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Thank you SO MUCH to all of you who have supported my business for all of these years - I so appreciate you!”

Karen Abeid

Karen Abeid, Owner
R. E. Lee Shoe Company



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What's Inside

Cover: Young badger looks out from den entrance, by Joanie Christian.
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To Educate Another Can Have Extraordinary Results

- JOHN ODELL, allthelandandsea.wixsite.com/wordsofwords

A Note from the Publisher

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

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

~ Gabriel

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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

publisher@ncmonthly.com

Shannon Chapman • 509-690-6599

ads@inlandnwmediagroup.com

Christa McDonald

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

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509-675-3791 | publisher@ncmonthly.com
www.ncmonthly.com

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Abuse – And Support Right Here

By Christine Wilson

“Stevens County Sheriff’s Office continually tries to improve our services to our community and providing justice to victims of sexual assault is very high on our list of priorities. The complexities in these cases can often be daunting. No single entity can provide a global solution for these survivors. Each agency serves a different role to ensure justice and support survivors and the community; however, these varying goals, responsibilities, and methods of operation can often challenge the success of those efforts if conducted independently. With that in mind, we realize that only through a coordinated, collaborative approach can we really achieve our mutual goals. We have found, and best practices supports, that our partnerships truly allow us to provide a much more comprehensive service for those survivors. We would truthfully be doing our community a disservice if we did not work as a team with Victim Services to enhance our efforts. Those relationships have become invaluable in the work we do. The Stevens County Sheriff’s Office strives to find innovative ways to truly give a voice to those in need.”

~ Stevens County Undersheriff Loren Erdman

In second grade, I was assigned to work with a boy in my class on some project that required out-of-school time for preparation. The boy, whose name is lost to me now, invited me to come with him to his house after school the next day to work on the project.

We walked there together and he invited me into his room, opening the door for me to enter first. In quick succession, I stepped in, he closed the door, a boy was hiding behind the door, that boy grabbed me and pulled me onto the bed, and they both kissed me.

I got up, we finished our work on the project, and I ran home. About a block from my house, I slowed my pace to a walk so I could catch my breath. I walked into my house as if life was not a mad and wild place. I never told a soul. I didn’t even think about it again until I was a trauma therapist, listening to other people’s stories.

The progression of my silence was as follows:

Our brain has what is known as an orienting response. If, as you are reading this article, you hear the crunch of metal on metal or the cry of a baby or any other sort of distressing sound, you will stop, look up, and orient your brain to what is going on. Air Force Colonel John Boyd included that in his “Uda Loop: Observe, Orient, Decide, and Act.” My 8-year-old self didn’t make it out of the orienting step.

Current brain research confirms this pattern. Even if we don’t acknowledge it as trauma, or it’s what in the EMDR world we call “small t trauma,” we can slip easily from an orienting response into a frozen state. I went from the “What is going on?” reaction to a state of non-response. I don’t remember much, but I know I did not scream or shove them or leave

or swear at them, not that I even knew any swear words at that point. I don’t know exactly what I did, but I do know that I simply proceeded with the next stage.

Stage two: Tap into my overly developed sense of duty. I had a school assignment to finish and I needed that guy’s help to get it done. It had been drilled into me that I was to be responsible, always do my assignments, be as smart as possible, and get good grades. So, we finished that assignment before I left. I hope that at least I got a good grade on it.

Stage three: In general, I was prone to smiling and acting like everything was fine, even when it wasn’t. I’m sure I smiled, thanked him for his help, and headed home, assignment in hand. Being rude was not in my DNA, and if it had been I would have been in trouble for showing it.

Stage four: Get away as fast as possible. There’s the phrase “being beside ourselves.” It can feel like there are two of us. Inside our own mind we might be freaked out but that might be very different from what we are showing to the world. As I ran home, the inside terror and the outside awareness of what had just happened were probably in sync. The physical reaction to terror activated a mix of cortisol, norepinephrine, and adrenalin. Even a non-runner can move pretty fast when chock-full of those hormones. Without anyone to witness what I thought I couldn’t show on the outside, I would have been able to be my authentic, terrified self. Briefly, anyway.

Stage five: Within a block of being home, I slowed down. My outside self knew that I needed to catch my breath. I was a sedentary person then and being out of breath would have been out of character. I was probably already formulating a plan to not think about what had happened. Often, abuse

Random Acts of Community

victims are told not to tell. They might be threatened with harm to themselves or someone else. They might be told no one will believe them. They might be blamed. They might be bribed with something fitting to their age, from candy to car, and threatened to lose that thing if they speak out. I was not told any of those things. I had just sort of incorporated a need to not bother anyone.

Stage six: When my younger son was a briefly heartbroken adolescent and he was upstairs in his room, I pounded up the stairs shouting, “Mom alert, mom alert!” He came out of his room and let me hug him. My parents, for all their strengths, did not have a parental alert system for such moments. All I had to do was “act fine.” I might have thought it happened for some reason *because* of me. Having spoken to many survivors of “small t and big T,” I can say that there is a good chance I thought it was my fault because I shouldn’t have agreed to go into his room. It was as if there was some unspoken law that going into a boy’s room when you are 8 is punishable by being held down and kissed.

Stage seven: I went underground with the story. If the feeling you are having is awful and there is no way to talk about it, the best thing to do is to stop noticing it in the first place. I buried it.

Stage eight: And then I became both a therapist and the mother of sons. My sons gave me a chance to adore not just the two of them but their friends. My husband continues that lesson with himself and his friends. When I was first hired as a therapist for Stevens County Counseling Center (now NEW Alliance), there was an organization in the basement of our building called Council for Children. It was the early days of our culture acknowledging the existence of abuse. We learned to use the term survivor for the victims we worked with. Not everyone survived, which gave me a reverence for the term survivor.

There were advocates in that basement helping survivors navigate the emotional and legal journey. That group is now called Victim Services and is housed in the Rural Resources building. I briefly worked in Spokane, and I kept wanting to send my clients up here, because our advocates have been so amazing. It was a relief to return here and have access to them again.

In one instance, a forensic detective took the time to sit in my office to help a survivor feel believed and protected. On more than one occasion, advocates helped me protect abuse victims from danger. They sometimes save people’s lives. In cooperation with Victim Services, I have had the gift of working with over 1,000 survivors. There have been

boys and girls, men and women. They are some of the bravest people I have ever known. If I were president, I would have ceremonies for them and hand out purple hearts.

April is Sexual Assault Awareness Month. Because of that, I am honoring the devoted people who make up three counties worth of tireless workers at Victim Services. I am also writing this to honor the men and women in law enforcement, often our first responders. Greg Gowen, the chief deputy for the Stevens County Sheriff’s Office, calls Victim Services “an invaluable resource.” He offered to me “a huge shout-out for the support they’ve given us.” Alison Price, division director for Victim Services, calls the Sheriff’s Office “a valued partnership” in their work. Loren Erdman, the undersheriff quoted above, states that we are stronger when we work together as a team.

Both agencies support an approach called “seek then speak,” which supplies information and support to survivors and friends of survivors, whether they want to follow through on contacting law enforcement or not. Anyone can access that information at evawintl.org/seek-then-speak. That organization, End Violence Against Women International, is headquartered right here in Colville. We are lucky to have quick access to all these resources.

I do not know why those two 8-year-old boys did what they did, and I do not know what type of people they grew up to be. I have stopped minimizing the event that took place in that room, but I do acknowledge that there are way worse things that could have happened to me. My experience has taught me that no matter what the abuse was, it has an effect and there are people who can help. My 8-year-old self was terrified and she needed to have someone who believed her and supported her to make sense of what happened. There wasn’t much available then. Now there are great local resources that teach their staff and volunteers to start by believing.

My clients over the years, with their heartbreaking trauma, have followed a set of stages similar to mine at a much larger scale. I would like every month to be a month of awareness because the effects don’t exist just in April. What I do know is that the advocates at Victim Services and the law enforcement teams that work with them, as well as the therapists and other agencies that defend, protect, and treat them, are heroes. As victims move from survivor to whatever they choose to call themselves next, they become some of the most compassionate and wise people I know.

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

A Place of Wonder

By Dr. Barry Bacon, MD

Wonder. Glory. Hope. Joy. Where do we find such commodities in a world swirling with anger, resentment, division and fear? I've been asking myself such questions, trying to make sense of my own journey and to keep on believing.

I awaken in the night with such questions, uncertain of the path I have followed, wondering whether the messages I am receiving from the doubters are truth and whether what I hear from within my soul is a lie.

Where do you find a place to wash away the doubts, pull down the cobwebs and bring clarity to the messaging when you doubt that this path of love is in fact the journey that will transform the world?

What I am finding is that there is such a place, but in an unexpected location. For me it's not in grand cathedrals. It is not in the platitudes of politicians, nor the inspiration of anthems. I have found a place of wonder in a humble wooden structure where broken men are knitting their lives back together. Come with me for a moment. Sit with me in this place, this rambling, unpretentious abode where the men are raw and unfiltered (sometimes embarrassingly so) but true. Sit quietly with me and listen.

There is something happening here that fills me with awe. You can hear the process speaking quietly and powerfully. This is the place of wonder you seek. Come, listen, stay. Hear the words of wisdom that come from broken men.

The seats are arranged facing each other. They rest on brown, yellowed, stained, old wooden floors, planks cracked from years of worship, trade,

and meetings, worn with the foot traffic of children and the dancing of couples. Weathered and cracked pillars. Above us a walkway of stained wood, antiquated lights, yellowed varnish on pine paneling. This is not the place for the important, the wealthy or the strong. Yet this is the place where the earth moves and families are reunited, where men find themselves and children leap for joy.

This morning is not so different from the others that have come and gone. But to be honest, I am not entirely certain how the conversation is supposed to go. My plate is more than full, yet, I don't know that what I have to offer will be of significance.

The men sitting in the circle are a bit rambunctious, jabbing at each other verbally in order to get a rise from the crowd. We laugh, we ride the wave of humor for a bit, we make some announcements, then we talk about life-changing things. What of our recovery? How are we progressing? How do we speak value to each other?

Some speak of their trauma. Personal stuff, dredged from down deep in the cellars of their souls, things we don't talk about in polite company. But here we find courage to speak of such things, because we give each other permission. Feeling alone. Feeling afraid. The loneliest moments of our lives when we couldn't see anything of value in ourselves and we had no future. Human. Broken. Unruly. Sad. Ashamed. Hiding.

Then hearing the truth, speaking the truth. The truth we are coming to believe is that we are loved, despite the chaos of our lives; we are worth

loving. Our lives have value. And therefore, life is worth pursuing, pursuing a life of love.

I listen to these men who are finding their way. I speak. I encourage. I observe. I smile. I draw out their responses, and I listen. Some stay silent. Some say more. We are doing something profound. We are building men.

We are drawing from the well of our goodness and our mistakes and creating a beautiful tapestry of patches, honing and molding and directing something that was unruly and untamed. Men. What a crazy, misguided, unthinkable, mysterious and glorious thing to see shaping before my eyes.

Imperfect, I know. Incomplete. The broken repairing the broken. Drawing encouragement from one another. Lifting each other, seeing each other. Speaking the truth about what we see, that something powerful is happening here. Speaking with hope of our chance to affect the lives of men who even now are knocking at our door, hoping, dreaming of what we have, men who are longing to change but not knowing where to start. When their communities of support fail, we dream of being the ones to walk with them. We are learning together how we may be healers, or at least encouragers.

The meeting is drawing to an end, though we have the sense our conversation is not finished. There will be more. I find my spirits are lifted. There is something beautiful about this place. Amid its history and its gnarled wood, its impact on this community is only beginning.

I tell the men I am proud to be part

of their stories. It is my great joy to share in their lives. Hearing wisdom emerge from men so broken, so recently standing at the brink of the abyss. Men who were certain they would not survive their addiction. Men who were dead for four minutes, and then without explanation, they sat up. Men who would have wandered into the Colville National Forest in January, they were so alone, so hopeless.

Yet here they are, minds being restored, finding forgiveness for themselves, finding restoration of what drugs and alcohol, homelessness and hopelessness have taken. Nothing short of glory. Sanity restored. Something about imperfect men speaking such wisdom to each other is inspiring to cynics such as I. Let me cast my lot with these men, I think to myself. Let me experience what they know of life. Let me hear their honesty and let their words open my own heart so that I, too, can be healed.

I've sat through many church services. But this is not like any I have experienced; this is something far more powerful and transformative. The power of honesty, vulnerability, accountability and grace, mercy and truth mingled in a beautiful patchwork of brokenness which, woven together, creates something unexpectedly glorious.

We speak of the men who will follow and how we will be healers to them. I look around the room. Some are grizzled veterans of the bottle. Some are bright-eyed youngsters, naïve and eager. Some are worn and haggard with painful expressions on their weary faces. Some are fresh from the streets, pulled back in the nick of time from the edge of obli-

on. This team of men will bring healing to those who follow. I have no doubt. This is what we will do together. Our commitment is clear. Not for ourselves alone. For our children, our lovers, our families, for those who will follow, we will not fail.

This is a humble and powerful

place. This is where I find glory.

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.

A colorful graphic advertisement for China Bend Winery. At the top, a yellow banner with black text reads "China Bend Winery". Below the banner, the text "Tasting Room NOW OPEN" is displayed in blue and red. Underneath, it says "Sample Our Delicious Organic Sulfite Free Wines" and "Enjoy Our Beautiful Winery Estate on Lake Roosevelt". The central illustration shows a woman with long blonde hair holding a tray of wine glasses and a bottle labeled "ORGANIC". In the background, there's a scenic view of a lake and rolling green hills. A small icon of a building is also present. Below the illustration, a yellow box contains the text "Spring Special 25% Case Discount Special Prices on Select Wines". Another yellow box below that says "The Healthiest Wines on the Planet No Sulfites, No Headaches, No Kidding!". Further down, it states "Tasting Room Open Daily Noon - 5:00 Closed Mondays". At the bottom, a yellow box provides the address "3751 Vineyard Way, Kettle Falls On the Northport-Flat Creek Road Along Lake Roosevelt", the phone number "(509)732-6123 ~ chinabend.com", and the text "B&B at the Winery". The entire graphic is framed by a decorative border of green grapevines and clusters of purple grapes.

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Lawnmower Man

Article & Photo by Tina Wynecoop

*The sky,
A rare, dear blue.
The wind-whipped grass,
A thousand blades applauding.*

~ Ann Lynn

Last month's subject was laundry. This month's preoccupation is lawn mowing. Science writer Michael Pollan was interviewed on a radio program I listen to. He made a statement that mowed me over. What he said compelled me to consider the subject of grasses.

I'm including one of my photographs for illustration.

En route to visit my mom Selma in the mid-1990s, I was driving through a nearby neighborhood when I saw The Lawnmower Man. I pulled over and took his picture. He didn't seem to mind. His framed portrait has been on our wall ever since. For all I know he is still mowing the grass in Bothell.

After hearing Pollan's comment, I viewed the photo with an understanding I did not have before. The man's happy smile belies the dread felt by the blades of grass under assault. It is not easy being a blade of grass. Care-free? Probably not if you and your companion grasses get your heads regularly lopped off by a lawnmower before you can flower. Yes, some grasses do flower: "Grass shoots can be vegetative, without flowers, or fertile, with flowers." Just ask Cindy Talbott Roché, your new *North Columbia Monthly* columnist and the author of *Field Guide to the Grasses of Oregon and Washington* (2019).

I love field guides. Cindy's guide to the grasses – there are 343 native species known in Washington and Oregon – was already on my bookshelf before her articles began appearing in this magazine. Her knowledge of the vast array of grass species found in our region is astounding. She advises, "take heart, however, as the numbers of species in Oregon and Washington are far smaller than the approximately 10,000

species worldwide."

As I noted last month, I liked to help with the laundry as a young family member. And I wanted to help my dad by mowing the lawn, so he didn't have to. It was a big job – strenuous and sweaty – and required precision. I wasn't aware of that requirement as I pushed our reel mower around our back and front yards in suburban Seattle. Our old-time yards had some size to them with room for fruit trees and vegetable gardens.

As a young girl I hadn't yet learned *how* to mow a lawn; my efforts looked like I belonged to the abstract expressionist movement, a Jackson Pollock artist wielding a mower instead of a paintbrush. There was not a straight line anywhere on my "canvas."

My dad preferred straight lines. When I was informed my wavy artistry was not *de rigueur*, I conformed to the customary, staid practices of the neighbors. When my work sort of looked like theirs, my mom rewarded me with a half of a cantaloupe to eat as her seal of approval. I was elated. I carry the memory of that 70-years-past accomplishment with me still. I had no idea what the grasses were experiencing.

NCM provides a platform for numerous writers and their ideas. Book reviewer Terry Cunningham is among them. Last month he reviewed one of the best books of



2024, *The Light Eaters: How the Unseen World of Plant Intelligence Offers a New Understanding of Life on Earth*. The book confirms what I'm beginning to understand and appreciate: plants are sentient beings. Terry noted, "technology has given us the ability to perceive beyond our senses what is happening in the life of a plant. ... It has been discovered that plants have at least three methods of communication." He cites several scientifically observed examples.

I would like to share one of my own cross-species experiences with plant "communication." Although this is deeply personal and hard to find the words, I offer it to the readers. Days before Mount St. Helens erupted, my husband's youngest brother was killed. We mourned for his mother, for his young

family and for ourselves. My grief felt like layers of lead blankets were smothering me. I sat outside, unable to deal with the weight, and I happened to look at a blooming peony in the flowerbed. It had a radiance all its own. Unexpectedly, wordlessly, the flower “spoke” to me, and I felt the blankets of grief lift off my shoulders. The peony flower communicated something tangible and healing. Did I experience the unseen (to human consciousness) communication? It sure felt like it.

More recently, being practical, we’ve gradually eliminated half of our lawn. We have transplanted dozens of native bunch grasses found on our daily walks, placing them where we no longer wanted or needed a lawn. Constant droughts, demands on our well, heat domes, changes in weather patterns and our transformed values eased the transition. Baseball practice, soccer games, weddings and wedding receptions had their time and place. Now there is a simpler, more natural landscape. We like it.

This elegy for grasses, written by anthropologist Bunny McBride, says it best: “When I walk these hills, weaving my way ... among the grasses, I marvel at the fact that the original inhabitants lived here for thousands of years, yet left no trace, no debris, no landfills, no monuments beyond nature itself. They were like the wind on the grass. How lightly they traveled. How lightly they lived.” We plan to carry forth their way.

In her field guide to grasses Cindy doesn’t address the word for the smell of freshly cut grass – the scent that makes

spring especially aromatic and heady for some. What is the word and how is it so noticeable?

With a little research I’ve learned that green leaf volatiles (GLVs) is the scientific term for the chemical compound responsible for the smell. They are released as a distress signal when grasses are cut.

I referred to Michael Pollan’s statement at the beginning of this piece. He was discussing his latest findings about flora and fauna sentience (consciousness) in his new book, *A World Asks: A Journey into Consciousness* (2026). He said, “the smell of freshly mown lawns is actually a scream of pain.”

I had never considered that. Ignorance had impaired my capacity to listen. How unconscious of me. I know better now. May the grasses applaud.

Tina says: Growing up in western Washington was the most interesting place in the world until 1970 when I headed 300 miles east to teach on the Spokane Indian Reservation. The culture, geography, history, weather, the people, and the flora and fauna of this inland region of the state have since become my beloved “home ground.”



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April Random Thoughts

By Bob Gregson

Deer and crows: The woman who raised two acres of salad greens on the farm we purchased on Vashon Island in 1988 told us she never had problems with deer grazing her unfenced growing space. She had an “understanding” with them – a mental agreement that she wouldn’t bother them, and in turn, they shouldn’t bother her livelihood. That agreement, amazingly, seemed to hold for her. And there were lots of deer around. I wonder if others have any similar experience negotiating with wild animals? It sounds strange, but who knows?

The agreement didn’t carry over to us. We had to put in tall fences of deer netting to protect some of the same crops she had been growing.

That’s where crows come in. Having crows around at the farm was always interesting. They amused themselves in various ways, talked a lot, and ganged up to drive hawks and eagles away. Once I watched a crow do two somersault flips holding on to a power line. Atop the line, he/she held on, rolled forward and came around all the way back to the upright position. Then did it again. Obviously just for kicks.

On a more somber occasion I once came upon a group of about 20 crows destroying our new corn crop. They were strutting down the rows pulling out of the ground a huge number of the two-inch-tall corn plants, eating some or maybe not, but they were having a good

time destroying OUR livelihood. I quickly returned with the shotgun. I fired one shell and the crows completely left our growing areas alone from then on.

Now, at our farmette, Barney the dog has something against crows and hawks and eagles. He patrols his ground space and loudly lets airborne predators know what he’d like to do to them if he ever catches them on his premises. Those big birds have left our chickens alone since Barney’s been on the job. About seven years now.

Responsibilities for young people: Since it appears to no longer be safe for 12-year-old boys (or girls) to responsibly handle firearms, or for young people to avoid meeting

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up with sordid folks on their electronic devices, there seems to be a similar move away from offering real responsibility while growing up. And that's sad. 4-H is still in business where youngsters will be responsible for the upbringing of a pig or calf or sheep. That's good, but only seems to happen in relatively rural areas.

Some decades ago, respected 5th graders were chosen to wear a silver badge and a white shoulder belt that set them up as road-crossing guards. "School Boy Patrol" was the official name but both sexes were involved. I very much recall the girl classmate who was in the envied position as the Patrol Captain at Longfellow Grade School in Pasco. She went on to be valedictorian of our high school class and an architect later on. I was a simple Patrolman (never reaching that dizzying height of Captain until years later in a dif-

ferent milieu!).

We Patrol Boys/Girls flagged crosswalks near Longfellow before school, at noon for home-lunchers, and after school. Now that's done only by adults. I don't ever recall an incident where some child was injured crossing a road because of the failure of a School Boy/Girl Patrol member. Such a responsibility is a great learning device – and it was also great fun to have the local police sponsor a hot dog picnic for us, with Dixie cups and bottled orange pop, in a park at the end of the school year.

In a reversal concerning gaining responsibility at a younger age, it's impressive to see that happening within the Corps of Cadets at West Point. For over two hundred years, all leadership positions within the cadet chain of command were held by seniors. Sophomores and juniors had only themselves to think about.

Freshmen were dirt under everyone's feet.

Now, each sophomore is responsible for one freshman, counseling, mentoring, and ensuring solid functioning across the board.

Each junior is responsible for one or more sophomores and their freshman charges, as well as being eligible for larger jobs within cadet companies like the First Sergeant position. The seniors still run the whole operation but there is now serious connection up and down the line. All designed to foster teamwork, responsibility, and mission ownership as preparation for connected Army leaders of the future.

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

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A River Older Than The Mountains

Article & Photo by J. Foster Fanning

Sometimes things that are most common to us can be taken for granted. For instance, the Columbia River Basin, where most *North Columbia Monthly* readers live. This basin is a big area spanning 260,000 square miles. The drainage ranks as North America's fourth largest by area and volume. It drains parts of seven U.S. states and British Columbia, extending 1,243 miles from Canal Flats, B.C., to Astoria, Oregon, at the Pacific Ocean.

Numerous rivers add their water to the Columbia's mightiness. The Snake River is the largest tributary, draining 110,000 square miles. Next is the Kootenay/Kootenai River. Other major river tributaries include the Willamette, Pend Oreille/Clark Fork, Deschutes, Yakima, Cowlitz, Lewis, Okanogan, Spokane, Wenatchee, Methow and Sandy. Lesser tributaries include these rivers: Kettle, Flathead,

John Day, Umatilla, Washougal, Spillimacheen, Beaver, Illecillewaet and Incomappleux.

Plus, more rivers contribute indirectly. For example, Idaho's Saint Maries River empties into the Saint Joe River, which flows into Lake Coeur d'Alene, then becoming the Spokane River and thus ultimately part of the Columbia River Basin.

Some other Columbia River stats: 14 major hydroelectric dams are on the river's mainstem, 11 of them in the United States and three in Canada. The entire Columbia River Basin contains over 400 dams. There are 48 crossings of the Columbia River – 42 bridges (21 in the U.S. and 21 in Canada) and 6 ferries (3 in each country). The river and its tributaries generate nearly half of all hydropower in the United States.

The basin's land is 87% forest area, 11% agricultural, and 2% urban,

according to a 2000 report by the National Academy of Sciences. Historically, 32 separate indigenous or First Nations groups primarily speaking six languages have been identified across the basin. Archaeological evidence, including findings at the Cooper's Ferry site in Idaho, suggests human presence going back 14,000 to 16,000 years ago.

In 1792, American captain Robert Gray became the first non-Native navigator to enter the Columbia River. He was on a fur-trading voyage along the Pacific Northwest coast in his ship, the *Columbia Rediviva*. He named the river after his vessel. His explorations provided critical evidence for United States territorial claims to the Oregon Country. Seventeen years earlier, in 1775, Spanish explorer Bruno de Heceta sighted the mouth of the river, but conditions were so unsettled over the bar, his ship could not enter.





The Corps of Discovery (1804-1806), the U.S. Army unit led by Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, came to the Columbia from the other direction. On October 16, 1805, they arrived at the confluence of the Snake and Columbia rivers, where Pasco,

Some NCM readers may not know that Christopher Swain became the first person to swim the entire 1,243-mile length of the Columbia, completing the journey on July 1, 2003. Smartly, he swam downstream. He did it to raise awareness about river

pollution and environmental health. Washington, is now located. In 1811, David Thompson, a Canadian North West Company fur trader and explorer, became the first European to navigate the entire length of the Columbia River. (I have traveled the land route of the Columbia from the headwaters to the Pacific Ocean, and there's much more to it than meets the casual eye.)

pollution and environmental health.

Over its millions of years, the Columbia River saw its course modified when tectonic forces pushed up what are now known as the Cascade Mountains. The Columbia's path has also been influenced by volcanic activity, lava flows and Ice Age floods.

In closing, I'll leave it to Woody Guthrie to draw the curtains down on this installment. Look for a virtual trip down the Columbia next issue.

"Green Douglas firs where the waters cut through.

Down her wild mountains and canyons she flew.

Canadian Northwest to the ocean so blue,

Roll on, Columbia, roll on!"

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.

Wenatchee confluence.



Enough

Article & Photo (at right) by Tina Tolliver Matney

“Auntie, did you know I’m clean?”

This came from the dining room of my new home where I was preparing a meal for the family ... the first meal here I have had the pleasure of making for company. His words gave me pause, but in all honesty, I did not give them the credit they deserved in that moment when he said them.

We had been discussing how the recent trend of “alcohol awareness” had impacted people we know, including myself. I’m not “alcohol free” but my alcohol consumption has become a mere fraction of what it once was. I had mentioned that when my nephew spoke up from his seat at the dining table.

This young man has always held a special place in my heart. And my heart has broken for him more than a few times as he struggled and stumbled down that dark road of drug addiction and the impact it had on his life. His recovery has been a challenge. He finally realized he had to

be his own hero a few years ago. And to his credit he has stayed the course and conquered the beast that raged in him for so long.

I do not know the ins and outs of drug rehab, but I know it doesn’t always work or it doesn’t work for long. So, when my nephew finally reached a point of recovery and self-awareness where he could talk about his future with determination and plans instead of denial and dreams, it was a good sign that he was finally on the right

path to live a good and healthy life. This young man had not been truly substance-free for a very long time. When I asked him what “clean” meant for him, he told me he now lives completely drug- and alcohol-free.

As a child, he stayed with me often on weekends. In addition, he and his siblings and a cousin were annual “Camp Aunt Tina” attendees. We would spend a week here on the river,



back when life lacked smart phones and personal computers and time was filled with hikes, star gazing, comic books, hot dogs and campfires, and Legos for rainy days. Oh, the fun we had.

This reminds me that I have two wooden, hand-painted signs that the boys made one summer day that hung on the side of what was the pool house for the last 25 years. They say, in brush-wide sloppy letters, “Camp Ant Tiena! No griles allowed.”

I treasure these old pieces of painted driftwood. I took them down late last fall to have the building painted and they will go back up on the side of the new art studio before spring is over.

Those simple signs remind how precious life is and how memories can and do weave in and out of our hearts to remind us that, when things get rough, we are never alone. My nephew was never alone in the life

he sometimes disconnected from. During his darkest times, I would simply pray that he could still feel how much we loved him.

His parents never gave up, even when tough love was all that was left to give him. And that tough love was enough to get him through the darkest days of his life. It has been a joy to watch him grow and become a man who knows that he is his own champion and that this world that he stumbled around in for so long now needs and wants his contribution.

I don’t get a sense of urgency when I talk to him now; his past is his past and his future ... well, he lives for today, not tomorrow or next week or next year. He gets it. I think he knows better than many of us that tomorrow is not a given. But right now, this moment is. I won’t say his future is bright or that he’ll do great things simply because I agree with him. Whatever he chooses to do today is enough.

I guess that is the one thing I have learned from him. The premise that



today is enough. What I manage to do ... or not do ... today is enough. That doesn't mean I don't have any intentions for the day or for the week for that matter, but I've learned enough to know that what I plan for and what transpires are not always the same thing – often not the same at all.

And here is where I say that, thankfully, my intentions have shifted. I really don't feel an urgency to "get things done," probably because I now have a beautiful home where I can finally settle down in my mind and my body. I no longer have an endless list of urgent tasks in front of me. Sure, I fill in my days with the necessary chores, but now I also

make time to read a book, write or work on a painting, or simply sit by the river with a glass of tea. Finally. And while my bumpy road was nowhere near similar or as dark as my nephew's was, it is a relief I cannot even begin to describe to have that darkness as just a memory.

But we're not done on this globe until we are part of its soil. And while today is enough, I still have much I want to do in this great big life. I will continue to dream and plan while I plant, play and work. I savor each hour of each and every day because that feels just about right for now.

Living "clean" in my opinion is more than just keeping the poisons out of our lives and our bodies. I feel

it is more about awareness of what we are feeling, and facing the battles without "help" from any substance except our own determination and bravery while facing the triumphs with pride and the knowledge that we can do just about anything if we set our minds to it. And we can also simply sit by the river and watch the ducks and soak up the sunshine, knowing that in that moment, it is enough. We are enough.

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

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Ode to the Public Library

Article & Illustration by Marci Bravo

Throughout my life, the local library has long been one of my magic places. I have been a bookworm for as long as I can remember, and the quietude of my childhood library, a stately 1920s brick building, gave me a heart-fluttering feeling of sacredness as I wandered through the stacks.

My favorite memory of that library was the weekly story hour. My peers and I crowded onto the rug, greeting the Storytime Lady, whose eyes sparkled and who always had such a welcoming and warm smile. When she began, she became the story, and we watched in awe as she gave life to that day's books with various voices, compelling facial expressions and movement, and hushed, conspiratorial asides to us, her audience, while she read. I looked forward to storytime every week and was disappointed when I had to attend school and could no longer make it to storytime. (Luckily, my teachers at preschool were also great storytellers.)

I realized as an adult that the Storytime Lady was one of the first artists I encountered and my appreciation of her creativity and confidence has echoed throughout my life.

Now, whenever I want to really get to know a place, I enjoy a visit to the local library. The attitudes of the staff, the liveliness of the storytime librarian, the various classes and offerings to the community, and even the layout reflect insights about the town or city itself and the community that lives there. So, when I moved to Colville in 2015, I visited the public library right off the bat.

Walking up the concrete staircase, I noticed that the library was clean, small enough that you could see its entirety upon entry, and staffed by pleasant, helpful people who looked me in the eye.

Their willingness to engage and help anyone that had a question or concern was tangible, whether it was about finding a book, or figuring out city bylaws. The diversity of the town was reflected in the patrons. A mix of children – preschoolers and home-schooled – and their caregivers (mothers, fathers, grandparents, or friends) encircled a librarian who was reading and asking them questions about the colorful pages in her hands. At the computers, an elderly couple and a librarian were troubleshooting a technical issue while folks were checking their email, watching instructional videos on YouTube or surfing the web. On the far side of the circulation desk four middle-aged people were in quiet discussion around a table, while at another table, a man in flannel and overalls hunched over a magazine.

After school, kids and teenagers jostled in through the doors, some logging in to play games together online, while others made beelines for their favorite book genres or the consoles that helped them run searches for their favorite authors, or titles they were hoping to find. Mothers and fathers often followed, grateful for the space to sit down and read with their littles, to find a little peace for themselves, or to get things done at the computers while the kiddos entertained themselves.

My visits to the Colville Public Library, as well as the Kettle Falls and Chewelah branches, were reassuring in my early days as a new resident of Stevens County and continue to be. The library shows me that my neighbors are tolerant of each other and can share space, that they respect and appreciate the diligence and kindness of the staff, and that the community makes room for the commotion of young families.

The staff, in turn, shows patience, generosity and lots of heart when asked to tackle any subject for their patrons or the well-being of the library. Plus, I can find photography books of insects and aqueeducts, see local art or rare collections in the display cabinet, help a preschooler adjust the size of his headphones, and get help taking a photo for a passport application (thank you Ella!).

In Colville, I have been allowed the takeover and enlargement of the crafting area in hopes that residents young and old might participate in a public art installation to ring in spring and honor Mother Earth. I have had a lot of fun getting to know regular visitors and watching parents and children get creative. We have such different ways of seeing the world, and making art is a most essential way to express it.

I've also enjoyed getting to talk to people about what the library means to them. Sisters Bailey and Lakota are happy about all the books they can check out, and doing crafts, representing a majority of the kiddos I chatted with. Teacher and avid gardener Kati and social worker Hillary are big fans of the librarians, who "are efficient, friendly, and go out of their way to find what you're looking for."

Local ballroom dance teacher Sue is grateful for the Libby App, as well as the inter-library resources and the integrity of the staff.

She and another patron agreed that the hands-on children's activities were also a plus, and that the tactile qualities of the library created a calm and fortifying environment for mental well-being.

I am grateful for the public meeting spaces that our libraries offer. Over the years, I have been to crafting workshops and birthday parties and have taught

Creative Being in Stevens County

toddler yoga classes in the basement of Colville Public Library. People hold book club meetings, seed swaps, book sales and myriad other things that bring the community together in all sorts of ways.

I asked librarians what they were most proud of as employees of the public library. Lisa stated, "Librarians grow, adapt and learn something new every day by supporting our patrons' diverse needs ... thoroughly, accurately and discreetly. ... Libraries strengthen and empower the people of Stevens County and it brings me joy to contribute!"

Devin is most proud of his work problem-solving with patrons and generally

servicing the community: "It's extremely rewarding to be able to directly impact the community in such a positive way, and to see the immediate result of our work in helping our patrons overcome difficulties."

Ella said, "I am proud to work alongside people who are ready to serve anyone who comes into the library without judgment and regardless of what they're looking for. No matter who you are or what you need, we will do what we can to help."

I was touched by the illuminating insight that library patron Mary shared with me: "There's not a lot of places that feel safe in the world, but the library

is a very safe space. It is a safe space for elderly people. It is a safe space for children. And [being at the library] is an opportunity for a diverse group of people to interact in a friendly and respectful environment."

To the people of the Libraries of Stevens County who help us grow and thrive in big and little ways, I salute you and bow deeply in gratitude. You are unflagging in your quiet effort to strengthen, support and uphold the dignity of our community. Thank you.

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



Reflections and Shadows

Article & Photo by D.L. Kreft

“Who sees the human face correctly, the photographer, the mirror, or the painter?”

~ Pablo Picasso

“Who sees the human face correctly, the photographer, the mirror, or the painter?” – Pablo Picasso

I approached the front entrance of the building I needed to enter and admired its clean glass exterior, reflecting all that it faced in the bright spring sunlight. As I came closer, my focus moved from the general surroundings of sky, trees and flowerbeds to the doors I would soon enter. I noticed an older gentleman coming my way out of the building. His walk was measured and he seemed to favor one side as he stepped. Thinning hair, glasses, and a white beard topped the man, his slightly heavy frame moving in rhythm with his stride. I moved my focus again to the door, opened it and entered. Did I know him? The thought that I should know him nagged at me a while longer, but was soon lost in the purpose of my being there in the first place.

Not long after, I was looking over photos of a recent family gathering and was placing names to faces in my head. I didn't want to forget those names and their relationships with each other and with me. I was afraid I might lose them through neglect, time, and maybe my memory itself. I could remember most but didn't recognize a few. Looking over the mystery persons, I thought how one looked a lot like the man walking out of the building that day.

I once sat with my mother (about age 96, I think, at the time) looking over photos of a trip she and my father had taken to Europe after the Soviet Union had collapsed. They had visited St. Petersburg and the winter palace of the Romanov czars. My father had taken a photo of my mother standing outside the palace on a beautiful warm day. On the back of the photo was pertinent information

of time and occasion, written in my mother's hand. Staring at the photo, she remarked that she had no memory of that place. She didn't recognize herself as the one in the photo. Am I headed in the same direction now? Or is it something else?

Today, in the mirror while shaving, I saw someone I once passed on a sidewalk and again in a random photo. The mirror and the photo both captured my face, as it was, but not as I expected. Mirrors, glass-fronted buildings, and photos depend on reflected light at a moment in time. One reflection stays fixed in time, on chemically treated paper or nowadays in a digital file. The other one disappears, instantly, as it is replaced by a new version, which is replaced by a new version, remembered only in the mind as a continuum of existence in time. Reflections, unless captured, are transitory.

I found I was being selective in my memories of what I looked like. I'm shaking my head and coming to terms with the reality of my time in life.

We all have a companion that never leaves us as long as there is light to see that faithful friend. My friend and I love the outdoors and crave its sanctuary. Although I've never heard him say anything about it, I know it's true. Walking on the exposed mudflats of Lake Roosevelt in the spring, I could see my friend was toting his camera and tripod. Good for him. You never know what you'll find or what play of shadow and light you might encounter. I can't tell if my friend has glasses or thinning hair. He does imitate my walk – too well, I think. That's the curious thing about shadows; they aren't anything of substance

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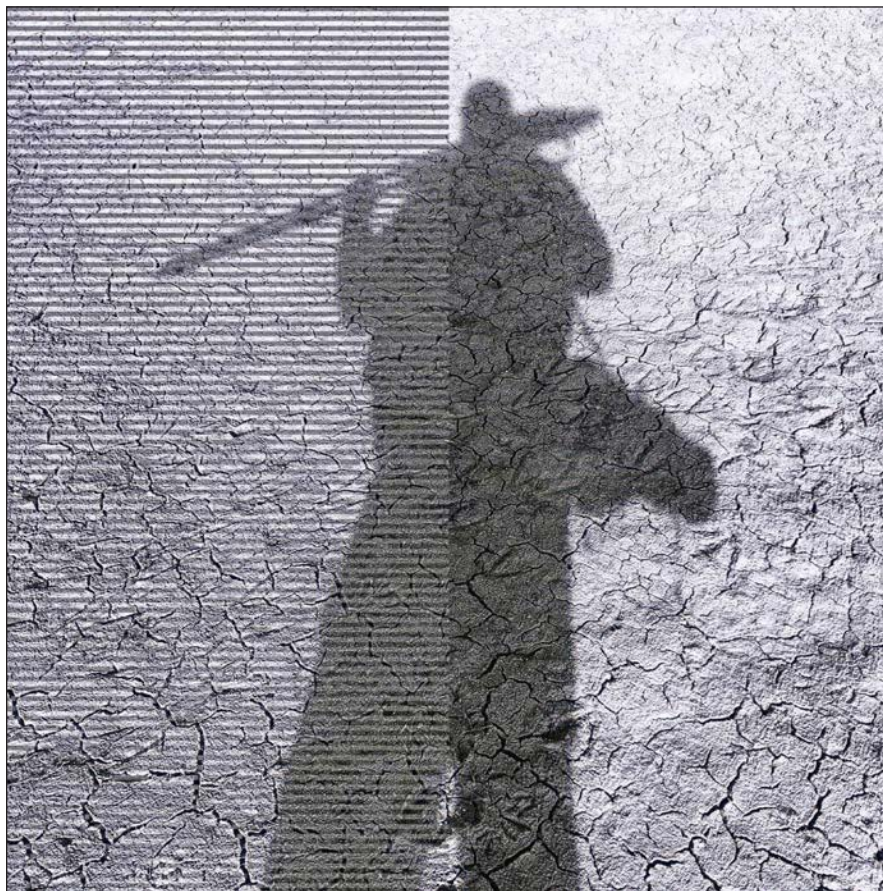
A Fresh Air Perspective

but exist only if something else does. Shadow lets us know something is real and it exists, even as light and reflection allow our minds to see and remember it.

It seems shadow gives validation to everything we see. Yes, we would have color and various levels of brightness or dimness. Without shadow, though, all would be flat, with no depth or texture to give our mind something to recognize as having three dimensions. Someone once said, you have got to be willing to mix black into your palette if you want to create something that's real. I would say reflection creates the memory and shadow gives it meaning.

If I am looking at a forested mountainside in the morning it will look different at noon and different again at sunset, only because of the shadows among the trees. As the earth tilts through the seasons, that same mountainside will look different in spring than it will in fall, or summer or winter. Each change reveals a hidden ravine or ridge that won't be perceived in a different season. A plunge pool of water at the base of a waterfall will be reflected differently in the same manner. It seems time, reflection and shadow are hard to separate.

The next time you gaze at the panorama of landscape



you are in, consider the time, remember the reflection, and appreciate the shadow. Maybe do the same when in front of the mirror?

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.

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Now Streaming: 'Dracula'

It's hard to adapt an oft-told tale to the big screen multiple times, because the question that becomes more pronounced as the years go by and the iterations stack up is Why? Why tell this story again? What



nuances are brought to this version that make it feel vital and fresh?

In the case of this latest adaptation of the classic vampire count, directed by Luc Besson, I would say it doesn't. Starring Caleb Landry Jones as Dracula, Zoë Blei as Mina, his long-lost love, and Christoph Waltz as a priest/vampire hunter, this is basically a remake of Francis Ford Coppola's 1992 fever dream *Bram Stoker's Dracula*. I love that movie, even though it is flawed. If I had never seen it, though, would I have such flippant judgment toward Besson's version? That's a fair question. I can see why people who have not seen Coppola's film could be charmed by the love story, Jones' heartfelt performance and the lush costumes. But the blueprints of *Bram Stoker's Dracula* are so obvious underneath Besson's take.

For those of you who are unfamiliar, the plot centers on 15th-century prince Vlad (Jones), who denounces God after the tragic death of his wife, Elisabeta (Blei), and is eternally cursed to become the vampire Dracula. Condemned to wander as a monster through time alone, he eventually meets Mina (also Blei), the reincarnation of his lost love.

Is it a bad movie? No, and in this day and age when many take themselves much too seriously for fear of coming across as "cringe," it is refreshing to see some unabashed melodrama. Danny Elfman's score does a lot of heavy lifting as well. For me, though, the obvious green screen and regrettably bad CGI henchmen prevented my complete immersion.

There is an audience for this *Dracula*, but I'm probably not among it.
*Rated R, runtime 2 hrs, 9 min.

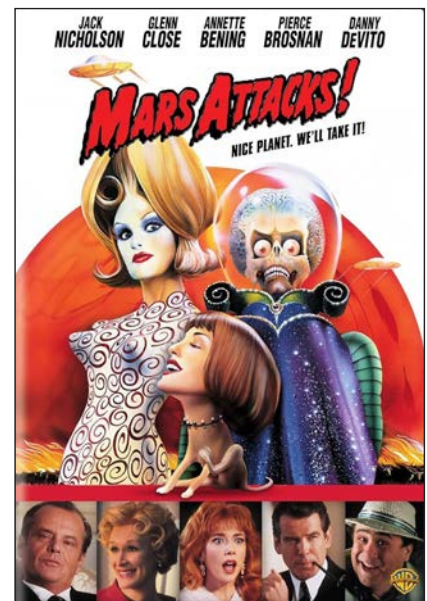
Classics Corner: 'Mars Attacks'

We come in peace! Tim Burton's 1996 sci-fi comedy about Martians invading earth turns 30 this year. The film is a total oddball, but it offers a lot of fun for those who don't mind some B-movie shenanigans and a celebrity cast so long, that all the names alone would fill up this review. They include (but definitely are not limited to) Jack Nicholson, Danny DeVito, Glenn Close, Annette Bening, Pam Grier, Pierce Brosnan, and Natalie Portman.

The characters are one-dimensional and the tone is schlocky, but that works to the movie's advantage, nicely propping up the comic strip aesthetics and alien hijinks. *Mars Attacks* is not to everyone's taste, but if you appreciate some cheese, you'll have a blast with these madcap, funny extraterrestrials.

Mars Attacks is available free on Plex or check with your local library.

*Rated PG-13, runtime 1 hr, 46 min.





Little Steps Toward a Meaningful Difference

Article & Photo by Lynn O'Connor

Sometimes it's the little steps that mean the most. At our *hooley* (St. Paddy's Day dinner/auction), what I saw was a great community turning out for some fun and to support local Rotary in a big way. We'd like to thank all who attended, all who bid, and especially all who contributed the donations that made the event so fun and successful. A special thank you to the Haran Irish Dancers, which blew the crowd away!

Little steps. I've noticed that local Rotary events have replaced stacks of bottled water with refillable water stations. Yay! I like to think about how many plastic bottles we've saved from our local landfill.

We live in such a beautiful, natural area that it's hard to think the environment is under threat. We are what I call upstream and upwind, where things are still (mostly) bright and clear.

Little steps. It took Rotary International decades to adopt "Protecting the Environment" as one of our seven Areas of Focus. Rotary 2017-18 International President Ian Risely advanced our organization's awareness of the environment by encouraging the planting of trees. He hoped to have 1.2 million trees planted during that Rotary year – one for every Rotarian.

Now the environment figures big in the Rotary world. New clubs have sprung up with the single cause of doing environmental projects, and there is a global Environmental Sustainability Rotary Action Group (ESRAG).

Current initiatives Rotary International is promoting to local clubs include protecting pollinators, tackling e-waste, encouraging the installation and use of solar panels, reducing food waste and promoting sustainable diets, and tackling plastic waste. ESRAG

is very active in creating skill-building workshops for Rotarians to develop high-impact projects.

Here at home we see our No Produce Left Behind project as environmental. For grant purposes we call it a food security project, but happily it covers both hunger relief and protecting the environment from food waste. This project has led to a tight



Kettle Falls Rotarian Jesse Garret and Boy Scouts work on trail maintenance.

relationship with the Hunger Coalition, which also supports hybrid-impact projects such as Grow Your Own Row and gleaning opportunities.

You are welcome to come and learn more about us, and you can bring your environmental ideas to our organization. We meet at El Patron Taqueria, 100 S. Main Street, Colville, at noon on Thursdays. The Kettle Falls club meets at Sandy's (Hwy 29 west of town) on Tuesdays at 8 a.m.

On Saturday, April 25, we are partnering with Colville Together for the annual Downtown Clean-Up Day. All are welcome! Meet at Heritage Court at 10 a.m.

*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*



Richard Marx's Risky Jazz Moves

Described as though he were “pitching songs to Sinatra in 1948,” pop/rock icon Richard Marx is nothing if not adventurous as he records his 13-song jazz album live, off-the-floor, with a full orchestra ... just the way ol’ Blue Eyes, Dean Martin, and everybody else used to do it.

Right away I respect an artist who sets up live in the studio to capture actual performances. It’s the kind of thing that made real 20th century singers step up and get the job done, and it makes *After Hours* a really satisfying listen.

From the first seconds, the sound of this album is golden, warm and an absolute winner. Marx’s signature tenor

hasn’t lost a step since he was trying to channel Def Leppard vibes 40 years ago, and the players he’s assembled here waste no time creating masterful tracks with, for example, the timeless “Love Is Here to Stay” and “Young at Heart” (appropriately teaming up with Rod Stewart on this one).

But Marx isn’t just mining the Great American Songbook, and ballistic tracks such as the Latin-infused “Magic Hour” (written with wife Daisy Fuentes) are worth the price of admission alone. Other new originals include “Big Band Boogie” (with Kenny G) and the sinister south-of-the-border groove of “Raise a Glass.”

From the production to the writing



and performances, *After Hours* is a full-throttle hit, and though the orchestra sometimes momentarily bowls Marx over at the mic, the veteran singer/songwriter channels his rock attitude in perfect amounts on this unexpected masterwork.

Bear & Boy: Organic Pop-isms

Somewhere between Australian, folk and pop is the sixth album by Bear & Boy: *Tripping Over Time*. Never short on melody or creative mixing ideas, these guys capture immediate ideas in their own studio, and then max out how the songs move through the



stereo field.

There’s a kind of U2-ish vibe to the instrumentation of “Where Does Life Begin,” and the crisp rhythm section makes this track (and the album) pop out of the headphones a bit more than previous releases. In “Thunder,” perfect acoustic guitars and Dave Hosking’s vocal delivery are right up there with masters like David Gray and Amos Lee.

Tripping Over Time brings some interesting new electronic elements, but still has the kind of “sun-faded optimism” the band holds as a signature vibe. Hosking tells *Rolling Stone*: “It’s about how time changes us, we grow up, our priorities shift, our lives move on to new chapters and with this comes

new insights but also new challenges.”

While critics say the band seems to consistently operate at less than full power, grooving tracks like “Vertigo” and the subtle electronica of “Love Has Been Too Good to Me” have an enchanting rhythmic approach that is as inviting as it is semi-laid-back.

Finding freedom in recording at home, where the pricey studio clock isn’t always ticking, Bear & Boy channel experimental sounds (for them) and their upbeat take on the passage of time into a cool, 11-song collection that feels hopeful and creative.

Check out Michael Pickett’s audio and visual work at: <https://mpcreator.com>.

A Good Read

Finding Gobi, by Dion Leonard

Reviewed by Terry Cunningham

Some stories just write themselves. *Finding Gobi* is one of those stories. These kinds of stories usually start with some unexpected event.

Author Dion Leonard is an ultramarathon competitor. Running 155 miles across a desert isn't for the faint of heart; training means running thousands of miles. This 2016 run was in the mountainous Gobi Desert, the most remote part of China. Getting there takes days and it requires using every available form of transportation, presenting numerous possibilities for problems. Not speaking one of China's many languages doesn't make it any easier.

For Leonard, originally from Australia, the heat and the desert was like coming home, but with Scotland as his current home, acclimating took some time. Run 155 miles across a desert in searing heat with possible sandstorms requires unshakable confidence. The focus for winning begins long before the race begins. The other hundreds of racers have been working just as hard for this moment.

Deserts aren't known for their abundance of life. The runners calculate their every need in advance. They carry backpacks with survival gear, extra clothes, a first aid kit and, of course, just enough food and water to get them through.

As the race entered its second stage, a small dog decided to run alongside Leonard. He thinks the dog must belong to someone on the support team. The dog is doing a great job of staying up with him. While trying to focus on winning, Leonard is getting annoyed as he becomes distracted, worrying about this mutt's safety. The other runners notice that this dog is running like she's in the race; the dog is slowly becoming a celebrity.

Leonard realizes that the dog hasn't drank any water or eaten anything, but sharing his resources could jeopardize his position in the race. Leonard decides to share some water and a little food. The dog looks Leonard directly in the eyes and touches something deep inside him.

As the race goes on everybody gets used to this dog being in their tent at night and sharing their precious food and water with her. Leonard sees what an inspiration this

dog has become to him and his competitors, and realizes that being chosen by this dog has improved his outlook on the race and his life in general. By race's end they have run 80 miles together.

Leonard promises Gobi a new life at his residence in Scotland. Meanwhile, word has gotten

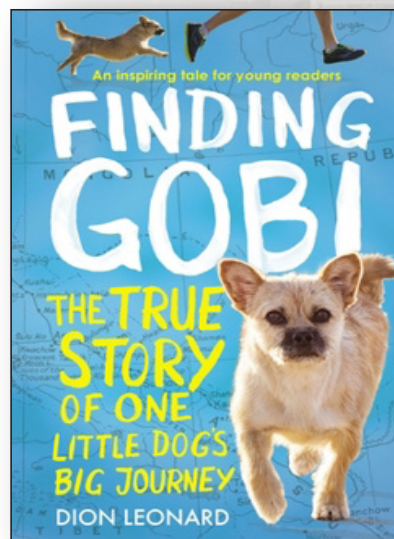
out about this little marathon-running dog. Gobi has become a global sensation, which is good and bad. Popular can mean valuable. How will he get Gobi back to Scotland when he can't even speak the language?

It's very complicated, requiring months in quarantine, vaccines and money. A GoFundMe page generously covers more than what was needed, but leaving Gobi in China while the process played out became a huge ordeal.

I can't recommend this book enough. It's an incredible story with preconceived ideas about China and strangers eroding into a reality of kindness and generosity. Help comes from so many unexpected places as the popularity of Gobi inspires people from all over the world following the ordeal.

Gobi's story is also published as a children's book. I feel it is comparable to any of the great true animal stories ever told. A great book to share with people who need to have their faith in the human race restored.

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



Those Cherished Moments —

By Karen Giebel

I don't know what started me reflecting back over my many years on this earth, but I have been and it keeps snowballing. It seems one memory emerges from the fog of my seven-decades-old brain only to have it trigger yet another memory, and I find myself reflecting on what significance this memory could have possibly played in my life to have it come forward at this time.

Some of these are fleeting moments captured in a single-frame snapshot while others run a continuous video loop that plays over and over. Some, thankfully very few, are moments of regret, but the vast majority leave me smiling. Some are from my earliest childhood and some are in the here and now.

Last summer, over in Westport, we had a family gathering with the kids and grandchildren who are spread out all over the country, so we see them infrequently. This was a unique occasion when all of us would be in the same place at the same time over the 4th of July. Hubby and I were in a checkout line at a Westport grocery store when suddenly something grabbed me and wrapped itself around my left leg. Startled, I looked down to see the bright eyes and huge smile on our 6-year-old grandson's face as he shouted, "Grandma Karen, we're here!"

Looking up, I saw the smiles of his parents who were in the next checkout line and we had not even known they had arrived.

I can't say I remember too much about that whole week. It was pretty busy, but every time I reflect back, I see and hear Max excitedly calling, "Grandma Karen, we're here!" My world was very narrow that week as I laser-focused on Max and three-year-old Mickey. My Mickey highlight was when this little guy who barely knew me kept bringing me the box with all the plastic Cootie Bug parts and we spent hours wordlessly but contentedly putting Cooties together.

There was a moment in my early childhood that is permanently etched in my memory. I was born one year and 10 days after my sister and on her sixth birthday my parents bought her a red, white and blue bike, so naturally when my birthday arrived 10 days later, I expected to receive my own bicycle. That didn't happen and I was beside myself crying and generally carrying on when I was told that at five years old, I was too little for a bicycle. With that, I ran outside, hopped on my sister's bike and took off pedaling as fast as I

could. I can still recall the looks on my parents' faces. The next day I got my own red, white and blue bicycle. That moment is a looping video that plays over and over in my memory.

Of course, the births of my children are without a doubt the best and most important memories I cherish, but I have little-to-no memories of my pregnancies. I know that they were uneventful, for which I am eternally grateful, but that's about it. The moments I clearly recall with both births are not when my babes were first set in my arms. No, the moment I hope to remember until my last breath about each is their first cry after being delivered. They were alive, breathing and healthy! If I close my eyes, I can still hear those first cries.

When I graduated from high school in 1971, my parents had a family party for me held outdoors in our expansive yard. I recall one moment frozen in time, and it is strange that this one moment is what I remember from a pretty special day. I am sitting at a folding tray table outside with my best friend all four years of high school. I am wearing a light blue empire-waist dotted Swiss dress with short puffy sleeves that I sewed myself. Mary and I are talking and laughing and we are eating my mother's delicious potato salad.

Why this moment? Maybe because it was just a really good day surrounded by much-loved family and friends and enjoying mom's cooking. Yet I have no recall of my graduation ceremony. Nothing. I can't even remember where it was held.

Fast forward to graduating from the Buffalo General Hospital of Registered Professional Nursing. That moment was surely the highlight of my life up



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Reflections on Life's Journey

to that point as I fulfilled a dream of becoming an RN, that started when I was five years old. Walking around the house wearing my mother's nursing cap and shuffling in her polished white shoes, my future was set in stone.

This graduation was a wonderful moment of pride for my parents, too, as I followed in my mother's footsteps as well as a family tradition. Mom, her sister, my Aunt Ollie and my cousin Mary Ann were all nurses and all were present to see me graduate.

For my dad, who grew up in a coal mining camp and had an 8th grade education because there wasn't a high school and certainly no money for boarding school, it was a moment of immense happiness that he afforded his child an opportunity that he was

denied through circumstances he had no control over.


That moment of happiness is *almost* captured beautifully in a photograph. My father and I standing together with beaming smiles. My dear Aunt Ollie, a clever, intelligent woman, could not take a decent photograph to save her soul, but for some unknown reason she was handed the Kodak point-and-shoot and tasked with immortalizing us at this momentous occasion. Two weeks later, when the printed photos arrived in the mail, we saw that photo with my dad's head cut in half. That was it. There was no "do over" to that moment. I remember the stunned silence as we realized that, once again, Aunt Ollie stayed true to her reputation as the worst family photographer ever.


Again, I have no recollection of the graduation ceremony, though I do remember where it was held. No memory of that starched white cap with that hard-earned black band being placed on my head. All I remember is happiness.

In these times of reflection, I've come to realize that it's not events that are important to me. It's not the dates, times and occasions that matter. It's the cherished personal moments that are branded on my heart and seared into my memory, the moments that, together, tell my life story and give it meaning.

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

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Chicken Feed Alternatives

Article & Photo by Michelle Lancaster

Laying hens require a high level of nutrition in order to lay eggs and maintain a healthy body condition. There are many ways to enhance a chicken's diet with foods grown and foraged on the farm. These wholesome foods can improve the nutrient content of eggs and help cut the cost of keeping hens.

For starters, check your compost bin. Do you have some human food waste that is safe to feed your chickens? Most of the feeds mentioned in this article are similarly used by humans – they can be fed to your chickens too. Such as skins peeled off vegetables. Egg shells. Fat off of a steak. My treat to chickens is the first sourdough pancake when I make a batch. That first one always turns out flat because I impatiently bake it before the cast iron is hot enough, so I feed that one to the hens.

Another easy crossover is to plant the grains you are currently buying. Chicken feeds produced in this region contain wheat, barley, oats, corn, peas, flax, and sunflower. All of these crops can be grown fairly easily at the homestead level. Our simplified method has been to grow plants in the

garden as cover crops, in winter livestock paddocks that are unused in summer while the animals are out on pasture, and in newly planted fields as a cover crop to protect slow-growing perennial crops.

Growing enough grain to fully feed a small flock of chickens can be challenging. The goal is not necessarily to completely replace a chicken's grain mix, but to supplement and reduce purchased feeds. One labor-saving trick we learned is to not bother removing the seed from the seed head. We harvest by cutting fully mature stalks, air drying, then storing in the barn to feed out over winter.

Storage method varies a bit by crop. Wheat, barley, and oats can be tied in bundles and hung from rafters or stored in tubs. Peas and flax can be thrashed by beating the crispy dry plants in a large drum or bucket so that the seed falls out and to the bottom. Corn cobs and sunflower seed heads can be air dried and stored whole.

Feeding method also varies a bit. We feed whole grains still attached to the straw so the hens can be the harvesters. A bundle of grain spread over the top of snow gives hens

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A Year On The Farm

a place to walk and forage in the dead of winter. Peas and corn should be cracked before fed. Corn can be broadcast as a scratch feed or mixed into grain, but peas are bitter, so better consumed as part of a grain mix. I find that my chickens do not eat dried sunflower seeds off a head, but if the dried seeds are rubbed loose, they can be added to a grain mix. Flax is best fed whole or freshly cracked and can be added to a grain mix for best utilization.

There are options beyond grains that provide protein and moisture. Dairy products in moderation can add moisture and nutrition to a chicken's feed. Leftover cottage cheese or that last bit of milk from the jug can be mixed into a daily mash in warm months. I utilize the skim milk from cream separating for my chickens. Milk fresh from a separator is warm, so with the addition of a drop or two of rennet, the milk sets up into a panna cotta consistency that chickens go bonkers for.

High moisture garden plants do not provide a lot of nutrition but are valuable sources of water and vitamins in hot summer months. Who doesn't have extra zucchini from the garden? Slice one in half, watch the chickens devour. After fruit harvest, the leftover pulp waste from making juice is particularly favored by chickens and fun to watch them dive into. Garden weeds are food, too. Some nutritious chicken foods that might be categorized as weeds include chickweed, cleavers, comfrey, and dandelion. Natural pest control can become chicken food as well. I thin out hail-damaged and pest-damaged leaves of cabbage, spinach, and beet and feed

the mix to the chickens. Just be sure to squish the bugs first, to ensure the pests do not spread to other healthy plants.

Make sure to feed the pests and the plants together for maximum feed value. Did you know chickens were not designed to be vegan or vegetarian? Chickens are omnivores designed to consume protein from animal sources. They can also pay their way in cutting back on tick populations, eating grasshoppers in the field, scooping fly larvae out of manure pies, jumping up to catch moths, and even chasing down and eating mice! Our hens free-range year-round,

both as pest controllers and so they can source the highest-quality protein on their own.

Appreciate chickens for their delicious eggs and for their ability to forage and consume scraps as nutritious foods, thereby reducing food waste. Growing foods to supplement a chicken's diet provides low cost and highly nutritious alternatives or additions to grain mixes.

If you do not have a farm, maybe you have connections to a neighboring farm, community garden, restaurant or grocery store that would be willing to share food waste. And yes, there are some foods commonly listed as not safe

for chickens, so if in doubt, you can look up that particular food product before feeding. I am sure there are many more inventive ways to feed chickens at home and I would love to hear about your methods, too!

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



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The Inner Observation Deck —

By Brenda St. John

“Wisdom lies not in seeing things, but in seeing through things.”

~ Manly P. Hall

There are always many tasks to complete before taking a trip. Once again, I am heading off to the Midwest to visit my father for a few days. I have groceries purchased and meals planned for the rest of the family who will be staying home. I’ve trained my nieces on feeding the chickens and watering the plants under the grow lights and in the greenhouse. I’ve paid the bills and balanced the checkbook. I haven’t started my trip yet, and I am already exhausted.

I’ve made this trip many times and am very familiar with the route. I will fly from Spokane to Minneapolis, then change to a small plane and backtrack to South Dakota. Sometimes I have a long layover in MSP and sometimes I have to hustle to catch my connecting flight. Whenever I have a long layover, I spend some time in the observation deck.

The observation deck at the MSP airport is a secret gem hidden in plain sight. It appears on the airport maps, but once you find the general area, there are absolutely no signs pointing the rest of the way. However, there is a staircase which everyone can see but no one seems to use. The staircase goes to one place only, and that is the

observation deck, 2½ stories up. It’s just a small room with large windows on three sides where planes can be seen taking off and landing from multiple runways. It is a quiet, peaceful place. Sometimes no one else is there. It is a good place to escape all the noise and rushing around, assuming I have the time.

In my opinion, we all need an observation deck in our own minds. We need to observe our thoughts taking off and landing. Meditation is all about watching our thoughts without getting attached to them. I think of my thoughts as leaves floating down a river while I sit on the bank and watch them go by. I don’t label my thoughts as good/bad or right/wrong. I do not get attached to my thoughts. They are not activators to recall a story or bring up emotions. They are simply mental events, and I keep them separate from “me” or “my truths.”

Lately, I’ve noticed a lot of people of all ideologies getting carried away with their thoughts. Their form of expression might be a ranting social media post, a printed slogan, a protest, or a letter to the editor, often marked by a high level of emotion.

I try to watch my thoughts and

observe whether I am dealing with feelings or emotions. The way I understand these to be differentiated is that emotions are what the body or brain does automatically after receiving information and feelings are what the mind labels it once the emotion is absorbed. Feelings are considered less reactive and can be examined and analyzed with evidence-based thinking, while emotions are considered hard to stop quickly.

Yoga teaches us to be flexible, not just in our body, but also in our mind, so quieting our emotions and identifying the feelings, and the facts behind the feelings, might even cause us to change our mind or at least look critically at a situation from another point of view. This is not weakness. It is, I believe, courage and strength.

Understanding the yoga *koshas* puts everything I’ve described thus far into perspective. In yoga, the true self is enveloped within five *koshas* (or sheaths). The *koshas* are considered to be the five layered aspects of our being, according to one of the oldest Upanishads.

Annamaya Kosha is the outermost layer. It is the physical sheath. Emotions manifest here as a tight chest



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from anxiety, butterflies in the stomach from excitement, and other such bodily sensations. *Pranamaya Kosha* is the next layer (moving inward). It is the vital life force (*prana*) that flows through all the body's energy channels and is governed by breath. *Manomaya Kosha* is the mental or mind-emotional sheath. It is here that emotions turn into thought-out feelings when we have mental control, or where the monkey mind runs wild when we don't. Our emotional habits, or conditioned responses, reside here.

Continuing inward, we come to the *Vijnanamaya Kosha*, which is the wisdom or intellect sheath. If we can overcome raw emotions with non-reactive wisdom, this is where it will happen. *Anandamaya Kosha* is the most subtle of all the layers. It is called the bliss sheath. This is where we experience pure joy, peace, unity, and love. Emotions and feelings are quiet here because we transcend the duality of pleasure/pain, joy/sorrow, etc. The saints were experts in this field, but most of us get only glimpses of it during times of profound stillness, and often after emotional processing.

Baddha Konasana (Bound Angle pose) is a seated hip-opening pose that ties in with the *koshas* through its grounding, opening, and introspective qualities. It stretches the inner thighs, groins, and hips while gently strengthening the pelvic floor, lower back, and core. It releases tension stored in the hips and stimulates abdominal organs, which support overall vitality and health.

To practice, sit tall on a folded blanket, legs extended straight out in front. Bend the knees, drawing the feet toward the pelvis. Place the soles of the feet together and bring the

heels as close to the body as possible. Lower the knees to the floor and keep the back straight. Lower chin slightly toward the chest and stay here for several cycles of breath. Release the posture by extending the legs forward and placing hands on thighs. After a

brief rest, repeat the *asana* one or two more times.

Namaste.

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

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A Story of Persistence, Recovery, and Strength After 60

By Rob Sumner

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Every once in a while, I meet someone whose story reminds me exactly why resilience matters so much – especially as we get older.

Not resilience in the dramatic, headline-grabbing sense. But the quiet kind. The kind that shows up every day when someone decides to keep going, even when progress feels slow.

A few years ago, I met a woman named Roxanne. Roxanne (pictured) is now 68 years old, but her story started back in 2022 when she retired after 30 years of working for the U.S. Forest Service.

Like many people, she imagined retirement would bring more freedom and time to enjoy life. But just as that new chapter was beginning, something unexpected happened. At her retirement party, Roxanne slipped on

a patch of ice hidden beneath a thin layer of snow and fell. After three decades of work without injury, this one moment changed everything.

What first appeared to be a simple

knee sprain turned out to be much more serious. An MRI revealed multiple tears in her meniscus, and

As weeks turned into months, Roxanne found herself spending more and more time sitting.



As it happens, the first thing she bought after retiring was a recliner. She jokes now that it was probably one of the worst purchases she could have made at the time, because the more she sat, the harder it became to move.

Like many people facing pain and uncertainty, Roxanne began to lose confidence in her body. She gained weight. Her mobility declined. Even walking across a room started to feel like a challenge. And perhaps most difficult of all, she became afraid of falling again.

That fear is something I see often with people in their 60s and beyond. When the body loses strength or balance, confidence

surgery soon followed.

Recovery was not easy.

Pain made movement difficult. Her hip began hurting as well, though no one initially knew why.

tends to follow.

But Roxanne did something important. She decided she had had enough of feeling stuck.

So, she started where many people

do – physical therapy. The early days were slow and sometimes painful, but she showed up. Day after day. Week after week.

Gradually, strength returned. Movement improved. And her confidence started to come back.

But life had another challenge waiting.

Despite her progress, the pain in her hip never fully resolved. Further testing eventually revealed labral tears that would require a full hip replacement.

For many people, that kind of news feels like starting all over again. But Roxanne approached it differently. By that time, she had already spent months rebuilding strength and mobility. She knew her body was stronger than it had been before.

After her hip replacement surgery, she went back through rehabilitation again – slowly, carefully, rebuilding movement one step at a time.

And this is where persistence becomes powerful.

Instead of giving up, Roxanne kept progressing. She moved from rehabilitation on into strength training with others who were

working through their own health journeys. She found encouragement in a group of people who understood what it meant to rebuild a body.

Today, Roxanne is 52 pounds lighter than when she started this journey.

She has gained strength, flexibility, balance, and improved posture. Perhaps most importantly, she no longer lives with the same fear of falling that once limited her movement.

But the story doesn't stop there.

Along the way, Roxanne began learning more about how lifestyle affects the body. She started paying attention to nutrition and inflammation. Reducing sugar intake became an important change for her, helping calm the inflammation she had been feeling in her body for years.

That kind of learning is powerful because it gives people ownership over their health.

Recently, during a visit with her physician, Roxanne experienced a moment that meant a great deal to her. After reviewing her progress, her doctor looked at her and simply said, "I'm proud of you."

Those four words carried a lot of

meaning.

Roxanne's story is not about a single surgery, or a single program, or even a single moment of motivation. It's about persistence. It's about choosing to keep going even when progress feels slow. It's about rebuilding confidence in a body that once felt fragile. And it's a reminder that our 60s, 70s, and beyond do not have to be defined by decline.

Yes, the body changes with time. Injuries happen. Surgeries happen. Life happens.

But resilience – the willingness to keep moving forward – can change the trajectory of those years in powerful ways. Roxanne's journey is proof that mobility, strength, and confidence can be rebuilt at any age.

Sometimes it begins with a simple decision: to stand up out of the recliner and take the first step forward.

And that one step can be all it takes to begin creating the life – and the mobility – you still want to live.

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

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Crayfish Alert

Article & Photos by Cindy Talbott Roché

Believe it or not, my first experience with crayfish (a.k.a. crawfish, crawdad) was in the fall of 2024, when I was poking around in the reed canary grass along Cottonwood Creek. There was a little pile of poop where the grass was flattened, so of course I picked it up to check it out. It smelled fishy, so I popped it into a plastic baggie and took it home to investigate.

I recognize that not everyone picks up wildlife poop, but my husband's master's degree research was to determine elk diets by fecal analysis, so the idea isn't strange to me. Fecal analysis is a scientific way of saying that you're looking at the bits of what comes out in the poop to determine what the animal ate. Or in this case, figure out what animal did the eating. When I washed it over a screen to clean it, I found it was pretty much all crayfish bits: the indigestible exoskeleton. Aha! We have river otters!

My sister-in-law asked, "Are you sure it isn't a beaver?" "Of course I'm sure. Beavers are vegetarians, they don't

eat crayfish, or fish at all, for that matter."

Now I'm curious, what species of crayfish were the otters eating? I checked online and the Washington State Department of Wildlife site indicates we have only one native crayfish in the state: signal crayfish (*Pacifastacus leniusculus*). [Since then, a new species was discovered and named: Okanagan crayfish (*Pacifastacus okanaganensis*), published in 2025 in *Zootaxa*]. There are three other crayfish species in Washington as well, transplants from other parts of the world: red swamp crayfish, northern



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or virile crayfish, and rusty crayfish. Which of the four species were these otters eating? I posted the photos on iNaturalist, but they were too fragmentary for anyone to give me an answer.

The following summer I got lucky and actually caught one of the crayfish in the Colville River. It didn't appreciate being held and kept pinching me when I tried to check its anatomy using the brochure "Brief Guide to Crayfish Identification in the Pacific Northwest." I decided it would be less painful to take pictures and post them on iNaturalist.

Sure enough, an expert identified it as the invasive virile crayfish, citing these characteristics as how she knew: narrow areola, prominent tubercles on claws, parallel margins on rostrum, trident end to rostrum. Some of these terms were new to me so I had to look them up. The areola is located on the top of the carapace (exoskeleton) that covers the thorax. The shape of the areola can be hourglass, triangular, or linear. In this case, it was more linear. The rostrum is the "nose" of the crayfish, the portion of the carapace on the head in front of the eyes. (I should have expected that identifying a crayfish would require a whole new vocabulary.)

At any rate, virile crayfish are native from east of the continental divide in Montana to the Great Lakes, Missouri River, upper Mississippi River, and lower Ohio River. The Washington Department of Fish and Wildlife doesn't want them here because they compete for resources with the native signal crayfish. Compared to

the non-native species, signal crayfish are uniformly brownish, with white or lighter color on the claw joint, and the carapace and claws are smooth, not bumpy with tubercles.

Signal crayfish may live up to 16 to 20 years, and will eat just about anything available, from aquatic insects and plants to fellow crayfish. The adults mate in the fall and the eggs hatch in the spring. Young crayfish stay with their mother through three stages, then gradually go out on their own. They are a favorite food of river otters, trout, raccoons, heron, snakes and some humans.

I returned the live specimen back to the river, assuming at the time that it was a signal crayfish. I've since learned that it's illegal to put a non-native crayfish back in the water, so I'm hoping an otter came along and ate it. Or maybe a heron, or a raccoon...

Cindy is a 1973 graduate of Jenkins High School. Her publications include the Field Guide to Grasses of Oregon and Washington, grass illustrations in Flora of North America, and botanical articles in Kalmiopsis. Her current passion project is restoring wetland habitats for wildlife on the family farm. She can be reached at grassesandmore@gmail.com or at grassesandmore.wix-site.com/grasses.



Food Is Medicine

By Joe Barreca

Doctors can cure disease but farmers can prevent it.

The best apricot I ever tasted came from a small tree by itself on a point of land where the Similkameen River empties into the Okanogan River. Perfectly sweet, ripe, tart and precisely apricot, it was an experience that has lasted over years. There are, of course, other tastes that persist in memory; ripe huckleberries, thimbleberries that go right into your mouth, tiny native strawberries....

There is something about taste that evokes our intrinsic ties to nature. Sherry Hess on her website, FlavorRemedy.com, decries the disconnect between taste and nutrition: “What used to be some-

thing that could guide us to understand energy sources, medicinal qualities and supportive nutrients has become simply a measurement for pleasure, and as a result, food quality is diminishing.”

She points to industrial agriculture’s focus on yield and shelf life over nutrients and flavor as having given us flavorless whole food and manufactured flavorings. As a country, we are experiencing poorer health outcomes and lower life expectancy than other high-income countries in the Organization for Economic Co-operation and Development (OECD.org). It ranks the United States as 31st out of 38 countries.

Over the last 25 years, we have the highest infant mortality, a higher rate of pregnancy-related deaths, the highest obesity rate (twice the OECD average), higher diabetes and high rates of chronic lung disease and heart disease, particularly for those under the age of 75. Poor nutrition and inactivity are key causes (commonwealthfund.org).

We can reverse these outcomes directly by providing better nutrition, according to Erin Martin, who is demonstrating this through community-based Food Is Medicine programs (ErinMartin.com).

These programs integrate food into medical care by forming partnerships with rural hospitals and clinics, local farmers and food banks. The medical community provides data on systemic community health issues and referrals to participants. Funding can be found for solid program structures through

insurance community benefits programs and the Nutrition Incentive Hub (nutritionincentivehub.org) as well as the USDA. These programs have eliminated the need for insulin entirely for some diabetics, controlled cancer and reduced obesity for many others. Martin found that outcomes were greatly improved if she sourced food from local regenerative farmers.

I became interested in Food Is Medicine after listening to Erin Martin interviews from the acres USA website. She has done a good job, in my opinion, of proving that healthy food can heal people and provides a manual on how to start your own Food Is Medicine project.

Questions remain about what “nutrient-dense food” is and what it takes to grow it. To get to those answers, we go to Dan Kitridge, who coined the term “nutrient-dense food” in 2008 and founded the Bionutrient Food Association (BFA) (bionutrient.org).

BFA was founded to define, measure and rate food density. They have a target set of 20 foods worldwide, starting with beef because it uses the most land area to produce. The science can be complex. Nutrients analyzed include not only minerals, vitamins, enzymes, amino acids and fatty acids, but also terpenoids, alkaloids and larger high-molecular-weight compounds – primarily proteins, polysaccharides, and polyphenols – that dictate food texture, color and nutritional value. Key examples include structural proteins (gluten), storage polysaccharides (starch), dietary

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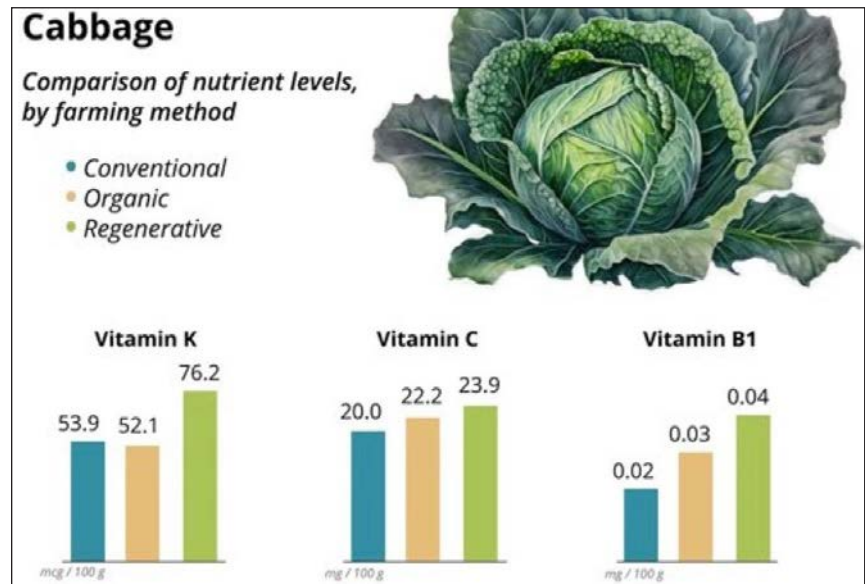
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fibers and antioxidant-rich proanthocyanidins. These compounds often provide bioactivities like antioxidant, anti-inflammatory and prebiotic effects.

Thank goodness, BFA is working to reduce this complex analysis to a small, handheld sensing device that connects to a phone and rates each whole food item scanned on a scale of 1 to 100. To make that work, they are taking hundreds of measurements of food samples sourced from around the world along with data on how it was grown.

In the meantime, arguably the best meter is your body. You know immediately if a whole food tastes good. But if it has been processed and manufactured, flavors have been added, tastes can deceive. The next best fallback is BRIX. BRIX is a measure of density that shows sugar content. Winemakers like me measure BRIX frequently to determine when to harvest, but also to show health with sap analysis. A good chart of poor, average, good and excellent readings on almost 50 fruits and vegetables is available from bionutrient.org.

We are learning a lot just from the preliminary findings. What BFA found is that the level of life in the soil is the only thing that correlates with increased nutrition in food. The level of life in the soil does not correlate with organic, permaculture, no-till, regenerative or local. It's an integrated series of practices that seems to correlate, not a certification label or individual practices. There are studies that definitely show regeneratively grown food is more nutritious, such as this illustration about cabbage.



Graphic courtesy Bionutrient.org.

But the take-away is that mechanistic frameworks such as organic and permaculture certification are handy but are not direct measurements of biology – and it's all about biology.

Years ago, when I started writing about regenerative agriculture, it was sufficient to say that it was about restoring soil health, which it certainly is. Methods such as no-till, cover crops and plant diversity were used to define it. Now I am seeing definitions such as “Regenerative is a systems-based approach where life is the most important thing, promoting life and growing life through continuous improvement” (Organic Wine Uncorked). “Plants are intelligent. They speak a language. They communicate with the bacteria and the fungi in the soil. If you preserve that relationship, the symbiotic relationship, you are going to create a truly healthy plant, which in turn will fight pests, fight virus, fight dis-

ease.” (John Kempf)

The implications for agriculture of this understanding of life and of the sharpened focus on nutrition are huge. Farmers will no longer be able to stand on certifications, brands, promotions or competitive prices. Consumers will choose directly by nutrient value.

“The opportunity is to powerfully and positively impact human health, human consciousness and ecological system function through helping people choose the best food for themselves and their families. And if that correlates to soil health and carbon sequestration, then that's how we drive the regenerative outcome. The objective is to facilitate the healing of the environment and of humanity.” (Dan Kitridge)

More tasty apricots will be nice too.

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

Tick Talk

Article by Steven Bird, Illustration by Doris Loiseau

Almost hate to say it, but April is the grand opening of tick season (yep, already, so soon after a winter that never quite got here). When it comes to creepy, it's hard to beat the creepy-ness of ticks. If you live in the country, you may have found one crawling on yourself, and surely you've found them on your dog – blood-sucking ticks bloated to the size of a grape, the little cilia legs slowly waving and gesturing menacingly down along their engorged sides ... you wonder: What's the purpose? What the heck was the Creator thinking to evolve such a nasty thing?

I know a little about ticks because I spend a considerable amount of time afield and, for whatever reason, I am

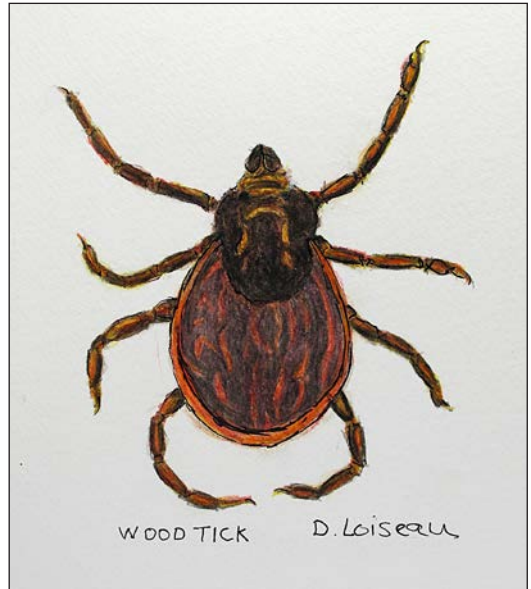
one of those humans that ticks love. Humans, usually, are not their preferred hosts. There are people they will not go on, but I am not one of those. Seems not a year goes by that I don't find a tick crawling on me, and sometimes one manages to get its drilling gear into me.

Once while driving across country, I stopped at a rest area in Iowa, and, while there, I sat on the grass and ate a sandwich. After finishing the sandwich, I got into the car to leave and noticed a tick crawling on the leg of my jeans. Then another. And another. I got out of the car and went into a stall in the men's room and removed all of my clothes and, inspecting them closely, found 27 ticks, including a couple already searching for a tender drilling site on my legs.

Also, I happen to be one of the first recorded cases of Lyme's disease, which I contracted from a tick that attached to my leg while I was fishing a brook about 30 miles from Lyme, Connecticut, back when I was going to college in Massachusetts. The

symptoms start out like a bad flu that won't get better, then you develop extreme pain in the joints, and finally, horrible, sore pustules on the skin of your extremities. Ten days in the hospital on intravenous penicillin finally knocked it out of me. It was the sickest I've ever been and I can tell you: You don't ever want to get it. Since that first break-out of Lyme's in New England, the disease has spread to every state in the U.S.

There are 800-plus recorded species of ticks in the world, including nine species inhabiting the U.S. that



A vertical graphic featuring a circular logo for KYRS radio station. The logo includes the text 'THINK GLOBALLY LISTEN LOCALLY', 'KYRS.ORG', and 'thin air community radio 88.1 | 92.3 FM'. Below the logo is a photograph of a large green tree on a grassy hill overlooking a body of water. At the bottom, the text reads 'INDEPENDENT LOCAL MUSIC AND PERSPECTIVES'.

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are known to feed on humans. The common wood tick or “dog tick” is the species most likely encountered in our region, and that one is the vector carrying Lyme’s and also Rocky Mountain spotted fever, tularemia, anaplasmosis, Colorado tick fever and tick paralysis – bacterial diseases that produce symptoms similar to Lyme’s. Fortunately, these can be cured with antibiotics.

Ticks, arachnids related to spiders, have four life phases: egg, larva, nymph and adult. All but the egg phase feed on blood. Tick larva and nymph generally feed on mice and small animals, and the adult ticks, which require larger prey with more blood, is the phase of tick most likely to feed on humans.

When a tick does contact a human, it generally crawls around for a while looking for suitable habitat – back of the neck, behind the ears, the armpits, behind the knees and, sorry to say, the tenderest areas you can imagine. They are heavy crawlers and will tickle, usually making their location known before they arrive at the ideal drilling location. On the rare occasion one makes it to the sweet spot without being detected, you probably won’t feel it embedding because they push in slowly, injecting an anesthetic saliva as they go, so you don’t feel it.

SAFELY REMOVING AN EMBEDDED TICK

If a tick gets in you, here’s what NOT to do: DON’T burn it with a hot match! DON’T coat it with Vaseline! These methods do not work and will cause the tick to freak out and dispense its stomach contents into its host. Bad deal. And frying the abdomen with a match will weaken it, making it more apt to bust off, leaving the head implanted under the skin. Uncomfortable mess that could lead to an infection. Also, one method suggests twisting the tick

counterclockwise. DON’T try this, as it is liable to just twist the body off, leaving the head embedded beneath the skin.

Here’s what to DO: Avoid squeezing the tick’s body. Using fine-tipped tweezers (pointed tips), grasp the tick’s head where it enters the skin, firmly, though carefully, not so hard that you crush the head. Now, gently pull the tick straight out, slowly. Pull with steady pressure – not hard or fast – and the tick should disengage. Sometimes it will bring a bit of skin with it, good visible proof that you got the head. As an alternative to tweezers, you may purchase a tick

removal tool. These tools resemble a tiny pry bar and work well for removing ticks from hairy pets.

Once you have that rascal out, flush the wound with alcohol then wash with soap and water. Now, don’t worry, you’ll probably be okay, the sordid tick affair behind you.

If you’re spending a lot of time afield in tick-infested areas, an insect repellent containing DEET applied to the skin, or permethrin applied to clothes, will help serve to keep ticks away from you.

Steven Bird is a freelance writer living beside the Columbia River. He is hopeful.

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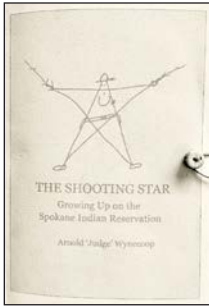
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The Shooting Star: Growing Up on the Spokane Indian Reservation

By Judge Wynecoop

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

B-29 CRASH

Once when Wig and I and cousin Smelly Peone had gone down to Jackson Elijah's watermelon patch on the Spokane River and acquired a nice large melon on our way from there to Turtle Lake for a swim, we stopped in a shaded spot north of Wellpinit to eat the melon. We had barely started when we heard a noisy aircraft. It was really winding up its engines.

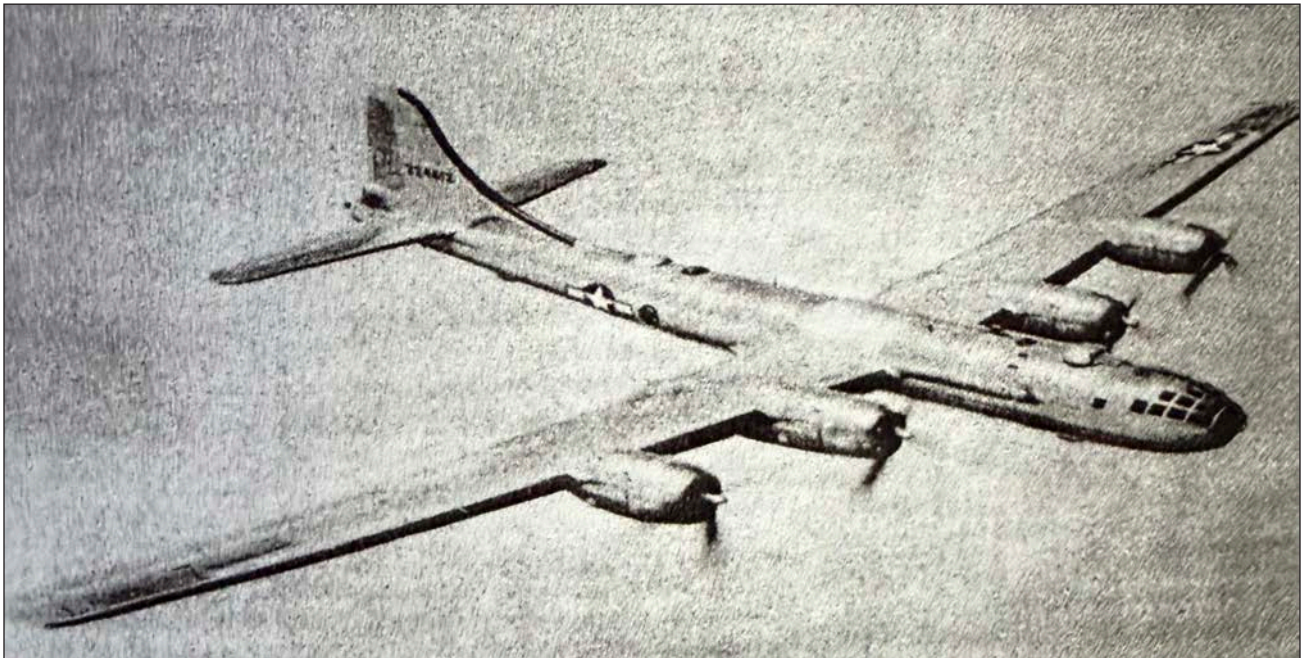
We looked up and saw a B-29 going south with smoke

coming from an engine. Then someone spotted small things falling from the plane. These small things, one by one, turned into parachutes. The plane went over to the east of Wellpinit and crashed on the flat area of land downstream from Little Falls Dam. The pilot was killed. The rest of the crew survived.

Using the jeep, Wig was able to find and bring in many of the crew members. Seems like the rest of us had to get out of the jeep to make room for the survi-



Driver/ rescuer Wig with his six brothers in the Jeep used to gather up the airmen. Photo by Phoebe Wynecoop, their mother.



vors, some of whom were rescued hanging from trees here and there throughout the woods. One engine fell from the plane and landed near Elmer and Sarah Wynecoop's home. The engine and the plane started range and timber fires.

I remember one thing that happened probably the day after the crash and fires. People were looking over the crash site and the Presbyterian minister's daughter Rhoda Wasson found a bone. The big story around Wellpinit was, "Rhoda found a bone," which supposedly was a body part of the pilot that had gone down with the plane. We couldn't figure out why she was searching the site, but it was quite a big subject for us.

Years later *The Rawhide Press* (my people's newspaper) published an article with the headline "B-29 Crash Is Remembered by Many." Here are excerpts from that August 1977 article:

It was August 28, 1949, and started out like any other day. Local loggers and woodcutters were at work on various parts of the reservation, a crew was building a road near Turtle Lake, stockmen were rounding up their cattle, and fireguards were standing by.

Nearby at Fairchild AFB, a Boeing B-29 took off on a routine radar and photographic training flight at approximately 10:30 a.m. The craft was north of the reservation, cruising at 21,000 feet when a fire started in the No. 4 engine (right outboard) ... the 3,350-horsepower engine made an almost unbearable sound. ...

Three young boys who knew every inch of the reservation were credited with picking up five of the airmen - "Wig" and "Judge" Wynecoop and Melvin Peone. They

had parked their jeep on a side road near Daisy Abrahamson's home and were eating watermelon.

"We heard a real different sound," Wig recalled. "At first, we thought it was a logging truck coming, but we looked up and saw the plane on fire. Chutes began to drop and it looked like they were north of us." The trio headed north and found the first crewman ... near Cottonwood Road. They picked up more men, all who urged them to rush them to a telephone.

"We lost the brakes on the jeep going around one corner," Wig said, "and our windshield was torn off by a tree leaning over the road. Once we bounced over a log on the road and threw half the crew clear out of the rig. They kept telling us to hurry up, that the Air Force would pay for any damages. As it turned out they didn't pay for a thing, but we delivered them to the Agency at Wellpinit."

The B-29 dug a 90-foot-long, 10-foot-deep trench into the ground. Wreckage was thrown as far as 1,000 feet from the plane."

After the fires were put out and things settled down that exciting day an amusing sidelight surfaced: "the number of parachute silk curtains, blouses, dresses, etc., blossomed on the reservation later on." "Most of the crew had left their chutes behind," recalled one airman. "We got a real working over by the supply officer for doing it, though [I] was pleased that reservation people were able to use them."

Barbara Reutlinger authored this reminiscence - she was the wonderful editor and reporter for *The Rawhide Press* in the 1970-80s.

They Rest Here

By Donna Potter Phillips

Infant mortality in the 19th century was much higher than it is today. (Thankfully!) In 1898, babies died primarily from infectious diseases like diarrhea, pneumonia and tuberculosis. The causes of those maladies were pretty much unknown and that lack of knowledge led to high rates of gastrointestinal diseases.



Eugene Lesley Church and his wife Emelia Downing lived with the death of their two-week-old daughter in 1898. They named her Aldyth Maude Church and she rests in Evergreen Cemetery near Colville. Have to wonder... what caused little Aldyth's death? (You can barely read her name - "Aldyth Maude, infant dau of E.L. and E. Church, died Apr 14, 1898.")

Eugene's obituary says he was born on the Mississippi River in Illinois in 1862. By 1880 he was a farm worker in Nebraska. He was in Colville in 1891 when he married Emelia Downing. They stayed in Colville through the births of seven of their children. First came Henry C. (after Eugene's father), then Mary E., then

Aldyth. Next came Alda M., Elwin L., Harold E. and Howard L. in 1909. (Emelia's mother was Sarah; no baby named Sarah.)

I'd like to dispel some family history myths here. First, our ancestors moved around ... a lot! It's nearly 2,000 miles from Illinois to Washington and there were no interstate highways back then. By 1910, the Church family was living in Coos County, Oregon. In 1920, they were in Linn County, Oregon. By 1930 they were in Marion County, Oregon, where Eugene passed in 1945 of "cardio-vascular-renal disease and senility." Emelia (sometimes Amelia) died in 1953.

Second myth would be that babies were named from typically the only baby book on hand: the Bible. But except for Mary, Eugene and Emelia used no Bible names for their children. And Howard Leland Church, born in 1909, married Elmetta Lorella Casebeer. That's not a Bible name for sure.

A third thing is that if all the facts fit otherwise, then spelling was of no account. Emelia, Amelia, Emme ... all the same person, most likely.

(A favorite story of mine is when Mary O'Brien, a good Irish Catholic girl, stood before a French Canadian priest to be married, his ears understood her to say she was Mary Aubran. Go figure.)

Eugene and Emelia stayed together through births, deaths and many moves. Their marriage vows mattered. Eugene, apparently, never made much money. He's consistently listed as a laborer or farm worker in the U.S. censuses. To me that says that Emelia likely labored long hours in a garden and canning produce on

a wood stove.

The last child born to Eugene and Emelia was in 1915 in Coos County, Oregon. They named her Barbara Clare. Little Barbara died of acute tuberculosis at the age of only seven years. She rests in Brownsville Cemetery, Linn County, Oregon. This photo was added to her Find-A-Grave listing. I'd guess it was her confirmation picture?

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





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About Spokane Community College

Spokane Community College (SCC) is committed to expanding access to education and strengthening economic vitality across Eastern Washington, particularly in rural and underserved communities. Our rural campuses in Colville, Newport, Inchelium, and Republic deliver transfer education, workforce training, adult education, and comprehensive student support services.

Through partnerships with Tribal nations, K-12 districts, and regional industry, SCC develops responsive, culturally grounded programs that support student success and regional workforce needs.

Position Overview

The Dean of Rural Education provides strategic and operational leadership for SCC's four rural campuses. Reporting to the Vice President of Instruction and the Vice President of Student Services, the Dean oversees academic programs, workforce initiatives, adult education, and student services. The position is based in Colville and requires regular regional travel.

This role focuses on strengthening rural education pathways, expanding workforce-aligned programming, supporting student success, and building strong community partnerships.

Key Responsibilities

- Provide leadership for transfer education, workforce programs, adult education (including High School+), and student support services.
- Supervise and support faculty and staff; foster collaboration and positive labor relations.
- Manage divisional budgets and allocate resources effectively.
- Lead curriculum development, program review, accreditation, and Guided Pathways initiatives.
- Develop partnerships with Tribal nations, local businesses, K-12 systems, and community organizations.
- Advance enrollment, retention, and completion strategies to promote equitable student outcomes.
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Minimum Qualifications

- Master's degree
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Dad Goes a Round with Sears

By Madilane Perry

My late father generally disapproved of buying things “on time,” that is, on the installment plan. This distrust was probably a result of the family losing just about everything, including a nice house in Chelan, early in the Great Depression and spending a summer living a semi-nomadic life in a tent.

Dad made an exception to his “no buying on time” stance when we left Spokane and moved to Curlew Lake in 1949 to start a fishing and hunting resort. He bought a double-oven Kenmore electric range from Sears, Roebuck and Company on the installment plan. It looked a little out of place in the old homestead log cabin we moved into where it worked superbly for the next 50 years – but we almost didn’t get to keep it.

Times were tough when we started out at Curlew Lake. The \$20 my grandparents had put in my piggy bank to start a “college fund” went for groceries and dad missed a payment on the range. The Sears store in Spokane was quick to respond. Their representative got on the phone and told dad that they would be repossessing the range immediately.

Dad didn’t spend much time trying to talk the Sears rep out of his ultimatum. He just started telling him how to get to the appliance’s location.

Sherman Pass was not paved yet. The trip in our old Ford pickup was really unpleasant. Dad probably made the most of this and of the hazards of driving on unpaved mountain roads. I don’t know if he mentioned the alternative route, the one we usually

used. If he did, it probably didn’t make much difference. The Wilbur Hill Road was paved but it was the same twisting, low-speed route we use today, with the same breathtaking drop to Lake Roosevelt we currently enjoy. It bothers some people and it would not require much exaggeration to scare susceptible people right off it.

By the end of the conversation the Sears man had changed his tune. He was now saying something approximating “Now, Mr. Perry, I think we can work something out about those payments.”

I still have the range.

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

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With several growing publications in the region, we are seeking motivated, outgoing sales representatives to sell print and digital advertising.

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- Advertising/media sales experience preferred
- Strong communication skills
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- Comfortable cold calling and meeting clients in person
- Reliable transportation

Please submit a resume and cover letter to: publisher@inlandnwmediagroup.com or call 509-675-3791.

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April 15
**The Women who
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5 pm ~ Donations accepted

A historical presentation on the brave
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simply because they were women.

April 19
**TCT Volunteer
Appreciation &
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2 p.m.

The Board of Directors and Staff honor
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the Cutter Theatre. Come enjoy the
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April 25
**Dani Bacon &
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Dinner: 6 pm ~ \$20

Show: 7 pm ~ \$20

Do not miss this amazing duo who
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The Cutter Theatre office
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Presents

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Woodland Theatre Kettle Falls

SPRING FLING

Saturday May 2nd 7 PM

Sunday May 3rd 2 PM



Brass Ensemble

Concert Band



Under the direction of Gary Killings

Choir

Under the direction of Brianna Snyder

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2 car garage. Secondary house for family and friends, that includes a kitchen, bath and huge bonus room with pool table and room for several sleeping areas and includes 2 car garage. In-ground sprinkler, huge woodshed with storage, Screened gazebo and shed. Custom wood working throughout this home, radiant heat, wood stove and a mini split is included and the pad is in it just needs to be installed. Generator stays, 220 on the outside of the garage and STAR Link service stays – you just have to sign up.



MLS# 44583 \$799,000



Over 3,000 sq. ft. in this 4 bed/3.5bath home on a large corner lot within an hour of Spokane, with golf course and ski hill as a part of your new community. This home highlights custom craftsman build including a theater stage and full screen wired for sound/lights and projector for all your family and or entertaining possibilities. Chewelah's Peve Creek babbling through the front yard, under your very own bridge, lighted pathway and established native and elaborate landscaped yard. Fully fenced back and side yard in addition to a 2 car attached garage with workshop. This home has it all and the room and design to accommodate a multitude of living enjoyment and options! Come see it today.

MLS# 44403 \$565,000



MLS# 45002 \$220,000

A beautiful setting with room to garden, just off the Columbia with water views and close to town. Some established grapes and raspberries to get you started. Features 2 bedroom, with a 3rd extra room for games or additional sleep space. Attached 1 car garage. Starter home or bring your tool belt and bring up to date with your own personal touches.

This home has been updated to perfection! Outstanding kitchen with new island and expansive countertops, plus new appliances. Open floor plan to the well-sized living room and fireplace. Beautiful mountain and territorial views. Upstairs bathroom is completely remodeled and 2 freshly painted bedrooms with barn door closets, and laminate floors throughout. Laundry room hosts a half bath and easy access from the upper floor and expansive recreational space, that was the garage and is completely finished. Lower level invites you into a comfortable living area with a country tub room and separate half bath. 2 additional bedrooms, extra storage room. Brand new deck to the garage/carport and chicken coop. 5 acres is hay pasture, Very private setting centrally located between Kettle falls and Colville. Separate RV hook up with septic, power and water. 30 gpm well for all your gardening and watering needs. It's all here for your enjoyment! Must see to appreciate all the splendor.



MLS# 45616 \$699,000

PRICED TO SELL - SMALL TOWN LIVING. Very well maintained home. This home is ready for you to make it your own. A large kitchen, 3 large bedrooms, 2 bath and one has a walk in bathtub. Pellet stove, heat pump, ceiling fan, wheel chair ramp, laundry room is off the kitchen in its own room, with exit/entry from the attached carport. Enjoy peace and quiet while sitting on your covered, screened in front porch or on the newly redone porch in the back. Partially fenced, large yard with established landscape and room for a garden. Large shed and/or workshop, existing slab and electrical are ready for your garage to be built, car shelter can stay. So much potential at a great price and READY TO MOVE IN!



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MLS# 45567 \$329,000

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Robyn Westergard
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Carrie Paetsch
 Broker
 509-701-3709



Ara Bush
 Broker
 425-344-4969