



NORTH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

— WHERE AND HOW WE LIVE —



April 2024 | FREE!
ncmonthly.com

CLEAN IT UP

CLEAN IT OUT SALE!

MAY 3 & 4

All special orders over 90 days old are going on sale.

Metal - Doors - And More!

Selected items inside the store will also be on sale.



FREE GIVEAWAYS

EARN A TICKET
WITH EVERY PURCHASE
STARTING MONDAY 4/29

HANEY

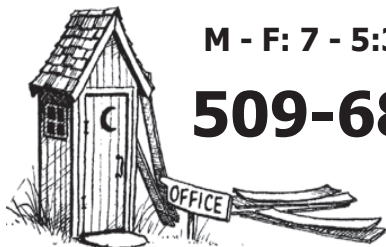
Lumber & Supply Inc.

1101 N. Highway, Colville

Last stoplight north of town

M - F: 7 - 5:30 • Sat: 8 - 2

509-684-2150



Tools • Materials
Expert Advice








Death is not the eternal sleep, but the Eternal Awakening.

We do not need philosophy but conscience.

We do not need ideology, but justice.

We do not need religion, but righteousness.

Lawrence's book of *Rhyming Poetry* brings to the reader many interesting and provocative subjects, including, his experience with God on the road to Babylon. Winning First Place in a National Poetry Contest in 1996, inspired him to continue writing poetry... (In the whimsical days of youth) You'll read about his daring escape in the segregated South of the 1950's.

Lawrencethepoet8@gmail.com
 Available at the following locations
 157 N. Oak, Colville Inside Annie's Oak St. Artisan
 298 Main St., Colville Coffee and Books

Don't Trust Just Anyone For That Once-In-A-Lifetime Investment Call "The Water Professionals!"



Hours: 8-5 Mon-Fri

- Water Well Drilling
- Pump Systems
- Water Treatment
- Full Service Store
- Hydrofracturing
- Geothermal Heat Loop Systems

Lic. #FOGLEPS095L4

www.foglepump.com
 Serving Northeast Washington Since 1981






COLVILLE 509-684-2569 1-800-533-6518	DEER PARK! 509-276-5400	REPUBLIC 509-775-2878 1-888-845-3500	SPOKANE 509-244-0846 1-888-343-9355
---	-----------------------------------	---	--

Colville Chamber of Commerce

Open Golf Tournament



Dominion Meadows
Colville, WA
Friday, May 17, 2024






For More Information:
509-684-5973
coc@colvillechamberofcommerce.com

Get great service & great rates.

You know I'm always here with Good Neighbor service. But I'm also here with surprisingly great rates for everyone. Call me for a quote to see how much you can save. You might be surprised.

Like a good neighbor, State Farm is there.®

Individual premiums will vary by customer. All applicants subject to State Farm® underwriting requirements.



J Christiansen Ins Agency Inc
 Joe Christiansen, Agent
 775 S Main Street Suite B
 Colville, WA 99114
 Bus: 509-684-2661

State Farm
 Bloomington, IL
 2001875



THIS AD PAID FOR BY REPUBLIC REGIONAL VISTOR BUREAU



ADVENTURE AWAITS IN FERRY COUNTY



SCAN FOR MORE INFORMATION INCLUDING TRAIL MAPS AND LODGING.

Repupublicwa.com

What's Inside

- 6 **Random Acts of Community**, by Christine Wilson
- 8 **Life Matters**, by Dr. Barry Bacon
- 10 **Home Ground**, by Tina Wynecoop
- 12 **Saving Eden, Part 2**, by Joanie Christian
- 16 **Forever Young-ish**, by Rob Sumner
- 18 **What Has Art Done for Me, Lately**, by Dennis Held
- 20 **In Nature**, by J. Foster Fanning
- 23 **Being of Service** (*Sponsored page*)
- 24 **Listen Up**, by Michael Pickett
- 25 **A Good Read**, by Mary Gaughan
- 26 **Madilane's Memories**, by Madilane Perry
- 27 **Inchelium Cultural Research Center** (*Sponsored page*)
- 28 **A Fresh Air Perspective**, by D. L. Kreft
- 31 **A Year on the Farm**, by Michelle Lancaster
- 32 **Life's Stretch**, by Brenda St. John
- 34 **Down to Earth**, by Joe Barreca
- 36 **Reflections on Life's Journey**, by Karen Giebel
- 38 **Honoring My Dogs with a Parade**, by Bob Gregson
- 40 **A Scot in Stevens County**, by Chloe Thompson Slater
- 41 **Poetry of Place**, by Susanne Griep and Loren Cruden
- 42 **Family Ties**, by Becky Dubell
- 44 **March Memories**, by Rich Leon
- 46 **Dining & Lodging Listings**

Cover

Exposed rock island at former site of the falls at Kettle Falls (*Shonitkwu*, Salish for “roaring or noisy waters”) during April 2023 low water of the Columbia River. Publisher photo.

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



Sowing Earth Everyone Digs Soil

- JOHN ODELL, allthelandandsea.wixsite.com/wordsofwords



April 2024

Vol. 31 ~ Iss. 12

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

Gabriel Cruden

Editor

Si Alexander

Copy Editor

Ellen S. Shaw

Advertising Sales

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

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

Christa McDonald

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

Subscriptions

The *North Columbia Monthly* is available for free at over 500 locations in NE Washington and at ncmonthly.com. Subscriptions are \$26/year to cover postage and mailing envelopes.

North Columbia Monthly

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

The *North Columbia Monthly* is published 12 times per year. Copyright 2024 © by *North Columbia Monthly*. All rights reserved. Reproduction of the contents, or use in whole or part without written permission from the publisher is strictly prohibited. Advertising, views and opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the publisher. **Printed in the USA with soy-based ink on paper containing recycled content.**

**AD RESERVATION
& ARTICLE DEADLINE**
20th of each month

The Sunny Side of the Street

By Christine Wilson

“May your choices reflect your hopes, not your fears.” ~ Nelson Mandela

“There is a LIGHT in this world. A healing spirit more powerful than any darkness we may encounter. We sometime lose sight of this force when there is suffering, and too much pain. Then suddenly, the spirit will emerge through the lives of ordinary people who hear a call and answer in extraordinary ways.” ~ Richard Attenborough

*“Cajun Navy displays community resilience amidst disaster along the Gulf Coast.”
~ Headline from *The Global Resilience at Northeastern University, 2005**

“Just when you think you have it made, something comes along you couldn’t have dreamed of. You gotta learn to live in the flow.” ~ Kenny Neal, blues musician

“Pause. Breathe.” ~ New Orleans streetcar sign

*“A great idea does not manifest itself immediately. It needs to marinate; it needs to be planned.”
~ Eric Waters, New Orleans musician*

“Actively choosing what music we put into our minds and souls can have a positive (or negative) effect on our well-being. Just as with nutrition, we are being educated that you become not only what you eat but what you listen to.” ~ ListenforLife.org

The urban planner David Rusk was angry when I heard him speak at a conference for the National Trust for Historic Preservation. It had been two weeks since Hurricane Katrina had laid waste to New Orleans. Sometime before that, he had been hired to review the potential damage of an inevitably severe hurricane. He had met with leaders at all levels, placed the report (complete with detailed recommendations) in every copy of the local newspaper, and pleaded for implementation. When my mother-in-law and I heard him speak, he was devastated that, according to him, none of what had been recommended had been put in place.

It is understandable, even as it is heartbreaking. It can be hard to imagine something devastating happening ... until it does. In my Adolescent Psychology class back

in the day, the professor called it “a personal fable.” He linked it with the tendency of adolescents who think they can drive drunk or have unprotected sex without anything bad happening. I can attest to the fact that reaching adulthood does not cure us of personal fables.

I might have been more judgmental about the New Orleans leaders if I had not lived through the eruption of Mt. St. Helens. There were many “it’ll be fine” comments mixed in with the ongoing arguments before the eruption.

I just returned from New Orleans, and I felt David Rusk’s heartbreak as I toured a museum specific to the hurricane. It is not as if everything is fine for them. I am not a person to deny the impact of trauma. However, they had the choice of being bitter and grumpy or resilient and focused

on what I began calling, during the pandemic, fierce dedication to reality. They chose the latter.

My trip feels like a lesson that I could call “Everything I needed to know about resilience, I learned in New Orleans.” They worked together as a community. They fostered flexibility. They never stopped finding ways to experience joy. That is a pretty good trifecta of buoyancy, which I think is a perfect term for a community that was literally and figuratively under water.

Levees failed. Streets flooded. Poverty kept people from being able to leave. The Superdome became a nightmare. Agencies were not working together. It was literally a hot mess before the term “hot mess” was just a warm meal from a mess hall.

The first responders were overwhelmed. What became known as

Random Acts of Community

the Cajun Navy was born out of the concern of amateur boaters who saw the need and rallied. I love a good story of ordinary people rallying to do extraordinary things. The Cajun Navy almost disqualified their actions as extraordinary because there were so many who heard and then answered the call Richard Attenborough referred to.

And boat owners were not the only ones. Some people even risked arrest by heading into the flooded area. They brought food and water. They offered shelter. From here, a Chewelah family welcomed extended family members from the flooded area into their home. The Cajun Navy is believed to have rescued maybe 10,000 people.

Branford Marsalis and Harry Connick Jr. worried that the rich living history of New Orleans music would be lost. In a neighborhood ruined by Katrina's flooding, they cleared space for Musicians' Village, working with Habitat For Humanity to build 81 single-family homes, five elder-friendly duplexes, and a children's park. The Ellis Marsalis Center for Music was established to provide a music school and a venue for musicians. You can almost feel a phoenix rising out of ashes when you walk through that neighborhood and enter the center.

The *I Ching*, written around 3,000 years ago, makes reference to the healing power of music. Bob Marley may not have known that, but he did know that, "one good thing about music, when it hits you you feel no pain." And New Orleans is a testament to those sentiments.

While in New Orleans, we heard one amazing musical group after another. I never saw anyone frown

during any of that. Even when the stories included tragedies and hard times, the emphasis on resiliency was the overpowering message. "Living in the flow" was a kind of mantra for us as we, "accidental tourists," had one adventure after another. Adjusting to reality has been a pervasive theme for the town and was definitely one for our travels.

I had never been to New Orleans before so I don't know how much the hurricane changed their sense of community. I can, however, attest to the spirit that pervades that town. People stopped us on the street and volunteered information. We found our favorite breakfast spot that way. We would probably not have known about the Danny Barker Banjo and

Guitar Festival without the kindness of strangers.

The streets and buildings had signs cheering people on: "You are beautiful," a huge warehouse declared. "Now is not the time to give up," a sidewalk announced. "Beloved" was painted on a statue of Joan of Arc. "Have a blessed day" was wished on us by most people, even our Lyft drivers.

Community, flexibility, and joy are a call for all of us in these stirred-up times. Now, as that sidewalk paint declared, is not the time to give up. Perseverance furthers.

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



ARE YOU PAYING OVER \$200 A MONTH FOR YOUR MEDIGAP SUPPLEMENT?

CALL TODAY
We'll help you find the same coverage for less!

YEAR ROUND CLIENT SUPPORT
WITH ALL MEDICARE PLANS

Springwater
INSURANCE GROUP

705-D Omache Dr.
Omak, WA 98847
509-422-9828
Also in Tonasket by appt.



Heather Ogborn



Dave Blue

www.springwaterinsurancegroup.com

The Unexpected Consequences

By Dr. Barry Bacon, MD

I'm standing in the intensive care unit of a major hospital beside two of my favorite people. One is a patient, lying in the hospital bed. The other is a friend, standing, supporting, weeping, laughing together with me over the wonder of this moment. I cannot help but reflect on what has brought us here. I never expected him to survive. Instead of standing here celebrating a life rescued from the brink, I fully expected to be standing in a morgue. This day is completely and utterly and beautifully unexpected.

We are in a sacred moment. I pull an ancient scroll from my belongings and read. A command given by an early disciple to pray for those who are sick, lay hands on them. So, we reach out, place our hands on this survivor, according to the custom written so long ago, and we read a blessing over him.

The words draw from us a shower of gratitude for his life. Funny how love for someone erases every barrier. We no longer see color, race, status, degree, riches, or housing. One's past and mistakes melt away with the vision because what matters is this: Here lies someone we deeply love.

Just a day previous I received the frantic call from our director, "Barry,

you need to pray. Right now. Richard [name replaced] is being taken to the hospital. They think he's suffered a massive heart attack." A gasp escaped from somewhere deep inside me. "I'm on my way."

At his bedside, my wife and I stood silently as the medical team worked on him, questioning, examining, administering treatments simultaneously with checking vitals, drawing labs, gathering information, supplies, monitoring, and reassessing. The team was gracious with us, explaining, inviting us.

We stood silently, but I'll admit I was praying, selfishly, asking the Almighty to save him. "I need him, I need him on our team, could you please give us some more years together." I felt the sorrow well up inside me, the thought of the loss of this man who was so recently a stranger, but now a trusted team member. "God, I need him," I found myself pleading, as though I was the center of the universe. But I couldn't stop myself.

Then his symptoms became more confusing, evolving as they were, suggesting that this was not a heart attack. The man on the gurney could no longer feel his leg. He had lost circulation to his entire lower extremi-

ty. As terrible as a heart attack is, this condition unfolding before us was far more deadly. "I'll be right back," I murmured as calmly as I could muster.

I tucked my head around the corner and spoke with the ER physician. "I think this is an aortic dissection," I whispered. "He's lost his pulses in his right leg." The doctor nodded. "We're working on that." I thanked him. He had it covered.

The direction that a physician pursues with this diagnosis is considerably different. The main blood vessel running from the heart to all other parts of the body is tearing apart inside, knocking off the various branching arteries along the way, starting near the heart and working its destruction onward, finally crashing into the iliac arteries and obliterating the blood flow to his leg, like a logger falling forty feet out of a pine tree and breaking off branches as he crashes to the ground.

I flashed back to where this all started, back to a house meeting where our team had gathered to hold one of our members accountable. That man was now standing beside me. I had been ready to tell him he needed to leave the house. The whole accountabili-

The Shop
For all your auto repair needs
Sam Thomas
Owner
515 Meyers St.
Kettle Falls, WA
509-738-6500
theshop44@yahoo.com

Annie's Oak Street Artisan
MARKET & GIFTS
Dave & Debi Smith
Owners
157 N Oak Street, Suite A, Colville
Tues - Sat ~ 9-4:30
cross308@outlook.com
509-680-3303 | 509-680-1960

ARDEN 2ND HAND
"THE OLD SCHOOL COOL STORE"
Ranked one of the **BEST**
2nd hand stores in the
Tri-County area!
New arrivals weekly!
Open 10-5
Monday-Saturday
635 Highway 395 South
509-684-3967

ty team had assembled and we were holding his feet to the fire. Speaking for the team, Richard could have inflicted the severest judgment on this man who was messing up with his behavior. Instead, the unexpected happened. Richard recommended grace. The rest of the team agreed. Give him another chance.

Now the one who had needed accountability was standing beside me in the hospital room, weeping over Richard, now his best friend.

There are unexpected consequences to grace. The unexpected kindness the man received sank deep into his soul, and he stayed. Because he stayed, he was present when Richard collapsed. It was the recipient of grace who made the emergency call, stayed with him, saved his life, and loved him. Now he stood with me, grasping the hand of the man who could have judged him harshly, listening as Richard poured out his gratitude. They could have been enemies. Instead, Richard is still alive and the new relationship cannot be dissolved. An unbreakable bond. That's the unexpected consequence of grace.

At every turn of this story, there is a miracle. The fact that Richard was not living in his car but in a secure location when the emergency happened. The fact that his now-friend had been reinstated and was present in the house when he was most needed. The fact that the ER team was exactly on track and moved expeditiously in transporting the patient to the surgical team. The fact that such a complex and deadly condition didn't end his life on the spot. The fact that hours of work by the surgical team restored his circulation and preserved his brain, and he was sitting with us asking for watermelon and committing his life

to us.

The nurses called the medical work miraculous. But there is no greater miracle than the power brought on by grace. Giving a broken man another chance, drawing him in, affirming his value, while holding him accountable. And finding in him a new best friend

and brother.

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.

China Bend Winery

Tasting Room
Now Open
Sample Our Delicious
Organic Sulfite Free Wines
Enjoy Our Beautiful
Winery Estate on Lake Roosevelt

New Tasting Room Hours
Now Open Daily Including Sundays
Noon - 5:00, Closed Mondays

Spring Special
25% Case Discount

The Healthiest Wines on the Planet
No Sulfites, No Headaches, No Kidding!

Special Group Tastings, Private Events,
And Weddings Are Available By Request
Call Us (509)732-6123

3751 Vineyard Way, Kettle Falls
On the Northport-Flat Creek Road
Along Lake Roosevelt
(509)732-6123 ~ chinabend.com
B&B at the Winery

Irma

Article & Photo by Tina Wynecoop

“It’s no longer about just one person, but a song of interconnectedness, a realization of all the other lives that make one’s time on earth so interesting.” ~ Paul Lisicky

After a break from teaching in the early ‘70s, I stayed on and tent-camped with my dog Sam beside the Spokane River for the summer before moving into a real house behind the store in Wellpinit. I married Judge the next day at the Coeur d’ Amore Wedding Chapel in Coeur D’Alene. We headed home that afternoon and that’s when it dawned on me: I had to cook dinner for the rest of my life! Leading up to the nuptials I’d been on my own for several years and cooking for myself was casual. No one else depended on me.

The unfurnished rental home in Wellpinit didn’t have a refrigerator. I

don’t remember why. I do remember that my “dowry” included a small collection of cooking utensils. The store was right outside our front door. My new mother-in-law was a wonderful cook and now I had taken over the responsibility of feeding the second of her seven sons, a logger. He burned a lot of calories in a workday. It was my job to have something on the dinner table. Popcorn didn’t cut it.

Fortunately, my mom gave me a subscription to *Sunset* magazine. She had to know I needed help. She too had been a newlywed once. Her mate owned a small restaurant in the Pike

Street Market after World War II. Being the proprietor, sole employee, and an excellent cook, he could keep her alive while she gained confidence in her cooking skills.

I devoured the recipes in the pages of the monthly magazine. Its recipes were innovative for the ‘70s, yet practical. The ingredients were easy to obtain. I would just walk out my front door and right into Galbraith’s store and purchase my daily needs *and* use the store’s refrigeration.

One of many memorable things about the store owner, Irene Galbraith, was that she would record everyone’s grocery selections on a pad that had carbon paper backing up each fresh page. A cash register sat on the counter; it was old as the store, which had been owned by family members for generations. She relied on the tally pad for her steady customers (including me). Shoppers were to settle their debts at month’s end. She was Judge’s auntie, and now mine by marriage to her nephew. She deserves a whole column just about her! But then ... there was Irma. I knew Irma well, and this is her story:

In addition to feeding my culinary curiosity, I found the advertisements in *Sunset* enticing. One ad was placed by the Towle Silverware Company in every issue. Towle offered a sterling silver spoon from their collection for \$10. (In case a newlywed didn’t receive a silverware set as a wedding present?) A \$10 bill represented a lot of money. I had one and tucked it in with my handwritten request for one of their spoons. I mailed the handwritten envelope and, in a short while, a small package

OUR COMMUNITY’S ONLY NONPROFIT HOSPICE,
SERVING PATIENTS AND THEIR FAMILIES SINCE 1977.

“OUR TEAM OF BEREAVEMENT COUNSELORS

*are here for patients’ families
to instill hope, reassurance
and validation throughout
the grief process.*

— PATRICIA VALDÉS, MSW, PHD
BEREAVEMENT SUPERVISOR



HOSPICE
OF SPOKANE
DIGNITY. RESPECT.
COMPASSION.

509.456.0438
888-459-0438

hospiceofspokane.org

was waiting for me at the post office. My package had the correct P.O. box number on it, but it was addressed to Irma Wyeeg. The spoon was gorgeous.

I still think of myself as Irma.

Before I go any further, I should explain that, occasionally, I sign-off in my emails and texts as Irma. I did so recently in a message to a friend. Speaking to her later, I asked her if she knew my other name was Irma. Had I ever told her? She asked me to remind her. So, I explained how I acquired it. Her response surprised me: “You are one of two people I know whose handwriting is hard to read.” She added that she had asked the other person, “Oh dearie, from now on please type your letters to me.” My communications with her are mostly by email, or she would have been cursing my cursive all these years.

Last year, as if the spoon were brand new to our silverware drawer, the husband of 50-plus years (who has obviously survived my cooking) just noticed the ornate utensil and declared it was wonderful to eat with and that it is “my favorite spoon.” Great, but it had not been hiding in the drawer with other eating utensils, and *he* is the dishwasher in our family!

This was no longer about just one person and I share a new facet to the Irma story:



I phoned a longtime friend who has a complete set of the same Towle “King Richard” pattern of silverware. (I consider my one-spoon-set complete since I won’t be buying additional ones). Her Granny had the same pattern, her mother did too, and while growing up Candy received a new piece of silverware for birthdays and Christmases. I brought up that I was writing a piece about how I became Irma. She hadn’t met her, so I told her about the \$10 spoon whose pattern we have in common. We laughed. Although, she told me that, not long ago, one of her work colleagues had a set of “King Richard” silverware which was lost with everything else in a housefire. Candy planned to buy her a Towle spoon to re-start her collection. She discovered that replacing a single spoon now costs \$60!

I mentioned to Candy that Judge’s Dutch forebear, with the surname Wynkoop, arrived in New Amsterdam (later named New York) in the early 1600s A.D. And his trade was silver-smithing. I told her about a friend who collects old silverware. I learned from him a tidbit of our Wynkoop family history that we did not know. Roger showed me our silversmith’s “signature” or trademark (at left) in Kovel’s *A Directory of American Silver, Pewter and Silver Plate*. The directory states that Wynkoop taught the Roosevelts his trade. I dream of owning one of his spoons. Think a ten-spot would buy it? Really, just one would do!

My illegible handwriting inspired my spoon story about Irma. Out of kindness I’m emailing this story to publisher Gabriel, and I won’t “test his mettle,” which rhymes with metal – his is gold – with my handwriting, even though he copes well with difficulties and faces



demanding situations “in a spirited and resilient way” – I will spare him the fate of receiving the handwritten story tucked in an envelope in his mailbox.

Irma.

Tina grew up in western Washington at a time when traffic and population weren’t daunting. In 1970 she emigrated, with her newly acquired teaching credentials, to Wellpinit on the Spokane Indian Reservation. The people, culture, geography, history, flora, and fauna of the eastern part of the state easily became her beloved “home ground.”

Saving Eden, Part 2

Article & Photos by Joanie Christian

In the March edition of the North Columbia Monthly, Joanie Christian wrote about a one-in-a-million bird – a pure white great horned owl – discovered in the Okanogan Highlands. Its brilliant color was also its tragic feature. A rare mutation that caused its magnificent whiteness also gradually robbed it of the strength to hunt and eat properly. Joanie set out to find the owl and enable its rescue.

Here is the conclusion of this extraordinary true story.

On the day I first saw the owl, who had been given the name Eden by Robin, a nearby guest ranch owner, she spent five hours atop a short pine tree in full sun and high heat. She did not move or hunt.

Tina Tolliver Matney, from the Kettle River Raptor Center, had suggested hiking out toward Eden to determine if she could hear or see me, and maybe give us clues about her health status. I started out; there were a few obstacles along the way.

First, I had to pay a toll to the horse that wouldn't let anyone pass through the gate without a treat. Robin had supplied me with treats to clear that obstacle. Then I needed to avoid the stubborn and temperamental bull that was proving hard to round up for transport that morning. Next was zig-zagging through a field of cows while avoiding a marshy patch. And then up and over a ridge.

I hadn't brought water with me, which I soon regretted when I began feeling woozy from the heat. By the time I got to the top of the ridge, Eden was no longer in the tree, but in a field 150 yards away. After a brief and futile attempt to catch bugs, she flew into a set of trees.

I finished the hike to the pine where

Eden had been perched, searching for clues about her condition. Eating prey meets an owl's food and most of its fluid needs. They swallow their prey whole, and the indigestible bits like bone are regurgitated 6-10 hours later in pellet form. The other waste is expelled as whitewash or poop. I could find no whitewash nor pellets under the tree. Not a good sign.

I went back to the ranch and updated everyone, including the friend living in the area who had first alerted me about the owl. The newest information was very concerning to them, and I received permission to search for and rescue the owl on private property. I just needed to find Eden again and keep her in my sights until a falconer who had agreed to help could arrive the next afternoon.

I drove into Oroville for supplies and then searched for Eden the remainder of the day. No luck. I went back to my cabin after dark with a pit in my stomach. I hoped we hadn't already lost her. I prayed for a successful rescue. Another seemingly sleepless night ensued.

At dawn the next morning, I breathed a sigh of relief when I spotted Eden perched on a farm implement on my friend's property. I pulled into their driveway and began an 8½-hour watch from about 100 yards away. My friend came out and we quietly visited while keeping an eye on Eden. My friend provided her Starlink codes, and I finally had decent cell service. The falconer checked in to make sure I had a visual before heading our way. Everything was a go. I just needed to keep Eden in my binocular sights. The weather had cooled and there was a slight drizzle of rain, working in our favor.

My friend brought me food and water throughout the day. She couldn't have been kinder and more gracious. Though I'm not an owl expert, my time with owls and research about them have taught me a lot, and I shared info with my friend. She became even more enamored with owls.

Eden did not move the entire time we watched her, other than occasionally turning her head. She was becoming even weaker. In the three days I spent searching for and watching Eden, I was never closer than 100-plus yards from her. The photographer in me would have loved a close-up image but I just couldn't bring myself to do it. No photo was worth the risk of flushing her deep into the trees, being unable to locate her and sealing her fate.

It had become clear to me that we were her lifeline and last hope. After watching her all day, I suspected she might not have the energy to offer any resistance to capture. I prayed it wasn't too late to save her and clung to a deep instinct that everything up to this point had happened for a reason.

The falconer arrived mid-afternoon, with an arsenal of methods to capture Eden. A bal-chatri snare trap was plan A. I opened the hatch of my car to get gloves and noticed that, sometime during the course of the day, a rear tire had gone flat. Flat as a pancake. Crap on rye. I hadn't changed a flat in decades. I sent a quick text to my hubby, asking him to contact AAA.

The falconer put on a ghillie suit for camouflage, slowly walking around the farm buildings until about 30 feet from the Eden, sitting down on the ground to let her adjust. After a few minutes, the falconer slowly walked



over and behind Eden, successfully netting her just as she started to fly off. While untangling her from the net, the falconer briefly assessed Eden's status, covered the owl to calm her, and briskly walked back to the cars.

"How is she?" I asked hopefully.

The look on the falconer's face was telling. "Not good. She wouldn't have lasted another day." The falconer guardedly estimated Eden would need intensive medical care and it would be several days, possibly longer, before we knew whether Eden would survive. It would be touch and go for quite a while. The falconer did mention that malnourished great horned owls seem to fare better compared to other owl species, offering a tiny glimmer of hope.

"I never thought I would come to care this much for an owl," my friend said wistfully, as we watched the falconer carefully secure Eden in a crate. Time was of the essence, and the falconer quickly departed for the several-hour journey to medical care. We solemnly watched the car disappear in the distance with its precious cargo, an owl that would never return to the only home it had ever known. It was bittersweet ... a mixture of relief along with concern for what lay ahead.

I needed to mentally switch gears and get back to my life at home a couple hours away. But there was the little matter of that flat tire. DRATS. My husband texted back that it would be 2½ hours for AAA to get there. My

friend looked at me with a smile and said, "You don't need AAA. My dad taught me how to change a tire many years ago and made sure I knew how to do it right. You've been teaching me today, and now I can return the favor and teach you how to change a tire. We can do this!" And that's exactly what we did.

Though I was covered in dirt, I gave a hug to the woman who now felt like a lifelong friend, and I headed the opposite direction from home for a tire repair in Oroville. I arrived right before closing time but, learning of my predicament, the guys stayed late to repair my tire. They wouldn't accept payment, so I left gift certificates from the nearby coffee stand as a thank-you.

Continued on page 14...

Saving Eden, Part 2, *Continued from page 13*

There was a lot to process on my journey home. I reflected on all the things that needed to happen for this owl to be saved.

I also thought about how we can underestimate the significance a simple interaction and connection can have many years down the road. It was three-plus years ago that I had met this tire-changing woman with whom I now had a relationship of shared interest and trust, three-plus years since unknowingly laying the foundation for her to reach out about this owl. And I had enough knowledge to suspect something was wrong and knew people to contact, who in turn knew more resources that could rescue and provide the advanced medical care that Eden would need. There had been many barriers, but through respect, continual communication, and wildlife education, the barriers

had fallen away. The stars had all aligned. So far.

Later that night, Eden began receiving intensive medical care. She was half the weight she should be, confirming how dire her situation was. The falconer sent a photo. Eden looked pretty darn ticked off. Good ... she still had some spunk left in her. She was going to need it.

Several days after the rescue, I received a report that Eden was alive, but still in critical condition. After about three weeks, another report came: She had put a lot of weight back on and was doing well. Now she had a future.

Eden's permanent home would be in a falconry or educational center where she would be well cared for. Because the same issues that necessitated a rescue would persist, she would not be able to survive if released back into the wild.

Six months after Eden's capture, I was able to see and photograph her – fully recovered thanks to a just-in-time rescue and intensive, top-notch medical care. She looked robust and healthy. It was pure joy to see Eden like this, and I had an overwhelming sense of gratitude.

My role was one I never expected to have, but I will forever look back on the experience as a true privilege and honor. And an epiphany of sorts. I've seen some pretty ugly things in the last few years. I think we all have. But in those few days in the Okanogan Highlands, I saw the best of humanity. Many people from diverse backgrounds and walks of life came together with a common goal ... a cause that inspired and united each of us ... saving Eden.

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

OH MY!!!
Check out the new
BIRKENSTOCK
leather shoes!!



R.E. Lee
SHOE COMPANY
102 N. Main Colville 509.685.1733



**Nonprofit Association
of Washington**

**Workshop: Tools for
Running an Effective
Nonprofit**

Saturday, April 13
9:00am - 3:00pm
Create, Newport, WA
Cost: \$30 - \$60
Scholarships available

Register at:
[https://nonprofitwa.org/
event/tools-for-running-an-
effective-nonprofit/](https://nonprofitwa.org/event/tools-for-running-an-effective-nonprofit/)



PARKER'S
GLASS
L.L.C.
AUTO GLASS REPAIR & REPLACEMENT
(509) 684-6034

AUTO GLASS
LOG TRUCKS
HEAVY EQUIPMENT

**LOCALLY & FAMILY
OWNED**

MOTOR HOMES
FARM EQUIPMENT
CLASSIC CARS

ROCK CHIP REPAIRS **FREE** UNDER MOST
COMPREHENSIVE INSURANCE PLANS!

STOP BY OR CALL FOR A FREE QUOTE!
790 NORTH HWY 395 COLVILLE
RIGHT NEXT TO WALMART



Spring Is on the Way: Battling the Common Cold

By Rob Sumner

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

As the last few snow flurries of winter give way to the gentle warmth of spring, a sense of renewal fills the air. The days grow longer, the air carries the faint

scent of blossoms, and the promise of sunny afternoons beckons us outdoors. But amid this happy transition, a familiar visitor lurks – the common cold.

This time, for my family, it began innocuously with a slight tickle in the throat, a sniffle here and there, and a general feeling of fatigue. Before we knew it, a few family members had succumbed to the seasonal bug, leaving the rest of us to wonder how to fortify ourselves against its onslaught. As my daughter, ever the pragmatist, mused aloud, “What can we do to avoid catching this cold? Besides packing our bags and isolating from civilization, that is.”

Her question sparked a lively debate, with suggestions ranging from the conventional to the downright bizarre. From loading up on vitamin C to indulging in a shot of whiskey, the remedies flew fast and furious. But amid the cacophony of advice, one truth emerged – not all remedies are created equal.

Alcohol may be a time-honored cold remedy, but its effectiveness is purely anecdotal. Similarly, popular supplements like ginseng, echinacea, and vitamins C and D have failed to demonstrate consistent efficacy in warding off colds. And while antibiotics are potent weapons against bacterial infections, they are powerless against the viral invaders responsible for the common cold. However, a few tried-and-true remedies are backed by scientific research:

1. ZINC SUPPLEMENTATION:

Research indicates that incorporating zinc into your daily routine may help alleviate the symptoms of a cold and shorten its duration. Starting zinc

<h2>4th Annual Thrivalists Self-Sufficiency Fair</h2> <p>May 26-27, 2024</p>		
<p>Rosemary Gladstar, Godmother of Modern Herbalism</p>	<p>Ryan Buford, Podcaster and Author of <i>Pint Sized Prepper Projects</i></p>	<p>Jessica Kraft Carew, Author of <i>Why We Need To Be Wild</i></p>
<p>Dry Camping</p>	<p>Classes for Kids</p>	<p>Hourly classes including:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Self defense • Solar and off-grid living • Small Engine Repair • What's a Walapini? • Holistic animal care • Herb walks & remedies • Medical Emergencies • Primitive fire building • Freeze Drying Foods • US Law Shield • Gold and Silver • Tiny House on a Truck • Many more classes!
<p>May 26-27, 2024, 8 am - 5 pm 1716 Swiss Valley Road Addy, WA. 99101</p> <p>Tickets, schedule of classes and more at www.thrivalists.org</p>		

supplementation within three days of experiencing symptoms could offer relief and support your body's immune response. How much zinc to take depends on your dietary intake and the amount of elemental zinc in the particular supplement.

2. PROBIOTIC CONSUMPTION: Incorporating probiotics, such as *Lactobacillus casei*, found in dairy products, into your diet may help reduce the duration of a cold, particularly among older individuals. Consuming probiotic-rich foods or supplements could help support your gut health and bolster your immune system.

3. HONEY: Harnessing the natural antimicrobial properties of honey could provide relief from cold symptoms, particularly coughs, in people age three and

up. Adding honey to hot beverages or consuming it directly may help soothe throat irritation and provide temporary relief from coughing.

4. TOPICAL VAPOR RUB: Applying a topical vapor rub containing ingredients such as camphor, menthol, and eucalyptus oil to the chest area may alleviate congestion, ease coughing, and improve sleep quality during a cold.

5. OVER-THE-COUNTER PAIN RELIEVERS: Products with acetaminophen or ibuprofen can help alleviate discomfort associated with cold symptoms, such as fever, headache, and body aches. While these medications won't shorten the duration of a cold, they can provide temporary relief and improve overall comfort levels.

As we navigate the uncertain waters

of cold season, it can be essential to prioritize self-care and prevention. Regular handwashing, proper hydration, sufficient sleep, and a nutritious diet are our first lines of defense against viral invaders. Sunshine's vitamin D can bolster immune systems and ward off illness.

As the world awakens from its winter slumber, let us greet each new day with gratitude and hope. Together, we can overcome the challenges that lie ahead and emerge stronger, healthier, and more resilient than ever before.

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

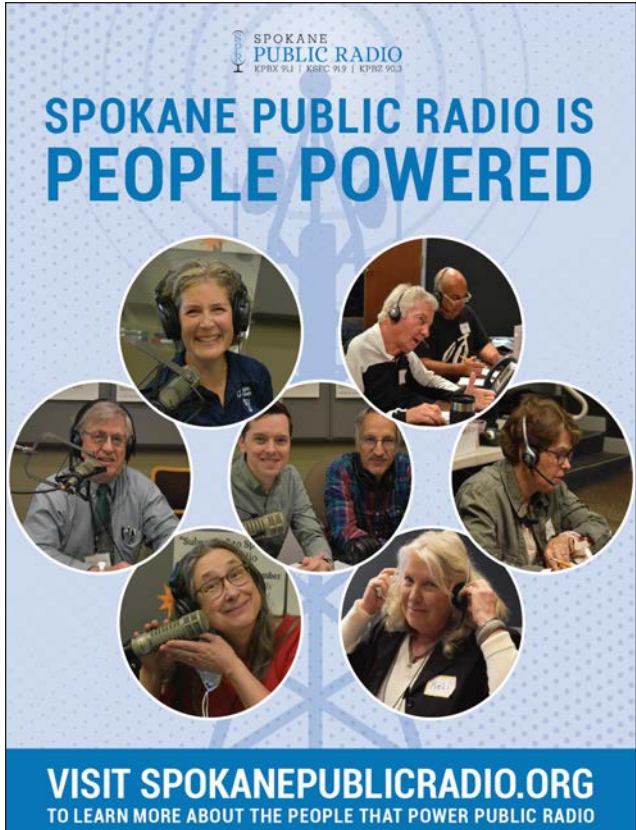


TURNMIRE Eco Construction

General contractor specializing in tile, complete bathrooms, kitchens, and other interior work.

Skilled, courteous, non-smoking crew that completes jobs quickly, with top quality and a smile!

509-220-4367 • Serving Northport - Kettle Falls - Colville
Google Us For Pics & 5-Star Reviews • TURNMEC912DE



SPOKANE PUBLIC RADIO
KPRX 90.1 | KRRC 91.9 | KPRZ 90.3

SPOKANE PUBLIC RADIO IS PEOPLE POWERED

VISIT SPOKANEPUBLICRADIO.ORG
TO LEARN MORE ABOUT THE PEOPLE THAT POWER PUBLIC RADIO

What Has Art Done for Me, Lately?

By Dennis Held

I hold certain truths to be self-evident: that art enriches life, especially given how short we are bound here on this earth, and how long we are gone. I hold that the color and sweet sounds and light and perhaps even the understanding that art can add to an individual's life are important, even if – especially if – that person's life is otherwise fairly powerless and voiceless, a person, say, like my dad.

For more than 30 years Reuben Held drove trucks for W. J. Lazynski Sewer Contracting company by day, and by night read the novels of Zane Grey and John Updike and Philip Roth; who played baritone sax in the Menomonee Falls high school marching band, and who still listens religiously to Stan Getz and Red Nichols and his Five Pennies and, of course, Johnny Cash. Maybe

those books, that music, helped him feel alive, and helped to soothe away the feeling that one's individual life didn't really matter much in the big grinding Scheme of Things in suburban America, given who were where, given how much we were paid, given the kind and amount of work dads had to do to keep roofs over our heads.

And: It was in that high school band that my dad, Reuben, met my mom, Mary Ulah Flanders. Once, a few months after she'd passed away, I received a mysterious package in the mail, sent by my dad. It contained programs and playbills from a series of jazz concerts and theater productions she attended while my dad was away in Korea in 1951 and 1952. She saw "I Pagliacci" presented by Milwaukee's Florentine Opera Compa-

ny; she saw "Norman Granz' Jazz at the Philharmonic" featuring Ella Fitzgerald, Lester Young, Roy Eldridge, Gene Krupa, Oscar Peterson and Ray Brown – all in one show! She had fought hard to keep herself connected to a lifelong tradition of music: She played stand-up bass in that high-school band and sang along to the late-'60s revolution as it was unfolding on our station wagon's AM radio, tuned to 1340 WRIT.

I am Dennis, son of Reuben and Mary, and at 25, I was working part-time as a night janitor, mopping floors and emptying garbage cans in the high school I'd dropped out of, learning the precise meaning of the word "irony." One night I realized I knew what the kids had eaten for lunch that day – chili – by the aroma arising from the urinals in the boys room. Hmmmm, said I, in my scrubbing: There are some things I need to know, and some things I don't need to know, and I better start figuring out which is which.

So at 25, a high-school dropout, I went to college, uncertain about my chances, but with a love for reading and a revolutionary zeal born of those toilets, and 30 years ago, I began my long and perilous descent into poetry by accidentally signing up for a "creative writing" class that turned out to be poetry writing, and not the "humorous anecdotes about people I have known" that I thought a creative writing class would be. (I admit that I may have been guilty of not reading the course catalogue closely enough.)

Instead, I got poetry. Up to that point in my life, I thought poetry – as I'd been taught in seventh grade by Mrs. Bowles – was a kind of writing that existed in a woogedy-woo world where something could mean anything, and we were supposed to guess what "Ozymandias" or "Ode on a Grecian Urn" were actu-



Stonerose
Eocene Fossil Site
And Interpretive Center

35th Anniversary

2024 MEMBERSHIP WEEKEND APRIL 26-28

Friday *Quarry opens to members only*
8 am-4 pm for some great fossil hunting!
All invited: Art exhibit, reception and gallery talk:
"E3: Extinct, Extant and Eidolon," 5-8 pm.

Saturday *Quarry open to members* 8 am-4 pm.
Evening program at 6: Social hour, membership meeting, no-host dinner, speakers, silent auction.

Sunday *More member digging.*

Stonerose opens to the public Wednesday, May 1.
More info at 775-2295. See you at Stonerose!

ally saying. Mrs. Bowles, who had thin wisps of dyed-red hair that stuck up like wires, and a pointy face like a hatchet, to go along with her cruel streak, had all the correct answers in the back of the *Teacher's Edition of the Language Arts* book, and she asked, "What does it *really* mean?" We guessed, and were usually wrong. Mrs. Bowles's favorite poems rhymed and were about "man's inhumanity to man" or "how soon we all must die." Most of us kids left Mrs. Bowles's class with the understanding that poetry was written by Rich Dead British White Guys who had too much time on their hands so they wrote rhyming puzzle-boxes for Midwestern kids to struggle to open hundreds of years later.

Imagine my surprise, then, at finding out, in a mis-taken college class, that poetry was alive and well, even here in the good old U S of A. That poetry is not meant to obfuscate, but to clarify. That poetry uses the most precise language possible to isolate moments of feeling and experience, to record them and to freeze them in time by providing a worthy vessel of language – the best words in the best order – a structure of both sound and meaning that would hold up, has held up, across cultures and across thousands of years. That poetry can provide a moment's stay in the chaos, can provide lucid visionary states of aesthetic bliss, and would provide, as Aristotle would have it, delight and instruction. In poetry, as in other arts, we find delight when a creative work reveals a piece of the universe to us for the first time.

Still, just what kind of solace can art actually bring us now, at this particularly violent moment in history? How can we justify the time spent making, or appreciating art, when millions of children go to bed hungry every day, when untold thousands sleep with no shelter? How dare we waste our precious moments painting, composing a song, choreographing a dance, "working" on something as "unnecessary" as a poem,



amid war.

Art often carries with it some recognition or acknowledgment of shared human experience, and offers a sense of community, a place to come home to when faced with the tragic events that occur in any feeling individual's lifetime. The writer James Baldwin said, "You think your pain and your heart-break are unprecedented in the history of the world, but then you read. It was reading that taught me that the things that tormented me most were the things that connected me to everyone alive, or who had been alive."

Art goes beyond sharing our losses, of course. Art is how we share our common joy, the sheer delight we feel in each others' company; art provides ways to deepen and add meaning to our lives. Art provides for and documents our ritual behavior that bridges continents and time. Art provides symbolic language we use to convey feelings of religious awe, the awareness of the sublime. Art offers connection from one isolated human

heart to another.

History shows that art creation and appreciation help us remain individuals despite pressures to conform; it can help us stay sane in insane times. In fact, there may be no greater need, in our time, than to maintain – and restore – the historical connection to that which is most elemental in our humanity, that which connects us, which binds us, which unites us and reminds us of our highest standards in our behavior toward one another.

A life without art is a life without connection, without culture, without shared meaning.

Coming in May's North Columbia Monthly: Life WITH art.

Dennis Held lives in the Vinegar Flats neighborhood of Spokane, WA. He has published three books of poetry: Betting on the Night, Ourselves, and Not Me, Exactly. He lives along Hangman Creek and watches for kingfishers. His essay, "What I'll Miss," was awarded a Pushcart Prize in 2022.

Glacial Erratics

Article & Photo by J. Foster Fanning

Okay, some of the *North Columbia Monthly* readers may already know this, but I'll come out of the closet here and tell all ... I'm a geography nerd (although not nearly as extreme as my partner Catherine). Given that info, and adding in photography, you can imagine what a stop-and-go travel pattern we have when at leisure.

One of my fixations, incorporating both geology and geography, surfaces when we travel areas following the paths of glaciers and of glacial erratics, which also happens to be the subject of this article. So, before we get too deep, let's review what glacial erratics are.

Often simply called erratics, or erratic boulders, these are rocks that have been picked up and transported

by ice from their original locations and deposited elsewhere. The lithology (type) of rock that the glacial erratic is made from is different from the lithology of the bedrock where the erratic is deposited. Glaciers all over the world have picked up chunks of rocks and transported them. When these hitchhiking rocks are dropped, they are often a far reach beyond the outcrop or bedrock from which they were plucked. Erratics record the story of a glacier's travels.

A glaciologist is one who studies and analyzes the movement and physical properties of glaciers and ice. By observing the bedrock units that correspond with erratics, these glacial scientists discover complex stories of glaciation flow patterns.

The Columbia highlands – and the entire Pacific Northwest – is chock full of erratic boulders. These erratics, which take their name from the Latin word *errare* (“to wander”), were carried even hundreds of miles, and they can range in size from pebbles to very large boulders.

Fortunately, that interest mentioned above is shared with people all over the world. So much so that glacial erratics are name-bearing geographic (and geologic) features. Want to see the world's largest known erratic boulder? The Okotoks Erratic, situated a few clicks west of Okotoks, Alberta, Canada, is a 486.5-mile drive via Crownsnest Highway/BC-3 E from here in Curlew. Commonly known as Big Rock, this quartzite boulder is the

world's largest known glacial erratic at an estimated 16,500 metric tons.

The largest erratic in the lower 48? Madison Boulder is a little longer drive away at 2,935 miles to Madison, New Hampshire. This granite rock erratic is among the largest in the world, measuring 83 feet in length, 23 feet in height above the ground, and 37 feet in width, and is estimated to weigh upwards of 5,000 tons.

Want to keep it local? While Waterman Rock (Langley, WA) was long thought to be the largest erratic in Washington state, it was demoted to second place after the Lake Stevens erratic near Everett was discovered to be 34 feet high and 210 feet in circumference.

Actually, there's no need to go more than a few miles down the Columbia from Kettle Falls and glacial erratics begin popping up. I consider the area between Grand Coulee/Moses Lake and the Waterville plateau an epic erratic area. Mile after mile, they line the roadside of any route you choose to travel in that area.

The draft for this article was already in the hopper when I happened to be reading author Jack Nisbet's *Ancient Places* and came across his chapter on the Willamette Meteorite. Nisbet describes how a Portland high school science teacher, Richard Pugh, ascertained that not only is this meteorite the largest in North America, but it is also a glacial erratic as well.

Think of that for a moment ... a meteorite traveling millions of miles through our solar system is sucked into our planet's gravitational field, crashing into Earth's surface thousands of years ago in what is now western Canada. This iron-nickel-core meteorite is then picked up by a glacier and deposited in the Willamette Valley via an ice raft during one of the great late Pleistocene Missoula floods resulting from cataclysmic releases of ice-dammed glacial Lake Missoula.

Oh, and by the way, the Willamette Meteorite (erratic) is over 10 feet tall and weighs an estimated 15.5 tons.

This highly unique erratic meteorite was discovered by Clackamas Indians who resided in the Willamette Valley before the arrival of European settlers. The Clackamas named the meteorite Tomanowos, a revered spiritual being that healed and empowered the people of the valley since the beginning of time. According to their traditions, the Clackamas believe that Tomanowos came to the valley as a representative of the Sky People and that a union occurred between the sky, earth and water when it rested on the ground and collected rainwater in its basins. The rainwater served as a powerful purifying, cleansing, and healing source for the Clackamas people and their neighbors.

I find glacial erratics fascinating geological features with rich histories

and providing valuable insights into Earth's past. Uprooted and transported by glaciers to be deposited in new locations, these massive boulders defy expectations and frequently leave me in awe of the power of nature. From their varied sizes and shapes to their geological significance, glacial erratics continue to capture the interest of scientists, researchers, and nature enthusiasts around the world. Visit nwgeology.wordpress.com and search for Lake Stevens erratics. Pretty cool photos on this webpage.

Spring has sprung! Time to venture into the great outdoors and enjoy the re-growth of Mother Nature. 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.

The advertisement features a white Gold Line bus with 'gold line KETTLE FALLS • SPOKANE' on its side. A large orange circle with a white border contains the text '2 ROUND TRIPS DAILY!'. To the right, a map shows the route with stops at Kettle Falls, Colville, Arden, Addy, Chewelah & Chewelah Casino, Loon Lake, Deer Park, North Spokane, Spokane, and Spokane Airport. The background shows a scenic view of Kettle Falls. At the bottom left, there are logos for 'Travel Washington' and 'gold line'. At the bottom center, the text reads 'GOLD-LINE.US'. At the bottom right, it says 'USE GOLD LINE TO CONNECT WITH: GREYHOUND • AMTRAK NORTHWEST RAILWAYS SPOKANE TRANSIT SPOKANE INT'L AIRPORT'.



302 Park Street, Metaline Falls, WA

4/14: Volunteer Appreciation & Annual Membership Meeting

An event that shows our appreciation for all the hard work, time and effort they give to the Cutter and community.

4/27: An Dochas & The Haran Irish Dancers

Dinner 6 pm \$17 * Show 7 pm \$17

Irish-Americana Band with Cross-Cultural influences, performing with the Haran Dancers.

You won't want to miss this event!

For more information and reservations contact The Cutter office at 509-446-4108
Office Hours: Mon, Wed, Fri, 9 am - 4 pm

NEW HEALTH NOW



SAME DAY CARE, SAME DAY RELIEF

Appointments Available: Monday-Friday 1pm-4pm



- Sore Throat
- Cough
- Rashes
- Sore Throat
- Urinary Issues
- Joint Sprains
- Red/Itchy Eyes
- And More!

Available at:

Colville Medical
Lake Spokane Medical
Newport Medical

CALL TODAY: 509-935-6004

Visit newhealth.org/now to learn more!

Family Owned & Operated

D

Danekas Funeral Chapel
& Crematory

*We are here for you,
every step, in every way*

Complete Care
No Hidden Fees • No Surprises

Respectful, Caring, Honest

509-684-6271 | danekasfuneralchapel.com

Serving all of Northeast Washington
Locations in Colville & Chewelah



The Owl's Nest

ART AND GARDEN GALLERY

"A Fresh Start" Sale

April 1-15

*Exciting New Changes
Coming to the
Old Apple Warehouse*

Located in Kettle Falls at The Old Apple Warehouse

Mon - Sat: 9:30 am - 4 pm • Sun: 10 am - 4 pm • 509-738-4848

Exciting Opportunities for Young People

By Lynn O'Connor

One of the beautiful things about Rotary is the focus on our young people. There are programs such as EarlyAct, Interact, and Rotaract—all Rotary-sponsored programs of ascending age ranges that focus on building leadership skills and learning the values of community and service.

Colville has a thriving Interact Club (you've heard from them in these pages) that is very active in service, fundraising, and learning about the world through international projects.

We have also been very active with Rotary's Youth Exchange program, hosting students and seeing many of our own young folks going out for a year (long-term exchange), or 3 weeks (short-term exchange) of building peace by learning new languages and cultures and truly becoming global citizens. If you are interested in this wonderful program for the 2025-26 education year, please contact us. Our District Youth Exchange Committee will start accepting student applications in June for next

year's exchange, and you can expect promotional materials to start coming out in May. Students can apply for both long-term and short-term on our website www.rotaryye5080.org.

Liselotte Butterfield (of Norstar Heating & Cooling) is our Vocational Service Chair. Under her direction we offer scholarships for both academic and vocational training opportunities. The deadline to apply for the scholarships is May 3. This is for Colville High School students and they can get the application from the counseling office. They will need a letter of reference

and to complete a survey provided by the school. We offer several options, so please get in touch with us.

Liselotte also coordinates a Career Fair every fall. This year it will be held on October 9, 9 a.m.-2 p.m. Several high schools participate, bringing students to chat with local industries about what it takes to be an employee of their business.

RYLA (Rotary Youth Leadership Awards) is a big one in Rotary. "Awards" is misleading; it is a week-long leadership training camp for those 18-25 years old. It may sound boring to a young person, until they get there: It is often life-altering for those folks just beginning their adulthood. If you have a young person in your



house or employ, I ask you to consider giving them a summer week off, and we'll be opening up applications soon. Your young person will come back a strong asset for your business! The dates are June 29-July 6, at the University of Idaho campus. You can apply through us (see below). We cover all the costs.

If you are interested in learning more about our youth programs, please get in touch with us: Chat with your favorite Rotarian, contact us at colvillerotary.org, or send a message through Facebook. We would love to hear from 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*



LISTEN UP

Reviews by Michael Pickett

Katy Kirby's Refreshing Debut

It can be hard to sound unique when you have a voice that doesn't sound unlike other voices that have been around for decades. At that point, songwriting and clever lyricism had to be the fuel for a debut like Katy Kirby's *Blue Raspberry*.

Nodding to the freezing-cold Slushy flavor of gas stations worldwide, Kirby's title track imagines a lover that embodies all the modern "flavors" that might be spelled out as "wine and roses" in days gone by. Clever and intimate, Kirby's restrained vocal delivery is heady and rich as she sketches her imagined love.

While tracks like "Redemption Arc" and "Fences" have lyrical

turns that feel a little over-wrought and crammed together at times, the great thing is that we used to see debut albums where artists were still developing. They didn't have to be perfect, and we could take the ride of refinement and growth with an artist over half-a-dozen records, enjoying the journey of self-discovery and improvement.

So, if a track like "Cubic Zirconia" has perhaps a little too much verbiage happening in the verses, it still feels effervescent and exciting...and shows an artist still finding their voice.

With a producer like Linda Perry, Nashville's Katy Kirby could take her sophomore release to unexpected



heights (while finding occasional lyrical breathing room). Still, this enthusiastic debut is a great first foray into the marketplace, and Kirby could well be on her way into Nora Jones territory in the next few decades.

Return of Mammoth WVH

For all the blowback Wolfgang Van Halen gets just for having his last name, this uber-musician could easily ride on a trust fund for the rest of his days instead of creating signature modern hard rock that still sounds nothing like

his father (in the best possible way).

It would probably be somewhat easy to incorporate Van Halen-isms into Mammoth WVH albums, but the bandleader does absolutely none of that on *Mammoth II*, and it's to his credit.

While the video for "Another Celebration at the End of the World" again shows Wolf's self-deprecating sense of humor, the vocal chops, guitar firepower and songwriting are no joke. Tracks like "Miles Above Me" and "I'm Alright" may not have the iconic 1970s Van Halen melodic sensibilities, but that's what's absolutely to be admired here.

The heavy rock of "Optimist" almost

has more in common with one-time VH opening act, Alice In Chains, than it does Wolfgang's former band (he joined in place of Michael Anthony in 2007), and the sound is something that's unique to him.

While vintage Van Halen had an easier time taking over the world in its time, Wolf Van Halen's blend of snarling, well-crafted modern rock is a testament to him furthering the family legacy of creating signature sounds ... and since *Mammoth III* is already in the works, it seems that Wolfgang Van Halen has no plans on diminishing that legacy.

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



A Good Read

The Starless Crown, by James Rollins

Reviewed by Mary Gaughan

James Rollins is traveling in a new universe in this first book of a series. You may view it as a vividly imagined potential reality that may one day evolve, full of both terrifying and heartwarming new creatures.

The human characters possess fascinating gifts with which to interact within this strange world. They also embody those same old polarities of good and evil, that keep the human story evolving.

The action is on a planet called “Urth” that does not move. Unlike our Earth, she sits still in the void of space, no circling round the Sun. One side is dark and cold while the other is endless light and heat. There is a relatively small middle ground with some relief from the extreme polarities, and there lives a king, princes, knights, nuns and monks, common folk, and a hidden tribe with a magic gift called “bridle-song.”

Certain humans are gifted with this additional ability. It begins as a humming, which is felt within and touches the heart, vibrating the throat until the heart sings out with tendrils of invisible energy, connecting the singer and the listener. The singer modulates the song, through his or her emotions, to soothe and sway the will of the listener — like putting a bridle on a horse.

The heroine, young Nyx, evolves this gift within herself as the story unfolds. She touches the souls of the creatures she encounters, avoiding harm and instilling trust, creating new relationships.

The story involves the mystery of the planet’s past, a history shrouded in the myths that attempt to explain the unknown. Precognition and telepathic communications convey hints of a coming disaster. The plot also weaves through a number of personal battles between, and within, individuals. Here lives Good and Evil in stark contrast, yet with so many shades of gray.

“Bridle-song” somehow ties together a three-dimensional view of life with the possibilities of a larger magical reality. Multiple thrilling life and death episodes keep the reader either turning pages or taking a breather to recover before the next chapter. In *The Starless Crown* is a world one needs to discover slowly as the action unfolds and becomes fantastic!



What Rose Forgot, by Nevada Barr

Reviewed by Mary Gaughan

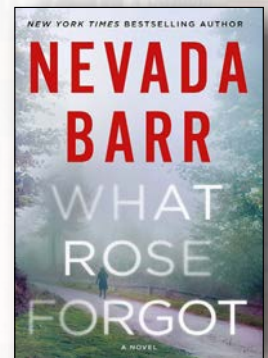
Nevada Barr is a master of mini cliffhangers, one after another, in a single story. That happens with Barr’s national park ranger character, Anna Pigeon, in a series of 19 books, and it happens in *What Rose Forgot*, where Rose keeps finding hair-raising situations from which she must extricate herself.

When I started the first chapter, I was wondering if I would continue reading a tale of demented elder citizens in an upscale nursing home. By the fourth chapter, we were off and running, or rather escaping and walking fast.

Rose displays cleverness and wisdom earned through living many years, even as a deeper mystery eventually comes to light. Her gang of allies evolves but starts and ends with her teenage granddaughter and friends. Various adults are potential enemies as the mystery unfolds.

Who’s who, and what’s what, and why are the cookie crumbs on the path, but Rose’s spontaneous plans and schemes as she gradually finds the lost pieces of this puzzle are the spice in this story. A greatly entertaining read.

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



Learning to Row a Boat

By Madilane Perry

When I was a preschooler, I thought that one of the most impressive accomplishments of the adults I knew was the ability to row a boat. We lived on a resort with a fleet of 16, 13-foot Kant-Sink-'Em metal boats and two wooden barges. The ability to use these craft gave the adults access to the whole lakeshore, anything interesting floating in the lake, and the ability to visit my paternal grandmother, who spent summers operating the resort directly across the lake from us.

I must have watched enough boats being rowed to have picked up the principles of the technique. At least that's what my dad thought one day when he was busy and I thought I needed to be out on the lake. There was something bright orange and attractive, a beach ball or a balloon, floating just off the "Big Dock" and I wanted it. Dad's response to my request for a boat ride was that I'd seen enough boats rowed that I could go get the orange thing for myself.

I was a little intimidated but realized that this was the only way to acquire the orange thing. So I took

one of the boats tied up at the dock and went to get it.

I don't remember untying the boat or how I dealt with getting a pair of oars. They must have been in the boat because I was only just about big enough carry one oar at a time.

It turned out that I did actually know how to row a boat. I had no muscle memory to help me, but it turned out to be easy, just do what I'd seen the adults do.

I retrieved the orange thing and continued to row around, reveling in my new, adult skill. I was so full of myself that when Dad told me that I had done enough and should come in now I said something like, "Come out and make me."

To my surprise, he did. I had overlooked the fact that deep water to me was only chest-deep water on Dad. He waded out, overalls, boots and all,



Camp Curlew's fleet of Kant-Sink-'Em boats, put away for the winter, early 1950s.

and towed the boat back to the dock.

I don't remember receiving any physical punishment as a child, but I probably got a spat on the butt for that one. I wasn't at all discouraged from rowing boats. From then on, as soon as the ice was off the lake in the spring, I was waterborne. Rowing boats is still my favorite form of exercise.

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. They are both managed by a small brown dog.

Addy Second Hand

Open Mon. - Sat.

10 - 5:30

*Check us out on
Facebook.com/
addy2ndhand to view
our inventory!*

935-4619
1383 Hwy. 395 S.

ODYNSKI'S ACCOUNTING & TAX SERVICE

Serving the community for over 50 years!

Vern W. Rozelle, EA, ATP

Corbin H. Rozelle

**ACCOUNTING • INCOME TAX • BOOKKEEPING
PAYROLL • STATE & FEDERAL AUDIT SERVICE**



"Enrolled to practice before the Internal Revenue Service"

Ph# (509) 276-6888 • info@odynskisaccounting.com • Fax# (509) 276-6849

17 S. Main Street • Deer Park, WA

Ties That Bind

By Laura Stovel

If you browse the library and archives of the Inchelium Cultural Research Center (ICRC) you will find the expected books, photos and documents relating to the Inchelium area. But you may be surprised to find books and archival material that tell stories of north of the U.S.-Canada border, places like Revelstoke, Castlegar and the Slocan Valley in British Columbia. Suspended above the library is a life-sized heron, a gift crocheted by Cathy English, curator of the Revelstoke Museum and Archives. What are the ties that bind the small community of Inchelium with these places?

Although ICRC is a home for collections from and for all Indigenous people in the Inchelium, WA area, most of the people involved with the organization are Sinixt or are connected to Sinixt people in some way. As a board member from Revelstoke, I am connected by history and friendship.

Sinixt people have known the upper Columbia River Valley, as far north as the Big Bend where the river turns south again, since time immemorial. After the first Europeans arrived, Sinixt hunters were integral to the fur trade at places like Fort Colville and Fort Shepherd, just north of the border. But when the old fur trader James Douglas retired as governor of the colony of B.C. in 1864, a new pro-settler government stepped in. That was a turning point for colonial-Indigenous relations in British Columbia.

From that time, especially after the mid-1880s, the Sinixt story has been one of painful displacement from their homeland, but also one of resistance and return. While 80% of Sinixt traditional territory is in B.C., they were

never officially recognized as an Indigenous nation under the settler administration. That changed on April 23, 2021, when the Supreme Court of Canada decided, in *Regina v Desautel*, that the Sinixt are indeed an “Aboriginal people of Canada” and have Indigenous rights in their homeland.

Growing up in Revelstoke, I was told that Indigenous people didn’t live here because there was too much snow. I didn’t question that until I worked as a summer student at our local museum. There I saw articles in the earliest newspapers from the 1890s referring to “Colville Indians” or “American Indians” who came to the area every autumn. The writer described them as “foreigners” who didn’t

belong here. Sinixt efforts to defend their land were condemned. In one terrible case, in May 1894, a settler shot and killed a Sinixt man who was defending his territory at Galena Bay. It was clear that Sinixt were here and they were pushed out of the region.

Once you know something, you can’t unknow it. I started digging into this history and, in 2019, my research was compiled into a book, *Swift River*. In the process, I made

friends in Inchelium and found ways to make myself useful to ICRC as I recognized the significance of its collections.

ICRC is the caretaker of several internationally important archival collections, including the Richard Hart collection of historical material used in the four Desautel court hearings, including the Supreme Court decision in 2021. Richard was the historian for the case and is a member of the ICRC board. ICRC also has collections relating to previous court cases in Canada. This may be a small library and archive, but it is large in ambition and scope.



Indians of the Columbia River in Canada paddle along a beach near Nakusp, on the Upper Arrow Lake.

Meadowlark Magic and Memories

Article & Photo by D.L. Kreft

As I write this, it is still mid-March. Thin skins of ice are lingering on the shorelines of nearby ponds. Crusted banks of snow are hiding in the shade of dense stands of pine and fir. They are boorish guests and won't take the hint they have overstayed their welcome.

But in defiance of their presence, I just heard my first western meadowlark of the spring. After two brief introductory notes, the rich flute-like voice continued in a jumble of gurgling notes, rapidly descending in pitch. The sound is unmistakable and freezes you in time, allowing you to forget whatever it was that had you in such a hurry. The meadowlarks are back.

They can be seen boldly singing on fenceposts and telephone poles. The

males are staking out territory and finding mates. They puff out their vibrant, yellow breasts, splashed with a black V-shaped bib. Their beaks are long, slender, and specialized for loud singing and finding food. The secret is in how wide they can open their mouth compared to most birds. A very wide-open mouth (think opera singer) can project more volume to carry their song over long distances of open grasslands and farm fields.

When foraging in dense grasses for bugs, they insert their slender beaks into the grass, while strong head and jaw muscles force open their mouth creating an opening into which they can probe for tasty tidbits of insects, grubs, and such.

Our western meadowlarks are easy

to hear but, surprisingly, sometimes hard to see. Their voices can carry and get lost in the wind of an open field or prairie. You might hear it sing, thinking it's on your left. But when you look for it, it is nowhere in sight. You swivel your head around trying to locate the bird, and while you do, it slyly moves to a new location. It may be on the ground, hidden from view. Then it sings again and your head snaps around hoping you will catch it out in the open. No luck.

You listen and wait. It sings again, this time in a different direction. How could it have moved without you seeing it? They fly in the air, don't they? You should be able to see it, for Pete's sake. You move again, slowly, thinking you're being clever and stealthy. The meadowlark just laughs. Soon it repeats its song of, what I imagine to be, happiness, positivity, hope, and cheer. How can you stay mad at a bird that sings like that?

The song of the western meadowlark is quite different from its very close cousin, the eastern meadowlark. In fact, it's sometimes the only way you can tell the two apart without holding one in your hand.

Theodore Roosevelt (yes, that Theodore Roosevelt) wrote much about the western meadowlark from years spent on his Elkhorn Ranch in the 1880s in what is now western North Dakota. He referred to the song of the familiar eastern meadowlark he grew up with as being a "harsh disagreeable chatter." But when it came to the western, he waxed poetic.

"Yet I cannot say that song would appeal to others as it appeals to me, for to me it comes forever laden with a hundred memories and associations: with the sight of dim hills reddening

MORTGAGE

No Down/ Low Down • VA • FHA

- No down/Low down payment options? *We can help!*
- Veteran or first time homebuyer? *We can help!*
- We can do cash out and rate/term refinances too!!

Call today for your **FREE** Consultation!

No obligation!

"Real People Helping Real People!"

Barrett Financial Group, LLC
509.675.3180



Jennifer Lee Thornburg | NMLS #44231

Barrett Financial Group, L.L.C. | NMLS #181106

275 E Rivulon Blvd, Suite 200, Gilbert, AZ 85297 WA MB-181106 | Equal Housing Opportunity

This is not a commitment to lend. All loans are subject to credit approval.

nmlsconsumeraccess.org/EntityDetails.aspx/COMPANY/181106



A Fresh Air Perspective

in the dawn, with the breath of cool morning winds blowing across lonely plains, with the scent of flowers on the sunlit prairie, with the motion of fiery horses, with all the strong thrill of eager and buoyant life. I doubt if any man can judge dispassionately the bird songs of his own country; he cannot dissociate them from the sights and sounds of the land that is so dear to him.”

Others apparently agree with ‘ole TR. Six different U.S. states have the western meadowlark as their state bird: Kansas, Montana, Nebraska, North Dakota, Oregon, and Wyoming. Only the northern cardinal surpasses it in that respect, with seven states proclaiming that as their state bird.

Much like it was for the 26th president, the song of the meadowlark associates with many sights and sounds and experiences of my own life. My first memory of recognizing a meadowlark song was as a young teen. At a park along the Raccoon River of west central Iowa, we were at a family reunion of sorts, and I was the only one of my age there. I was fine with that since my next closest sibling in age was seven years older. I was used to being alone and free to explore at my own pace. Though I had undoubtedly heard a meadowlark sing before, this is the first memory I have of it. Perhaps as a boy becoming a man, a new sense of awareness was developing. It was becoming more important to remember times and places. It was a wild and unafraid song that moved and awakened something inside me that I couldn’t describe, but I knew was there.

Later on, I would encounter the meadowlark song in various places I lived, worked, or traveled in. If I hear a meadowlark, I might remember the



time I briefly cowboied in the big sage country on the back side of Steens Mountain in southeastern Oregon. More sweetly I will remember a honeymoon camping trip in the high mountain rangelands of southwest Montana. I might remember years of working with ranchers and farmers in the Columbia Basin, and, of course, the open hillsides and fields of my home in northeastern Washington. But it is the meadowlark that is always present with me.

“I spoke ... of the sweet singing of the western meadowlark ... among the most attractive singers to which I have ever listened; but with all bird-music much must be allowed for the surroundings, and much for the mood, and the keenness of sense of the listener.” – Theodore Roosevelt, 1893

Now that he is retired, Dave is enjoying life as a nature photographer, writer, and administrator of the Northeast Washington Birders Group, @NEWAbirders, on Facebook.



A Healthy Respect for Herbs

Article & Photo by Michelle Lancaster

Herbs as medicine ... I am half afraid of them, half in awe of them. I know they work, as I have utilized herbs in various forms for various conditions with great success. A throat spray tincture of echinacea, Oregon grape root, plantain, and propolis sped up the healing of my throat after surgery. Stinging nettle root extract helped balance my hormones. Mullein tea calmed my coughing when sick. Valerian root helped relax my muscles after injury. Herbs are powerful, which is what keeps me wanting to learn more, in order to

use them both effectively and safely.

I believe herbs require respect and knowledge. Naturopathic doctors were step one in building my confidence in using herbs. They have been a positive resource for me in identifying appropriate herbs for conditions and in finding companies that produce higher quality products for when I need to buy herbs.

My mother has been my inspiration, as she made tea kits for Christmas with her homemade teas and a teapot with

NUVU
SHOWHOUSE

For features & showtimes
Call or Text
509-655-1551
facebook.com/NUVUfun
 209 E 5th Ave., Metaline Falls, WA

The
INDEPENDENT
Serving Chewelah and Stevens County since 1903

Current Events
 Chewelah History
 School Sports
 Classified Bargains
 Community Activities
 Business News
 Legal Announcements

SUBSCRIBE TODAY!

www.chewelahindependent.com

The ONLY source for Chewelah Valley news & information!

1 Year Starting at only \$30

935-8422

A Year On The Farm

fine mesh strainer, or as she shares herb starts and dried herbs that I run out of. In acquiring both sage and thyme from my mom this year, I realized I need to get plant starts put into garden beds so that I can ensure more reliable crops each year.

In past years, my reckoning was that herbs are hardy and can be planted wherever. Unfortunately, the reality is that herbs have preferences like vegetable crops do, and not much survives an invasion of quack grass. By raising herbs in beds, I can ensure heavier harvests that will fill my culinary needs for winter use.

Herbs easy to grow in this region, in my experience, include: oregano, lemon balm, echinacea, marshmallow, nettle, mullein, violet, rose, bee balm, raspberry, St. John's wort, yarrow, and elderberry. Some on the list are not what you might normally see in an herb list, like the flowers, but pretty much any plant with a medicinal role can be classified as an herb, in the wider definition of "plants as medicine." Others on the list, you may gasp and think "eek, isn't that a WEED!?" Yes! Weeds can be your friend, and by harvesting potential enemies like stinging nettle, you can reign in the growth of the plant. Make plants work for you, not the other way around.

In the local climate, herbs tend to thrive and are also easy to process – most can simply be laid on a cloth on a table, spare bed, or other flat surface, left to dry in an airy room with indirect lighting. That is how I processed the nefarious stinging nettle last year. I cut stems of young plants (wearing long, thick gloves), then left them to dry. Once fully dry, the nettles lose their sting and the leaves can be picked off and placed into a Mason jar for later use.

Last week, I finally got up the nerve to try nettle tea and was pleasantly surprised to realize that nettle tea tasted

exactly like green tea.

In addition to culinary and health uses, most herbs are excellent for pollinators and animals. Herb flowers draw in beneficial insects that support the whole farm. In winter, cayenne can be added to chicken water to help keep the hens warm. We recently planted a bed of herbs around the chicken coop to help deter rodents and brighten up the coop area. Peppermint, in particular, is an all-around winner for chickens, as they can eat it or it can be sprinkled as a potpourri, or placed in nesting boxes to deter mice. Anyone with chickens should be excited about deterring mice!

Helpful resources include:

- *The Complete Book of Herbs*, by Leslie Bremness
- *Rosalee de la Foret – Herbs with Rosalee*, podcast
- Herbal Academy Website (with many free resources)
- *National Geographic Herbal*, by Mimi Prunella Hernandez
- *Herbal Medic*, by Sam Coffman
- *Fresh Eggs Daily: Raising Happy, Healthy Chickens – Naturally*, by Lisa Steele

The more I use herbs, the more excited I get about gaining more knowledge. By learning from experts, such as naturopaths and herbalists, anyone can become proficient in and safely use herbs. I hear that Rosemary Gladstar is presenting again, in May, at the Thrivalist Self Sufficiency Fair in Addy. This is a great opportunity to learn about herbs from an expert. I am excited about meeting her and continuing my herbal journey.

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

423 W. 1st, Colville

www.floener.com

FLOENER

LICENSED • BONDED • INSURED



ELECTRIC

RESIDENTIAL • COMMERCIAL

- Service Changes
- Electrical Design
- Troubleshooting
- Voice/Data/Video
- Home Automation/Security
- Underground Cable & Fault Locating

Retail Sales

- Lighting
- Electric Heaters
- Sign Maintenance
- Poles & Overhead Wiring
- 36' Reach Bucket Truck

WA Contr. #FLOENE*070N7

(509) 684-8353

KCRK

**The hits of
the 80's, 90's
and today!
Plus, local
news, sports
& weather.**

FM 92.1



Building Strength With Yoga

By Brenda St. John

It's a common misconception to think that yoga is only about stretching. Yoga is also strength-building, which, I believe, is equally as important. When I look around at active senior citizens, something they all seem to have in common is strong bodies. I don't mean body-builder strong, but strong enough to perform the activities for daily living, hobbies, and recreation. After a certain age, we have to work harder to keep up our strength or we start to lose it. I don't know what that certain age is, but I have definitely reached it.

For the past 30-plus years we have purchased 40-pound bags of salt for our water softener, and I've always been able to pull them out of the car, fling one over my shoulder, and march it into the house and down a flight of stairs to the tank. I've always looked at the task as "training." Recently I was struggling to heave the bags over my shoulder and I had to rest a couple times on my way down the steps.

After feeling bad about my weakened state, I happened to take a closer look at the bag and noticed they were now 44 pounds instead of 40. Whew! That was a close call, but it still goes to show how little changes creep in, and I either have to accept or counter.

Every time I start a new session of yoga, I always point out to the new students in the Gentle Yoga class that we will be building strength as well as stretching, because I want them to keep their independence. Students in this class are mainly in their 60s and 70s, but one person is 86! We do a modified plank for 30 seconds in the first class of each quarter and add five seconds each week. By the end of the quarter, we are up to about 70 seconds. I am proud of my students, and they are proud of themselves.

Modified plank is great for building strength in the arms, shoulders, wrists, and core. "Plank" is the up-version of a push-up (straight arms), and "modified plank" means the knees are on the floor.

To benefit the lower body, the goal is to increase strength in the glutes, legs, ankles, and feet. Lunges and squats are especially helpful for this, although all the standing poses are good.

One *asana* that increases strength in both the upper body AND the lower body is *Utkatasana* (Oot-kah-TAHS-uh-nuh),

also referred to as "chair pose." This pose has nothing to do with sitting in an easy chair. In fact, the literal translation of *Utkatasana* is "fierce pose" or "powerful pose." The sketch here is deceptively misleading as to how challenging this pose is. Yet it is suitable for people of all abilities. The exceptions include people with knee pain or knee injuries, hip pain or hip injuries, and shoulder issues, although the pose could be modified to accommodate that.

To begin *Utkatasana*, start in mountain pose. The feet can either be together or hip-width apart. When practicing this pose for the first time, I feel it is easiest to begin with hands on hips. Bend the knees and sink the hips, but don't bring the hips lower than the level of the knees. Make sure both knees point straight ahead. Most of the body weight should be in the heels.

Next we do a little fine-tuning by bringing in two of the bandhas, specifically *Mula Bandha* and *Uddiyana Bandha*. With *Mula Bandha*, we tone the muscles of the pelvic floor. *Uddiyana Bandha* affects the belly. I engage the bandhas by drawing the tip of my tail bone down and forward and drawing my ribs in. This lengthens the lower back by reducing the natural curvature.

Then raise the arms overhead with the palms facing each other, shoulder-width apart. Roll the shoulders back and open the chest. There are some options for the position of the neck, but the conservative approach is to keep the head and neck in line with the rest of the spine. Instead of looking up, rest the gaze on the floor a few feet in front of you. Hold for about five cycles of breath before coming out of the pose.

There are lots of modifications and variations for chair pose. It can be done on one leg for a balance pose. It can be done on tiptoes for more challenge. There are a couple variations of twisted chair. For shoulder injuries, keep hands on hips. For tight ankles, place the heels on a rolled-up blanket. Holding a block between the palms or squeezing it between the thighs helps to integrate some of the body parts more fully into the pose. *Utkatasana* is a great foundational pose! Namaste.

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



45% OFF LIST PRICE

Stop by our KraftMaid Cabinetry showroom at Haney Lumber & Supply to experience all we have to offer.

- Free design service and quotes
- Delivery available. Appointments Welcome!



For inspirational ideas visit kraftmaid.com



HANEY 509-684-2150
Lumber & Supply Inc. 1101 N. Highway
Colville, WA
haneylumberandsupply.com

KraftMaid
KITCHENS FOR THE REAL LIVING ROOM

Retail Cafe by the Spring

Wednesday - Saturday, 9 am - 3 pm

Come in for fresh coffee and shop local craft items, vintage clothings, soaps, and more!



B & B By The Spring

Visit Airbnb.com and search for "Away to the Spring" in Springdale, WA for details and reservations.

509-258-4613 | 104 W. Shaffer Ave., Springdale | cafebythespring.com

2nd Annual NORTHEAST WASHINGTON MUSHROOM FESTIVAL

AN EXPLORATION OF LIFE WITH FUNGI

Saturday May 11th, 2024

Happy Dell Park in Kettle Falls, WA
9:00am - 8:00pm

Free Admission
Contest entry fees may apply

Rain or Shine!

Celebration - Education - Identification
Exploration - Music - Childrens Activities
Vending/Trading - Mushroom Hunt
Contests - Mushroom Tasting

www.InlandNorthwestPermaculture.com

For questions, call Gabe at (509)738-2087 or
email Kelly at childrenofearth@outlook.com

This event is hosted by the Inland Northwest Permaculture Guild (INPG), the Northeast Washington Permaculture Guild (NEWPG) and the Children of Earth Coalition (COEC) in partnership with the following sponsors



ANTIQUES
GIFTS

ART & CRAFTS
MARKET



PLANTS
SALON & SPA

COFFEE SHOP
PLUS MORE!

The Old Apple Warehouse

30+ different shops and artists!

Support Your Local
Businesses and Artists



Old Apple Warehouse

130 E 3rd | Kettle Falls, WA | (509) 738-4848

Seed Savers

Article & Photo by Joe Barreca

*... What I came to say was
Teach the children about the cycles.
The Life Cycles. All the other cycles,
That's what it's all about, and it's all forgot.*

~ Gary Snyder, "For/From Lew"

As of this writing, today is the Equinox. By the time this magazine is in your hands, Easter will be over. The full moon will be passed. Earth's cycles will be changing quickly. Before Europeans, native people would be digging roots or gathering camas, wapato, and cattail shoots. The Salish word for Spring is "a time of gathering." Gathering was a matter not just of time, but of place and people. Different plants grow best in different places. Indigenous people went to those places.

We try to make wherever we live

a place to grow our food. We try to make our same foods grow in every place. More often, most people try to get food from every place at one supermarket. Often, you can get seeds there too. This consolidation of supply and access to food has dramatically diminished the genetics of world food production. According to the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization, sugarcane, maize, rice, and wheat are the most consumed crops in the world. If you buy seeds to grow any of those things from your local grocery store, they

were probably grown in huge quantities in the Midwest and sold worldwide, often in patented varieties.

Looking at the brilliant pictures and glowing descriptions in seed catalogs, one can lose sight of the inherent nature of seeds to adapt to individual climates and locations. A lot of local people are trying to change that perception, and the supply chain. I met several of them at a seed swap held at the Fruitland Valley Winery recently. There was a lot to learn.

Bezaleel Israel has been collecting seeds from his gardens for over 25 years. You can order the seeds BZ grows through the website BZFarm.org. Click on the button to "buy seeds" for a list of 20 kinds of vegetables and 70 varieties of seeds for them. There are regulations on seeds for sale. Seeds must be tested every five months for the percentage of germination expected. For these 70 varieties, BZ and fellow farm collective member Chrys Ostrander do those tests, in addition to collecting, cleaning, storing, packaging and labeling the seeds.

Developing the best seeds is another story. They have drier upland sites and bottomland sites at their Eco Village near the US/Canada border, north of Northport.

Within one family of plants, say corn, different varieties can cross-pollinate if near each other. Sometimes crossing is done intentionally, as with the Yukon Standard hybrid corn BZ breeds. Planting and pollination need to be controlled closely. "Hybrid vigor" is the tendency for hybrid crops to grow more vigorously than their parents. By crossing varieties, new varieties can be created and the seed saver only needs to choose seeds



from the best of the offspring. From the third generation on, the plants self-select so the new variety becomes stabilized.

Carefully avoiding crossing can retain desired traits. This is the principle of heirloom seed preservation. Another key to understanding the process is that seeds adapt progressively from generation to generation when grown in one location. This is the principle of seed localization.

There is another philosophy and approach. At that same seed swap, Dana Combest represented the Huckleberry Range Community Collective (HRCC) (www.facebook.com/groups/thehrcc). It is a private group, so you need to enter some information about your name and generally where you live. This serves the purpose of making it truly local. They began in 2019 as mostly a tool-sharing group. In 2023, they branched out into seed and plant sharing.

Dana introduced me to a new term: “landrace gardening.” It doesn’t have anything to do with the land speed record. Landrace is actually an old term meaning “...a local cultivar or animal breed that has been improved by traditional agricultural methods” (Oxford Dictionary). HRCC offers for sale a small book with excerpts from a larger work by Joseph Lofthouse on landrace gardening and how to grow food when you can’t buy seeds, fertilizers, or pesticides (lofthouse.com). His philosophy is that the best cultivars for our gardens are

grown as genetically diverse, promiscuously-pollinating crops. He uses examples from his own experiences in a high-altitude farm where he could not grow many warm weather crops until he started saving his own seeds.

The method could be called “survival of the tastiest.” But it starts with just plain survival.

Lofthouse does not fertilize, irrigate or use pesticides. In fact, he welcomes weeds and pests. It is a little like a mosh pit. You plant seeds from a wide variety of sources and trust that they will cross-pollinate and that the genetic diversity in the plants that survive will overcome all obstacles, with the gardener having to amend the environment very little.

Lofthouse does select for the tastiest survivors because that is what his customers value in his seeds more than toughness, abundance, shipability, storage, etc. Rather than lock on to a likely survivor to keep pure, he encourages the continued introduction of genetic variety so that plants can respond immediately to changing climatic and soil conditions.

In addition to providing landrace variety seeds, HRCC distributes, free, donations it receives of seeds in bulk. HRCC also buys fruit plants at wholesale and passes the savings on to members. It sponsors seed and plant swap events like the Slow Food Event at Fruitland Valley Winery and in partnership with the Hunger Coalition (newhungercoalition.org)

and the Permaculture Guild (inland-northwestpermaculture.com). Check those sites and the HRCC Facebook page for more information. There will be a Plant, Seed & Root Swap on April 6 at the library in Kettle Falls and another May 4 at Stranger Creek Grange.

In her book *Braiding Sweetgrass*, Robin Wall Kimmerer has a story, “Mishkos Kenomacwen: The Teaching of Grass.” In it, a student proposes a study to determine whether picking sweetgrass using traditional methods increases or depletes the population. Learned professors dismissed the premise, saying that everyone knows that harvesting a plant will damage the population. The student persisted and proved that by picking the sweetgrass respectfully, only taking half and leaving some soil disturbed, she had created room and light for the remaining plants to expand and grow more vigorously than the test plots, which were left alone.

A traditional harvest of root crops in the spring has a similar effect. If you thank the best plant in a group, leave it there, promise to take only what you need and leave the rest, you are selecting the best plants to survive and leaving enough for diversity. The effects will be similar to the sweetgrass story and the landrace practice. Learn the cycles!

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

Nursing Memories of Times Past

By Karen Giebel

I was just going about my usual Monday, dust cloth in hand, mind wandering aimlessly as household chores don't engage a lot of my brain power, when it suddenly occurred to me that this year marks my 50th anniversary since graduating as a registered nurse. Fifty years ... I had to go sit down. That number hit me hard. I mean, how could that possibly be?

Sitting on the edge of the sofa, head in hands, eyes leaking, remembering that day as if it were yesterday. Walking across the stage at Kleinhans Music Hall in Buffalo, N.Y., wearing that new white uniform, white stockings, and white "duty" shoes as they were called. I was handed my hard-earned diploma and that long-sought-after black band was placed on my white nursing cap. I had done it!

The old photo of my proud parents standing next to me after the ceremony is something that I will never get rid of. There were times when I wasn't certain I was going to succeed, but my determination paid off. I was one of the lucky ones. I knew by the time I was five, scuffling around the house wearing my mommy's duty shoes and her cap, that one day I would be a nurse just like my mom. So many young people have no idea what their life's work will be. My chosen career was hard work, sometimes way too hard, but the rewards of being a "helper" made it all worthwhile. I have no regrets and would do it all over again.

I was employed for 45 of those 50 years, having retired five years ago. I reflect on the changes I witnessed and was a part of on my nursing journey, and they were nothing short of phenomenal. For starters, there's no such thing as a nurses cap anymore, or uniforms or duty shoes. Scrubs and athletic shoes are the norm. I welcomed the relaxation of dress code over the years. But the most important changes have to do with the incredible advances in health care,

both medically and in the delivery of treatment.

My career began working the night shift on an open ward dating back to the early 1900s. Twenty-eight beds in one big, noisy room. Each bed was separated only by a curtain. If one patient was awake and calling out loud, then they were all awake. I was the only RN in the whole east building at night. The other four wards were staffed by LPNs (licensed practical nurses), so if a patient needed a blood draw, the LPN and I passed each other on the stairs as she went to my ward and I went to hers, as LPNs could not take blood samples. LPNs were eventually phased out of hospitals due to the limitations of their licenses, but they were powerhouses back in the day.

A year later, I transferred to the new ultra-modern "A" building and started my sought-after work in oncology. Patients with cancer were admitted for weeks, or even months, too sick to go home. Chemotherapy back then had horrific side effects; and medications to adequately address those side effects had not yet been created.

We saw more of our patients than our families, and we became family members to them. When a patient died, we each felt a loss. The biggest change I witnessed over the years were the wonderful advances in medications and pain control. Demerol is no longer in use, but it was the pain medication then. Given via a shot in the behind, it was ordered every four hours. After repeated doses, scar tissue developed, and giving a shot was like sticking a needle into a hard pumpkin shell. The medication was no longer able to be absorbed and the suffering was terrible. Pain and symptom control today are given top priority. Though not perfect, today's options are vast improvements.

Fifty years ago, a heart attack required weeks of mandatory bed rest. The patient was not even allowed to feed

**170 S. Main St
Colville**

**402 Meyers St
Kettle Falls**

**Membership - \$35/month
No Binding Contracts!
Tanning avail. | 24-hr access**

STRIVE VALIANTLY

**FB: arena fitness colville
IG: arenafitness.strivevaliantly
Call/Text: 509-596-2215**

Reflections on Life's Journey

themselves! And oh my ... the diet? The cardiac diet meant no salt, no butter, oil, ice cream, red meat, or seafood. It was basically flavorless.

Cardiac cath labs were rare and in their infancy. I remember clearly when my hospital set up theirs. Now many cardiac procedures, including stents, ablations and more, are day surgeries. Even after open heart surgery, you can be home in three days. The development of robotics and micro technologies means procedures and surgery are minimally invasive. No more long incisions and weeks of recovery to have your gallbladder removed. We had a family member home by 3 p.m. on the day of their gallbladder surgery.

I also remember when the surgeons at our major big-city hospital started performing hip replacements. The patient was not only on bedrest for two weeks, but also had to lie completely flat on their back for those weeks. Try eating in that position. No televisions. One just lay there staring at the ceiling. The use of a "flat" bed pan, also known as a "fracture" pan, made that experience even more unpleasant.

Today, hip surgery is done as an outpatient.

Fifty years ago, cataract surgery required a week of bedrest to heal. There were no implanted lenses. Instead you received bulky, thick cataract eyeglasses, which made peripheral vision blurry, but at least you could see. I had cataract surgery with implanted lenses when we lived in Germany in 2016. I was given a paper gown to wear over my street clothes and a paper hat. I walked into the operating room and climbed onto the table. The surgery was over in minutes, and I was walked back to a waiting room and told to go home when I felt okay.

Medical care continues to be a work in progress, and it always will be. Certainly not perfect, but the men and women working in the medical/health care professions continue to work hard to improve the lives of all of us. I am honored to have been a part of and to have witnessed these advances since 1974. Fifty years? Oh my!

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

DON'T MISS THESE FAMILY EVENTS

BENEFITING NEWPORT CREATIVE DISTRICT, EVERGREEN ART ASSOCIATION, & CREATE

2nd Annual Newport, WA

Earth Day ArtWalk

APR 2024 11 AM - 3 PM
20

sponsored
in part by 

Get your costume ready and join the first ever

TRASH-N-FASHION PARADE

Meet at 10:15 am at the PO Playhouse
Parade begins at 10:30 am and runs through town

14 VENUES HOSTING
ART EXHIBITS & DEMONSTRATIONS

music, dancing, kids activities, community art
collaboration, craft booths, raffles, prizes



PATRICE WEBB, LYLE MORSE, & BRAD KEELER

APR 2024

13

6 PM

\$12 in advance
\$15 at the door
STUDENTS FREE

Bluegrass, swing, folk, and blues with humor,
friendship, and original songwriting

TERRY ROBB

INTERNATIONAL FINGER STYLE GUITARIST
BLUES, RAGTIME, COUNTRY, PRODUCER

APR 2024

27

6 PM

CONCERT
\$14 in advance
\$17 at the door

APR 2024

28

1 PM

WORKSHOP
\$45 / attendee
TERRYROBB.COM

CREATEARTS.ORG - 900 W. 4TH, NEWPORT

SUPPORTING THE ARTS, PRESERVING CULTURE!

Honoring My Dogs with a Parade

By Bob Gregson

If you have seen a Tournament of Roses Parade, you'll understand when I say it is a spectacle of marching bands and incredibly beautiful floats covered in fresh flowers, ridden by princesses or queens of this and that. Now, I'm creating in my mind a short parade just like the Rose Parade ... but instead of the beautiful people, each float would honor and be ridden by a dog of my close acquaintance from over the years. It could be called the Honorable Dog Parade, led by a color guard from the VFW and featuring marching bands, drill teams, kids pulling wagons, and flower-encrusted floats with a dog prince/princess in the place of honor on each.

The first float would feature Fluffy, a female black and white maybe spaniel. A neighbor in Pasco offered me, then five years old, one of his dog's litter of pups. I rushed across the open area between our long, skinny, Navy four-plexes and pleaded my case for adopting this little black and white furball.

It worked. Fluffy lasted for 10 years with us, despite her two very dangerous habits: chasing cars and eating rocks that I and my contemporaries would absentmindedly throw from time to time. She had two major operations to

remove rocks from her stomach; the third operation was fatal. Aside from those bad habits, she was a loving companion, enjoyed by all in the neighborhood. When I was seven or eight, I would often smuggle her into bed after lights out. We both enjoyed sleeping mostly under the covers.

The next three dogs of my youth were rather nondescript and would have to ride on the same float because they were bit players in my life. All were strays we adopted. Back in the '50s, dogs were allowed to roam. Smoochie (you can guess why that name) just showed up at our house; so did Arthur; and I'm not sure how Molly came to us. Then came a seven-year dogless period while off at college and then in the Army, mostly in Asia.

Back in the U.S., my new wife and I lived in an Army single-family World War II temporary structure at the edge of the Arlington National Cemetery and a few hundred yards from the Pentagon. We settled in, I dug up part of the backyard for a small organic veggie garden, and we went to the pound to find a dog. Her name was Cindy. She was a mature, smallish cross between a German shepherd and ????. She was a wonder dog.

Cindy went to work with me be-

cause my first office was in our battalion motor pool. All the guys loved her. We had a small Buick convertible at the time; when it wasn't too hot or too cold, Cindy would sit upright in the back seat. When we told her to stay, she stayed right there while we ran errands. She was a fun and responsible dog in all respects.

At this point it's worth mentioning the scoundrel Rusty, the young Irish setter who lived next door. I had buried several carp carcasses in each row of corn; Cindy never bothered them but Rusty tore up most of my garden one night by digging up those rotting carcasses and rolling in each. His owner was rather upset. Fortunately, he wasn't in my chain of command....

The Cindy story had a bad ending. She found and ate some rat poison during one of our walks. Losing her was one of the hardest things ever. Cindy would rate the finest float in the parade.

We were dogless for four years as I left the Army, went to grad school, and moved to Birmingham, Michigan. One of our first outings there was to go to the pound to look for a dog. The result would be a young beagle named Sally. She chewed up any number of things, including the kitchen table

From Vine to Wine since '89



Now making biochar
BarrecaVineyards.com
509-680-6357



COLVILLE GLASS

509-684-6501

colvilleglass@gmail.com

- Auto & Log Trucks
- Heavy Equipment
- Wood Stove Glass
- Rock Chip Repairs
- Commercial Glass
- Residential Glass



111 S. Oak • Colville, WA 99114

www.ColvilleGlass.com



legs, until we gave her to friends who liked her. I wouldn't want Sally to be in our parade. She could sit quietly on the sidelines with Rusty, both of them pondering their sins.

Then we moved to Bellevue, Washington. First stop, the Humane Society.

We came away with Kelsey, a female golden retriever. She was a great dog, too, but she had a streak in her that hated cats. One time she went over our six-foot cedar fence to chase a cat. She

was basically a sweetheart, so I'd assign her a nice float to ride on. Then came a few years of upheaval and divorce. I was dogless again.

Bonnie and I married and took up farming on Vashon Island and bought a great Pyrenees puppy named Duffy to protect our sheep. He lived with them outdoors but wanted more in his life. Meanwhile, we had acquired a de-horned billy goat named Tooter; he was proficient at mowing those terribly thorny Himalayan blackberries that had taken over part of our 13 acres. Tooter thought of himself as a dog, and we mostly treated him that way. He could go on the last float in the parade.

Duffy did a great protecting job,

but it was disconcerting to have a 150-pound dog lean heavily up against you and try to lick your face while you happened to be kneeling down! Duffy had a bad ending, too. Crazed by Fourth of July fireworks, he jumped the fence, ran into a main road, and



was killed by a car. He, too, was a lovely dog who would rate a very nice large float.

At about the same time, our farm apprentice had a very senior chocolate lab named Jake who was a surreptitious

grape eater, right off the vine. And arguably smarter than any of us. After we sold the farm to that same apprentice, and had been living in Spokane for 12 years, with grandchildren and great grandchildren around, plus a fully fenced yard, we hit the Humane Society once again.

The new guy is Barney, a small black dog with white on his chest. He's very loving, if you know him well, or if you are an adult female, or if you are the mailman who once gave him part of his cheeseburger. Otherwise, he's unpredictable. So we keep him away from strangers. He came up from Texas after one of those hurricanes about six years ago; we have no idea what triggers his negativity and fear. He does not much

hassle or harm our chickens but takes great offense at cats, rabbits, other dogs, and squirrels. Interestingly, he protects the airspace above our property, loudly telling hawks and crows and eagles to beat it, buster. Barney is worth a float, but loud noises spook him, so maybe he'd best stay at home on parade day.

My Honorable Dog Parade would be great fun. I can just see those dogs on floats, wearing crowns or tiaras, graciously waving their paws to one side of the street and then the other, winking at small children, tossing out doggy treats occasionally, and wondering why the heck a goat is somewhere back there riding a float. Can you picture your own Honorable Pet Parade?

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.

Mental Health and Substance Use Disorder Treatment

NorthEast Washington

Substance Use Disorder (SUD)



Mental Health (MH)

ALLIANCE Counseling Services

Colville (SUD/MH) 684-4597 or 1-866-708-4597
Davenport (SUD/MH) 725-3001 or 1-888-725-3001
Nine Mile Falls (MH by appt only) 262-0396
Republic (SUD/MH) 775-3341 or 1-866-807-7131

Mental Health After Hours Emergencies
1-877-266-1818

Since 1984

CAREY'S AUTO INC
BODY INC

Collision Repair Specialists

Call Us Today to:

- Arrange for a tow truck
- Write your estimates for repairs
- Get through the insurance process
- Schedule your repairs
- Set up a loaner or rental car
- Provide a written warranty

Axalta Lifetime Refinish Warranty

509-684-2587




**1101 S. Main St.
Colville, WA**

www.careysautobody.com

A Scot in Stevens County

By Chloe Thompson Slater

Growing up in a tiny mining village in the Scottish Southern Uplands, I attended a primary school with no more than 30 students before heading on to high school and university closer to Glasgow in the central belt. I'm sure many people agree that going from country living to a more suburban lifestyle can be quite the culture shock.

With the exception of a couple of months in Spain, I had never spent any real extended time away from Scotland, and I never thought I would. However, when I arrived in Chewelah I felt an unwavering familiarity despite being over 6,500 kilometers from home.

From the breathtaking landscapes to the incredibly friendly people I get to speak with, I feel very lucky to experience all that this wonderful area has to offer. Now, after an uneasy adjustment from the 8-hour time difference, I've been reflecting on some differences in these two beautiful countries.

Wildlife

I know this may seem rather obvious, but there are no bears, wolves, mountain lions or coyotes in Scotland. Our

hills and mountains are mostly filled with sheep, deer, birds and the odd snake. So now I scope out the landscape when hiking and keep an ear out for any noises that may set the alarm bells ringing. I actually saw a cougar for the very first time in November, an experience both terrifying and exciting.

Driving

Getting used to driving and being a passenger in the U.S. did take some time. We also have amber at traffic lights, which I haven't seen much of. I do really appreciate the price of gas and lack of roundabouts here though. Additionally, until I came to the States, I had never seen a hitchhiker and, whilst this isn't a daily occurrence, it does still come as quite a surprise when I do.

Food

Cliché or not, but not having access to my favorite comfort foods and condiments sometimes has me daydreaming about what meals I plan to eat when I make my next trip home, and yes, this does involve haggis.

Cravings aside, I was surprised at the increased cost of groceries, which is understandable given the cost of living and inflation. However, paying over \$3 for a loaf of bread and \$10 for chicken did come as quite the shock.

Vocabulary and Accents

I've had the pleasure of speaking with many people during my time here, and I really appreciate how welcoming, kind, and respectful everyone has been. The first time I was addressed as "ma'am" had me feeling like I was in a movie!

I'm a very-fast-spoken person and from a country that uses a lot of slang as well as local dialect, and I realize this is something I need to keep in

mind when shopping or out socializing. I'm most guilty of overusing the word "wee," slang for small. Phrases like "just a wee bit" and "going for a wee walk" I'm sure can be a little bit alien to some people.

Yard Sales

This is something else that felt so foreign to me, but also super nostalgic, as I've seen it in movies my entire life. I love browsing yard sales and being able to use something that has played a role in someone else's home and life. Yard sales are the perfect way to help the environment, build friendships and keep funds circulating within the local community.

Handmade Gifts and Produce

Whilst we have lots of great, independent community producers and farmers markets at home, I've never seen quite so many within such a small area. Everything from homemade bread and cakes to soap, candles, ironmongery, and fresh-grown produce is so readily available, and it's a breath of fresh air seeing so much support for these businesses.

I'm really looking forward to enjoying what spring has to offer in Stevens County, continuing to meet new people, and learning more about what this wonderful area has to offer.

Chloe Thompson Slater, a 31-year-old now living in Chewelah, graduated with an honors degree in journalism from the University of the West of Scotland and has worked on "some amazing projects," including filming local counts at the Scottish independence referendum and general election. She specializes in marketing and PR services, and enjoys cooking, socializing, writing and pretty much anything to do with the outdoors.



Poetry of Place

Northern Spring

By Susanne Griep

Spring sings to herself first,
a whispered secret in sun
where I stand on wet earth.
Sky teases blue.

I've lived in these woods for most of my life,
years like creeks running across this western corner.
I know hard freezes can still turn
this supple earth hard as a plate.

Snow will fall, rude and silent any day now,
an uninvited guest in a flurry
stamping out the green from view
just to keep us waiting.

Birds puffed out on a wire
lament late snow flurries
sticking even to southern slopes.

It's nearly May! It's nearly May!
they chirp, urgent voices raised,
overlapping all at once.

Bev's 50th

By Susanne Griep

It's the little things that count:
the sudden song of a meadowlark,
the color and grace of cosmos
in a vase on the kitchen table,
your son's smile,
the familiar warmth of your mate's embrace,
the firm feel of an earthen path beneath your feet.

You are blessed with many gifts;
all of these and another:
the time of your birth celebrates
the peak of lacewings,
honeysuckle blossoms,
poppies and nesting birdsong,
wild roses on the breeze,
all of these wrapped in every shade of green,
lush and vibrant.

– 1998

The Humming Tree

By Susanne Griep

Pink blossoms turn
nearly white when they're open,
pollen-laden stamens sweetly swaying.

Legs in black, serrated jodhpurs dangle
in slow swivel around buds that blush
fragrant like tiny pale roses,

organ pedal serenade, a buzzing chorus of bees
fat and heavy in this crabapple celebration
singing at its peak.

He Climbs (For Stu)

By Loren Cruden

(Reprinted, with permission, from The Dogs of RockCut Road)

He climbs for the love
of high places
without counting his steps
he sings in his breath
as though the air
turns his heart
like a music box.

– Boulder, Colorado

There Must Be Sun (For Lawrence and Catherine)

By Loren Cruden

(Reprinted, with permission, from The Dogs of RockCut Road)

There must be sun,
boisterous leaves,
grass beside a pond.
There must be season's transition,
friends in bright clothes,
a dog's forehead to stroke.
On such a day, on such a day
the horizon stays clear;
no white cane needed,
tapping out dangers ahead.

– St. Paul, Minnesota

Last One from Up North

Article and Photo by Becky Dubell

Sunny. Clear as a bell. 55 degrees with a light wind. Good weather to be sitting on the deck (not the porch, says Mom) facing south, looking at the Chilkats down the Taiya Inlet. That is what Mom has been doing after a nippy winter cooped up inside. She does this while I get to do what I really enjoy doing: splitting and stacking wood.

With our wood system, you become very familiar with each piece of wood. We take rounds that have been stacked in the woodshed and move them to the splitter to be split into halves, quarters or kindling, and then stack those pieces in their temporary home alongside the house, till they get to go sit by the stove to get warmed up to be put to use with their maximum BTU output.

But. Warning. Don't become too familiar and give them names cuz who wants to burn a piece of wood that has a name. Have to remember that this is Skagway, Alaska, where the social life is even a little more – maybe a lot more – laid back than in our northeast

Washington, and I make my own friends and social life.

Mom has become more of a social butterfly since I've been here. We are downtown 2-4 times a week. People are so happy to see her out and about in her "transporter." And yes, there are nine places to stop in the little town of Skagway, especially when you count the stop at the dumpster.

We have found a couple of friends that we are calling "pushers." Bob has Mom addicted to peanut butter and chocolate eggs, Sharon has her addicted to fresh flowers each week, and I have reminded her about Ruffles chips with sour cream and onion dip. So, her "addictions" are being met each week on Wednesday when we go shopping on Senior Day at the grocer –10% off! She is so addicted that she doesn't even want to know what the prices are. Bob is satisfying the belly and Sharon is taking care of the vision.

Had another "small world" moment in Skagway. It happened at the white church, which is where the first "small world" things happened last year within the first

THINK GLOBALLY
LISTEN LOCALLY
KYRS .ORG
thin air community radio
88.1 | 92.3 FM

**INDEPENDENT
LOCAL MUSIC AND
PERSPECTIVES**

**Chewelah's
GOT
TALENT**
Episode VI

AUDITIONS : : April 20 & 27
Application Deadline is April 15

THE SHOW : : May 4, 2024
Save the Date | Tickets Available Soon

Calling all Chewelah Entertainers!!
Singers dancers, musicians, poets, comedians, and all other varieties of talent! Show us the amazing talent Chewelah has to offer!

To audition, you must apply by April 15
Applications forms are available from
KCHW Studios and online at kchw.org

KCHW 102.7 FM
CHEWELAH, WASHINGTON

more info at chewelahsgottalent.com

week of being in Skagway. This one was during a Super Bowl Sunday get-together. Lisa, wife of the church's preacher, has worked at the Gifford Campground located right next to BJ and Gale – shooting buddies of Jim and me. She is granddaughter of Don and Connie Dale, and daughter of Lee and Becky Dale from the Hunters area. So, in the little town of Skagway, I have had four “small world” connections to the Colville area, and all have been at the white church.

I guess me and my mouth asking questions get people talking. It can be really cool. For instance, by asking questions at the Do-it Center, I have over 200 addresses of people on my “Alaska Picnic List” who live in our neck of northeast Washington that have lived in Alaska. I comment on anything that I see related to Alaska – clothing, jewelry, keychains, etc.

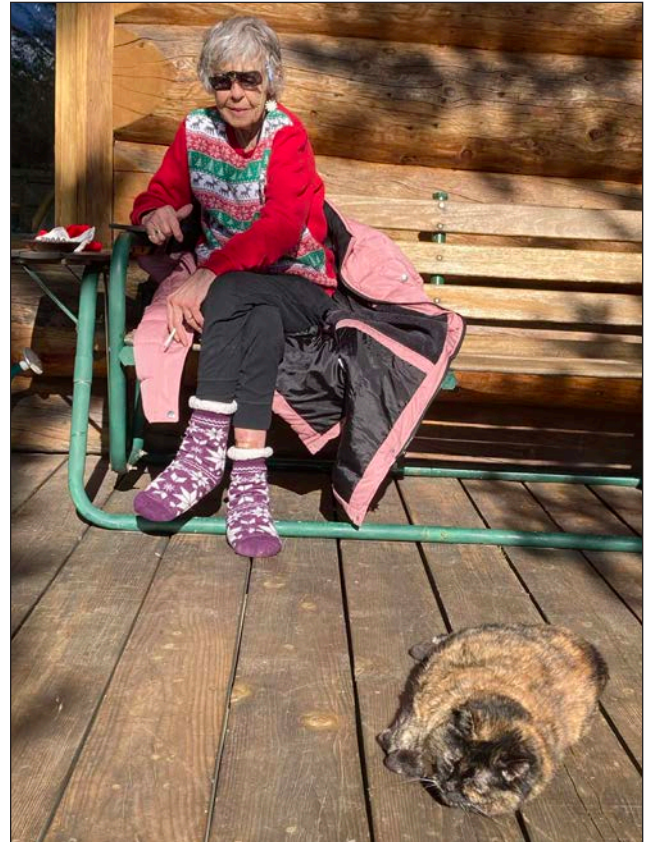
Another description in the Skagway style: In a conversation about Lynn ... I shrugged my shoulders – I don't know Lynn. “Well, you know, she is the one that bought Sam's house that knows a lot about mushrooms. Good friends with Skip.” Are you as lost as I was? Don't know Lynn. Or Sam. Or Skip. But what the heck? Conversation continues.

Story about Billi: She worked as a Madame at the Red Onion during the tourist season a few years back. If you were here, and went to the show, you may have seen the pregnant Madame. She still has not figured out how to claim worker's comp for her baby, “Brothel Sprout.”

One of my Skagway stories: You may have heard me complain about the minutes I have spent at Second and Main in Colville trying to cross traffic? That was a traffic jam to me. Well, I have noticed that traffic in Skagway has gotten heavier with the locals and seasonal employees getting ready for the tourist season. I was at State and 7th across from the library, which is by the red church: Two cars coming from uptown. One car from downtown with another pulling onto the road from the alley. One car at the stop sign across State on 7th. Now that is a TRAFFIC JAM!!

My time with Mom is coming to an end. I'm turning the reins over to my sister, Bonny, until this fall. I have learned a few things while here:

- That a touch is worth a thousand words. Yelling does not work when something goes wrong – I found myself on the floor bawling when she really scared me. She was not hurt but the possibility was



there. Her words: “I will not do that again.”

- To speak slower.
- That the colors blue and green on the dominoes and cards really do look the same if they are in a certain lighting.
- “Love is giving your mom the lap quilt for the chilly morning.” (That is what she told me).
- To make it into a question or suggestion instead of an order. Say please, thank you, and you are welcome. And DO NOT correct her memory of a story – It will only frustrate both of you. Don't say “You can't do that.” Switch to “Let's try it as a practice.” Then she will decide yes or no. (Personal note: That JUST happened, and she said, “Yes. I can.”)

Practice Patience and Love

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.”

Deep Creek Canyon Adventure

By Rich Leon

In the previous issue of this publication, I wrote an article called “March Memories.” After what happened today (March 15th) I have something else to add to the collection, though I am not sure that what happened would be classified as a memory or something just plain weird. I will leave that to the reader to decide.

After I retired in 2010, I made a promise to myself that I would go out hiking on my birthday, no matter what the weather was like that day. For the most part I have had fairly decent weather. A little cold a couple of times but nothing I couldn't handle. This year turned out to be a whole different ballgame, but not because of the weather.

As I left, heading over to Deep Creek Canyon in Riverside State Park, the sun was shining and the birds were singing. It was going to be a great day out and I was excitedly looking for early season wildflowers to photograph and maybe even some early mushrooms.

I wasn't able to find much in the way of wildflowers along the trail, except for a lot of buttercups, so I took a detour and went down the hillside to check out some rocks in hopes of some lichens to photograph. I found some that looked interesting, but what

caught my eye was a couple of grass widows.

To get a good shot I would have to lie on the ground. I took off my backpack and got out an old tarp I have for just such an occasion. I spread it out and had just enough room to lie down between the rocks with my feet sticking out. I tried to get comfortable so I could take a few photos.

As I was doing that, I heard voices coming from the trail. I thought I had the area all to myself, but I guess I was wrong. It sounded like a male and a female. I heard the female say, do you see that next to the rocks. It looks like some shoes down there and some legs are sticking out of them. Maybe we should go down and check it out.

The guy says, “It's probably just some homeless person.”

“What if the person is hurt and needs some help or worse,” she says.

“What do you mean by worse?”

“The person might be dead,” she says.

“Don't say that. Don't even think that. That creeps me out,” he says.

After listening to the couple go back and forth on what they should do, I thought I should let them know I was okay. As they started down the hillside, I raised my head over one of the rocks.

Probably not my best idea. The lady let out a scream when she saw my head come up. I raised my hand and told them I was okay and showed them my camera and that I was just taking some photos and that I was sorry I scared them.

When they came over to see what I was photographing, the guy said, “I think I know you. Are you the person who does the mushroom hikes?”

“Yes, I am,” I said.

“I went on one of your walks and learned a lot about the local mushrooms. My name is Tom and this is my soon-to-be wife Karen. We are getting married next month,” he said.

“Congratulations! I hope you have a long and happy life together. I am really sorry I scared you,” I said. And with that, I bid them farewell, packed up my tarp, and headed down the trail in search of something else interesting to photograph.

Feel free to join me on my Facebook page for more adventures, or maybe I should say, misadventures.

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.

PRINTING AND GRAPHIC DESIGN

BUSINESS CARDS • ENVELOPES • BROCHURES
LETTERHEAD • CARBONLESS FORMS • NOTE-
PADS • POSTCARDS • DECALS • RIGID SIGNS
YARD SIGNS • POSTERS • BANNERS • BUMPER
STICKERS • MAGNETS • FLAGS • CANVAS • WIN-
DOW GRAPHICS • VINYL LETTERING • BOOK-
LETS • CALENDARS • FLYERS • LABELS • MENUS
BUTTONS • MUGS • T-SHIRTS • LOTS MORE

DIGITAL DOCUMENTS
(509) 775-2425



“Education for the Road Ahead”

- Driver Education Classes
- State Department of Licensing
Knowledge and Drive Testing
- Individual Instruction

Colville's locally owned driving school!

162 East 1st, Colville • (509) 684-3164 • www.roadsscholar drivingschool.com

NORM'S AUTO REPAIR

We Service All Makes & Models

A HIGHER STANDARD OF SERVICE

Offering expanded diesel service
Ford, GM & Dodge diesel certified
Ford Factory Trained Technicians

Schedule Your Service Today!

295 W. 1st • Colville, WA • 509-685-9653 • 855-877-9653

f norms-auto.com • Mon-Thur: 7:00 am - 5:30 pm



Boise Cascade®
WOOD PRODUCTS



Boise Cascade®
Kettle Falls

Build your career with Boise Cascade!

Work for a company that cares about their employees, their community and the quality of the products they produce.



Taking pride in our work today,
building the American Dream of tomorrow.

JOIN OUR TEAM!

Earn up to \$1,000 per week
Multiple Positions Open

Medical, Dental & Vision Benefits & 401K Savings

Apply online at bc.com/careers/ or
scan the QR code to apply



Schedule your interview today!

Questions? Call (509) 738-3261
or email ShannonCowan@bc.com

WANTED

Barber or Hair Stylist in Colville

509-675-3791
for details



DEER PARK AUTO BODY

Collision Repair &
Paint Specialists

(509) 868-2746

deerparkautobody.com
deerparkautobody@yahoo.com

412 W. Crawford Ave.
Deer Park, WA 99006

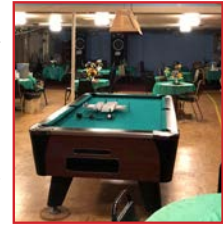
Featured Dining & Lodging 2024

Addy

ADDY INN: A full menu, family-style restaurant just a block off Hwy 395. A local favorite, Addy Inn boasts an Addy Burger that is a challenge to the largest appetites. Steaks, fish, burgers, specials and desserts. Enjoy the old west atmosphere or slide up to the unique bar. A creek and shady deck complete this adventure. Join us for your next outing! 509-935-6137.



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. 509-684-4535.



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.



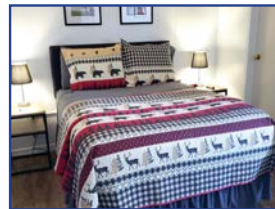
DRAGON VILLAGE: Authentic Cantonese, Hunan & Szechwan Cuisine. Dine in, take out, catering, beer, wine, cocktails. 155 S. Main. Tue-Sun 11am-9pm. 509-684-8989. See our menu at dragonvillagecolville.com.



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 Wed-Sat, 7am-8pm, and Sun, 7am-2pm. 153 W 2nd Ave. 509-684-2494.



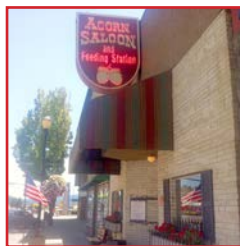
CHEWELAH MOTEL & RV PARK: Play and stay at the edge of a vast wilderness with all the conveniences of home. 311 S. Park St. chewelahmotelandrvpark.com. 509-935-4763.



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.



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!

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.



CAFE ITALIANO: Authentic Mediterranean cuisine featuring local, organic veggies and fresh seafood. Ask about our specials. 151 W. 1st. Call for hours open: 509-684-5268.



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.



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.



Kettle Falls

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.



Newport

DANNYANN'S B&B: Enjoy a hearty breakfast and explore the beautiful Pend Oreille River Valley. Two well-appointed



guest rooms with private baths. Play & Stay: an easy walk to shops, restaurants, museum, and less than 1 mile to river and trails. Relax. Renew. Retreat. 131 N. Spokane Ave., dannyanns.com, 509-447-3787.

RIVERWOOD B&B: Need a weekend getaway? Extra visitors



and no place to put them? Rent the whole Riverwood House, or just separate rooms for a comfortable and quiet, relaxing stay. Single room rentals can ask for full sit-down breakfast. 509-850-0873. riverwoodbnb.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.



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 hook-ups, 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.



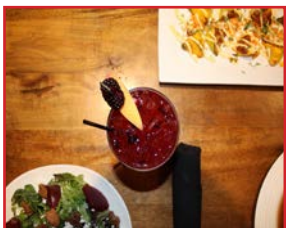
Springdale

RETAIL CAFE BY THE SPRING: Come in for fresh coffee, blended and iced espresso, blended fruit drinks, retro donuts, cookies and treats, and shop local craft items, vintage clothing, soaps, and more! Wed-Sat 9am-3pm. 104 West Shaffer Ave., 509-258-4613, cafebythespring.com.

B&B BY THE SPRING: Visit AirBnB.com, search for "Springdale, WA" and look for "Away to the Spring" for details and reservations for a special stay in a 100-year-old building by the creek at 104 West Shaffer Ave., 509-258-4613.



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.

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

SPRING IS THE PERFECT TIME TO PUT YOUR HOME ON THE MARKET

Call Us Today for your **FREE** Market Analysis!



MLS# 43205

\$449,000

Just outside Kettle Falls city limits - 2 usable acres with 3-bed/2-bath upstairs, full basement with 2 additional sleeping spaces and full bath. 36'x36' insulated shop with full roll up doors. 2 car attached garage, electric 12'x7' door, and one 8'x8' manual. Basement is partially finished, ready for your final touches. Plumbed and wired for a second kitchen space. Don't miss the root cellar just before going upstairs to outside from the basement. Garden, greenhouse and small tack shed and partial fencing. Some finish work is still needed, but the square footage and usable 2 acres right outside city limits is outstanding.



MLS# 43124

\$250,000

Bring your tools and ideas for this rural fixer home on 20.63 acres with views, wildlife and access to private Clark Lake and a 3,500-foot private grass airstrip. Easy access off the county-maintained road. Summer get-a-way, hunting cabin, or year round residence. 2-car attached garage. 5 miles to Gifford Campground, boat ramp, beach and swim areas.



MLS# 43202

\$445,000

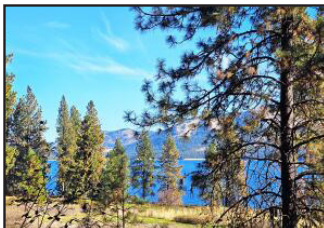
Beautiful 3-bed 2-bath home nestled on a moderately treed .76-acre lot. With 1,600 sq.ft. of living space, this manufactured home offers comfortable living with easy access. Open kitchen/dining with island and a large pantry. Dishwasher, electric range, refrigerator, and microhood are included. Large primary bedroom with a spacious walk-in closet. Shed for extra storage, detached 1-car garage, central heating, 200-amp electric service, public water, and a septic system. Enjoy the convenience of a porch and deck with views of Mt Sherman. Lake Roosevelt beach access and park are just a short walk. Marina and boat launch/campground less than 1/4 mile.

Waterfront Property: Check out this fabulous log home situated right on the Kettle River. Two parcels totaling 22.14 acres. The home sits on 8.8 acres and the second parcel is separate and is 13.34 acres with power at the property line. 3 bedrooms with a walk in closet room, 2-bath, large living and kitchen areas and a mud room. Home has a murphy bed in the living area and under stairs storage. The is a large Quonset hut with a full 2nd story loft and separate rooms for separate projects. Large crawl space, backup generator, fenced garden area with shed, large deck/covered patio, all appliances stay. Property is maintained and has a park like setting. Lawn tractor and tractor may be included with the sale. The well was put in in 1993 by Fogle Pump and it was done at 60 ft @ 15 GPM.



MLS# 42502

\$699,900



Enjoy the view of the Columbia River with access by trail to 1310 line. Located within 1/2 mile of the French Rock Boat Launch. Very nice building or recreation site. Property is divided by Cline Rd. and Inchelium Hwy - providing easy access and power available. Eagles, turkeys and deer abound. Sellers may consider financing with a full price offer.

MLS# 43200

\$79,000

4-bed, 3 & 1/2-bath with 95' of Peye Creek frontage, Chewelah's finest. Meander over your own bridge, with creek babbling through your fully-developed, landscaped yard. Fully fenced back yard. Charming details, wired and set up for big screen movies and stage plays. Boasting elegance and functionality. Lighting and ambiance in every room. Upstairs laundry, office or rec room as well as main bed, bath and 2 additional bedrooms with dormer windows. 2 car garage and street parking on 2 sides. Nothing was forgotten when this home was built.



MLS# 43201

\$625,000



MLS# 43203

\$735,500

Quality built 2-bed 2-bath W/den Lake Roosevelt home situated on 20 peaceful acres. This impressive home borders Coulee Dam National Recreation Area and features a guest home and 1,600 Sq. Ft. shop. Shop has an insulated, heated work area and bathroom. The 530+ Sq Ft guest home is handicapped accessible, including shower and closet. Other outbuildings include a 10'x24' wood shed and covered dog kennel. The 2 bed home comes with a wood stove in the open living/dining area and a breakfast bar and cooking area. The master bedroom's bath has a full tub, double sink, shower, and walk-in closet. Other rooms are a second bedroom and an office/den area that could become a third bedroom with a little work. Also has a large laundry/mud room.

Country setting just outside Colville. 4-bed 2-bath split level home on 3.69 acres. Well insulated 600 sq ft shop with concrete floor, chicken coop, wood shed, gazebo on concrete pad, and fruit trees. Open kitchen/dining with newer appliances and a back porch. Spacious living areas with upper fireplace and lower woodstove, walkout basement and a garage. Large primary bedroom with nice-sized closet, 2 remodeled bathrooms and new flooring. Electric furnace and its wired for a generator.



MLS# 43204

\$425,000



MLS# 43112

\$399,900

Relax in this charming Marlette doublewide home, 3-bed 2-bath, oversized 2-car garage with wood heat, sitting on an acre in the heart of Lake Roosevelt Recreation Area, just minutes from Evans Campground and boat launch. Many upgrades: new interior paint, flooring, kitchen island added, 50-gal water heater added, new heat pump, and a large covered patio, garden area with raised beds, green house/chicken coop with recently added electrical. There is a spot for an RV with 50 amp electrical (no sewer). Lots of room to grow or expand. Perfect for those who want to be out of town but still close enough! Appliances are included.

WESTERGARD REAL ESTATE

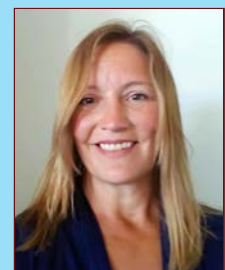
150 W. 3rd • Kettle Falls, WA 99141
509-738-WEST (9378)
www.WestergardRealEstate.com



Robyn Westergard
Owner/Managing Broker
509-675-5540



Carrie Paetsch
Broker
509-701-3709



Ara Bush
Broker
425-344-4969