plunging is not without risk. Those with underlying health conditions, particularly those related to cardiovascular health, should proceed with caution. Likewise, individuals with a history of cold intolerance or Raynaud's disease may find the practice uncomfortable or even harmful.

For those considering embarking on their own cold plunging journey, I offer a few words of advice. Start slow, listen to your body, and never underestimate the power of controlled breathing. Above all else, approach the cold with respect and humility, recognizing its potential to both challenge and transform.

And so, I am filled with a sense of gratitude - for the icy waters that have tested my limits, for the wisdom gleaned from books and experience alike, and for the newfound resilience that lies within me. I invite you to embrace the chill and discover the boundless potential that lies within the icy depths. For in the embrace of the cold, we may just find the warmth of our truest selves.

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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# **Art Springs from Grey Days**

#### Article & Illustrations by Marci Bravo

It's been a busy winter in the name of art, among other things (i.e. family, housework, dog care, chauffeuring, etc.), and I've been keeping it colorful, even in the midst of the grey winter blahs.

#### **Instructions:**

Match the pictures to the descriptions to see what I have been up to since the new year has begun!

#### **Descriptions:**

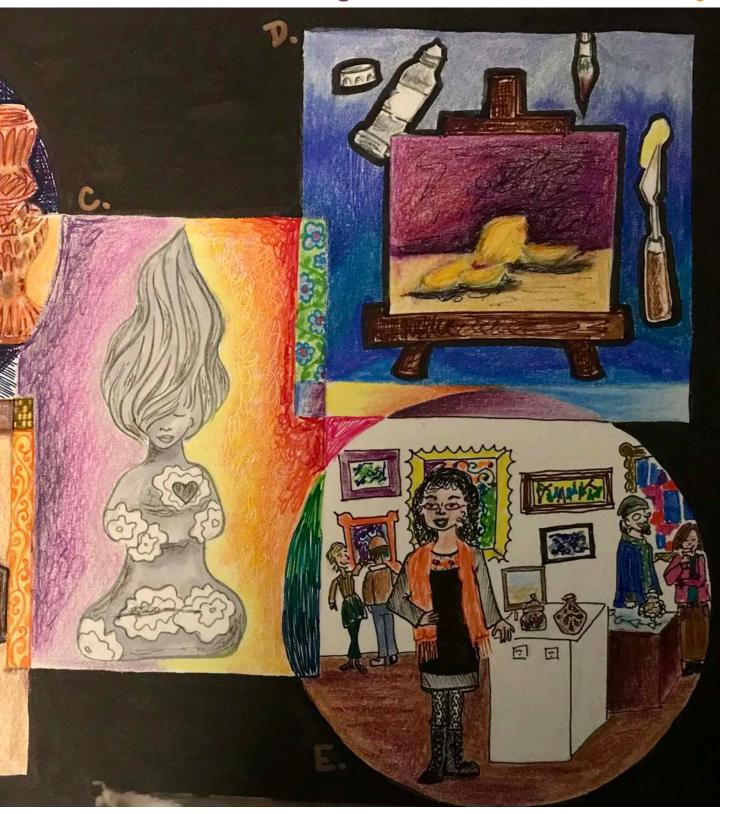
- I made my debut at Chewelah's Winterfest Fine Arts juried show at Trails End Gallery, showing two pieces of my pottery. The show is on through April and features a wonderful collection of local 2D and 3D art in the front of the gallery, as well as a captivating permanent collection throughout the beautiful space.
- I bisque-fired 29 pieces of pottery that I had made from a red clay called Trail Mix Cinnamon, and I intricately carved at least half of the pieces. Besides a few mendable thin cracks, the firing was a success, and now the pieces must be waxed and glazed before the final firing.
- I have begun my first painting lessons, learning oil painting with Colville's own talented Su Martens.
- After being invited to create ceramics for a small upcoming Raku firing with a couple of Chewelah potter friends, I sculpted my first statuette, representing a woman remembering to stay grounded amid the swirling energy and activity of life.
- After five weeks of focused work at the Woodland Theater as part of the painting team for the set of *Into the Woods*, we finished a gorgeous composition of backdrops, books, a forest, and an ivy-covered castle, led fearlessly by Northport's Jami Rose Lord. Come see the play, which runs the first three weekends of March in Kettle Falls, offering matinees and evening shows.

I am grateful for all the creative outlets that our little part of the world offers. Thank you to all the teachers, artists, volunteers, and organizations in our area that generously share their time, talents and resources to keep our northeastern Washington lives engaging, uplifting, and bright.

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



# **Creative Being in Stevens County**





# Many Names, One-of-a-Kind

Article & Photo by J. Foster Fanning

One of the common falcons native to these Okanagan and Columbia Highlandshasayear-roundrange from the northern tip of Vancouver Island south to Tierra del Fuego Province in Argentina. Justifiably it is named the American kestrel. Truly a bird of the

Americas.

Perhaps, like many *North Columbia Monthly* readers, I am in good company when I say *falco sparverius*, the American kestrel, is one of my favorite birds. Also known as windhover (for its occasional stationary flight) and

killyhawk (after its shrill call) and, a bit of a misnomer, sparrow hawk.

In my opinion, the American kestrel is one of the most beautiful falcons in North America. This diminutive bird of prey sports feather patterns of blues, reds, grays, browns, and blacks, making it a visual delight! These kestrels are also swift and dexterous fliers with impressive aerobatic capacities.

Many years ago, in the early 1970s, I found a late spring kestrel nest with what I assumed to be the mother kestrel dead nearby. There were three near-fledglings in the nest located in the rafters of a small barn with a hot steel roof overhead. I left the nest, hoping the other parent bird would return and care for the nestlings. Checking the nest the next day I found two of the three young birds had died. That caused me to gather up the remaining little feathery baby into a box and thus become, by default, the mother kestrel. I'd guessed dehydration was the immediate problem and soon had that reckoned with.

I was fortunate to find that my library carried a book called Care of the Wild Feathered and Furred: Treating and Feeding Injured Birds and Animals. This book told how to help reconstitute a neglected animal, remove tar from feathers, splint wings, and more. Mind you, this was before raptor rescue centers or groups were readily available, and long before the internet.

Following this trusty book, I soon became an expert in butchering small roadkill squirrels and the like. The baby kestrel had a voracious appetite.

Kestrels are long-distance migrants, many overwintering in southern portions of the United States through Central America. April is probably the best time to look for migrating kestrels returning to the Pacific Northwest. Unfortunately, the American kestrels have undergone widespread population declines, particularly in the northeast United States. Consequently, the American kestrel is counted as a "species of greatest conservation concern" in wildlife action plans in many areas, including all six New England states.

With kestrels declining in parts of their range, you can help by putting up nest boxes. By searching online for

"American kestrel partnership" you can get good DIY info for setting up and monitoring nest boxes.

Kestrels primarily dine on insects and other invertebrates, but will occasionally take rodents and small birds. Grasshoppers appear to be a favorite. Kestrels can see ultraviolet light, which enables them to make out the trails of urine that mice and voles - common prey mammals - leave as they run along the ground. Somewhat like neon diner signs, these illuminated pathways may lead the way to a meal.

In the case of my little bundle of feathers, with its sharp talons and a pointy, fast beak, it wasn't much interested in anything but meat. At first, I'd peel away the skin, carve the meat off the bones and chop everything into squirrel burger. Then, following along in my book as the kestrel grew and gained more skills, the meat was cut and exposed but with some skin and bone left in place.

My wife, at the time, insisted all squirrel butchering take place in the woodshed. Which was okay, as I could close off the openings and release the little hunter and it could fly about and chase the meat scraps I tossed for it.

Kestrels hide surplus food in grass clumps, tree roots, bushes, tree limbs, and other cavities. They do this to save the groceries for lean times or to hide it from thieves. Once this behavior began to take place in the woodshed, I discovered the little fledged flier became harder to catch and re-cage. My plan was to keep the bird until it was full grown, then release it - about a two-month process.

I've since read that the oldest American kestrel was a male banded in Utah in 1987. It lived 14 years, 8 months after being banded.

The vocalizations of American kestrels are limited, but I assure you that does not mean they are quiet. As my little rescue matured, the calls got louder and more insistent. Because of

its sharp call, I began to whistle to it at feeding time. Of its three common communications, one is a loud, excited series "klee! klee!" with notes lasting just over a second. This makes for a distinctive way to locate these birds. You may also hear two other common calls: a long whine lasting a minute or more, usually from birds courting or feeding fledglings; and a fast chitter, used by both sexes in friendly interactions.

When it was time for re-introduction, I simply took the bird outside for a feeding. It was totally focused on me, as usual. As it ate the food, I walked away. It flew after me, asking for more - "klee! klee! " - and swooping down on me as though it were hunting. I left the bird to its freedom outside for the first time.

Several hours later, I whistled and we repeated this dance. Over the course of a few days, I noted the kestrel in a favored perch from which it could watch for me. As I began to feed it less and less, I noticed it flying and hovering over nearby grassy meadows, though it still perched for the night in the old cherry tree.

One day, some friends drove into the driveway and, as I was coming out to greet them with open arms, the woman, who was walking toward me, screamed. I was momentarily startled until I felt the impact from the little kestrel when, for the first time, it snagged onto my hair. Laughing, I untangled it and set it back to flight. That is my last visual memory of that wonderful little raptor. Although I do recall hearing its voice in the nearby forest if I listened closely.

The scent of spring is in the air. May a fresh, warm breeze carry you along....

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.



### Marika Hackman's Overt Introspective

Whileshewas trapped in lockdown, Marika Hackman's *Big Sigh* started to take shape. Somewhere between haunting, deep piano-vocal musings and slightly glitchy, organic electronica, Hackman's album opens with the muted but lush "The Ground" before easing into an indictment of mandates and modern life in "No Caffeine."

A little less poppy than on previous releases, Hackman's beautiful vocals swirl and flow through tracks that weld beautiful sounds with edgy, painful imagery ("Vitamins") and finally nod to her previous works with the intimate, dark "The Yellow Mile."

There's tandem beauty and dark-

ness in Hackman's content and delivery. Songs such as "No Caffeine" and "Slime" energize the album before diving back into the gritty imagery of "Blood" or the gorgeously tragic "Please Don't Be So Kind."

While at times the album is vastly different from her previous acoustic guitar-driven work, Hackman's purebut-pained vocals are broad enough to fill the entirety of *Big Sigh* all by themselves.

"It feels very honest. I'm not trying to hide behind anything on this record at all," she tells Apple Music. "It's exploratory, but in the way a child explores – a really pure, honest exploration."



With shifting, subtle electronica, ethereal strings and immediate, almost whispered vocal turns, Hackman creates a beautiful and jarring kind of cinematic album that expands her sound as a growing artist.

### The Last Dinner Party's Epic Extravaganza

The sound of this latest orchestral pop album could easily be an ABBA demo by way of Missing Persons ... and that's only scratching the surface.

Clever and compelling, *Prelude to Ecstasy* is an album that feels made for



a rock-opera stage. Beautiful, rocking orchestral turns propel the title track into the theatrical "Caesar on a TV Screen," channeling something like a female Freddie Mercury vibe to grand effect.

The lyrical content ebbs and flows, dips and crescendos like a movie script in the best, most flamboyant way; the femme fatale flare of "The Feminine Urge" is supercharged by the soaring, Henry Mancini-ish chorus. The elegantly rocking live version of "Sinner" is a force of nature, while the disco underpinnings of "My Lady of Mercy" get caught up in the machine-gun lyrical narrative before exploding into an ABBA-esque

chorus that is as satisfying as it is unexpected. By album's end, "Nothing Matters" is as regal as it is raunchy, and The Last Dinner Party has completed its mission.

Prelude to Ecstasy is one of the most creative, well-conceived albums of the last five years and deserves to be performed in its entirety on the biggest stages the world has to offer (even if only to give us some respite from Taylor Swift). The bottom line is: The Last Dinner Party has unleashed an instant classic where the only downside will be how to follow up such a great album with another one.

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

### **Being of Service**



### **Beneficial Bingo in Kettle Falls**

By Lynn O'Connor

Every winter, for 13 weeks, the Rotary Club of Kettle Falls hosts an evening of bingo on Wednesdays from 6 to 8 p.m.-ish (doors open at 5 p.m.) at Kettle Falls High School. It starts the first week of January and, this year, the last bingo night will be March 27.

Eight games are played each evening, and the payouts depend on the number of players. The more people, the larger the prizes!

Winter Wednesday evenings are a great way for the community to spend some quality, unplugged, time together, and it's fun to

watch and be a part of the interactions. There are food and sweets (usually homemade) to purchase, a cake raffle, and a silent auction. At the end of the evening, leftover snacks and food items, and usually something special, are auctioned off.

The Rotary Club of Kettle Falls is not large but figures heavily in the culture of the community. Many members of the club turn out every Wednesday to make sure things go smoothly: someone to sell the books and flimsies, a couple of folks to manage the food table, the caller, and folks to check the accuracy of bingo claims.

Sometimes folks from partner projects will help, too. Community members often donate items for the silent auction or bring a food item, helping the club raise funds, and sometimes volunteering to help.

During the first 10 weeks of bingo, the funds primarily go to scholarships for students at Kettle Falls High School. Sometimes, when the bingo evening is very popular, extra funds go to other projects in the community. Such projects include supporting Woodland Theater, the Kettle Falls Community Chest (food pantry), the restrooms and beautiful playground in Happy Dell Park, and the soon-to-be, newly paved, pickleball/tennis court, just to name a few.

Every year, the final three weeks raise money for different community partners. This year, on March 13, 20 and 27, the funds will go to Friends of the Kettle Falls Library, Friends of the Pickleball Court, and the Kettle Falls Senior Center, respectively. If

any of those tug on your heartstrings, plan to be sure to attend that particular evening.

The Rotary Club of Kettle Falls has been active in the community since 2003. They meet every Thursday at 7 a.m. at Sandy's Drive-In. The last meeting of the month is an evening social gathering, usually at TJ's Hometown Bar & Grill, usually starting at 6 p.m. You are welcome to come and check out this small but mighty club.



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

# A Good Read

### Rough Sleepers, by Tracy Kidder

Reviewed by the "Study Group"

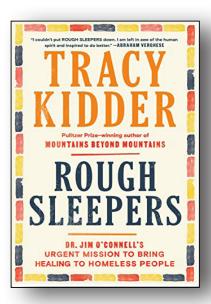
This is a group review. Each paragraph was crafted by a different member of the "Study Group."

Rough Sleepers is another fascinating true story from Pulitzer Prize winner Tracy Kidder. Among his previous books is Mountains Beyond Mountains about Dr. Paul Farmer's work in Haiti. In Rough Sleepers he follows Dr. Jim O'Connell in Boston as he strives to bring healing to homeless people - those who sleep rough. The humanity of all those involved in this tale is at the forefront. The reader can see and feel the humanity of the medical and care providers. But more importantly, the story of the rough sleepers is revealed. They are our fellow human beings. They have feelings, challenges and needs just as we do. The author tackles all the hard issues pertaining to the struggles of the unhoused and those on a mission to help them.

This powerfully moving book follows the long career of Dr. Jim O'Connell as he provides health care and friendship to the homeless of Boston, gradually integrating them into the city's mainstream medical system. We are introduced to memorable individuals and their difficult lives, the "unpublished news of the streets." Season after season, with great respect and humility, the doctor serves each person with his gentle expertise and warmth, what Kidder calls his "pre-admiration" smile and manner. There are remarkable stories within this story; all shed light on the complexity and challenges of homelessness and how we can and must find practical humane solutions.

As author and reporter, Tracy Kidder hides so well in the narrative that I forgot he was writing this book. In other words, he does not get in the way of the story. This is one of my favorite styles of nonfiction. The book shares the complexities of the lives of the rough sleepers Dr. Jim and his colleagues treat through their outreach program. It helps readers understand the myriad factors leading to how and why people not only become rough sleepers, but remain on the streets. The descriptions of where and how they live on the streets of Boston are eye-opening. The most poignant stories are of people who got into housing but could not remain there, and the reasons behind this. The descriptions of the staff team meetings not only focus on rough sleepers but also the exhaustion and burn-out while serving this very difficult group. I did not see this as a book promoting program solutions for the unhoused as much as a humane, compassionate and honest look at the rough sleepers' lives through the eyes of their medical providers.

Dr. Jim focuses on those who have fallen off the rails of normal life. He acknowledges their humanity and eases their pain. He takes each individual seriously, washes their feet, listens to them, gives them a safe place to come in from the cold, and provides medical care. The author looks honestly at all the efforts society makes to help the unhoused and



all the hurdles that exist. I loved the book and found it a compelling read.

Rough Sleepers documents homelessness through the many stories of Boston's street people. Dr. O'Connell and his team's compassionate model of care show some ways to address the many challenges facing our society and our homeless citizens. For example, the rough sleeper Tony becomes a face and a force illustrating the back stories of trauma, incarceration, addiction and current laws and economics that keep people on the streets. As one of the care team said, "What's the best antidote to homelessness? Drugs and alcohol are your best friends, and then because they work, you get addicted. How can you live on the streets without self-medicating?"

Rough Sleepers describes the lives of homeless individuals in Boston as well as the professionals who care for

# A Good Read

### Dead Mountain, by Douglas Preston and Lincoln Child

### Reviewed by Mary Gaughan

This is Book 4 in the Nora Kelly series. It is actually a Preston and Child take-off on a true story that remains a mystery to this day.

In 2008, nine college students arranged an October backpacking trip on a challenging New Mexico mountain, especially dangerous in early winter snows. The backpackers never returned. A search turned up six bodies with a variety of unexplained injuries. Their tent's front entrance flap was intact; knife slashes in the rear apparently marked a hasty exit into a raging snowstorm. The FBI was called in and the case was code-named Dead Mountain. The case was never solved.

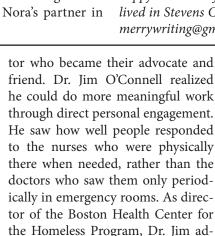
Now, 13 years later - in the telling by Doug Preston and Lincoln Child - as Nora Kelly is on an archaeological investigation of an indigenous burial found in a cave on that same mountain, two more bodies, with unexplained knife wounds, are found and identified as two of the lost students. The FBI is again called in, including Corrie Swanson, the rookie agent who was Nora's partner in former adventures in this series.

The ninth body remains to be found. Corrie focuses on finding this last student and solving the mystery. There are complications with the redneck county sheriff, indigenous burials, and a secretive government facility located on this mountain.

Preston and Childs weave their usual complex of characters and plots, with a bit of

humor and romance thrown in, to offer their own solution to this true story - with a surprise conclusion. Read it and risk the continuing tickle of this lethal puzzle.

Mary Gaughan is a semi-retired nurse, reflexologist and cranial sacral therapist, percussionist, animal lover, and happy member of the Creekside Writers Group. She has lived in Stevens County since 1987 and can be reached at merrywriting@gmail.com or 509-675-1425.



man being, along with a dedicated staff, can make an important difference in people's lives. just grateful that I have a home to shelter me. And I worry about the multitude that are not so lucky.

Study Group is a bevy of thoughtful women friends who have been reading, studying and sharing the ups and downs of their lives since 1980: Cathy, Lynn, Lesley, Peggy, Su, Evelyn, Elinor, Mary and Gael.

return, they gave Dr. Jim their trust,

their friendship and the stories of

their lives. Many had suffered child-

hood trauma but were still amazing

examples of resilience, dignity and

generosity under terrible conditions.

This book shows how one caring hu-

One reader's simple response: I'm

With kindness and insight, Kidder describes the homeless who sleep in extreme conditions outside – on park benches, on sidewalks, in doorways

- and the Harvard-educated doc-

them. These particular individuals

live primarily on the streets. Many

have suffered extreme trauma. For

me, one of the most compelling facts of the book is that a complex sup-

port system exists among the rough

sleepers. Many of them are resistant

to outside help, so this peer support

system is extremely important. Many

check and keep tabs on each other

and are instrumental in seeking help

when necessary. The friendships and

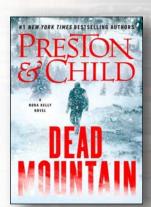
loyalties within this street communi-

ty are beautiful bonds of human care

under the most dire and challenging

conditions.

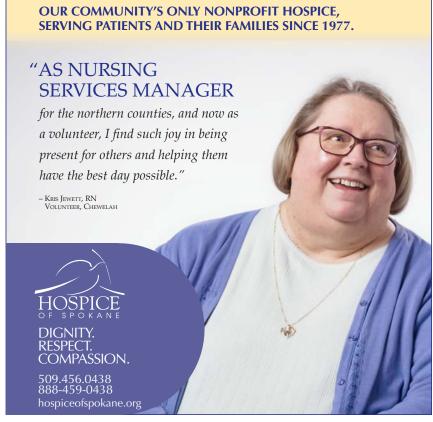
friend. Dr. Jim O'Connell realized he could do more meaningful work through direct personal engagement. He saw how well people responded to the nurses who were physically there when needed, rather than the doctors who saw them only periodically in emergency rooms. As director of the Boston Health Center for the Homeless Program, Dr. Jim administered to hundreds of homeless, many at shelters, but he never forgot his vow to help those most needy on the streets. With a van full of food, blankets and medicines, he drove to wherever he could find them, with medical treatment and emotional support that confirmed their human dignity, no matter what their circumstances. He continued this for over 30 years, often at great personal cost. In











# Year On The Farm

### Happy and Instructive Listening

#### By Michelle Lancaster

Multitasking while listening to an audiobook or podcast is my idea of fun. I can turn up the cell phone volume or tie in to a Bluetooth speaker to broadcast sound while washing dishes or pulling weeds. Time flies by and jobs become fun when my mind is being filled with stories and new information. I hear about many other ways of living, past and present - a sense of travel without leaving the farm.

For audiobooks, I downloaded the Libby app to my phone. For those without a phone, Overdrive can be downloaded to your computer (www. overdrive.com). Both programs link to your Libraries of Stevens County (LOSC) ID number for access to a variety of books, compliments of local taxpayers. For those outside the county, your library likely has a similar program.

Podcasts can be accessed directly from websites of those producing a podcast or from apps downloaded to your phone. Websites for podcasts limit you to listening or downloading podcasts from one particular organization. Programs on Spotify, Audible, Apple, etc., collect most podcasts into one location, where you can search by topic or for particular podcasts.

Both podcasts and audiobooks can be downloaded, so someone with slow (or no) internet can still enjoy these resources. Even with no internet, you can go to a library branch, download podcasts, and listen to them anywhere!

Everyone has a different taste in books, and non-fiction farming books are generally not available as audiobooks, but here are a few entertaining stories available through LOSC:

Beneath a Dakota Cross, by Stephen Bly, excellently narrated by Jerry Sciarrio. There are six books in this western series, all available as audiobooks.

All Creatures Great and Small, by James Herriott, a vet in Yorkshire, England. I listened to his stories when young and come back to them now to listen to how animals were treated and handled in the first half of the twentieth century. Very entertaining series.

The Book of Lost Friends, by Lisa Wingate. Post-Civil War historical fiction based on advertisements listed in newspapers by former slaves searching for their family members.

*Decluttering at the Speed of Life*, by Dana K. White. I am not much into how-to books, but this one has some great advice for simplifying the home.

The Guernsey Literary and Potato Peel Pie Society, by Annie Barrows and Mary Ann Shaffer. Written in letter format, an entertaining fiction based on the true story of people recovering from German occupation of the Channel Islands during World War II.

Podcasts are a great way to access information on farming or any topic. Here are a few podcasts I find interesting, all available free online:

Ancestral Kitchen - Two hosts, one living in Europe and the other in Washington state, discuss "ancient ancestral food wisdom in a modern-world kitchen." Try episode #49 - "Traditional Slovakian Food" with Naomi Huzovicova.

Old Fashioned on Purpose - While I

tend not to follow "popular" podcasters, Jill Winger does a good job of interviewing experts on different aspects of living an old-fashioned lifestyle in modern times. Try season 8, episode 9 - "Solving Sourdough: The Science Behind What Works" with Karyn Newman (an actual molecular biologist!).

*The Long Thread Podcast* – Interviews with fiber artists around the world. Try the episode from Sept. 2, 2021 - "Anita Luvera Mayer, Weaver of Creative Coverings."

The Alisa Childers Podcast - Helping define Biblical views. Try episode #224 - an interviewing with Joni Eareckson Tada, who became paralyzed at the age of 17 and, 50 years later, is still an inspiration to many.

Herbs with Rosalee - Rosalee de la Foret lives in the Winthrop area. Much of her herbal advice is suited to the North Columbia region. Try her recent episode "Three Ways to Win Over an Herbal Skeptic."

Back to the Roots – Organic farming podcast; the presenters are from Amish country. Try "California Farming with the McClellands."

HOMEASTEADucation - This podcast goes into deeper details of homesteading aspects. Beginners can listen, but this podcast is one of the few that is helpful to more advanced homesteaders as well. Try Season 5, episode 2 - "Deworming Protocols: Yes or No?"

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

### **Making Space**

#### By Brenda St. John

My project for the past few weeks has been decluttering. My children moved out of the nest 10 to 20 years ago, and all left items behind. I have asked them to collect their things and dispose of them however they see fit, since I don't feel qualified to make these decisions for them; but the items still sit here.

Occasionally they will take away a couple items when they come back to visit, but mostly the clutter is still here in unused bedrooms and closets. However, the time has now come that things definitely have to go because I need to make space for long-term house guests who are arriving from overseas. I want them to feel welcome and to give them their own space.

I think there is something special, even sacred, about empty space. It can allow for mental clarity, and mental clarity can lead to insightfulness, introspection, and creativity. My husband often points out how simple our lives were the winter we lived in our camper on the southern Oregon coast. We couldn't accumulate things because our space was very limited, and consequently we were free from "stuff." We spent our days beach combing, attending twice-weekly yoga classes, and living in the moment. It was a very freeing experience.

There have been times in the past, and even now, where I have been sad because I haven't had space in my life to spend time with, or even call, a certain person or do a certain activity. Other obligations require my time and attention, and I know they are important too. I tend to convince myself I'll find time in the future when "such and such" is over; and, of course, everything takes longer than I think.

In yoga, we have many opportunities

"For everything there is a season, and a time for every matter under heaven: ...a time to keep, and a time to cast away."

~ Ecclesiastes 3:6

to find space if we have the awareness to look for it. It starts with finding space to roll out our mat, giving ourself and the person next to us room to be comfortable.

Early in the class, we tune into our breath, and we can observe the space between the inhalation and the exhalation, however obvious or subtle that might be.

Then there is the space between the announcement of an *asana* and our reaction to carry it out. Proprioception is the awareness of our body's orientation in space. We also observe the space between our thoughts as we quiet our minds in *Savasana* or meditation.

One of yoga's most important lessons to me is to live in the present moment, and I find that is much easier to do when I'm not surrounded by clutter, both physical and mental. All too often in the busyness of life, I forget to observe these sacred spaces and tend to become obsessed with distractions. When I'm not living in the present moment, the distractions are either worry about the future or replaying the past. The practice of non-attachment (referred to as Aparigraha, which is the 5th Yama), when properly observed, is a great help in freeing my mind from thoughts of this nature. It is easy for me to become attached to physical routines, feelings, and ideas. While this can be beneficial, it can also prevent new routines, new feelings, and new ideas from coming in.

There is a yoga *asana* that is commonly used as an example for observing space, specifically the space between the toes. That pose is *Navasana* (nah-VAHS-uh-nuh), otherwise known as

Boat Pose. This observation is an example of training the mind to see the space BETWEEN things, and not just the things themselves.

Boat Pose begins from a seated position on the mat. Start by bending the knees and holding on to the backs of the thighs. Lean back and balance on the tripod foundation consisting of the back of the sitting bones and the tailbone. One at a time, lift the feet off the floor that the shins are parallel with the floor. Keep the knees together; it is optional to place a block between the knees. Lean back, not allowing the back to round. Lengthen the spine and broaden and lift the chest. Then straighten the legs. Release the hands from the thighs and extend them forward, parallel with the floor. If the spine starts to round, back off the pose by bending the knees and holding the thighs again.

As core strength increases with practice, the full version of the pose will be achieved over time. The pose can be modified by creating a long loop with a strap and placing one end around the upper back, right behind the shoulder blades, and the other end around the soles of the feet. The strap can be used with knees, either bent or straight, adjusting the strap so that it is taut in either position.

Every yoga pose has a *Drishti*, or a spotto rest the eyes, and with Boat Pose, the *Drishti* is the tip of the toes. Or, if preferred, the space between the toes.

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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### **Indian Hemp**

#### By Joe Barreca

I became more intensely interested in Indian hemp after hearing Bill Layman talk about how strong it is, during a presentation on the fishery at Kettle Falls. The J-traps that hung in the falls to catch salmon could hold 250 fish, many weighing 50 pounds each. That's almost six tons of fish. Add several strong men to throw the fish to shore for another half ton, all suspended by Indian hemp ropes. What is this stuff?

There are two main types, apocynum cannabinum and apocynum androsaemifolium. The cannabinum is typically three feet tall and is the preferred variety for making cordage. Androsaemifolium is also known as "spreading dogbane" and is usually two feet tall. Both prefer sandy



Photo by Emily S. Kloosterman, Wikimedia Commons.

but also wet soil, with some shade. Both grow all over North America in abundance. (It's nice to have some-

thing native and useful that is not endangered.) Dogbane is a perennial. It grows from the same roots year after year. In fact, harvesting it every year makes it grow better; its very sustainable and low tech. It would have been readily available on seasonally flooded wetlands along the Columbia River.

The stalks of this plant have been used as a source of fiber to make bows, fire-bows, nets, tie-down straps, hunting nets, fishing lines, bags, and clothing, according to the 1771 book Travels into North America by Pehr Kalm. The Sinixt peoples populating the area were known for making rope suspension bridges over creeks along their trails. The bridges stretching out to favorite fishing rocks at the Kettle Falls fishery were also made of Indian hemp. Perhaps that seems too tedious to us in the technological 21st century. I remember watching a circle of Indian women in Mexico shucking corn together and talking away. Tedious to us can be fun to others.

Break off the dried stalk with your



### Down to Earth



Dry stalk (top), crushed stalk (middle), bracelet and leftover pith.

hands and remove the small branches at the top. Then squeeze the stalk. It breaks into several strands, with the dried pith in the middle and the fibrous skin starting to peel away on the outside. To separate the fiber, break off pieces of pith, working your way along the strand. If you try to peel off the whole skin at once, some sticks to the pith and you get less. Now you have a workable length of fiber that is very flexible and strong. The seeds can be ground into an edible powder and the sap can be mixed with clay to make gum.

The fiber can be twisted into cordage and be built up into rope. Plenty of internet videos make the method more understandable than I can in writing. I am hoping to show kids how to use it to make small bracelets as a craft project during the 2025 bicentennial commemoration of the establishment of Hudson's Bay Fort Colvile in 1825.

To test the process, I hung a small peg in the center of the strand and twisted the ends together on the other

side of the peg. After a few minutes, I had a cord with a loop at one end. I tied off the ends so they would not unravel, but if you were making cords and eventually rope, you would keep adding pieces of fiber to the twisted ends. Eventually I added a few beads and made the bracelet in the picture.

Before I did that, however, I wanted to see just how strong this stuff is. You could work up a scale to measure weight hanging from it and add more until the cord broke to get a real measurement of test strength. I just tied it to a ten-pound kettle bell exercise weight. The thin cord made from just one of four strands from the original stalk held it up easily. No wonder they thought of it as hemp!

Joe Barreca makes maps, grows grapes, makes wine and posts blogs on BarrecaVineyards.com. Vineyard apprentices are welcome!

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# The Not So Good Old Days

#### By Karen Giebel

Muttering out loud to myself as I practically stand on my head to retrieve damp clothing from the new, extra deep washing machine. I mean, what were these manufacturers thinking when they came up with these new models? And then the clothes dryers still sit so close to the floor that I must get on my knees to remove the dried clothes. Mutter, mutter, complain and complain.... Then I look at the photo in front of me, and I am embarrassed at my complaining.

She is my paternal grandmother, Grace Keefe Castleberry, holding her firstborn, Thelma, on her lap. Grandmother is pretty and looks peaceful and serene. Tall, red-haired, fiery strong and proudly Irish. Born 1898 in the valley community of New England, Georgia.

Grace married my grandfather James Uriah and moved to the Durham Coal Mining camp on top of Lookout Mountain, Georgia. Grandmother told me she had two big cast iron kettles, set on a wooden slab bench, filled with boiling water to wash their clothes and Thelma's diapers. Once a week she washed the diapers and clothing of eight

more children and hung them out to dry, no matter the weather. In brutally hot, humid summers and icy cold winters, the laundry had to be done. I should be ashamed of complaining about my fancy washing machine.

That precious little girl who got her daddy's ears, a trait that has been passed down several generations now – Thelma died young. She was two years old and came down with "lung congestion." No doctor anywhere nearby. No antibiotics. Their second child was a son, named James after his daddy. James died shortly after birth. I know the cemetery they are buried in, but there are no markers. Perhaps at one time there were wooden crosses or a rock with their names on them. That was not uncommon in those small Appalachian communities, but it's as if those children never existed.

I think back on the times I needed antibiotics, and my doctor was just a phone call away. I gave birth to my children in a modern hospital full of state-of-the-art equipment and an NICU, which, thankfully, was never needed. Grace's children were all born at home, and I





### Reflections on Life's Journey

am certain she got out of that bed and cooked dinner for her family.

My grandfather James was a foreman in the coal mining company and later ran the commissary. They were a bit better off than the general laborers, but they still lived in a coal company-owned small house without any kind of conveniences. What limited groceries they bought, as well as clothing, came from the company-owned commissary, which charged whatever prices they wanted to keep the workers impoverished and indebted. Newsome Gap was the horse cart-wide, deeply rutted road off the mountain to the town in the valley. That trip was rarely made.

I made that trip once, in my minivan. That was not one of my brighter ideas. Fifty years later it was still a horse cart path. My mom had confidence in me. Aunt Sarah, my dad's sister, who grew up on the mountain, kept saying, "Oh Lordy, Oh Lordy." I try to imagine how difficult their lives must have been, just trying to feed, clothe and doctor themselves. And now, with just a push of the "enter" key, I can and do order just about anything imaginable and have it on my porch in three days.

As her children grew, my grandmother taught school to children from kindergarten through 6th grade. There was no schooling after grade school unless you could afford to leave the mountain and attend a boarding school. Grandmother, at that time, did not have any kind of college education, but she had attended school, was intelligent and wanted to teach. She also spent time as the postmistress for the coal camp. Her seven surviving children helped care for one another and had lots of household chores to do.

During World War II, the three older sons, my dad included, enlisted in the armed services and saw combat overseas. My grandfather developed what was then known as Bright's Disease, a historical term for what is one of many forms of kidney failure. He died at home at the age of 56. It was a horrible way to die. No medications to ease his struggle. No dialysis. His sons were notified by a letter my grandmother wrote, except for Tom. Oddly, someone else from the coal camp met up with Tom on his ship and told him his father had died. Can you imagine?

My grandmother finished raising the remaining two boys and two girls. Then at the age of 55, she moved off the mountain to Chattanooga, lived in a boarding house, attended college, and ended up with a master's degree in



education. She taught, of all things, Spanish!

She worked until she was 75 years old, because it was no one's business how old she was. Grandmother outlived three out of her four remaining sons, leaving only Tom and her two daughters. She died at the age of 91, still living alone, but with some help.

From my perspective, what we like to think of as "the good old days" were anything but. We can romanticize about how much simpler life was back in the day, but, in my opinion, it truly was not.

As for me? I'm going to walk over to that fancy-dancy washing machine that triggered all this reminiscing, pat it on its digital head and maybe even give it a hug.

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

## A Life-Changing Event

By Bob Gregson

Most memories fade away and lose some of their specifics, colors and sharpness over time. By contrast, my guess is that most of us harbor a dozen or more memories that continue clear as a bell for all our lives. Recent news about a federal whistleblower and his claims concerning the reality of UFOs, and the presumed cover-up by our defense establishment ever since 1947, sparked me to write about one of my earliest "clear as a bell" memories. In 1952 I saw what was then called a Flying Saucer. Here is my memory:

'Twas a day before Thanksgiving in 1952. I was 10. Our family was driving on a sunny midmorning from Pasco to Spokane to spend the holiday with the grandparents. We were cruising along at the speed limit - 50 m.p.h. as I recall - in our recently-acquired 1950 dark green Chevrolet sedan, me in the back seat looking west, with younger sister Candy on the other side of the back

On high ground between Eltopia and Mesa, my casual gaze was attracted to a bright, defined object in the blue sky due west of us.

It attracted my attention because it was stationary, sitting about three fingers above the horizon and quite a long way away - in the direction of the Hanford Atomic Energy Reservation, which was over 10 miles west of the two-lane Highway 395 where we were. What I saw, on focused inspection, looked like a hovering cylinder, rather like a silvery grain silo lying on its side about several thousand feet above ground.

I quietly watched it for half a minute or more. Suddenly it zipped directly north, about two fingers, at great speed, then stopped at about the same altitude for another few seconds.

By that time, I was hooked and continued to stare at this strange event. Unfortunately, I did not mention what I was seeing in time for others in the car to see it, though my dad probably would not have pulled to the side of the road; he was never a person to pull over and look at roadside historical markers or anything else along the way to anywhere!

After another minute or so, the cylinder shot straight up, sat there for a few seconds, then continued straight up, through some high clouds and out of sight at great speed.

It was totally clear to me that this was not a reflection on the

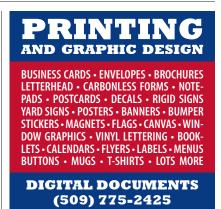
car window, or a reflection from a searchlight beamed upward from the ground or a weather balloon or a missile or smoke or an aircraft, as many such sightings have been called. The cylinder seemed to have definition on all sides. No hazy light blurred the edges, and it did leave a slight contrail as it moved. I described the scene to my parents after it went out of sight and we all were puzzled, but took it no further. By the way, my eyesight has always been exceptionally good.

That experience affected me deeply. It opened wide my concepts of potentialities; it added some mature speculating to a young boy's thoughts on the nature of life and our cosmos. From that point, I expanded my reading list from Mark Twain, Treasure Island and the like to books about ancient and modern mysteries. This modern mystery was in full flower by 1952, especially concerning the Roswell, New Mexico, episode in 1947 where there was an alleged crash of a "flying saucer" noted by Army Air Force officers, followed by official backtracking.

The term "flying saucers" came from a report of sightings of nine "saucers in the sky flying at about







1,200 miles per hour in formation" near Mt. Rainier by pilot Kenneth Arnold, also in 1947. That terminology eventually changed to "unidentified flying objects" (UFOs) and now the Defense Department labels them "unidentified anomalous phenomena." A real mouthful that covers a lot of ground!

Some members of Congress, and many other folks, are extremely interested in bringing to light, once and for all, whatever information is hidden within our government and with some longtime defense contractors. People want to know what the U.S. does or doesn't know about such phenomena.

Are many of the sightings real? Are the hundreds of objects reported by credible observers earth-based? Or do they come from someplace else? Are they seen as a threat? Have we actually recovered pieces or bodies from wreckage? How are we responding? Answers to those questions have been considered top secret (or a much higher classification) for over 70 years. The recent Pentagon whistleblower who dealt with such official reportings has testified to Congress that we do, indeed, have clear evidence that the phenomena are actual objects, in at least some reported cases.

As the decades have gone by, I've read a number of credible books on the subject of UFOs and find it fascinating to ponder what this sort of thing, if at least accurate in many cases, may mean to our earthly culture. What would confirmation of alien beings snooping around our earth mean to contemporary religious theology? To Darwin's theory of evolution? To various mystical stories in indigenous cultures, and in the Bible?

The recent whistleblower swears that our government has physical evidence of out-of-this-world technology, materials and bodies recovered from spacecraft wreckage from the 1940s and forward.

I hope we get a full accounting of these claims during my lifetime ... and I wonder if any of the NCM readers have had related experiences they're willing to share?

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.





### March Memories

#### By Rich Leon

When I was young, I always looked forward to the month of March. Why, you ask? Because that was the month I was born. My birthday was like the second coming of Christmas.

At least, until I got to be about 10 or so. That was about the time I went from getting toys for my birthday to getting clothes. It is just not the same, opening your presents and finding socks or underwear. Woo-

There was one year I got a baseball glove and, of course, a baseball bat and ball to go with it. At the time I was a big baseball fan. My favorite team was the New York Yankees and my favorite player was Mickey Mantle. He was a switch hitter with power from both sides of the plate. I worked very hard to become a switch hitter like Mantle, but I was just a tall, skinny kid with no power at all. So much for my dreams of becoming the next great baseball player.

My birthdays as a teenager were never very memorable, except for the year I turned 16. That was the year I learned how to drive. I had to do it with my dad's Chevy station wagon. He said if I could learn to

drive that, I wouldn't have any trouble with anything else. Truer words were never spoken.

With no power steering, parking the station wagon was a challenge. It felt like I was trying to parallel park an army tank. With practice, and more practice, and still more practice, I was able to do a fairly good job. When it came time for my driving test, I remember I was a nervous wreck. I thought for sure I wasn't going to pass, but I did. Not a perfect score, but good enough to pass.

I now had my license, but no car of my own to drive, just my dad's station wagon. Not the best car to be cruising around town in on a Saturday night. Hello girls, how about a ride in my dorkmobile?

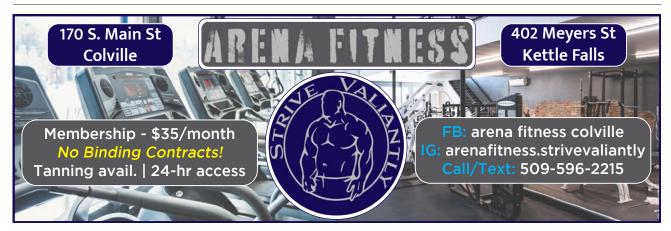
I think most people will always remember what they did when they turned 21. For me it was the day I got to meet the great Willie Mays (the Say Hey Kid), one of the greatest ballplayers ever. It was at a spring training game in Mesa, Arizona. Getting his autograph was a big thrill. I wish I could say I kept it all these years, but it got lost sometime during one of my many moves around the country.

Willie Mays is still active today, at age 93, although the last time I saw him on TV he was at an old-timers game and he had to be helped out onto the field in a wheelchair. Even the great athletes must deal with the ravages of old age. It is sad to see him that way, but in the memories of my youth he will always be the great center fielder chasing down fly balls and hitting game-winning home runs.

Not all my birthday memories are happy ones. One that I will never forget happened 15 years ago, one year before I retired. One of my best friends and someone I had known for a very long time passed away on my birthday. He was only in his mid-50s and should have had many more years to enjoy, but I guess when your time is up, your time is up. Here's to you, my friend. You may be gone, but you will never be forgotten.

I hope after reading this article you will go make some memories of your own.

Rich Leon is a nature photographer, co-author of three hiking guides, avid hiker for the past 40 years and a maker of nature calendars, especially mushrooms, and can be contacted at richleonphotos@aol.com.



### **Family Ties**

# Has Spring Arrived?

#### By Becky Dubell

We are definitely getting more daylight up here in southeast Alaska. On our hill overlooking Taiya Inlet, the sun peeks out over the mountain at 10:23 a.m., as if to say "Hey there Skagway." That's when Mom moves to the other side of the table - way too bright. Then at 3:27 p.m., it is safe to move back to the Barb Brodersen place in Skagway and once more all is right in our world.

Just for my own giggles I had the Koffee Klatch crew in town keep an eve on the sun movement down in the valley. The sun peeked over there at 10:57 a.m. and said goodbye at 2:58 p.m., so I am told. One thing to understand is that this report came from the middle of a town that has only 4.5 north/south roads alongside an airstrip and 22 east/ west roads. Might be interesting to find out ... oh ... never mind, I could go on and on ... this valley just seems to fascinate me. So very different from the horizons we get to enjoy in our special neck of northeast Washington - one of the first things I make a point of enjoying when I get home. Going outside and taking a long look!

Am I spending too much time in Skagway? I gave myself directions to get to the clinic in the way Skagway long-timers do. "Beck - go up State and turn right at Michelle's house, which is across from the Rec Center." Was with Mom and I laughed out loud, so had to confess what I'd done. Welcome to Skagway!

Have heard a few Alaskan stories that have made me chuckle and appreciate the sense of humor of these people. Let me see if I can do them justice.

Cindi: Found a way to get herself loose from the outhouse toilet seat at -70 degrees and invested in a Styro-

Will: His family, Texans, added to the Alaska population because they were not going to be living in the second largest state in the Union.

Dewey: In 1947, at age 11, he got "mailed" back home to Skagway from Shelby, Montana. His mom sent him \$40 and a rail pass so he could return. He had spent time with Montana relatives for the school year while mom got settled.

So he got on the train in Shelby. Changed trains in Vancouver, BC. Traveled to Calgary (about 400 miles north of Shelby) and caught the train to Dawson Creek, BC, where he was met by a man holding a sign with "Dewey" written on it. He was told to put his suitcase in the mauve-colored Royal Canadian Mail van.

After the mail was loaded and he said he was ready, off they went up the Alcan/Alaska Highway, which had just been completed ... kinda' ... one-anda-half lanes most of the way. Sometimes up to two lanes with the brush cut back a little on the sides.

Dewey had two jobs: watch for animals and watch for dust clouds up ahead, which would mean oncoming traffic to make room for. About every 50 miles or so, there would be a "roadhouse" - a community center, general store, fuel station, restaurant and bunks. That's where Dewey had his first French toast ever. Free pie for the kids. Unload mail from the south. Load up mail for the north. Take off driving during all available daylight hours in May after all the visiting to get caught up on the current local news to share up the road. One vehicle they met was a duplicate of what they were driving mail on the road heading south.

In Whitehorse, Yukon, Dewey got out of the van and caught the train for Skagway. Dewey thinking back ... 11 years old, no parental supervision, trusting in people ... not in this day and age.

Although Dewey did not have cancelled stamps across his forehead, according to his present-day friends he was "mailed home" and his mom missed her chance to "Refuse delivery. Return to sender." This brought up a story of the summer before about missing the boat at midnight from Juneau to Skagway and getting on the plane to Skagway the next morning "C.O.D."

Stories can go on for days! Get your family and friends to share stories. Kinda' like an oral history part of life. Write them down, if possible.

My Dad has two books published about our Bundy history from the late 1800s to his service in Japan - he is a Korean War veteran. My Grandad was hunting wild horses around the Tri-Cities to train for the army in the early 1900s, and in the 1930s he would speed down the road, in the same area, at 25 m.p.h.!

Me - have you noticed that the communicators in the Star Trek series look a lot like flip phones, or is it the other way around? I'm waiting for the transporter to be usable!

Becky is a mother, gramma, and great-gramma 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."



## Mountain Meandering

### Winter Newcomers

#### Article & Photo by Patricia Ediger

In this new year, I am aspiring to go on more photography adventures, especially ones that include visiting some of the Great Washington State Birding Trails (see https://www.audubonspokane.org/washington-birding-trails).

In January, before the severe, sub-zero cold front came through the state, my husband and I journeyed down to a segment of the Palouse to Pines Loop in the Coulee Corridor near Potholes State Park. Along the way, we observed bald eagles, roughlegged hawks, and American kestrels, but were really hoping to see snowy owls, which we did not. That's on my bucket list.

We plan to attend the Sandhill Crane Festival in late March at the Potholes State Park by Othello, near the Columbia National Wildlife Refuge. We plan to camp and spend a couple of days enjoying observing sandhill cranes and other migrating birds while in the company of other birders.

We have visited several of our state wildlife refuges, such as the Little Pend Oreille Wildlife Refuge, the McNary National Wildlife Refuge near Umatilla, and Turnbull National Wildlife Refuge in Cheney, and we plan to soon visit the Ridgefield National Wildlife Refuge near Woodland. A good start to this new year's adventures.

All these places have birds that normally do not venture up to our mountaintop home outside Kettle Falls. However, an amazing variety of birds do regularly visit our place, and some new ones temporarily made their homes here. A couple of years ago, a white-headed woodpecker hung out for a couple of weeks. Clark's nutcrackers have visited now and then during the last two years. One winter, we had a flock of red-polls, an arctic bird, stay for two weeks. They were lovely. A whole flock of American robins flew in for a couple hours one winter too.

This fall/winter we had a sharpshinned hawk hunting and stalking prey. During the last heavy snowfall, while I was out shoveling snow, I spotted this beautiful hawk in our

maple tree. All the small birds had gone quiet and scurried for cover.

The hawk remained in the tree long enough for me to grab my camera and capture some photos. I posted about it and some folks had questions about whether it was a Cooper's or sharpshinned. When I observed it in the fall, it clearly revealed its shins, but this time, in the photos, it was resting and crouching on the branches, covering its shins with feathers. I did some research and learned of a very helpful distinguishing difference: The sharp-shinned tail feathers are flatter and almost square while the tail feathers of the Cooper's are rounded. A backshot of the hawk allowed me to confirm the identify of this one as a sharp-shinned.

Its feather colors were lovely, and it had eyes that were blood red. The red eyes identify it as an adult. Immature sharp-shinned hawks have golden eyes. I imagined how alarming those red eyes staring down at me would be if I were a little chickadee or nuthatch.

Speaking of which, we also have chestnut-backed chickadees - only two visiting this winter - and a single white-breasted nuthatch.

Now that they have found my feeders and suet hangers, I hope they plan to stay around. I had the delight of fellow birders joining me on my porch recently to enjoy the sight of these newcomers. Sharing these lovelies with others certainly makes my own birding and photographing that much more meaningful. It's fun to experience the enthusiasm with folks who love the birds like I do.

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I'll be keeping my eyes open for what other wonders might unexpectedly cross my path in my wanderings this year. If you haven't yet tried birding, there is no time like the present to join in the fun!

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



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#### IT IS THE PERFECT TIME TO PUT YOUR HOME ON THE MARKET

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MLS# 40027

Great business opportunity in the heart of Kettle Falls. Well-established RV Park and Storage Facility on 6.88 acres. Live in or rent the amazing 3 bed, 2 bath apartment with Ikea Kitchen, huge master bedroom and bath plus a open terrace for entertaining or just relaxing & 3-bay 24'x56' garage. Park \$2,200,000 includes a community club

area, bathrooms and laundry facility. Currently 48 RV spots with 12 more if reconnected. Mini storage has 50 units. 18,400 sq ft of RV and boat storage, 3,200 sq ft shop currently used for repairs. Additional area to expand for more dry storage units. Current office has retail RV parts and accessories for sale. Listing price includes: Clark 8000# forklift, Kamatsu 2,000# forklift, Case backhoe, golf cart, 1978 F150 w/snowplow, garbage dumpster w/auto dump.

Waterfront Property: Check out this fabulous log home situated right on the Kettle River. Two parcels totaling 22.14 acres. The home sits on 8.8 acres and the second parcel is separate and is 13.34 acres with power at the property line. 3 bedrooms with a walk in closet room, 2 bath, large living and kitchen areas and a mud room. Home has a murphy MLS# 42502



bed in the living area and under stairs storage. The is a large Quonset hut with a full 2<sup>nd</sup> story loft and separate rooms for separate projects. Large crawl space, backup generator, fenced garden area with shed, large deck/covered patio, all appliances stay. Property is maintained and has a park like setting. Lawn tractor and tractor may be included with the sale. The well was put in in 1993 by Fogle Pump and it was done at 60 ft @ 15 GPM.



2.31 acres with easy access in a Great Community Subdivision just outside Kettle Falls. Close to all amenities and just minutes from the Lake Roosevelt Marina. Possible river views, depending on where you build. Water hook up has been acquired.

MLS# 42197

\$108.000

Cash or private lender on this fixer home. 4 bedroom, 1 bath home with lots of living space. The Kitchen has been updated, and there is a wood stove to keep you cozy in the winter. Large shop and little cabin are included.





A little country acreage offering fenced pasture area with a barn, garden area, outbuildings, a garage/shop with loft for storage, & a cute house. The floor plan is a little unusual because the house was added on to. There is a large room that currently does not MLS# 41409 have any windows that



\$139,000

could be made in to another bedroom (for a total of 4) or would be great storage. Total sq ft with the additions is 1,100+ per seller. Lots of potential here for a hobby farm, or just comfortable living. Potential owner contract with good credit and \$120,000 down.



MLS# 42886

\$325,000

Majestic Home on a .71-acre lot. 2 bed 2 bath with open kitchen / living room concept. Rustic metal siding and pine trim and accents. Beautiful tile showers with custom designed cabinetry. Kitchen has open cupboards with unique features. Large shed is included, and the property was recently graded. Large picture windows bring in the sunlight and moonlight.

Extensive building site work has been done for this these parcels. ONE-OF-A-KIND building site location. Shop site has been prepared also. Power at the site. Water available from a 2,000 Gallon holding tank. Well & system on the property. Water installed to two different building locations. You chose your favorite and build the guest cabin on the other! Parcel N-1 and N-2 of Spirit Ridge Ranches is a 41.43-acre parcel that has great Lake Roosevelt MLS# 42521

This is worth taking a look at!



\$299,000

views and sensible CCR'S and a road maintenance agreement to protect your investment. Lots of wildlife and solitude. Beautiful, property with extensive views of the lake and surrounding mountains. This is a MUST SEE in PERSON. 2 miles to boat launch and swimming beach on 150-mile long Lake Roosevelt.

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