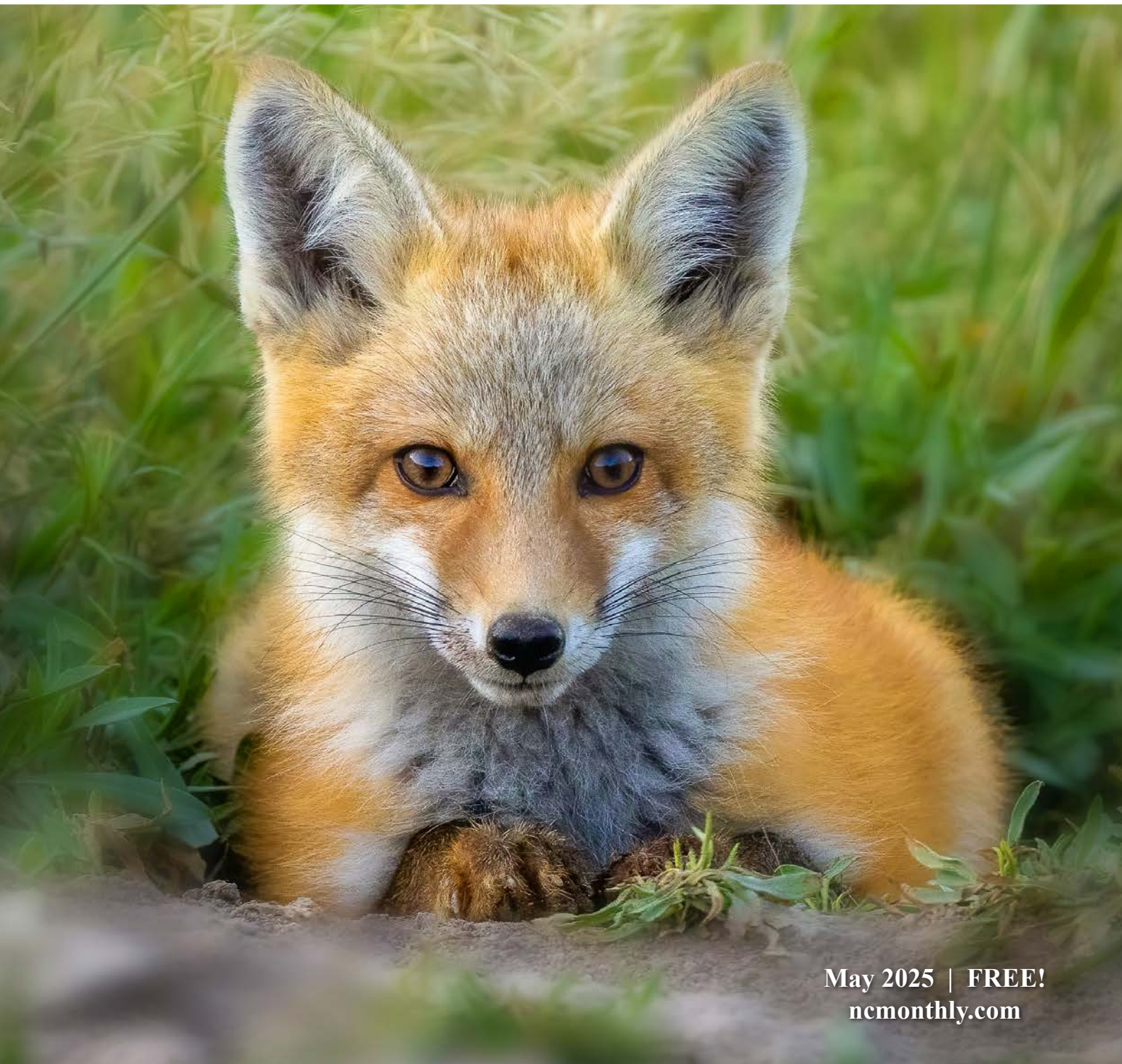


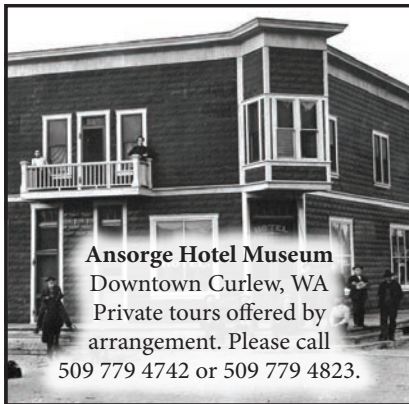


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All The Land And Sea

- JOHN ODELL, allthelandandsea.wixsite.com/wordsofwords

A Note from the Publisher

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

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

~ Gabriel

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Hope and Conscience

By Christine Wilson

"Next time you're found with your chin on the ground, there's a lot to be learned, so look around. Just what makes that little old ant think he'll move that rubber tree plant? Anyone knows an ant can't move a rubber tree plant, but he's got high hopes. He's got high hopes. He's got high apple pie in the sky hopes. So, any time you're gettin' low, 'stead of lettin' go, just remember that ant. Oops, there goes another rubber tree plant." – Sammy Cahn

Joni Mitchell does a good job of describing the opposite of hope in one of her songs and that makes me want to sing the praises of hope, just as a way to recover from her depressing images. She's describing people, but I think it can apply to circumstances, when she sings "they wilt the grass they walk upon; they leech the light out of a room."

Bringing back the light and repairing the grass starts with some seriously active hope.

Still, there is the kind of hope that seems to fizzle out from lack of drive. I'm always hoping, for example, to make myself more serious about exercises to strengthen my core. Those thoughts parade across my brain and are gone in a flash. Passive hope just makes me feel bad, and it does nothing to improve my well-being.

Then there's the kind of hope that energizes us. In grade school, I loved being in the music room, singing that song about the ant. There's another verse about a ram that no one believed could knock over a wall. The ram also achieved the goal through "high hopes." I'm thinking that music classroom was where my optimistic spirit was born. Shout out to the music teachers!

In Chinese calligraphy, two words are often combined to make a third one. According to my *Chinese Calligraphy* book, when you combine the drawing for decisive with the drawing for heart, you get conscience. So, there it is: Your conscience is your decisive heart. The specific thought I have about this month's praise of hope is its link with our conscience, the voice inside us that connects us with the well-being of others.

In my mid-20s, I ran an Easter Seal camp in Wyoming for disabled kids. We relied on volunteers for most of what happened at the camp.

These people gave up a week of their summer to hang out with some seriously disabled kids. It was inspiring to see how hard they worked to make the kids have a great week. One of the summers, we got a grant that allowed some psychologists from the University of Washington to come and do evaluations. They spent the week with us and most of what they did was unpaid as well.

We worked together as a team to give the kids a super fun week. Each day was declared a different holiday. Even at the time, I found the camp to be full of both hope and an activated conscience. The willingness to put effort into providing joy to the campers' lives worked because we had hope that there was value to what we were doing.

I remember one child who had the

kind of muscular dystrophy that is terminal. We had no idea how much time he had left on the planet. We believed we could give him the happiest imaginable week in the Wind River Mountains. That was our hope, and I think we pulled it off.

I have a photograph of another boy I met at that camp. He had been born with spina bifida, and his parents were told they should institutionalize him straight out of the hospital. They refused. Their conscience would not allow it. Their love for their newborn son wouldn't allow it. And they had hope that they could give him a good life.

He was 12 when I hiked with him up a little hill the camp staff called Big Rock Candy Mountain. His legs were assisted by Canadian crutches he had strapped to his arms. Those arms were impressive, and he kept up with me, easily. As we walked, he told me about a cave high up on the south slope of Spring Creek Canyon. His brothers went there all the time, but they wouldn't take him. They were teenagers and thought he'd be too much trouble.

After camp, I drove to Ten Sleep, Wyoming, where he lived and got permission from his parents to take him to that cave. A friend and I drove him out there, and for the most part he pulled himself up with those amazing arms. There was one big rock outcrop that challenged him, so my friend pulled him up from above and I shoved him up from below.

I will never forget the joy on his face when he arrived. He started digging in the dirt at the front of the cave. There apparently had been a firepit a very long time ago. He dug up some old rustic cloth, ashen and so fragile it disintegrated when it hit the air. We imagined what it was like for the people who had lived there.



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Random Acts of Community

My friend took a picture of us from inside the cave. We are in shadow, with the light focused on the canyon wall opposite us. My outline is full-in tomboy with my short hair and rolled-up pants. He's leaning on his crutches, which he had outgrown. I don't remember for sure, but I'm hoping Easter Seal got him some ones that fit.

His parents had the decisive heart that made them want to help him live a good life. They had the hope that they could make that happen. I had the decisive heart to feel his longing for that adventure. I had the hope that we could achieve that. The combination of that decisive heart and the active version of hope is hard work. It's good work, if you can get it.

I just finished a book titled *Outwitting the Gestapo* by Lucie Aubrac. She was an anti-Nazi resistance fighter in France during World War II. Her husband was in and out of prison for his resistance work. She had the same kind of decisive heart and hope as that set of Wyoming parents. She snuck him out of prison on at least one occasion. When he was in prison, since communication was nonexistent, she would go to the morgue every day, just to see if he had died. She never gave up.

There were lots of people in France who had the same kind of perseverance. A small plane arrived at their hiding place to get them to England, where Charles de Gaulle was waiting for them. It had been a soggy winter and the plane got stuck in the mud. The villagers came out and helped get the plane out of the mud. She and her husband and their son were able to escape because of that effort. Eventually, the war was over, and they then both became part of the French government.

It was hard and sometimes terrifying

work for that Wyoming family and for Lucie Aubrac and her husband. They never gave up. The Wyoming family did not have to deal with their situation alone. Neither did Lucie Aubrac or her husband.

We are not alone either. So, next time

any of us find our chins on the ground, remember there's a lot to be learned, so look around. Together.

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

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Pain, Addiction, and Going Deep

By Dr. Barry Bacon, MD

I am sitting with a dear friend and his adult daughter, talking of the physical symptoms he is experiencing. I can't fully explain these symptoms in physiological terms. Chest pain, waking up breathless, trembling, upset stomach, a general sense of unease.

I watch his mannerisms as he speaks. There is a look of panic, almost terror, as he describes what he is experiencing. Clearly he is distressed by his physical symptoms. But as I examine him and review his recent labs and studies, I can't find evidence of serious physical disease.

But he persists. He desires desperately to find answers. I know that he is suffering but every way I attempt to reassure him fails. His hands grasp at the air in anguish, pleading wordlessly for answers, for relief.

I decide to probe a bit deeper. I sense that there is deep emotional pain behind his suffering. But he can't speak of that; he has hidden it away. I know something of his background, his social setting, his beliefs. There is reason for him to hide his pain. He does not wish to reflect poorly on his faith community. I understand that. I decide to peel the onion just a bit.

I speak to him gently of my own journey, and how our suffering, physical or emotional, manifests itself in various ways. I tell him that sometimes waking in the middle of the night engulfed in worry and distress can be a sign that our nervous system is overwhelmed, that there are

unresolved issues. Broken relationships, condemnation, bitterness, abuse, accusations, gossip. Tears well up in his eyes. His lips are quivering a bit now. He closes his eyes. He nods slowly. I continue, more cautiously now.

"I understand something of emotional pain. There are times when I wake up in the middle of the night, certain thoughts or people come to mind and I realize that there are things in my life that I still need to deal with." I pause. I am giving him permission to speak to me, man to suffering man, and I realize that tears are coming to my own eyes. The healer discovers that he himself is broken. We are not made of steel. We are human. With enough abuse, scorn, ridicule, censure, lies, or abandonment, all of us will break.

His breathing becomes more relaxed and his lips part. At first haltingly, then with more resolve, his words begin to flow from the locked-away place where they have been hidden away.

"That's what we have been experiencing," he nods. "We can't speak of this to anyone because we would be ridiculed. We are expected to protect the reputation of our congregation. The things that happen there, the terrible things that have been said about us, just hurt so much."

He is beginning to relax. We share a moment longer. We are two human beings drawing strength from each other. He sympathizes with me, and I draw strength from

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him, knowing that he understands. He feels at ease with me knowing that I can relate to his suffering. I haven't fixed anything. I simply understand. I have opened a door for him. He knows there is a safe place where he can come and speak of his deepest longing for relief.

In the book *In the Realm of Hungry Ghosts*, author Gabor Maté says "The very same brain centers that interpret and 'feel' physical pain also become activated during the experience of emotional rejection: On brain scans they 'light up' in response to social ostracism just as they would when triggered by physically harmful stimuli. When people speak of feeling 'hurt' or of having emotional 'pain,' they are not being abstract or poetic but scientifically quite precise."

This is why, Dr. Maté claims, many hard-drug addicts (and, I would add, many alcoholics) desperately crave relief and find it in moments of drug use, which wipes out pain of every kind. The problem, of course, is not that there is no benefit from the effects of the drug. The problem is that the cost is too high. One's health, life, relationships, job, self-esteem are all destroyed in the process of looking for relief.

Dr. Maté goes on to say that the stories of the people for whom he provides medical care in the addiction-ridden areas of Vancouver, BC, are of "pain upon pain: rape, beatings, humiliation, rejection, abandonment, relentless character assassination. As children they were obliged to witness the violent relationships, self-harming life patterns, or suicidal addictions of their parents – and often had to take care of them." Dr. Maté believes that "a hurt is at the center of all addictive behaviors."

Understanding this relationship between addiction and emotional pain is critical in addressing addiction effectively. Sometimes the fastest way from point A

(addiction) to point B (recovery) is not a straight line. Sometimes it means dealing with the emotional pain of negative messages from childhood, adverse childhood experiences of sexual abuse, emotional and physical abuse, rejection, bullying, mental and physical illness, which can leave a person feeling like a worthless piece of garbage incapable of doing anything good, without purpose or meaning in an uncaring world.

Replacing those messages with words of encouragement, courage, resilience, belief, and experiences of giving back and blessing the world with our lives can instead build beauty, joy, solace, and hope. Overcoming the sorrows of our lives with joyful and hopeful things can be a life-long battle. It is possible for people to change by finding other sources for healing.

Perhaps the most effective means of dealing with someone battling with addiction is to peel the onion just a bit. Understanding. Probing a bit deeper. Addressing the deeper pain. Loving them. Giving them a place of belonging. This is best done through shared experience with someone in recovery.

The deep pain that awakens us in the middle of the night, causing physical and psychological suffering, can lead to addiction in its various forms. The question is, what is it we are looking for when we turn to addiction? We are looking for relief from our suffering. We're just looking in the wrong places. Rest for a moment. Take a deep breath. Listen to a different voice. There is relief for your suffering in a different place. We'll find that place together.

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

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Ear Wax

By Tina Wynecoop

“The world is so you have something to stand on.”

~ Ruth Krauss

Over the years, many folks have explored the natural world of our north Columbia region with Jack Nisbet, either through his books or in person on the hikes he leads. (The Friends of the Little Spokane River Valley, a nonprofit organization, has been facilitating his annual hikes for decades, as have other groups.) On these hikes Jack shares with friendly ease the minutia and vastness of this region’s historical, geological, cultural and natural significance, all the while whetting our appetite to learn more about this beautiful world we “stand on.”

While leading a hike, he recom-

mended one of his favorite books: *Dersu the Trapper* by Vladimir Arseniev. Arseniev, a Russian geographer, was assigned to captain survey expeditions through the Siberian Far East in the early 1900s. He employed small teams of Cossacks to assist in these arduous forays into uncharted territories. Dersu Uzala, a Siberian native tracker, was his guide. During months-long expeditions the men “barely escaped blizzards, floods, forest fires, bandits and tigers, starvation, weather turned murderously harsh [*and chapped lips*] in the *taiga* of Siberia.”

Any book recommendation by Jack

Nisbet is something to track down. My husband, Judge, and I read Arseniev’s memoir aloud. It became one of our all-time favorites, too.

Dersu Uzala – you must meet and learn from this extraordinarily dear and wise Indigenous guide! Recently, I reread the book to locate a specific reference I wanted to use in this month’s column. I did not find it. I knew Dersu was its source, and its memory remains, much like the one I found in another all-time favorite book by writer, ecologist, adventurer and conservationist Margaret “Mardy” Murie, who, beginning in the 1920s, spent her honeymoon and then the rest of her married life with her Norwegian husband exploring the far reaches of Arctic Alaska. She describes her adventures in *Two in the Far North*.

Just as in Siberia, Alaska’s extreme weather conditions challenge one’s skin to remain supple and uncracked. An old Alaskan outdoorsman advised Mardy, “I noticed your lips are pretty chapped. If you haven’t got any salve with you, rub some wax from your ears on ‘em – that’ll help.” This was the same advice Dersu gave to his bivouacking cohorts in Siberia!

I have my friend Darnell to thank for reminding me of the ‘chapped lips’ passage on page 72 of *Two in the Far North*. As it happens, I was writing my column on a different subject at the time of her reminder. I switched in midstream deciding to shine a light on ... er ... ah ... ear wax.

Let’s pause here. Are you squeamish? If so, I advise to stop reading further. Go on to the next article. Enjoy the beautiful NCM cover photo. Learn new things from other writers. Slide past this column. I understand.



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A recurring newspaper ad in the *Spokesman Review* depicts a miniaturized photo of man crawling into a giant ear, promoting hearing aid sales. I avert my eyes and turn the page quickly because a mere glance causes my stomach to do somersaults. I know what squeamishness feel like.

“Earwax, or *cerumen*, is not usually the cause for much speculation, but the sticky substance has made its mark on culture and global populations,” states an online resource. It is an unusual topic. I understand.

Leaving the moist, marine climate of Seattle in the early ‘70s compelled me to make major adjustments because the desert-like climate of eastern Washington dried my skin, hair and lips. For the first time in 20 years, I had to use hair conditioner, body lotion, etc., and since lip balm in a tube was still a product of the future, I had to ply my lips with Vaseline. It was awkward to lug around a *jar* of petroleum jelly in my pocket. Imagine my gratitude when Burt’s Bees began selling its small tubes of lip balm. With one in my pocket, I could survive any challenge eastern Washington laid in my path.

One fall, Judge and I were heading out of Spokane on a quick trip to Seattle. As we passed the Cheney exit on I-90 I started searching my pockets for some lip balm. I discovered I had left behind not only my bag of extra clothes, along with personal items like toothbrush, comb, soap, book, but worst of all, lip balm. My lip balm! What should we do?

We decided to cancel the trip. We turned around at the next exit and headed home. In the split second it took to make that decision, my driver suggested, since we had some free time, we stop at a car dealership on the way back and look around. We did.



Vladimir Arsenyev (left) and Uzala. Photo courtesy Wikipedia.

Hours later we drove off the lot with a new 2013 Honda. Still, I couldn’t wait to get home to mollify my lips. I don’t produce ear wax like others do, so there was no recourse but to get home and apply some lip balm. I just may be addicted to the stuff.

My tribal friend makes a wonderful balm consisting primarily of cottonwood leaf buds soaked in a matrix of rendered bear fat. It smells wonderful and it feels good on my skin. I suppose an emollient made of salmon oil or

ear wax would work just as well, but using it might deter any kisses from my driver.

Another online resource warns, “A moderate amount of earwax is good for you. It’s important to clean your ears properly to prevent earwax accumulation, but keep a healthy supply handy. Don’t clean your ears every day,”

John Ross’s ethnography, *The Spokane Indians*, describes ear care: “Mothers were judicious when periodically

Continued on page 13...

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...continued from page 11

removing ear wax (*Snʔoqʷóqʷneʔ*) from children's ears, using the tip of a grouse feather. The bulk of the barbs were first stripped away from the shaft, and the remaining tip was moistened with the tongue, slowly inserted into the ear and twirled. A woman also performed this process for her husband, and a grandmother for her married daughter. It was claimed that when a person said he was troubled with a plugged ear, this was sometimes an excuse for not hearing the advice of a mother-in-law or from one's wife."

(MY mother used a bobby pin instead of a grouse feather!)

Back to the internet's information: "Stuck on a cold wintery day with dry, chapped lips? No problem – smear on some earwax, allegedly the original lip balm. And, depending on the consistency of your earwax, *you can trace your ethnic origin*. Whether your earwax is dry and flakey, or moist and gooeey, it tells much about your ancestry." A 2006 study from the journal *Nature Genetics* makes for interesting reading if you are still with me.

While "researching," I came across a stomach-churning short video: a pretty young lady is in the bathroom setting up a trick to fool her boyfriend. She has swabbed a Q-Tip with some brown goo she explained she had

sourced from her ears. She invited him to take a whiff. (For some, that invitation would be enough to kibosh a romantic relationship.) After much trepidation he gave in to her coaxing only to find that she had dipped the probe into a jar of peanut butter! What an awful April Fool's joke.

Awhile back, I inadvertently made a fool of myself. I received a free sample of what I thought was lip balm, which I left in the car, applying it to my lips when needed while driving. I don't recall how many different days I used it on my way somewhere. I stopped using it when I finally checked my image in the mirror and discovered I had been decorating my lips with opaque white zinc sunscreen, the product lifeguards wear to protect their nose and lips.

Re-reading Arseniev's memoir, *Dersu the Trapper*, brings to mind the explorer, fur trader, surveyor and map-maker David Thompson. His ventures into our northwest region from 1784 to 1812 parallel those of Arseniev a century before. Jack Nisbet's *Sources of the River: Tracking David Thompson Across Western North America* illumines the daring, danger and discovery experienced by Thompson. "Thompson's field journals provide the earliest written accounts of the natural history and Indigenous cul-

tures of what is now British Columbia, Alberta, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Thompson charted the entire route of the Columbia River." How alike these men were.

Arseniev wrote, "The more I saw of this man [Dersu], the more I liked him. Every day revealed some new fine trait in his character. Formerly I had thought that egoism was characteristic of savages, and feelings of charity, humanity and love of one's neighbor were a specialty of Europeans and Christians. Was I not mistaken?"

I've learned so much from these writers, and having the Arseniev, Murie and Nisbet books in my library are "like a world you can carry around with you."

"Tina" in Salish is spelled *t'inaʔ* – which means "ear." A friend, fluent in her tribal language, said to me, "Haha, if we added *tn'* to the beginning you could be 'two ears'!"

(I hear my lip balm calling.)

Stories, not statistics, touch my heart. Sharing my observations with NCM readers binds me to this wonderful upper Columbia region in ways I could not have foreseen. A children's author reminds us, "Even though words are small, they are great at making the inside of your head shine bright."

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Eurasian collared doves, by Joanie Christian.

Poetry of Place

The Beech Tree

By Gabriel Cruden

The giant beech stood stoic
despite being splintered and charred,
collateral damage of Zeus's latest soap opera drama.
It took five pairs of grade school arms to ring it
and half a day to fashion a ladder from branches and
rope
under the inquisitive guidance of our teacher – my
grandmother.
Reaching the girthy lower branches, horizontal trees in
their own right,
bark stretched around like silver grey skin,
we found our new favorite spots,
close to the trunk
where we could break off charred chunks of lightening
wood
and press our imagination in rough black shadings
into the living canvass
while my grandmother read to us
her legs dangling,
heels barely below the branch she perched upon,
like the glasses on her nose.
Once, when sitting in the silence of forest sounds,
after a chapter was done,
a red fox glided into view below us,
nostrils wide at the foreign scents on our crude but
serviceable ladder.
Another time a pileated wood pecker
scritchd its four-toed way around the trunk
listening for insect activity below the bark,
not expecting children above
and raised its red crest in incredulous alarm
upon finding us in its avian domain.
The woodpecker's dipping flight across the forest floor,
looked like a skipping stone seen from above.
I don't remember now
what stories she read.
Like our charcoal tableaux
they have gently eroded into indiscernible memory.
But the beech
and my grandmother's creative care and determination
that brought us to new heights and perspective
have forever taken root in my consciousness

like the seedlings I found
fed by and tenaciously pushing through
the rotting leaves of last year
under the remaining branches
of the beech.

The Poets Share Their Thoughts

By Lynn Rigney Schott

"Be infallible at your peril, for your system will fail."

– Marianne More

*...do not "attend the foot that leaves the print of blood where e're
it walks"*

– William Shakespeare

"Beauty is truth, truth is beauty – that is all ye need to know."

– John Keats

My small Tibetan flags work overtime
in the breeze, the colors of Spring arriving:
leaf-green, daffodil-yellow, sky-blue, tulip-red.

I read between the lines of shadows splashed
from budding trees the way the robin cocks its head
& reads the small sounds from the ground, to pause & peck.

A pair of chickadees flies to the porch: the male
inspects the pink primrose in a small pot;
the female plucks golden fur from the cats' pillow
on the chair, flies off with a goofy beak-full
of soft fur for a nest nearby.

This sweet, bright morning may settle the argument
in my mind – the endless chatter & drone of this
gaslit world, its flaring & flailing & fears.

The new day at hand may well reach out
with warmth & kindness, peace & care –
a trite & simple wish, true nonetheless for
need of truth & beauty – clear, awake, aware.

A Tiny Owl, a Big Set of Thanks

Article & Photo by Tina Tolliver Matney

Keeping this great big life from sinking under the weight of every little detail that needs tending to is not easy some days. Nothing seems simple or easy lately and I wonder at times if I can keep up this pace much longer. These are the moments I drop what I'm doing. Sometimes literally, because I'm not paying attention.

I remind myself to breathe and slow down the trainload of thoughts careening around in my head. But it's hard to conjure up the warm sands and cool breeze of Maui and the peace I felt watching the sunsets each night when an owl has attached its surprisingly strong beak to my ungloved finger. This was the predicament I found myself in a couple of days ago.

I had rolled up a small towel and placed it on the kitchen scale that I was using to weigh this ball of fluff from which the contrasting sharp beak and talons were very busy trying to make me bleed. As his feet grabbed the rolled towel on the scale just as I had hoped they would I realized I had forgotten to weigh the towel itself. This is where the movie camera would pan in and the low "g" on the piano would ring out one long note.

I may or may not have let out a big sigh and quite possibly followed it with a word not appropriate for this cute lint ball with razor-blade feet. There are no excuses for handling this little love without gloves on ... yet there I was handling that little love without gloves on.

It was his feet I was avoiding and now they were gripped around the rolled-up towel and I needed to get an accurate weight. So I picked him back up bare-handed. The low "g" on the piano rings out again. This time I think I actually heard it.

I gently held his little wings against his body and could easily hold him against me with one hand. And that is why I found myself with a baby owl's beak around my index

finger and one of his feet poking some holes in the old flannel shirt I was wearing as it searched for something to grip. And by "something to grip" I mean my belly.

In my defense, I am a little out of practice with the handling of raptors. It's been a while. But again ... I have

no excuses for dumb moves and I made enough dumb moves in those few moments that I'm hoping I'm all caught up for a while.

It was my finger I was most concerned about. He wasn't biting hard at all, but one wrong move could easily turn him into a cute pair of sharp scissors and my finger would be the paper. But even more important, I had to be extra careful of his wings because his first feathers were starting to come in and I didn't want to damage any of them. And I guess that also in my ungloved defense – it is easier to be gentle and more careful without bulky leather gloves blocking all the senses in my fingertips, one of which I was dangerously close to losing. I did not want to spend this evening trying to explain to

the ER doctor why my fingertip was in a bag of ice in my pocket.

It took a little maneuvering, and I admittedly resorted to a little bribery. I used a little mouse on a skewer to save myself. As he took his time gulping that furry little treat, I managed to get the talons from my shirt without more damage and retrieve the towel from the floor and got my fingers out of harm's way.

Being more careful this time, I got an accurate weight of this well-fed owlet that was a few hours away from going back to his nest tree at the edge of town. This was where I would meet up with Joanie Christian and her husband Jim, as well as Chris Loggers. I'm certain I could not do this thing without the help of these kind people and those who came to help get the raptor pens cleaned and ready



for inspections. These needed to be done before my license could be reinstated. Folks like Craig Hinman and Laura Johnson stepped in when I reached out.

I was away from the property most of last year and some unsavory critters took up squatters' rights in more than one pen, and in the office of the flight pen. It's not easy for me to ask for assistance, but when I do, there always seems to be someone willing to lend a hand. I am so grateful for these people who are all good friends of mine as well as friends of the wild ones we team up to care for. And there are so many others in this area we call home who are ready and willing to help rescue and transport. No, I could not do this thing without you.

Eight months ago, I was ready to quit. My licenses had expired in the months I was "in limbo" but it was over the winter, when I held a broken owl that would later die from its injuries, that I realized I was not done. I couldn't save that owl, but I gave him a clean warm space as well as some pain relief and a prayer to cross over in peace.

The next day I emailed my state and federal wildlife contacts and started the process to reinstate my licenses.

My state license was approved on Friday around 12:30 p.m. Then, true to the rapid pace that is my life, at 1:30 p.m. two Fish and Wildlife officers knocked on my door and handed me this little owlet.

Re-nesting doesn't always work and the chances of survival for the first year of life for an owlet are not great, even under ideal conditions. But we're here to help him figure it out. If he doesn't, we will all be sad. But we'll also know we did our best for him. And we'll do our best for the next raptor that lands in our care. I don't do this alone and that's a good thing. There is so much going on in this great big life and every day, it seems I must focus on keeping myself moving forward with confidence, my fingers intact and my friends and family close ... just in case. Thank you all for your unwavering support and words of encouragement. I couldn't do life without you.

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

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Sherman Peak (left) and Snow Peak, seen from the west.

The Kettle River Range

Article & Photo by J. Foster Fanning

I am often asked which part of our Highlands region I find most enjoyable for photography. The answer is variable, but the question prompted thought, and now interspersed with my usual “In Nature” articles for the *North Columbia Monthly*, I’m going to toss in a few like this one on nearby locales.

The Kettle River Range is a subrange of the Monashee Mountains, which in turn form part of the Columbia Mountains, which stand from southeastern British Columbia to northeastern Washington.

Its name stems from both the Kettle Falls of the Columbia River and the Kettle River itself. The falls

carved “kettles” into the prevalent quartzite rock along the riverbed. There are also hydro-carved kettles in the Kettle River drainage as far upstream as its gorge, several miles north of Barstow. From the local elevation of the falls, approximately 1,250 feet, the mountain range climbs over one vertical mile.

The Kettle River Range runs primarily north to south for just under 100 miles, from 5,160-foot Boundary Mountain overlooking the town of Grand Forks to 4,090-foot Johnny George mountain, on the big bend of the Columbia River along Lake Roosevelt. Its east-west measurement is approximately 25

to 30 miles.

At 7,123 feet above sea level, Copper Butte is the highest mountain summit of the Kettle River Range and is a dominant landmark when observing the range from the west. Most of the northern range is within the Colville National Forest, and most of the southern portion is on Colville Confederated Tribelands.

Along the range summits is the Kettle Crest Trail, which has been described as “the granddaddy of long-distance, high-country routes in Eastern Washington.” The trail goes for nearly 45 miles, winding through deep forests, high country meadows, and beautiful subalpine

parklands. It is part of the 1,200-mile Pacific Northwest National Scenic Trail, which extends from Glacier National Park in the east to Olympic National Park in the west.

The Kettle River Range's geologic history includes the formation of metamorphic, igneous, and sedimentary rocks. These rocks were formed by plate tectonics, volcanism and glaciation, beginning when the North American continent's growth uplifted sediments that were originally laid down in an offshore environment. In this slow but tumultuous process, rocks were metamorphosed while subjected to intense compression and heat. Volcanoes further altered the rocks.

These processes combined over millions of years to create what we now see. Quartzite, argillite, siltite, phyllite, limestone, and dolomite are found in the Kettle River Range. During the most recent Ice Age, the southern edge of the Cordilleran Ice Sheet ground its way into the valleys of the Columbia River, the Kettle River and Curlew Creek, eventually thickening to a depth of more than one mile, covering even the highest summits of the Kettle River Range on the east side of the valley. Today, these mountains don't rise as high as they once did, for they were heavily eroded during that last Ice Age.

Look closely and you'll note the Kettle River Range summits are rounded, in contrast to the dramatic rocky spires of many of the Cascade mountains. That's because the Kettles are 60 to 70 million years old, while the Cascades are much younger at 37 million years,

with the highest peaks less than 100,000 years old.

What a great time this is for checking out the Kettle Crest Trail. The Sherman Peak loop makes for a relatively easy day hike with great views. See you out there!

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



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BLT Beats Loneliness

By Bob Gregson

I've begun practicing valuable life lessons while walking the dog.

But first: It's hard to find a national publication right now that does not have a feature about how America is suffering from loneliness ... a new health epidemic. And it's not just the usual suspects – the shut-in invalid or the bachelor farmer or the senior citizen living alone. It now includes the people we may rub elbows with every day. All ages, all occupations, and especially the younger folks.

It is said that iPhones and texting and email and social media isolate us instead of bringing us together, generating widespread loneliness. And loneliness is, according to experts, an illness ... an illness that causes all kinds of mental and physical disorders, including more and more suicides and drug addiction.

Is this really a new phenomenon? Or is our current epidemic of loneliness just another aspect of the long-standing norm where some people enjoy social interactions and some do not?

When thinking about this, I recall how my upbringing

did not include much sociability with neighbors, school-mates, extended family or our parents' colleagues. It was a huge culture shock arriving at West Point to live in a smallish room with two double bunk beds, four desks and chairs, four wall lockers, one large rifle and storage rack, one sink ... and three roommates!

Whether this "epidemic" is new or just a new manifestation of basic human sociability, the current situation is something we can't ignore. It hits our regional news every day, especially concerning fentanyl issues.

And here is where the BLT comes in. Not my favorite bacon-lettuce-tomato with a lot of mayo on white bread as a cure for loneliness. No, this new introduction to BLT is a big shift of gears into the soul world.

BLT is shorthand for beauty, love and truth, those fascinating verities and virtues known throughout the ages that may need much specific new attention as perhaps the strongest and best antidote to the loneliness epidemic.

I'm still putting this whole thing together and I hope the following ideas convey the gist. I view it as a wide-open



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territory where all of us can find great ways to participate for the common good.

Just as loneliness suggests a lack of meaningful human emotional and physical contact – let's call it HEPC – a new focus on recognizing and exhibiting aspects of beauty and love and truth may be the most effective antidote to HEPC. Several family members and I came across this BLT concept a few weeks ago and have been thinking about it ever since. So I'm wondering if the two sides of beauty/love/truth – *acting those qualities out* and *looking for and recognizing them* in our daily lives – can result in important changes in self as well as stimulating uplifting characteristics in those whom we come across.

My personal best has been about twice a day for those initials BLT to hit me. I hope the concept will become more natural over time. When it *has* come up most often is when walking the dog first thing in the morning. Then it's easy to look around and absorb the BEAUTY of the trees, utility poles (former trees standing straight and tall way up into the air!), well-built fences, ingenuity of bird nests, the ability to walk, clouds, cars, and blue sky. All demonstrate aspects of beauty. As do each of us humans in our own way.

Telling a teenager with braces his/her smile is a beautiful thing to see is maybe the most uplifting thing that young person will hear all day or all week.

Seeing LOVE is not so easy. But ... how about this concept: Every "product" we see, from bulldozers to raincoats to chocolate ice cream, has taken millions of efforts to picture, design, test, manufacture, and get it to us, the ultimate users. Since respect is a big part of LOVE, it's easy to quietly respect every action that's gone into all those products. That goes a long way in personally absorbing LOVE as we appreciate the people behind what we see and use.

Learning to take on the *active* side of LOVE is simple but sometimes not so easy. During my neighborhood walks with Barney the dog I've gotten better at seeing the beauty and now have tried to put LOVE in action by modestly waving at every passing car with a smile on my face, silently wishing the occupants well.

That's not been all that easy. Maybe it looks silly since they are mostly people I don't know. But I recall that it puts a smile on MY face and a warm spot in MY heart to be driving along and have someone wave at me. An act of love, really.

Here's another biggie: saying "thank you" in a different way. It's most common to thank a grocery clerk or a pharmacist or a waiter by aiming a glance in the person's general direction and saying "thanks." That's automatic and quite impersonal. As an alternative, I'm working on looking that person in the eye and smilingly saying, "thank you!" During that less-than-2-second interaction, eye to eye,

there is a personal connection that has always made me feel good, either on the giving or the receiving end. And the feeling lasts much longer than those 1 or 2 seconds. Probably such actions trigger some good chemical activity in the brain.

Establishing even that very brief link to total strangers is a definite test. It's breaking out of my shell, the shell I began establishing from age 3 and reinforced from then on.

Then there's TRUTH. I'm still working on what that might mean in daily life. For now, it's trying to sort out the chaotic nightly news, acknowledge truthfulness wherever possible, and trying to accept the idea that truth for me, a white American middle-class male, may not be the same for others with different skin tones, backgrounds, experiences, and current status.

The bottom line for this whole concept is crystal clear to me: The few people I've known who specifically embody and happily share the Beauty/Love/Truth concepts have always stood out as wonderful human beings I like to be around. They make a person feel good deep inside. And not a speck of loneliness there.

So, I think there is hope – and maybe even assurance – that a heartfelt BLT approach to life can begin to overcome the loneliness epidemic. Then the questions is how, when, and where to get started?

Wise men and women of yore have, in my observation, always answered with: HERE and NOW.

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

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Creative Recycling

Article & Photo by Marci Bravo

I was a kid who loved spreading wet Elmer's School Glue across my palms and up each finger, inhaling the sour-sweet scent of the white viscous liquid. With floppy wrists, I flapped my hands to maximize airflow and velocity as the drying glue made cooling sensations along my skin, and slowly hardened into a thin, translucent membrane.

When the glue seemed dry enough, I gently picked at the edges of the pliable second skin, hoping to peel away the glue in large sections, savoring the pulling feeling as my skin once again found open air, and my palm lines and fingerprint swirls were embossed in the discarded artificial molt. Peeling glue from them always left my hands feeling fresh, soft, and renewed.

Now I am an adult (nearing a half century on this planet with every passing season), who quite gleefully still loves this deeply sensory process. What's more, I am an adult with gallon jugs of Elmer's School Glue among my heaps of art supplies, and I have legitimate reasons that necessitate their purchase, use, and that subsequent satisfying peel during my creative process. (Who says grown-ups can't have any fun?!)

Which brings us to: Every April, in honor of Earth Day, the Chewelah Creative District and the Chewelah Arts Guild host a Recycled Art Show, featuring art and locally made goods created from found and repurposed materials. This year I was invited to be a part of the show, constructing an underwater world in a prominent window in downtown Chewelah. I wanted to make an octopus as the focal point of the installation, which would swim amid a collection of sea jellies,

corals, and vintage suitcase aquariums I've created over the years. (I honestly can't express just how much I love the inventiveness and playfulness that upcycled art inspires in me.)

Fortunately for me, one process that requires copious amounts of school glue is in making billowy floating sea creatures for my recycled art installations. I was inspired by the pretty print of an old hippie skirt that never quite fit.

First, I built the parts of an octopus from salvaged packaging material. Roughly eyeballing these, I cut out corresponding sizes and shapes from the skirt fabric, careful to conserve the print pattern and its symmetry in my design. Then I filled a plastic tub with school glue, about two inches deep, and dunked the skirt pieces into it, lifting the gloopy fabric and wringing out the excess.

Carefully, I wrapped the fabric around each shape: eight long, wavy legs of crinkled brown paper; two eyes made from wads of masking tape; a bulbous mantle of balled-up bubble wrap using the masking tape like a corset to define the octopus shape.

I propped up the heavy wet pieces at angles in which I hoped the creature would harden, using plastic bowls and cups from my son's dish shelf, yarn, some inflated balloons of various sizes, and chopsticks. I hoped that this conglomeration of kitchen items would lend a buoyant and swirling impression to the legs and body of the octopus when suspended in the air.

It was a great honor to install this art piece at the Quartz Prairie Building in downtown Chewelah, which drew a crowd as the sun went down and the

sea creatures, spotlighted and awash in a blue glow, danced amid tiny fairy light twinkles. But the fun had only just begun. Walking into the Aaron Huff Memorial Cultural Center, I was met with the buzzing of conversation, and two floors of artists and activities for onlookers.

I enjoyed chatting with some of the dozen artists about the inspirations behind their work. Dan Droz of Spokane took discarded musical instruments and created sculptures that included mosaics, assemblage, and a tongue-in-cheek sense of humor. One of the sculptures that drew me in was a brass trumpet partially embedded, bell first, in a meat grinder. A disembodied hand was grasping the crank, and brass springs were spiraling out of the grinder's metal holes. Another of Droz's pieces was entitled "The Wal-lumping Woodwinds" and distinctly evoked Harry Potter's frenzied willow tree in the Hogwarts forest. This assemblage incorporated parts of a flute and clarinet as trees, as well as a tiny music box that played a haunting tinkling rendition of "Hedwig's Theme."

When sisters Rebekah and Rachelle Baumann wanted to start a business with their mom, Say It In Silver was born. Their jewelry company creates rings, pendants, earrings and more out of vintage silverware. Sue Canto of Colville was delighted to purchase earrings made from the same silverware pattern her parents had during her childhood in the 1960s and Ella Kerner of Gifford found a perfect ring for her dainty hand made of a delicate vintage silver.

Kris Davis of Chewelah showed off her jewelry-making and wire-wrap-

Creative Being in Stevens County

ping skills using salvaged and hand-stripped copper wire and scrap metal to make beautiful earring sets and sculptural necklaces. Adjacent to her table was Jamie Thompson, a resident of Colville, who often layers home goods like tackle boxes and utensil drawers with found letters, lists and vintage photographs which together

Hawthorne and Ashley weaved bags out of fabric trim, “yarn” made from weather-tough grocery bags, and other fabric scraps from Gail’s extensive collection.

I can say without a doubt that making art alongside others, no matter how old you are or where you are from, bridges social gaps and brings

collection of pottery, The North Columbia Collection).

As I traveled between the two galleries that evening, I was pleased to note the ever-changing group of onlookers that stood around my “Underwater World” window installation relaxed and chatting with friends and strangers alike while looking for the



stir up a sense of nostalgic memory.

In addition to the creative upcycling, the art show boasted locally sourced snacks and samples from Columbia Valley Creamery. Down the block at the Yale Press coffee shop, elegant flavor bombs in the shape of lime meringue miniature tarts were sold by pastry chef Jessica Carpenter.

Last, but not least, was the interactive weaving station created by Gail Churape for the public to enjoy. As the night approached 8 p.m., I found the friends I had driven with, as well as my son, sitting in a circle, each deep in the process of weaving. Sue was making a bracelet/wrist cuff, while

us together independent of age, gender or creed. To walk into such a scene warmed my heart and underscored the importance of this personal and playful act for community building and regenerating familiarity and ease among disparate groups within our bigger social ecosystem.

That night, a flow of art enthusiasts meandered between the Aaron Huff Memorial Center and the Trails End Gallery, which would be closing the Winterfest exhibition, and which also boasts a phenomenal, carefully curated permanent collection of two- and three-dimensional fine art (and where you can catch my newest

sea creatures listed as a scavenger hunt which also hung in the window. The window was like an extension of both galleries, and offered the opportunity to share the experience of appreciation and inspiration much like in the weaving circle.

That evening in April, it seemed to me that recycled art/public art/interactive art was truly an opportunity to remind us all where we came from, and who we still are, the art and artists awaiting within.

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

LISTEN UP

Reviews by Michael Pickett

Weatherstation's Genre-less Answer

If you're trying to catalog *Humanhood* by Weatherstation ... good luck. The Canadian unit's unpredictable blend of Joni Mitchellesque pop, jazz nods, and soundtrack elements makes the album dense but ultimately engaging.

While genres go flying by, tracks like "Mirror" or the lo-fi "Window" are anchored by Tamara Lindeman's urgent vocals, singing of searching for grounded meaning in the physical world and how we navigate it. The jagged rhythms of the title track, punctuated by stuttering sax and percussion, give us a hint into the heart of the album. Lindeman and company join much of the western

world in frantic, stress-filled lives that often miss the world around them.

"Irreversible Damage," with an almost-Peter Scherer blend of odd jazz elements and slamming rhythms, underscores a real-world conversation where Lindeman laments: "I was thinking about dreams I had had ... visions I had for myself, for my life. ... Something just like shatters. Something shattered in me, I suppose." Life, broken and reflected in our view of the world around us.

While *Humanhood* navigates turmoil and grief, it does so in a way that sonically metabolizes the stress and strain so many feel in current times.



In that way, the album's unpredictable, genre-less blueprint is a perfect answer to life's roller coaster ride and how to navigate it... even if we still don't always understand it all.

El Estepario Siberiano Counts the Cost

If you have any modern music attached to your personalized social media algorithms, you likely have run into one of the greatest drummers in the history of mankind. Seriously. El Estepario Siberiano (Spain's own Jorge Garrido) has been blowing



minds with seemingly impossible drum reels for a few years now, blending insanely well-developed percussion chops with fun, often comedic, visual takes on classic pop and rock tracks ... nearly destroying the original drum parts with unbelievable versions of his own.

So it only seems right that he put out an album, *The Cost*, and it does not disappoint. Blistering rock tracks like "Counting Every Dime," "Her Eyes" (featuring Serj from System of a Down) and full-throttle "Into the Drone" are certainly powered by incredibly adept double-kick work and slamming fills. Yet the more mid-tempo "Not for Me" and much of "Rogue" are well-rounded, tasteful

tracks where EES never overplays.

In this way, the music takes the center seat here, and that's the mark of a real musician at the helm. While the album may not have the same visual impact as the uber-drummer's short-form videos, that's not the point. The point is: The music comes first, and this is a great heavy rock album, with killer parts by everyone in the band.

Using *The Cost* as a springboard to take his music all around the world, El Estepario Siberiano is a ground-breaking drummer worth checking out in any format, and this album is a fantastic offering.

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

A Good Read

Two Wheels Good, by Jody Rosen

Reviewed by Terry Cunningham

Bicycle. Just the word will, for most people, evoke childhood memories of a change of life and an expansion of their universe. Possibly the greatest invention of the industrial age, the human-powered two- and three-wheel vehicle of independence is a revolution that's still going on. Jody Rosen's book *Two Wheels Good: The History and Mystery of the Bicycle* will only make you love that simple invention even more and leave you in awe of the incredible uses people have found for the universally user-friendly bicycle.

Rosen starts with the origin of the bicycle, and at least a half a dozen countries want to take credit for it. Use of the bicycle worldwide is as diverse as the owners who use them, from cargo bikes in Denmark bringing home the groceries to produce-laden bikes in Indonesia hauling crops.

The author spent time as a bicycle messenger in Boston. His fascination with bicycles took him around the world and through centuries of time as he researched variations including the Penny Farthing, the safety bike, the BMX, the tandem, the mountain bike, and the incredibly utilized rickshaw, which in countries such as Bangladesh is the backbone of public transportation.

I really enjoyed his thorough research and the firsthand knowledge he acquired from his travels. I felt like I was learning about the bicycle all over again. From the Kingdom of Bhutan, where even the king rides a mountain bike, to Dhaka, with the busiest streets in the world, the bicycle will be around as long as there are feet to pedal it.

The cultural revolutions it spawned are well researched by Rosen, including the hardships incurred when the bicycle replaced the horse for personal transportation – the

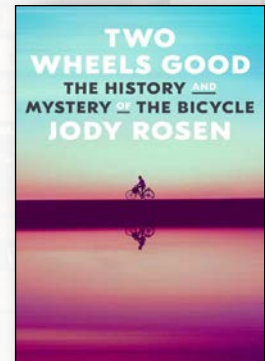
loss of business for farriers, hay farmers and even street cleaners. The freedom that women experienced was so liberating that some women got on their bicycles and never came back. The convenience of not feeding or needing a large special place to keep the bike was very appealing.

Bicycles were only for the wealthy at first, enjoyed by royalty and aristocrats seen as a novelty not to be taken seriously. It didn't take long, though, before bicycle clubs were created and competitions took place.

I own five bicycles, which don't get ridden very much these days. Each one was passionately used for a specific purpose: the touring bike for transportation, the racing bike for triathlons, two kinds of mountain bikes for adrenaline, and the antique cruiser just to look cool. Even if you own only one, or none, you can love this book.

Jody Rosen is known for his writing on pop culture, music, and travel. He is a contributing writer for *The New York Times Magazine* and author of the book *White Christmas: The Story of an American Song*.

Terry says, "As a lifetime Earthling, I am constantly stunned and amazed by our world. I had many occupations before I became an arborist, which I retired from after 30 years of very satisfying work. I always had a passion for books and I'm excited to share that with you from my home of over 40 years, here in Stevens County."



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The Other Half of Health: My Journey into Emotional Fitness

By Rob Sumner

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We've talked about a lot of topics inside our 4% Wellness Club – a private online health and wellness community I lead, where we dive into such topics as nutrition, mobility, strength, hormones, and mindset. Our goal is to help people become the healthiest 4% of the population through science-backed education, practical tools, and consistent support.

But this past month we hit on something that's often overlooked and yet crucial for true well-being: emotional health.

The conversation came from a realization many people have at some point: You can be working out, eating clean, optimizing supplements, but if your

emotional foundation is shaky, the rest can begin to crumble. We dug into a powerful framework that opened our eyes: There are five types of trauma that often stem from childhood, and many of us are still carrying them today and they are silently shaping our responses, our beliefs, and our self-worth.

This topic hit home for me. I've always been someone who leaned into physical health. I love the process of strength training, of tracking my progress, of pushing my body toward something better. But emotional health? That took me years to even acknowledge. It felt intangible. Unseen. Hard to measure. And yet, once I started truly exploring it, I realized it required

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Five Types of Childhood Trauma

As we explored in the 4% Club, childhood trauma can show up in subtle, enduring ways. The five types we discussed were:

- **Abandonment** – Feeling left behind emotionally or physically.
- **Neglect** – Lacking basic emotional or physical needs.
- **Abuse** – Physical, emotional, or verbal mistreatment.
- **Role reversal** – Being forced to act as the adult or caretaker as a child.
- **Witnessing traumatic events** – Growing up around addiction, violence, or unstable environments.

Each of these leaves a mark. They shape the lens through which we see the world – and, perhaps even more importantly, how we see ourselves.

My Own Wake-Up Call

I can remember a time when I thought I could just outwork my emotional pain. More reps, more sets, stricter discipline. But eventually the stress I was burying started affecting my sleep, my energy, my relationships. No number of push-ups could fix what I refused to look at. That was the turning point for me.

I realized emotional health wasn't a box to check. It's a practice. A journey. Much like strength training, it requires:

- **Consistency** – You can't just do it once. It's the daily work.
- **Progressive overload** – The more you learn, the more you uncover. And yes, sometimes it gets harder before it gets easier.
- **Support** – You need people in your corner.

Just like someone wouldn't come into our training facility and expect to build muscle without guidance, you shouldn't expect to heal emotionally without help. That's where therapy comes in.

Although I haven't personally worked with a therapist,

I have treated many in my physical therapy office. Through our discussions I've come to see just how important that kind of support can be. A skilled therapist can:

- Provide tools and techniques tailored to your needs.
- Help you understand your patterns and where they come from.
- Create a roadmap so you're not just spinning your wheels.

Locally, access to therapy has become more challenging since COVID, with a booming need and often long waitlists for in-person services. But there are some excellent online therapy platforms that make it easier to get help from anywhere. Services such as BetterHelp and Talkspace, and even many independent therapists now offer virtual sessions that can fit into your schedule.

These professionals can help accelerate your emotional growth, much like we do when helping someone move beyond pain or plateau in strength programs or physical therapy. You don't have to do it alone.

You're Not Broken. You're Building.

What I've come to understand – and what I try to share with our community – is this: You're not broken because you struggle emotionally. You're human. And just like your physical body, your emotional body can grow stronger. But only if you give it the care, attention, and respect it deserves.

So if you've ever felt stuck, anxious, reactive, overwhelmed, or just "off," know this: There's probably a reason, a root, and a way forward.

We often talk about wellness, longevity, and living a vibrant life. That includes your heart, your spirit, your mind. Take it seriously. Prioritize it. Be brave enough to do the work.

Just like we've learned to build muscle and mobility, we can build resilience, peace, and emotional strength. One session. One rep. One breakthrough at a time.

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.



By Brenda St. John

Mothers often serve as the glue that holds families together, weaving love and care into the fabric of daily life. Tragically, my mother passed away suddenly many years ago, leaving behind my father and nine children all in our teens and twenties. For much of my life, I cherished our tightly-knit family, bound by shared memories and faith. But about a decade ago, I realized we had drifted apart. I had only minimal contact with most of my siblings.

It didn't help that my dad, who had moved his young family to Montana in the 1960s, moved back to the Midwest in the 1990s to care for his widowed mother. By then, seven of us were scattered across four states and the other two had settled in Asia. We all became busy with our own lives and slowly the family bonds weakened. The sense of unity I once took for granted seemed lost.

Recently, my dad's health took a downturn, and overnight we became a unified family again. We rallied together, taking turns traveling to South Dakota to support him by accompanying him to medical appointments and overseeing that he followed doctors' orders. At first, Dad wasn't sure he wanted the constant barrage of company intruding on his space, but rumor has it that he's now used to it and likes it!

We all have different skills to help make his life easier, from handyman projects such as installing grab bars, to preparing diet-specific meals for the freezer, to understanding medical jargon and navigating the complexities of the pharmaceutical realm. Everyone is staying informed with group text messages, which always start with comments about Dad's health and then evolve into our personal activities. It seems I have my family back, and my heart is full.

In yoga, the breath is what holds body and mind together. The unification of body, mind, and spirit (the breath) are the three elements which embody the complete person and make us who we are. Yoga is all about unity. There is unity within the individual, unity with the universe, unity among beings, and above all, unity with the Divine, which for me is the Holy Trinity.

Family unity shares many of the unity characteristics of yoga. Yoga teaches that all beings are interconnected. This leads to harmony within oneself and with others. Family unity exists when family members feel connected, valued, and aligned in purpose.

In yoga, the yamas provide a framework for harmonious relationships. Specifically, Ahimsa (Nonviolence) means

speaking kindly, avoiding hurtful actions, and resolving conflicts peacefully. Satya (Truthfulness) builds trust within families and ensures that members will express themselves authentically. Asteya (Non-Stealing) translates as each family member's time, space, and emotional needs being respected, which prevents resentment and promotes mutual support. The niyama Santosha (Contentment) applies to unity in families, as everyone is accepted for who they are. Lastly, we increase yogic unity through Seva (Selfless Service) when we act for the collective good as we share in a common purpose.

A yoga pose that illustrates the concept of unity by fostering connection, balance, and integration within the body, mind, and spirit is Tadasana (Mountain Pose) with the hands in Anjali Mudra (Prayer Pose). Tadasana expresses the yogi's unity with earth and sky.

The feet are rooted in the earth while the crown of the head reaches toward the sky. The body is aligned vertically and balances effort and ease, reflecting inner harmony. To come into Mountain Pose, stand with feet together or hip-width apart. Lift and spread the toes, and then press firmly down with the four balance points of each foot (the base of the big toes and baby toes and inner and outer heels). Then relax the toes down while keeping the legs engaged. Allow the rebound energy from the earth to guide the balancing of the pelvic bowl and shoulders and the lengthening of the spine and the reaching upward of the crown of the head.

The hands positioned in Anjali Mudra, also known as Prayer Pose, indicates unity of heart and intention. Anjali Mudra can be incorporated into many yoga poses and is often, though not always, used with Tadasana. Directions consist of pressing the palms together at the heart center, fingers pointing upward, with elbows gently bent. It is a gesture of connection. Accompanied with a little bow, it is often used as a respectful greeting.

This journey of reconnection has taught me that family unity, like yoga, requires intention and practice. Just as yoga unites body, mind, and spirit through breath, our family has been woven back together through shared care for Dad. I will strive to do my part to maintain family unity in the future.

Namaste.

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



Join Colville Rotary on May 17 for an Epic Day of Service!

By Dave Bales

For nearly 20 years the Rotary-Dominion Meadows Trail has been a treasure enjoyed by many in our community. This 3.1-mile trail loops gently around the Dominion Meadows Golf Course and the main access is at the Community Garden parking lot just east of Colville High School on Highway 20. It is a wonderful place for a stroll, but parts of the trail are really showing the need for some attention.

On May 17, the Rotary Club of Colville, in cooperation with the Rotary Club of Kettle Falls, encourages the community to come out and help us refresh the trail. We have a number of tasks planned, including making improvements at the parking area. We will weed and clear brush, spread gravel in places along the trail, plant native trees, install updated signage, put up birdhouses, and more.

One of the ongoing challenges of maintaining the trail includes re-graveling areas that are wet or muddy. Each year we try to put a topcoat on approximately 15% of the trail. This entails buying about 80 yards of gravel – always a heavy fundraising lift! This year we have the added cost of updated signage, paint, and some landscaping lumber.

Some of our community partners in this project are Colville Scout Troop 2921, the Rotary Club of Kettle Falls, the Northeast

Washington Trailblazers (NEWTS), and the 1804 Club.

For community members wishing to volunteer or donate, the Epic Day of Service website is the place to start. Go to www.epicdayofservice.org, click on "Find a Project" and put "Colville" in the search box. Then click on the listing for "Refresh the Rotary Trail." On the project page, there are buttons to either volunteer or donate.

Rotary is a global network of 1.4 million neighbors, friends, leaders, and problem-solvers who see a world where people unite and take action to create lasting change – around the globe, in our communities, and in ourselves.

If you are curious about Rotary, check us out on Facebook or on our web page at www.ColvilleRotary.org or come and join us for lunch. We meet every Wednesday at noon at the HUB/Senior Center. We hope to see you!



*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*

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A Year On The Farm

Perennial Atlas Program

Article & Photo by Michelle Lancaster

Last year, I started a new civic science study, after completing the perennial wheat study. This time, the project Perennial Atlas is even more exciting: comparing annual to perennial versions of flax, sunflower, and lentil. The perennial counterparts are Lewis perennial flax, Silphium, and Shoshone sainfoin.

Lewis flax (*Linum lewisii*) is native to western North America, named after Meriwether Lewis of Lewis and Clark fame. Flax is used as both an oilseed crop and edible seed high in omega 3 fatty acids. As a side note, I have not yet tried processing and spinning perennial flax but plan to this year. Learn more at: plants.usda.gov/plant-profile/LILE3

Silphium (*Silphium integrifolium*) is a type of aster native to the central plains of the United States. Silphium was not known to be traditionally eaten by native tribes, from what little information I can find, but may come to have value as an oilseed crop. The plant takes two years to bear flowers, so this year I will finally get to see what the flowers look like. Learn more at: plants.usda.gov/plant-profile/ONVI/ synonyms.

Sainfoin (*Onobrychis viciifolia*, *Shoshone* var.) is an introduced species found in many parts of the United States. Sainfoin can be seen in well-diversified pastures in this area, as a palatable non-bloat legume. You may notice a spindly plant with pea-like pink flowers. As a legume, the seed is being studied as a potential perennial pulse crop under the trade name Baki bean. Learn more at: plants.usda.gov/plant-profile/SIIN2.

Why do perennial crops hold appeal? Long-lived stands of crops require less labor in the long run while providing consistent year-round ground cover with increased and more stable microbial action and deeper roots that can better survive drought.

The downside to perennial crops, so far, is that most do not provide seed or grain of very substantial size compared to their annual counterparts. The Land Institute is studying locations and plant types that may be suitable for further study as perennial food crop production areas.

The more years I garden, the more I am switching to perennial plants. They require less irrigation and are less susceptible to climate variabilities. Cold spring, dry summer,

sub-zero winter – perennial crops do not seem to care. Fruits are perennial foods you likely already grow. On the vegetable side, things get a little more unusual. Some vegetable perennials are more like self-sowing annuals or spreading rhizomes, but they all fit the hands-off, easy care, year-after-year growth category.

Sorrel is a delicious, lemony spinach substitute that persists even throughout a hot summer, but has high oxalic acid similar to spinach, so should be used moderately. Jerusalem artichoke provides year-round food and is delicious. I grow lovage, but the taste is so strong, the plant is not an exact substitute for celery. I enjoy Egyptian walking onions as early spring green onions that persist throughout summer, but they do not form a large bulb that can be stored throughout winter for use. Self-seeding examples include parsley, cilantro, poppy, buckwheat, and sunflower.

The Perennial Atlas program helps further expand my horizons in regard to new or innovative ways of growing food crops. I look forward to the Perennial Atlas results and hope I find a new perennial crop or two to grow (we already grow sainfoin). Down the road, I may even have some seed to share with the community. How fun would that be!?

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



So ... Into the Garden I Go —

By Karen Giebel

“When the world wearies and society fails to satisfy, there is always the garden.”

~ Minnie Aumonier

I'm older, tired, have a heart condition, herniated discs in my neck and lower back and contractures in my fingers, so why do I once again find myself crawling around on my hands and knees in the dirt and being bruised by stones to plant yet another garden?

The answer is not simple. Multiple reasons swirl around in my head as I browse seed catalogs and peer intently at the carousels of seed packets at the hardware store.

Maybe it's due in part to my desperation for color, any color, after the monochrome of late winter, complete with endless grey skies. It's not by

chance that all of the spring bulbs I've planted produce a glorious brilliant golden yellow. The daffodils nod their fringed blossoms in the breeze. The tulips' petals unfold in the sunlight, growing on broad green leaves that seem to be offering a warm hug.

My garden reunites me with my mom and dad, both gone now for too many years. The last garden my farmer dad grew before he died left an indelible impact on my heart. It's the memory of him struggling to walk out to the potato field, stopping repeatedly to catch his breath, too stubborn and proud to give in.

There's me beside him, carrying the

digging fork and camp stool. He'd sit on that stool, shove the fork into the soil and loosen the potatoes. I was on my hands and knees pulling the plants out of the ground, brushing the loose soil off the potatoes, and we both commented on what a good crop he had that year.

Dad would stand up and I'd move the camp stool to the next hill of potatoes and we'd repeat the process. We both knew, but never spoke, that that would be the last year I'd be digging potatoes with my dad.

There was a huge old maple tree in our farmhouse yard that provided welcome shade as Mom and I sat

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Reflections on Life's Journey



there shelling peas and talking like mothers and daughters do. I can still hear the snap of the pea pod and see myself running my thumb the length of the pod, popping those peas into the growing pile in the enamel bowl.

As a nurse, nurturing is part of my being. I am the perennial caregiver

who needs to take care of others, whether they are patients or pets. I get that same satisfaction nurturing tiny sprouts, encouraging them to grow and bloom where they are planted.

Early spring found me digging through the heavy mulch that covered the garlic I planted last fall. Yes,

there they were, the tiniest hint of green, daring to poke their heads tentatively above ground. It's a relief knowing that despite the bitter cold and snow of winter, there is a continuation of the cycle of life. There is pure wonderment on my part that those little seeds somehow know what their role is and manage to grow into 12-foot-tall Russian mammoth sunflowers or send roots deep into the soil to become carrots.

There is satisfaction and pure pleasure in watching tomato plants put forth those yellow blossoms which in turn produce little round green nubbins that evolve into luscious, five-inch-wide sweet red tomatoes that then end up sliced on white bread and slathered in mayonnaise. That is the perfect taste of summer.

Growing our own healthy, nutritious, and delicious vegetables provides a certain sense of pride. Knowing that my husband and I are able to feed ourselves and others well is comforting in times of economic struggles. Being self-reliant as much as possible is important. It means we may not be making any major purchases this year, but we will not go hungry.

Radishes, lettuce, peas, carrots, and onions are in. Asparagus, garlic, and rhubarb are growing well. Beets, cucumbers, squash, tomatoes, and more are waiting.

All planted on our hands and knees. I guess we'll keep gardening as long as we are able. So ... into the garden I go.

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

Bonehead Bonemeal

Article & Photo by Joe Barreca

It all started with a visit to a local meat cutter to pick up lamb. They had my lamb meat wrapped and ready to go. They also had a big barrel full of bones left over from the carcasses they had been butchering. They were dumping them somewhere and I had a feeling that a big opportunity was being missed.

Last year I bought bags of fish bonemeal to compensate for what a soil test had determined was a lack of phosphorus in my vineyard. You could really see the plants perk up in places where I spread it. If you look on almost any bag of fertilizer, you will see an NPK rating. My bags of fish bonemeal said 5-16-0. This equates to 5 parts nitrogen, 16 parts phosphorous and no potassium. It was a good source of phosphorus because the phosphorus was already an organic molecule, having been part of a fish. Plants take up minerals that are a product of biology more easily than they do straight chemical elements.

At the meat shop, bells went off in my head (or maybe it was just tinnitus ringing in my ears). Here was something valuable for the soil, sourced locally, and free. There had to be a way to convert it to bone meal. So I immediately contacted an

expert. Google. Sure enough, there were lots of videos showing machines that could grind big bones to bits in minutes if not seconds. They were expensive. There were also ads for bonemeal. It was not too expensive at around \$2 per pound. I blew right past those. I didn't want to support some confined animal feeding operation and slaughterhouse.



There were also several YouTube videos on how to make your own bonemeal. It didn't look too hard. First, they suggested boiling the bones to loosen up the meat and fat so it could be removed from the bones. Then you needed to clean the meat off the bones, next dry the bones, and finally grind them into bonemeal. But what about the ex-

pensive machines? They might be worth it if you could make enough bonemeal in a kind of light industrial operation to sell to your neighbors and use for yourself.

Still, I was not up for an expensive experiment. Then it struck me. I have a shredder. If that 10-horse Tecumseh motor on the Troy Bilt shredder could crunch canes pruned from the vineyard, maybe it could break bones to bits. I dug into the bottom of the freezer and found several bags of bones that had been there for years. Getting them out was a good thing no matter what happened next.

After they were mostly defrosted, I started up the shredder and threw in a bone. Voila! Bone bits. Well, actually, bone bits and the grate inside the shredder had definitely been slimed. Yuck! Boiling off the fat etc. was very necessary.

So back to boiling. I got out a 10-gallon stainless steel pot and set it up on a propane burner that could have been used to heat enough oil to fry a whole turkey. In went the bones and a bunch of water. Soon they were boiling away. This is where things got out of hand.

After a few hours of boiling, checking once in a while, I went inside to listen to "Wait, Wait, Don't

Tell Me” on NPR. When I went outside again, there was a new smell in the air. Yikes! I ran to put more water in the pot. But the damage was pretty much done. What had been a merrily boiling batch of bones was now a gooey brown mess. The water was too hot. I shut it down.

The next day I came back to do burnt-bone triage: a box for bones, another for fat and gristle, and some old milk jugs to hold the leftover liquid. The fat and meat did come off the bones but not as easily as I had hoped. The 5-hour cooking time in the video was for a pressure cooker. Twelve hours was recommended for open pot boiling. Burning the batch was not recommended anywhere.

Still, I had the boiled bones and a lot of other leftovers. Maybe in the back of my mind I was thinking bokashi. Bokashi is a Japanese term for “fermented organic matter.” What sets it apart from normal composting is that it can make fertilizer out of meat scraps. Also, it is done in a sealed container so there is no smell. The final step after four to six weeks of fermenting is to add the liquid back to a regular compost pile. Later for that. One disaster at a time.

While cleaning the bones I real-

ized that there was not much bone to the batch. Many bones packaged from the butcher still have a lot of good meat and possibly usable fat on them. The bones that I had seen in the meat store barrel were big bare bones. The ones from my freezer were small pieces with plenty of meat, fat and gristle still on them. Thinking about it that night, I realized that my method was wrong and backwards.

I should have valued the process more than the dry bonemeal goal. I could have boiled the bones in good water for a full 12 hours. It might have been possible to then pour off the water and seal it in jars for bone broth. We use bone broth all the time for soups, sauces and even just to cook rice in. After the batch was cool, there would be fat on top. That could be handy too. The bones were probably the least valuable part.

The shredder did break them into tiny bits. But bits are not bonemeal. They needed to be dried in a dehydrator for 24 hours. After that you might be able to make bonemeal out of them in a food processor or even grind them up in a steel plate flour mill. I’m sure stone wheels would clog up quickly. At that point they might best be blended with other

compost. There are too many stories out there of gardens fertilized with bonemeal only to be dug up by dogs, skunks or rats.

On the broader scale of dust to dust, putting the remains of animals back into the ground might be best accomplished by other animals. Chickens and pigs will eat almost anything. There is also a lot more to recycle than bones. The skin, guts and hooves of butchered animals have uses too, even if they do end up underground eventually. So, my boneheaded bonemeal test was mostly a bust. \$2/pound is starting to sound pretty reasonable.

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



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The Further Voyages of the Sea Bird

By Madilane Perry

Sea Bird, my childhood's bathtub-like fiberglass dinghy, was difficult to capsize. I never did it accidentally, and it took a lot of effort to do it on purpose. That was so I could see what it was like to swim under the thin fiberglass hull. The central lengthwise seat got in the way, of course, but swimming in the echoing space, faintly lit by sunlight filtered through the hull, was worth the trouble. I did it only once. Sea Bird and I had better things to do.

I spent large parts of summer vacations afloat and became so accustomed to figuring out where the boat would fit that I determined distances in eight-foot "dinghy lengths." Somewhere in my head, this process is still going on and estimates in eight-foot increments still pop up occasionally.

One episode of Sea Bird's history was apparently so traumatic that I have no memory of it at all and can only take my late mother's word that it actually happened.

Many of our resort customers were pleasant people and fairly easy to

deal with. At least one family wasn't. When they packed up to leave after their stay with us, Sea Bird was on top of their car! They claimed that they'd found it floating in the lake, so they were taking it as salvage. Considering how careful I was in pulling up the boat and tying it to logs, pipes and other stable items, their story was highly unlikely. Mother tried to convince them that it was my boat and that stealing from a kid was pretty low, but they drove off with my most precious possession anyway.

Fortunately, the thieves lived in Sunnyside, Washington. Another of our regulars, who had seen me in my boat every summer since I got it, was the Sunnyside chief of police. Mother called him and he appeared at the door of the former customers who had my boat. Since I have no memory of the episode, I don't know how Sea Bird came back, but she did, and our adventures continued.

In her first few years, she served as a Viking longship, a pirate ship, transportation to visit my grand-

mother who lived on the other side of the lake, and, most of all, a vessel of exploration. The winds in those days were so reliable that I could explore around the southern parts of the lake, or help sand my dad's houseboat about halfway down the lake, and then take a nap along the central seat while the southwest wind took me home in the afternoon.

All voyages end eventually. Sea Bird's ended in fire. A few minor repairs were needed, so I had hauled Sea Bird up to my mother's garage to work on her. Early one January morning, Mother called to tell me that the garage was on fire. All that was left of Sea Bird were her oarlocks and the partly melted metal strip from her gunnels. I buried them as if they were the remains of a beloved pet. Even though I was an adult in my mid-30s I cried over the loss of my long-time favorite toy.

Madilane Perry, a retired archaeologist, was raised on a family-owned hunting and fishing resort on Curlew Lake. She is married to local author Ray Bilderback.

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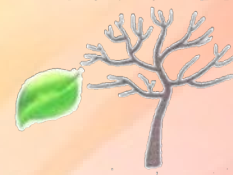
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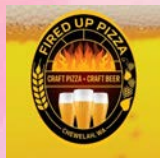
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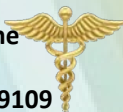
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A Happy Way Out of Plastic

By Marianne Richards

Living in Rice, we have no garbage service. Recently on our biannual trek to the “sanitary landfill” we joined many others in the act of throwing out stuff into that magic place called “away.”

“Not so fast!” my rational brain was shouting at me. If there were magic, all this stuff would truly disappear. The reality that I was part of the problem sent me on a mission to our public library. There I found an inspiring book titled *Plastic Free: How I Kicked the Plastic Habit and How You Can Too*, written by Beth Terry. One of the reviewers exclaimed “everyone should read this book!” Since I’m part of “everyone” I checked it out, read it in awe, then bought my own copy to use as a ref-

erence for my own plastic-free goal.

One of the missions of our local Slow Food group in Rice is education concerning healthy lifestyles for ourselves and the planet. Slow Food is an international group formed to promote fair, clean food for all. The information in *Plastic Free* is certainly part of that goal, so this month I’d like to share with you some of what I’ve gleaned from this book.

Author Terry says she was, until June 2007, an addict to the plastic lifestyle. She lived on convenience foods, but then came to ask herself “Why pay for commercial food when homemade food is so easy, tasty and inexpensive?” Her book includes recipes for food as well as for homemade cleaning and personal prod-

ucts. The whole book is filled with useful tips. She writes that she realized she couldn’t personally go out and clean up the world, but that “I could start with myself.”

I thought: That’s a true leader. Sign me up!

She stresses the 4 Rs: Refuse, Reduce, Reuse and Recycle.

REFUSE, the verb, is not to be confused with the noun refuse, which means garbage. REFUSE means we don’t have to use plastic, and throughout the book the author offers practical and easy alternatives.

REDUCE simply means to use less. Terry admits “it’s nearly impossible to eliminate all plastic, but the goal is to be aware and responsible.”

REUSE means to reject the culture of single use – the idea that it’s normal, natural or even required to throw away perfectly good items after one use. The author writes that her biggest score was the used and refurbished laptop she used to write the book!

RECYCLE is an important last resort. She says that recycling doesn’t address the toxicity issues of plastic and also that plastic is usually downcycled into secondary products which cannot be recycled themselves.

Beyond the 4 Rs are others.

REALIZE the importance of how and why things are done. Being mindful of where products come from and where they’re going. She writes that if you think bottled water is cleaner than tap, consider the fact that bottled water is less regulated than tap water.

REPAIR: Even if it’s unfortunately sometimes cheaper to replace, the environmental costs are significant.



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I can tell you it's a fun challenge to repair or find an alternative or check out local thrift stores or garage sales.

RALLY: How can one person totting a canvas bag instead of plastic really make a difference? But, as I've seen before, large, united groups CAN and DO influence companies and governments. Personal changes can lead to whole movements. When people start asking questions and talking to others, and refusing plastic, change will happen. I believe in the adage that nothing changes if nothing changes!

Plastic never existed in nature and is therefore never truly recyclable or compostable, Terry writes. Its chemicals, Terry says, leach into foods and drinks and are in children's toys and sippy cups.

She focuses on solutions, which are abundant throughout the book. One reviewer of the book wrote: "The surprise is how thoroughly the author gives us the bad news without losing her sense of humor or destroying our sense of hope." She speaks for me when she writes that "no matter what the outcome – if we don't try, we are certain to fail." She makes me believe that individual actions DO matter.

Terry admits we still live in a plastic society. The steps she advises are to remove the most harmful plastics and continue to use those with real benefits. Set some priorities, be

creative and have fun. Ever my role model, she says that she didn't make all her changes at once.

While the book contains a host of recipes, I'm offering a recipe for clean clothes and dishes first shared by Michelle Lancaster in the *Monthly* in February 2019:

1 grated bar of Kirks' Original
Coco Castile soap
1 cup borax
1 cup washing soda
2½ gallons water

Simmer a half gallon of water in a large pot on the stove. Add grated soap and stir until it dissolves. (You can presoak the bar of soap to prevent soap particles in the air while grating.)

Add borax and washing soda to the dissolved soap and water mixture. Whisk gently until all solids are fully dissolved. Pour 2 gallons of cool water into a bucket, then add soap mixture and whisk together. Set aside to cure for 24 hours.

For aroma, you can add 20 drops each of orange and rosemary essential oils.

Use an immersion blender or large whisk to blend the soap for 2-3 minutes. Add water if necessary to reach a nice pouring consistency. Transfer to smaller jars or reuse your old laundry and dish soap containers.

If solids separate from liquids, shake the container before pouring. The addition of a little commercial

soap will help emulsify the blend and prevent separation.

Use ⅓ cup per load of laundry and ¼ cup per dishwasher load. Vinegar can be used in the rinse cycle to help remove any excess soap and if you have hard water.

Marianne Richards says she is "embracing the senior years with energy and enthusiasm here in Rice, WA. Each day invites me to discover and explore. Onward...!"

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The Shooting Star: Growing Up on the Spokane Indian Reservation

By Judge Wynecoop

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

BUSY BUSY

Before we were big enough to help with haying, we were always busy.

The word *bored* did not exist. A couple of years, right after school was out, Mom would give us each a brand-new pair of moccasins made by Etta Cox. What a great feeling to have feet that light! Of course, most of the rest of the summer we went barefooted after the moccasins wore out. We would tear through the woods on trails the cattle had made, playing like we were hunting deer, or playing war – helping fight the Japanese or Germans.

What a terrible feeling to step in a cow pie with my new moccasins, or worse yet, as you can imagine, when barefoot. I always thought I would have been a much better base-runner in baseball but for habits developed as a kid. Three things caused those habits: watching for cow pies, watching out for snakes, and watching for holes in the ground that form when cattle or



horses step in a muddy place that dries out later. I learned to spend too much time looking at the ground.

We spent a lot of time making stilts, vaulting poles, toy tractors, and trucks to play logging. We made wooden guns, knives, spears, cars, bow and arrows, and an arrow-throwing device made with leather string attached to a stick. This sling would have a knot on the loose end and an arrow made from a shingle; the arrow would have a notch for the string to sit in. After it was set up you would whip this gadget, using it much the same as an atlatl. That arrow would go a long way.

I got in trouble over a knife once. We were making vaulting poles and these poles had to be smooth, or you would injure hands, so I had Mom's best butcher knife and used it as an axe, chopping off small limbs. Well, after working a while I noticed that the knife now had large nicks in the blade. What a sense of panic!

Mom had told us that if we told the truth we wouldn't get spanked. I didn't get spanked – I got dragged by an ear into the house. Caught red-handed!



We did a lot of tree-climbing, swinging tree to tree. Young pines were the best because they didn't break off like young fir trees would at times. We also made a lot of tree houses, which were more like platforms up in trees. One time, though, we made a wonderment: I cut the top out of a short stout fir tree and put an old washtub up on top of it. It was braced up and looked great.

Trouble with it was it was hard to get into and nearly impossible to get out of. I had to hang from the tub and feel for limbs with my feet. I believe there was only one trip made each way.

We made cars. Brother Dick was the "test pilot" and he would try to ride anything with wheels. We would go out to the government dump out along the Ghost Road. Sometimes we'd get lucky if someone had thrown away an old tricycle or wagon that had some good wheels left. We would use the wheels on our latest vehicle. The road down the hill going to our house was a great test track. I don't remember any bad injuries, just lots of skinned-up spots. Mom's usual means of determining the severity of an injury was: check for bleeding, see if you can breathe and move, and if you were crying you were OK, because you can't cry if you're *really* hurt.

One time we were climbing trees out by the cattle barn at our log house and our cousin Dale Wendlandt was showing us how to go really high up in a pine tree that was close to the barn. On the barn was a 1" x 12" pine roof board that stuck out about three feet. Dale lost his hold on the tree limbs and came crashing down, break-

ing the board off and landing in a manure pile. He didn't get hurt except for the usual long battle to get breathing again after a landing like that!

THE HOMEMADE TRACTOR

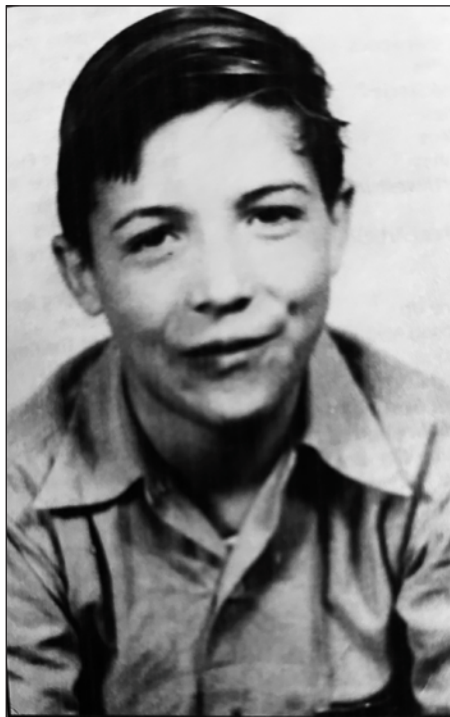
In 1941 we moved from the log house where I was born in 1934 to our new house near the crossroads south of Wellpinit. It was a time of change from horse-drawn farm equipment to tractor farm equipment. Between these two means of farming, there was another type – it was made by turning an old truck into a no-windows, no-doors, no-top, no-anything rig that served as a sort of all-purpose tractor and utility rig and means of transportation for Wig, Chick, and myself, along with our two dogs, Tim and Tex. Tim was a black cocker spaniel and Tex was a fuzzy-faced fighting machine of Kerry-blue and Airedale mix.

We had a trailer that worked just right with the vehicle for our ruffed grouse or deer hunting trips, plus accidental hunts like when we ran into a skunk or porcupine or rattlesnake. We had some great hunting trips with that old rig. It was fairly safe, as it was geared-down low and couldn't go very fast, but we covered

a lot of ground with it and brought home a lot of game for the family.

Dad and Mom both always encouraged us to hunt a lot to help feed the family and we were very happy to obey our parents on this point. Wig used that tractor for delivering milk, I believe, when we were dairy people.

(To be continued ...)



Judge, Age 15

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Ever-Changing Life

By Becky Dubell

I am using one of Mom's fidget toys to prop my keyboard up to type this message to all of you back home. I will be here in Alaska for a bit more time. Mom passed away on Tax Day. We are not too sure how that is setting with her because she was not a fan of paying taxes. She went away peacefully listening to Robert Service's "Cremation of Sam McGee."

She had a VERY full life. Married in 1954. Had two daughters before moving to Alaska in 1958. Voted for statehood – Daddy voted against. Pregnant with third daughter while living on an island off the Conway Dock in Sitka. Can you see yourself corralling a two-year-old and a four-year-old out of the skiff, onto the pier that is going up and down, while the boat is also going up and down, at nine months pregnant?

She learned to fly a float plane, doing touch-and-goes, while the daughters got to sit on the floating dock and be totally bored, as I remember it. She learned to scuba dive in Sitka waters. Took us camping on one of the outer islands. Many trips up the hill to Masey's house during the tidal wave alerts – our front door was just 10-feet elevation.

(Personal note: Sister Bambi's elevation is 4 feet in the Florida Keys but she has no hill to go up onto when a hurricane surge hits. Kinda makes you go "Hummm.")

Mom put up with bears coming onto the porch to see what's for dinner. Didn't happen often but once was way more than enough. Involved in as many volunteer organizations as was possible in Sitka in the early '60s. In those days, as remote as Sitka was, you made the best with what was available in all aspects of your life. In our modern-day lives us Bundy girls call that Bundification. - see photo.

Anchorage in the mid '60s with three very active daughters and working full time. Lots of trips picking us up from school and being asked "Can you take Kathy home on our way home?" It may be five miles out of the way, but she always did it.

Retired while in Anchorage in the late '70s and moved to New Jersey. Purchased a sailboat called Denali, bare hull, to customize and sail down the east coast to the Bahamas. Check that as DONE! Shipped Denali to the west coast. Sail to Wrangell. Finally back home.

Found Skagway. Now really

home. Was an 1890s saloon girl plastering red lipstick prints on guys' cheeks while strolling down Broadway during the 4th of July Parade – badge of honor for the guys. Sometimes the same guys would be on the other side of Broadway so they could catch her on the return trip. The parade went south for five blocks, turned around and came back north five blocks.

(Personal note: Been there. Done that. It was a kick.)

Mom could talk you into most anything. Just ask Tammy. Mom went skydiving, for the first time, on her 80th birthday. She finally talked Tammy (50) into joining her for the third jump three years later. "Cuz I can" are her words. Eagles Auxiliary. Elks. Jail guard with her husband when needed. Fire department secretary for years. At one point she decided to cut back because she had nine volunteer jobs. But the weird thing is she'd say that about every four or five years. Need something done? Call Barb.

This photo shows the final Bundification that we came up with to keep her safely in bed during the night. She was 89 years old and could not remember that her legs

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wouldn't support her anymore. The final modification was the bungee cord.

Previously she had undone every Bundification I was able to come up with, including inserting a card table to keep her in bed. One night the bed alarm went off. I went running in there. She was sitting on the side of the bed working on standing up to walk to the bathroom, like she had been doing for about 87 years. The card table had been pulled up out of the slot and very neatly laid on the foot of her bed. She did not like that card table at all. She was sitting there with a very proud grin on her face ready to stand up. She had beat the card table!

It's fun to look back on it now, but it scared me half to death at the time. The bungee cord won out in the end by keeping her safe for the remainder of her life – about three weeks. I swear she had selective vision, selective hearing, selective dementia and, lastly, selective muscles.

Just realized that she had been retired over 50 years. WOW! I am soooo glad that us girls, and a friend, were at the point in our lives where we could honor her wish to die in her own home.

I'm working on my jar of happy-moment memories with Mom from these last few months. That is my project for the eight-hour ferry trip from Skagway to Juneau.

Mom's message to all:
"I had a wonderful life."

Thank you for sharing yours."

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

Be a Sasquatch Among Cougars

START **HERE**, TRANSFER **THERE**

Sarah Fisher enrolled in the Pharmacy program at Spokane Community College (SCC). She had heard about the small class sizes and faculty support from friends and family who also attended SCC. Sarah graduated as a Certified Pharmacy Technician and immediately got a job at a local hospital. Her experience at SCC set her up to transfer to WSU and pursue a Doctor of Pharmacy degree.

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Was It Bad Luck or Just Me Being Stupid?

By Rich Leon

There I was, sitting in the REI parking lot admiring my new hiking stick. It was shiny, with a tripod mount and a very good grip handle. It didn't cost me anything because I was able to use a couple of gift cards – one from Christmas and the other from my birthday.

As I was looking at the stick, I started to wonder how long it would take for something bad to happen to it. My luck with hiking sticks over the years has been anything but stellar. Some might say it was bad luck, but I believe it was more just me being stupid. So let me take you back to where it all began.

The year was 2010 and I was about ready to retire. As a retirement gift, I was given a wooden hiking stick. This thing was heavy. It felt like I was lugging around a small tree. It took me all summer to get used to the weight, but I persevered and made it into the fall mushroom season.

It was late October, and I was checking out one of the lower trails on Mt. Spokane. I found some interesting little mushrooms that I wanted to photograph, but to do so, I needed to get down on my knees to get a good photo. The problem was there was a lot of heavy dew that morning and I didn't want to kneel on the wet ground. So, I decided to use the piece of lumber I had been carrying around all summer and kneel on it.

It seemed like a good plan until it all went sideways. A few seconds after my knees touched the hiking stick I heard the crack and looked down to see the damage. I had put the middle part of the stick over a

hole in the ground that I failed to see and the pressure of my knees caused the stick to break. I tried to fix it when I got home, but my experience working with wood was very limited. It didn't matter much, because a week later the mountain got snow, so my mushroom hunting was over until spring.

When spring came I bought a new stick, a lightweight metal one. I used it a few times on some short hikes and then took it with me on a longer hike on the Liberty Lake trail with my daughter and a friend of ours. All was going well until it didn't. On the way back to the trail head from our day-long hike, we had to cross a wooden foot bridge. It was not a solid piece of wood but one with boards, each about an inch apart.

Crossing over the bridge, I put my stick down on what I thought was a board, but turned out to be a space between boards. You can probably guess what happened next. I went forward with the stick's top in my hand, but the bottom stayed in the opening. My almost new hiking stick broke in half.

The next day I took my broken stick to REI to see if I could get a replacement. I took both pieces up to the counter to one of the employees. He said, "What the hell happened?" Before I could answer he told me to go get another stick and that they would send my broken one back to the company they got it from.

I got through the rest of the summer and fall without any more mishaps. The next summer was a totally different story. It was late spring and I was up near the top of Mt. Spokane.

The plan was to go all the way to the very top, but I decided to change that when it got very windy and also very cold. I was about ready to turn around and head back down when I saw something ahead. It was a log covered in wood ear mushrooms.

I leaned my stick against a tree and went up the trail a short distance to cut the mushrooms off the log. I pushed my hat down on my head a little more and turned my back to the gusty wind. It was at that moment that I looked down the trail and saw the wind had blown my hiking stick and it was rolling down the trail, headed for a cliff.

I screamed "Noooo!" at the top of my voice, like that would stop its momentum. By the time I got down to where the stick was, I saw it go over the cliff. I looked over the edge to see it sticking out of some brush about 30 feet away. So near yet so far. I tried to think of my options for retrieving it, but I had none. There was no way I could get down there unless I could turn myself into Spider Man or Superman.

I wish I could say that was the end of my misadventures with hiking sticks. The next year, I lost one in the Iller Creek Conservation Area and then the year after that another one in Riverside State Park. If you find a hiking stick somewhere in the woods it probably is one of mine.

P.S. The wood ear mushrooms were delicious, though.

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.

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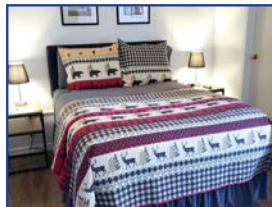


Chewelah

RUSTY PUTTER BAR & GRILLE - CHEWELAH GOLF & COUNTRY CLUB: A great place for friends, a frosty beer with a great burger, and the largest TV in Chewelah. Enjoy breakfast, lunch, or dinner, and relax on the patio (also the largest in Chewelah) overlooking the 9th Green and Pond of the 9 Hole Course, and the firepit on cool evenings. Public is always welcome. 2537 Sand Canyon Rd., 509-935-6807, chewelahgolf.com.



CHEWELAH MOTEL & RV PARK: Play and stay at the edge of a vast wilderness with all the conveniences of home. 311 S. Park St. chewelahmotelandrvpark.com. 509-935-4763.



Colville



ACORN SALOON & FEEDING STATION: Breakfast, lunch & dinner 7 days a week with daily specials. Cocktails and cold beer, pool tables and pull tabs. Mon-Thur: 7am-9pm, Fri-Sat: 7am-10pm, Sun: 8am-9pm. 262 S Main., 509-684-3337, find us on Facebook!

Get your business listed today!

CAFE ITALIANO: Family dining featuring authentic Mediterranean cuisine. Ask about our specials. 151 W. 1st. Call for hours open: 509-684-5268.



COLVILLE EAGLE'S 2797: Serving Colville for 76 years. Open to the public for lunch Tue-Fri, 11am-2pm, with a great menu and salad bar. Fri dinner & salad bar, 5-7pm, with line dancing & karaoke. Sun breakfast, 9am-Noon. Bingo, Wed, 5:30 & 1st & 3rd Sun, 1:30. Pool-Darts-Poker. New members welcome. 608 N Wynne. 509-684-4534.

DRAGON VILLAGE: Authentic Cantonese, Hunan & Szechwan Cuisine. Dine in, take out, catering, beer, wine, cocktails. 155 S. Main. Tue-Sun 11am-9pm. 509-684-8989. See our menu at dragonvillagecolville.com.



MAVERICK'S: Where breakfast, lunch and dinner are served all day on the gorgeous patio or indoors. Friday is Prime Rib Night. Burgers, steak, chili, salads, beer and wine. Open Thur-Sat, 7am-8pm, and Sun, 7am-2pm. 153 W 2nd Ave. 509-684-2494.



MR. SUB: Fresh baked bread daily. Hot and cold subs, wraps, salads, fresh baked cookies, U-bake pizza, party Subs, daily specials. Gluten free pizza, sandwiches & desserts available. Event catering and phone orders welcome. M-F 9am-7pm. Sat 10am-6pm. 825 S. Main. 509-684-5887.



POUR HOUSE: A fun, family-oriented craft beer tap house and restaurant offering burgers, paninis, salads and wraps, 30+ taps, wine, and fun atmosphere. Banquet / event center / conference room for private parties and meetings. Mon-Thur, 11am-8pm, Fri & Sat, 11am-9pm. 202 S. Main. 509-685-7325. Facebook.com/PourHouseColville.

RONNIE D'S DRIVE-IN:

Locally owned restaurant serving the community for over 30 years. Enjoy hamburgers, salads, hot sandwiches, fish, chicken and more! Huge variety of ice cream flavors, banana splits & homemade waffle cones. Mon-Fri 9am-8pm, Sat 10am-8pm. 505 N. Lincoln on Hwy 395 Colville. 509-684-2642, ronnieds.com.



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



BENNY'S COLVILLE INN: With 106 guest rooms, suites, spa and largest local indoor pool, Benny's has big city accommodations with that small town charm and friendliness. Simple breakfast 5-9am. Check out our fish museum lobby. 915 S Main. 800-680-2517 or 509-684-2517.



Kettle Falls

TJ'S HOMETOWN BAR & GRILL: Established in 1976 in historic Kettle Falls Washington, the gateway to the Upper Columbia River waterway. We serve up home-style bar & grill food in a warm and family-friendly environment. Open 7 days a week for lunch & dinner, Saturday and Sunday breakfast 7 am - 11 am., 305 E 3rd Ave., 509-738-2623.



CHINA BEND B&B:

Luxurious lodging at the China Bend Winery Estate. Gourmet breakfast and complimentary wine tasting. Custom dinner available by reservation. Tasting Room open Mon-Sat. Call for Private Tasting with the Wine Maker or to arrange for a special occasion. Northport-Flat Creek Road along the Columbia River at 3751 Vineyard Way. 509-732-6123, www.chinabend.com.



Please stop by any of these businesses and thank them for being locally owned and operated, and a part of our community.

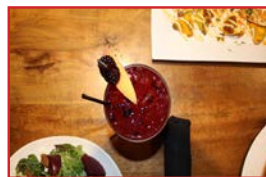
Ione

CEDAR RV PARK: Come enjoy the beautiful Pend Oreille River and make Cedar RV Park your base-camp for year-round outdoor activities. Full RV hookups, fully furnished cabin, tent camping, laundry, showers, dump station, VERY fast Wi-Fi/broadband internet, car & RV wash, and more! 4404 North Hwy 31, Ione. 509-442-2144. cedarrvpark.com.



Loon Lake

THE LAKEHOUSE BAR & GRILL: A locally-sourced kitchen focused on comfort food with more adventurous specials. Mon-Fri, 4pm-close, Sat-Sun, 9am-9pm. 3998 Hwy 292, Loon Lake, Reservations at 509-644-0077 or at theloonlakehouse.com.



LOON LAKE MOTEL:

Comfortable and super clean rooms with all the amenities at affordable prices, featuring themed and thoughtfully-selected decor. Pet friendly and close to picturesque Loon Lake and acres of wilderness. 3945 Hwy 292, 509-233-2916, www.loonlakeinn.com.



Orient

BEARDSLEE FAMILY RESTAURANT: Where everyone is family. Serving home cooking and prime rib on Fri. Spirits, beer, wine and hard ice cream. Karaoke every Sat. Open Wed-Sat, 8am-8pm, Sun, 8am-5pm. Hwy. 395 in Orient. 509-684-2564.

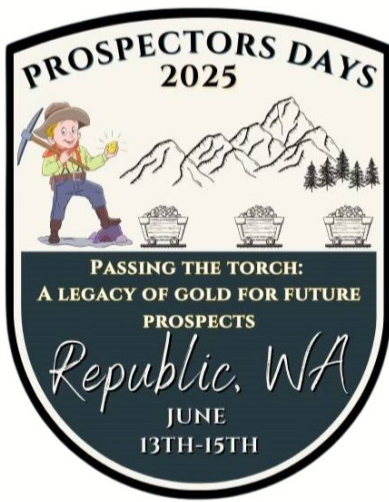


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We have fantastic places to stay, delicious restaurants
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