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Voice Of The Electorate

- 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@inlandnwmmediagroup.com

Christa McDonald

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

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Forgive and Remember

By Christine Wilson

“Forgiveness is the fragrance that the violet sheds on the heel that has crushed it.”

~ Mark Twain

“If America is going to make it, it will be because people choose forgiving things they should never have had to forgive over hurting people they have every right to be angry with.”

~ Kelsey Piper

Some people are intrinsically good at forgiveness. I’ve been an eager student of that skill and have loved surrounding myself with people who are generous of spirit. For one thing, it’s embarrassing to hold grudges around people who act with gracious acceptance of human fallibility. My exposure to that kind of letting go has been good for me in two ways: it has shown me how it is done, and it has allowed me to set it as an intention for myself. You can have all kinds of knowledge, insight, and aspirations for yourself, but it’s hard to incorporate them into action until you can first imagine them as a possibility.

When someone says, “Not to make too fine a point of it,” you know they are about to make too fine a point of it. So, not to make too fine a point of it, but if Mark Twain is correct, then I’m thinking we function best when our metaphorical sense of smell is working well. In terms of forgiveness opportunities, real life makes sure we get the practice.

There’s a structure right between our eyes called the olfactory bulb, which drips sensors into our sinuses and allows us to smell things like those crushed violet petals. That information travels directly into our limbic system where emotions are processed and memories are stored. So, it isn’t just the emotion itself but also the history of all the other times we felt that emotion.

Maybe the first time I smelled violets, I didn’t know what that smell was, but my English grandmother was all about violets, so I got plenty of practice. The

smell of her violets was faint, so it took a lot of repetition. I’m out of practice now – she died when I was in high school – but memories get stored in that almond-shaped part of the limbic system known as the amygdala. I’m pretty sure if I worked at it again, I’d identify the smell and I would picture that 100% English, violet-infused house of theirs. I would also picture my grandmother watering her violets while wearing dresses I associate with her plants and that I developed a taste for. I can do that because the library in my amygdala has the feelings and images recorded, waiting for a reminder.

Empathy and the ability to forgive might be initially as faint as my grandmother’s violets, but repeated exposure fills up the amygdala with a collection of forgiveness memories. Repetition, according to my Learning Theory professor back in graduate school, is still the most effective way for us to learn.

When my kids were young, one of them said: “Mom, you are the only person I know who says that you accept my apology.” I wanted them to build memories of being forgiven. That way, my theory went, they would know what it felt like, how good it felt, and how the process worked.

I’d read a psychologist say that parents should never apologize to their children because it upsets the balance of power. I think that’s hogwash, in my not very humble opinion. One of the most powerful things a parent can do is help kids understand that forgiveness is the path to interpersonal redemption. Besides,

parenting is not about getting it right all the time, for which I thank my lucky stars. It’s about doing the best you can and repairing when you fall short. I have not witnessed apologizing to have weakened any parent’s authority. I’ve seen it strengthen the bond and help to guide children in the process. They create a file folder in their amygdala.

The same holds true for adult relationships. If you’ve ever been in a relationship in which you felt safe to mess up, you know the relief that is there. You can rest in the understanding that the other person has your back.

I just spent two-and-a-half weeks with my husband’s family preparing their 92-year-old mother with Parkinson’s for her move into an apartment. They don’t let each other off the hook but they never stop their back-and-forth love of each other. I’ve seen people with limited tolerance for elderly family members, but I did not witness any of that in that family. It was like watching people who stood at their personal emotional wells, able to access an underground river of unconditional love. They never lost track of the river, even in times of annoyance or frustration.

One of my favorite statements made by my husband was in reaction to some bleak and heartbreaking show we were watching. He shouted: “Where is the redemption?” He’s apparently not a perfect follower of that requirement, since before that he had given me a novel about his ancestral Sicily in which everyone had died by the end of the book: the mafia, law

Random Acts of Community

enforcement, judges, innocent bystanders, everyone. But in our life, we aspire to live with redemption. Apparently, even Sicily has gotten in on the action, as shown by the decreases in the murder rate there. They haven't gotten the mafia problem completely solved, but they are doing the "progress, not perfection" approach with gradual success.

I will never tire of quoting C. S. Lewis' recommendation that if you are working on forgiveness, don't start with the Nazi SS. We can begin with those tiny grudges that wear us down. They might be things we feel guilty about and that we can seek forgiveness for. Since people aren't typically used to being approached with a request for redemption, it might be uncomfortable at first. Forgiveness, like so many things, requires intentional, courageous effort.

Sooner or later, however, there will be big tests. Recently a Michigan church was burned to the ground by an angry neighbor who first drove into the building and opened fire. He was killed by police, leaving his wife the single mother of a boy with special needs. The people in that church organized a fund-raiser for her and her son. They were devastated by the loss of their friends and their building, but they found a way to live their values.

Years ago, I took a meditation class from an Italian man who had been robbed at knifepoint. At a meditation retreat, he had resisted any consideration of grace toward the thieves until something clicked on the last day of his retreat. He had the same kind of recognition as the people in that Michigan church. He said he felt the bitterness leave his body and it made him smile, which turned into a laugh, and in no time the whole room was laughing with him.

Maybe the people in the church had enough opportunities to smell the meta-

phorical violets so that it came naturally to them. The meditation teacher was less ready, but he definitely had the aspiration and the exposure to the process.

It's never too late to start initiating and collecting such memories. The gratitude I feel for my teachers in for-

giveness, redemption, and grace is my favorite thing to celebrate in this month of Thanksgiving.

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

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The Room

By Dr. Barry Bacon, MD

Psychiatrist and psychoanalyst Anthony Storr wrote, "When a person is encouraged to get in touch with and express his deepest feelings in the secure knowledge that he will not be rejected, criticized, nor expected to be different, some kind of rearrangement or sorting-out process often occurs within the mind which brings with it a sense of peace; a sense that the depths of the well of truth have really been reached."

I believe this to be true. Searching within oneself and speaking of our deepest feelings to another human, knowing that we will not be condemned or ridiculed, no one insisting on correcting our feelings, is a special and rare healing place. Simply ex-

pressing our feelings as we find them. Fear, shame, humiliation, sadness, loss, disappointment, grief, joy, elation, all of it, a portion of it, whatever we are able to express. There is something very freeing about finding ourselves in a place where this can take place.

Alas, that is the difficulty. We pull back because we have not found such a place where we are granted permission. Or we have stepped into a place believing we could express ourselves only to discover that it wasn't safe at all.

I am asking the men and women in our recovery program to begin to create such a place. I am asking them to begin with me. I do not consider my-

self to be a better man than they are. I know in my core that there is need for healing. I am trusting that if I share a part of who I am with them, starting with myself, that they will understand that they too can be vulnerable, we can begin to create a place without fear of reprisal or attack. In that spirit, I will begin here on these pages, in an attempt to demonstrate what I mean by creating a safe place of vulnerability.

There is a room in my mind where only I can visit. I cannot live there, yet I cannot stay away. It is the place where I have compartmentalized the memory of my son. It is a place of wonder and joy and unspeakable grief. A place I wish to God I never



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knew, but which I cannot escape and love to visit.

There are pages in this place, pictures, sounds, laughter, smells, videos of a boy who loved and ran and laughed. A blond-haired boy standing, surrounded by a sea of black children on top of a mountain called Zomba in Malawi, his voice calling out to me in his innocence, "Daddy, these are my new friends who I don't know yet." That is who he was, open, honest, everyone was his friend, the African children all staring curiously at the blond-haired boy in their midst.

A sound in the dark, someone with soft footsteps running down the hall. I investigate and find his bed empty. I creep down the hall peeking in rooms, and find the door to the pantry ajar, the lid askew on the five-gallon bucket of chocolate chips we had shipped from the U.S., half melted in the tropical heat. I retrace my steps and peer under the bed to find that boy hiding, the chocolate evidence smeared on his face and hands.

A picture, a boy wearing a colorful blanket for a cape jumping from the top bunk of his bed across the room, somehow believing he could fly. Standing on top of a stone embankment, smiling, waving at me, wearing a safari outfit and baseball cap, long white stockings and tennis shoes, his big sister at his side.

Years later a conversation. He is describing to me that he cannot make his mind think. He fears there is something wrong. Curled up on the floor of his college dormitory room for days, unable to move. I fear that my son is broken, that he suffers from a disease of the mind, something he will suffer from for the rest of his life. I see the chaotic choices that he is making in his life, within the disease that he

cannot control. That he is unlikely to accept. That despite my love for him I cannot fix. I find myself like a parent cheering at the sidelines of a race in which my child is running, cheering bravely while knowing he cannot finish, knowing that I cannot fix what is wrong, and that he will never finish the race.

I step out of that room. Its contents of wonder and sadness and joy and devastation and despondency haunt my mind. I cannot stay here. How do I live my life? If I stay, I will surely be sucked into an existence of nothingness, endlessly sorting through the stacks of pictures and videos and recordings trying to make sense of what they mean. I can drown the pain in a mind-numbing substance and live there, in oblivion, never feeling anything. I can choose to love the life that I have been given. To hold the memories as they come, sometimes unexpectedly to the surface, not to haunt or destroy me, but simply because he is a part of me. I will always be a dad. I will always love that boy. I will always be grateful that he was mine.

In honesty, I suppose I drown my sorrows in work, in joy, in staying busy. There may be some who see it as a diversion, and they may be right. Seeing patients, working on housing, investing in recovery – all can rightfully be seen as a diversion of sorts. I think of it another way. In blessing the world, whether healing or building or lifting up others who suffer, I honor my son. It is my way of carrying him with me, my constant partner in better things. His life and his legacy are beautiful because I live to honor him. And it's not so bad.

The truth is that his loss has led me to the edge of the precipice. I have stood there, not suicidal, no thoughts

of self-destruction, but truthfully not caring. It is a dark place. Since his death, I have lost a job, been investigated by medical officials, turned in by community members and officials, had criminal investigations conducted, lost friends and loved ones, and had friends investigate my personal life behind my back for a year looking for something to demonstrate the evil of my ways.

None of those, not all of them together, can compare to the soul-jarring loss of my son. Knowing what to do with the rest of my life is the question I face. I medicate myself, I suppose, by doing good things, by giving back. Mostly it helps.

I'm standing outside that room, my hand on the doorknob, touching its cool exterior. There is a welcome sign on the door and a boy's name scrawled on a hand-painted sign. Voices are calling from within, cheery laughter echoing from its walls, calling my name. For now, I walk away. There are things still left to do to honor that boy. I will return at a convenient season.

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.

Catch all the action!



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Stalking the Wild Cucumber

By Tina Wynecoop

"I'm so glad to be alive!"

~ Mary Marsh

We didn't have a bible in our home when I was growing up, although when my grandma died, I inherited hers. All of our books were borrowed from Seattle Public Library. I wish I still had each one of the library cards issued to me over the last seven decades so I could frame them because they were my door-openers to paying attention, being astonished, and telling someone, to paraphrase poet Mary Oliver.

I do remember we had a "bible" of sorts – it was a field guide written by Euell Gibbons (1911-1975), an outdoorsman and health food advocate

"who promoted foraging for and eating wild foods." His books, *Stalking the Wild Asparagus* and *Stalking the Healthful Herbs* inspired the title of my article. My parents were devoted to his writing, and I still reference his books and use his recipe for making (wild) rose petal jam. Here is a link to John McPhee's terrific profile of Euell Gibbons in the 1968 *New Yorker* magazine: newyorker.com/magazine/1968/04/06/a-forager

Recently, I went on a Washington State Park-sponsored group hike at Indian Painted Rocks along the Little Spokane River. It was led by the park interpreter, Kara Frashefski, and naturalist/author Jack Nisbet. This natural area used to be one of my favorite places to visit ... until the 170-acre fire in July 2015 radically altered its landscape. Before the fire I often kayaked, birded and explored there.

On the hike I asked Jack if he had ever seen a vine which I called "wild cucumber." He hadn't. I mentioned that several years ago I collected vines and their fruit from upstream along this same river. I still have a dried cucumber pod. This vine and the western white clematis vine, also called virgin's bower, are mistaken for each other. Jack knows the Latin names for native plants and told me the vine I was asking about probably belonged in the *Cucurbitaceae* family. I emailed him a photo of the wild cucumber pod. By learning its family name, I could now begin a deeper search for what I had previously collected. I found its matching description and image in University of Washington's Burke Herbarium Collection. The description noted that only three locations of it have been recorded east of the Cascades.

One of the three places was along the Little Spokane River! "Scattered along the riverbank, a climbing vine with prickly, succulent fruit. Origin: Native."

This area upstream along the Little Spokane River is a vast wetland which is saturated during spring runoff. Collecting would have to be done in the fall. Neither Jack nor my husband were available this fall to accompany me, so I asked my friend Mary to help me search for intact vines. I'm glad I did. Mary expresses such enthusiasm for all things "nature" and is a delight to be with.

We agreed to rendezvous at Wandermere Lake, at the golf course parking lot. (This is a wonderful place to observe a variety of waterfowl.) The morning was frosty and full of sunshine. We walked below the tall Highway 395 bridge, tromping through tall grasses alongside Dartford Drive, looking for tall shrubs wearing the cucumber vine. We didn't find any in the usual sites.

Parallel to the road I noticed surveyor stakes flagged with neon pink ribbon placed in the pristine wetland. Did the stakes foretell the widening of the busy two-lane road? Across the road a woman was walking in our direction. Mary and I crossed over to her side and I momentarily forgot about our cucumber mission because I wanted to ask if the hiker knew what the stakes represented. She did. They marked where Avista Utilities planned to bury its overhead power lines. Phew! I could handle that. Meanwhile, Mary continued searching for the vines and found not just one vine, but two. We used our cellphone cameras to document "our" vine. I was elated and celebrated by



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wearing a garland of the cucumber vine around my neck on the way back to where we parked.

While the cucumber fruit is described as “succulent” in the Burke Herbarium records, *succulent* does not mean one should taste it: the fruit is deadly. In my copy of Erna Gunther’s *Ethnobotany of Western Washington: The Knowledge and Use of Indigenous Plants by Native Americans*, U of W Press, 1945, she lists the *Cucurbitaceae* “Gourd Family. Old Man Root. Medicine. [The coastal Salish Indigenous people] including the Lower Chinook use the gourd as a poultice. The Squaxin mash the upper stalk in water and dip aching hands into it. It is poisonous, as was proved by the son of a friend who ate some and died. The Chehalis burn the root, powder it; and mix it with bear grease to apply it to scrofula sores.”

This new information led me back to the bible – not forager Euell Gibbon’s, but that other one a lot of folks swear by (and on). In its scriptural texts there is an account (II Kings 4: 38-41) which had piqued my curiosity for decades, and according to a commentary:

“In a time of famine, the prophet Elisha came to Gilgal, a place in Palestine known as the campsite where

the Israelites first settled after crossing the Jordan River. The people gathered to eat a common meal. The cook had gone out foraging for ingredients

Elisha, casting some meal into the pot, made the pottage wholesome.” (*The Interpreter’s Bible*, vol. 3). I’ve often wondered if the vine the cook used was

the same cucumber vine as those growing along the Little Spokane River.

Mary (her middle name should be “Enthusiasm” because, according to the dictionary, enthusiasm is word derived from Latin: *en (in) + (god)*) and I were so inspired by our shared adventure. During the same morning, we made a second important discovery when we found countless numbers of “bridge spiders.” I will continue the account of our adventure in my December “Home Ground” column. I can’t wait to share with you. Until next month then, you might pull your field guide (bible) to eastern Washington spiders off your bookshelf because E. B. White, author of *Charlotte’s Web*, says, “Once you begin watching spiders, you haven’t time for much else.”

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.”



and unknowingly added the fruit (translated as gourd or cucumber) of a wild vine into the pot. When this was discovered, presumably because of the bitter taste, they cried out a warning, ‘there’s death in the pot.’

Cottonwoods and Beaverhoods

Article & Photo by Cindy Talbott Roché

Sometimes one person's thoughts totally resonate with another's actions. When I read Joe Barreca's essay in the October issue of *NCM* about how the black cottonwood is a sacred tree on the land of the Salish peoples, I had just finished planting cottonwood trees along Cottonwood Creek south of Chewelah. I felt part of the cycle of nature, restoring trees to shade the water (cooler temperatures for fish), provide habitat for insects and birds (among many other species), and offer food for beavers to return to the land. A feeling of gratitude permeated my being for days afterward.

I recently started researching the natural history of the Colville River valley. The original road where Highway 395 comes over the hill and goes straight to Chewelah was called Cottonwood Road because of the number of cottonwoods that had to be cut down to clear a route. I grew up on lower Cottonwood Creek Road (on the east side of the valley) and so was a bit surprised that the historic route of the highway was also called Cottonwood. Clearly this is an indication of the number of black cottonwood

trees in the valley when European settlers arrived.

Unfortunately, these people saw the trees as an obstacle, not a vital part of the environment. The last cottonwoods left along the lower section of the creek are where lower Cottonwood Creek Road crosses over Cottonwood Creek. In the process of straightening the creek into a channel in the early 1900s, all of the trees were removed in the last mile-and-a-half of Cottonwood Creek upstream from the Colville River.

There is not space in this article to enumerate all of the benefits of black cottonwood trees, but it is clear that the native peoples recognized their crucial role in exchanging air (carbon dioxide and oxygen) with us, cycling life-giving water, protecting fish habitat, providing nest sites for bald eagles and hawks, and food and shelter for beavers.

Cottonwood Creek flows north along the west edge of the farm where I grew up, for about 600 feet, before it turns west to enter the Colville River. The creek banks are protected only by an invasive, nonnative: reed canarygrass. Yes, the canarygrass holds the soil in place and

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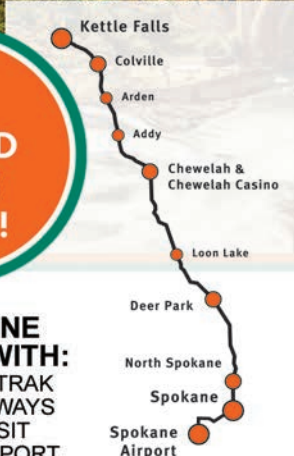
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gives partial shade, but that isn't enough.

I talked with the Stevens County Conservation District and they funded a project to plant trees along the creek and protect them while they establish. In addition to black cottonwood, we planted aspen and various local native willow species in 30 enclosures made of hog panels and chicken wire tied to steel posts.

A crew supervised by the Washington State Department of Natural Resources scalped away the reed canarygrass, built the fences, and helped plant the trees. Woody plants are so scarce along the waterways in the valley south of Chewelah that if one doesn't fence the beavers out, the new trees and shrubs are devoured almost immediately. The key is to force the beavers to wait until enough woody plants are well established to sustain beaver families indefinitely. Then open the doors and announce, "Dinner's ready!" by removing the fences.

How much is enough? Biologists have determined an adult beaver needs to consume roughly 2.5 to 5 pounds of digestible dry matter per day, translating into about 1,000 to 2,200 pounds of woody material per year, depending on conditions and availability.

As is true for many things in life, size matters. In this case, size is inversely related to nutritional value. Small trees and shrubs (less than 1-inch diameter stems) are about 80% digestible, so there is minimal waste. Medium trees (1-3 inches) are about 40% digestible, with 60% waste. In larger trees (>3 inches) only about 15% is digestible, although some of the "waste" may be used for building dams and lodges. A single adult beaver requires 250 to 300 small trees annually. A family group of five could need upwards of 1,500 trees per year to support them through all seasons.

When calculating the amount of forage to sustain a beaver population, it is also necessary to account for the lag time in tree regrowth. Without willows and aspen, which grow quickly and spread by sending up new shoots, habitat overuse and abandonment can result ("Goodbye, bea-

vers!"). Generally speaking, a beaver family needs 3 to 5 acres of fast-growing willows, aspens, and cottonwood.

There is another critical factor. Beavers are tied to water by a relatively short leash. Not just for survival, but for food transport and safety as well. Any forage that is more than 100 feet from water is largely unusable. It simply takes too much energy to drag trees that far and, just as importantly, it exposes the beavers to predators. Beavers know very well how they appear to predators: 40 pounds of slow-moving protein.

There are other important factors for planning beaver habitat; a good source for information is the Western Beavers Cooperative (westernbeavers.org).

While I feel really good about the start I made with planting trees along Cottonwood Creek, it isn't enough to start a neighborhood of beavers (a beaverhood). It will take more people taking action to provide the right conditions for beavers to recolonize the valley south of Chewelah. In Stevens County three entities are ready to help create habitat so that beavers can return to their historic land and waters.

- Stevens County Conservation District, with a voluntary stewardship program: 509-684-7579; stevenscountywa.gov/20882/Voluntary-Stewardship-Program
- Floodplains by Design: 509-690-1703 storymaps.arcgis.com/stories/efdf67371ee945fd886714290400b622
- Washington Department of Fish and Wildlife Eastern Region: 509-892-1001; wdfw.wa.gov/about/regional-offices

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 her website, grassesandmore.wixsite.com/grasses or via email at grassesandmore@gmail.com.



November Random Thoughts

By Bob Gregson

This month stands out in many ways. When we were in kindergarten, or the 5th grade, or in middle school, or sophomores in high school, or at any other grade level, by November we had two solid months of school under our belts and knew by then who our friends were. We had memorized our locker combination, were comfortable with our scholastic routine and what classes and teachers we preferred or disliked, knew our school bus driver if there was a school bus system, were getting tired of the typical sandwiches our mothers put in our lunch sacks every day, and were wrapping up the fall sport season if we were athletes.

As adults, that November factor has morphed into concerns about getting the garden put to bed for the winter, getting out the snow shovel, finding the sidewalk deicer, gassing the snow blower if you have one, deciding on whether it's the light or heavy coat to wear outside each day, and, if family is involved, thinking about who will go where for the Thanksgiving dinner and what foods each should bring, and beginning to agonize over finding appropriate and af-

fordable Christmas presents for our loved ones.

Thanksgiving is the big day of the month; most of us don't pay much attention to Veterans Day, November 11. These days that holiday seems to be mostly about retail sales events, but for some of us it includes honoring all veterans who served after that solemn November day in 1918 when the slaughter of World War One stopped. It is now 107 years after the armistice that ended the "war to end all wars." Sadly, that has not been the case. And, in fact, my own personal experience has a sour note focused on November 8th.

November 8, 1965, was a bad day in the Republic of South Vietnam. We were at war there. In one of the first two clashes in that war involving a major U.S. Army ground combat unit versus a similar-sized North Vietnamese unit, I was a participant as an Infantry platoon leader in the 1st Battalion, 503rd Regiment, 173rd Airborne Brigade.

We fielded about 500 men at a nondescript hill in the heavily wooded boonies northeast of Saigon, the capital, and in a two-day battle beginning in the early morning of No-

vember 8 we took over 130 casualties. The enemy suffered even more. Our losses included my best friend/roommate at West Point/Ranger buddy/fellow platoon leader. And it left physical as well as mental scars on me. Why in the world have we continued such devastation right up to and including today? It is stupefying to contemplate.

On to happier November things.

"Fishing" is a fine warm-up topic for discussion with a lot of folks in our geographical area. A few weeks ago, I met a couple from Oklahoma who flew out here just to flyfish in the Idaho Panhandle. We were standing in line waiting to purchase something, and as I turned slightly back toward them the wife blurted, out of the blue, "We're going to flyfish in Idaho!" I probably should have told them to go home and focus on fishing in their muddy lakes, but I didn't. That would have been unkind, but the results would be more fish available for us locals. Unless they, like me, simply don't catch fish despite trying.

This encounter brought up a lot of fishing memories. Alas, there were almost no FISH in any of those memories, to the point where I've now decided that fishing prowess comes to a person through mysterious psychic phenomena. There are people out there, several of whom I've met through friends or heard about, who ALWAYS catch fish and the fish are ALWAYS decent specimens.

Aside from three or four times during a rather long life I've been skunked with a rod and reel and proper bait. The worst part is that I always start out with eager



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thoughts about eating those fish for dinner! Not catching fish is a curse that's been attached to me for a long time.

Fishing ability started out nicely. No one in the family fished, but my paternal grandparents had built a log cabin along the highway to the top of Mt. Spokane, which we would day-visit occasionally. A nice stream (Deadman Creek?) ran by. When I was about five, my grandmother dug out an old, steel rod and stringy reel, attached a small piece of bacon to a hook, and helped me dunk the bacon into the stream.

Bingo! Up came a small cut-throat trout. Then a second! We went back to their house in Hillyard that night and she fried those two trout in lard with cornmeal coating. They were delicious and I was hooked.

But from that point onward I have been proven over and over to be a dud fisherman. Not from lack of trying, including in Puget Sound when we had a boat, and on numerous trips to fish with friends in Alabama. There, four old friends spent several days each year with a total catch of one or two small bass or crappie, while the neighbors of my friend's cabin used the same bait in the same places and caught 20 or more fish. My hex carried over to my friends; but we had a fine time anyway.

My sons are successful fishers. So, the problem is clearly not in the DNA. One time the three of us adults went on a charter boat out of Westport, going for salmon. We had to get up at 3 a.m. or some middle-of-the-night ridiculous time to get to the boat by 4, then made it out to the fishing grounds by 7 a.m. There were 10 eager fishermen on board. Elder son Robert had and still has zero interest in fishing; he was just along for the companionship.

So, there we were, arrayed on both sides of the boat, bow to stern. The captain set Robert on the port side of the bow just a few steps away from two other men with lines in the water. Who disinterestedly caught the first salmon? Robert. The second? Robert. The charter captain then moved him from the port side of the bow to the stern of the boat to ensure others got some action. Who got the third fish? Robert, at the stern. I'm not sure he even continued to fish after that. Younger son Jim caught one or two fish during the day, and I caught one. The captain divided up the final fish count among all 10 of us, so we did have some fine salmon to take home.

I've come to be at peace with my shortcomings in the fishing venue and now have this mantra: "Find a beautiful spot to fish; don't bother being somewhere that others say the fish are." Our part of the world is full

of those beautiful spots. We can be supremely grateful for that, fish or no fish.

Happy Veterans Day and Thanksgiving to all!

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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Nine Mile Falls (MH by appt only) 509-262-0396

Republic (SUD/MH) 509-775-3341 or 866-807-7131

Mental Health After Hours Emergencies: 988

Bright Trips in Cold November

Article & Illustrations by Marci Bravo

November is a special time of year because it is wet. And cold. Individually, these conditions aren't terrible, but together they can make a daunting scene. With the onslaught of birthdays and the looming holidays in this and coming months, there is a sense of urgency in my family about getting our exercise. But, looking out the window when it's rainy and the wind is bullying the trees....

The dog will need a walk, my legs need stretching, my husband seeks some cardio, and my son requires separation from the brain rot or Zucchini Mochachino (or whatever the meme of the week is regarding screens). Sometimes we need to get creative to lure ourselves away from our cozy home. Luckily, once we've walked out the front door (often the most difficult step) there are options in all directions!

We can always suit up for a rainy walk around Colville Mountain or the Rotary trail, so close to home. Or hit the treadmill or jump rope in the garage.

On Saturdays in Colville, KIPS Gymnastics hosts Open Gym from 9-11 a.m., when kids and teens enjoy trampoline and tumbling time to start

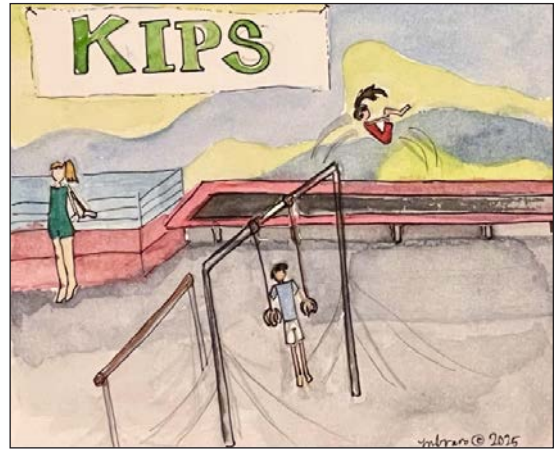
off their weekend. (I wish I could join in, but apparently, I'm too old.)

But it's swimming and splashing that is always a hit. We're fortunate to have Benny's Colville Inn just a few minutes down the hill from the house, but on a rainy weekend I'm often in search of a daytrip adventure. Roughly an hour's drive from Colville, roads lead to three different aquatic and wellness centers: the Camas Center in Usk, Washington; the Trail Aquatic and Leisure Center in Trail, BC, and Grand Forks District & Aquatic Center in Grand Forks, BC. (Spokane is another option, but I prefer the shorter, rural drives along the rivers and through the mountains.)

There's nothing like the quiet of a sauna, the whoosh of a waterslide, and the general change of scenery to alleviate the oppressiveness of the weather.

The Camas Center in

Usk has a pretty epic waterslide, and two large, kid-friendly pools for the littlest to the biggest of progeny. There's also a big lap pool, saunas and a hot tub (the latter for children eight and up). On dry land in the wellness center lies a game room, workout center (for adults) and climbing wall (all ages), which



makes it an equally great place to spend the day or to throw a birthday party. Sadly, the pool is closed on Sundays and Mondays, but by far, the facilities are the nicest.



For something a little different, we like to cross the Canadian border to explore the small, charming towns and their municipal aquatic facilities, museums and art galleries and shops and restaurants. If you don't have a passport or enhanced driver license, now's the time. Kids just need their birth certificates.

Rossland is just ten minutes north of the Canadian border from Northport, WA, up Hwy. 25. Red Mountain draws Rossland's summer and winter tourists



Creative Being in Stevens County

alike, via its epic downhill and cross-country skiing in the winter and exhilarating mountain biking in the summer and fall. There are also other biking and hiking trails close to town.

When I visit, I most often find myself on Columbia Avenue, which runs through Rossland's quaint downtown. Also known as Highway 3B, Columbia leads right to Flux Boulderling Gym, the Gold Rush Bookstore with new and used books, the public library and the Kootenay Gate, a local shop where I always find great local art, handmade pottery and cool Rossland and mountain-inspired tee shirts.

Stop in at one of the handful of great coffee houses and grab a treat at Hooper's Bakery if you are lucky enough to be in Rossland during their limited business hours. And for an easy win, I can always trust Ferraro's Grocery to reveal "exotic" Canadian treats, locally made skincare products and refreshing natural beverages.

Drive ten minutes past Rossland and you're in Trail, home of the Smoke Eaters hockey team, the Bailey Theater with an array of interesting cultural performances, and Trail's Aquatic Center, which boasts a water slide and a



large toddler friendly pool. Outside are the city waterfront park and walking trail along the river.

The waterfront park in Trail holds many outdoor events, including a Halloween fest every year and weekly farmers markets during the growing season. The hockey games are affordable, family-friendly and always fun.

Our third daytrip option is to Grand Forks, about 20 kilometers from the Laurier Border Crossing, an hour's drive straight up Hwy. 395 along the Kettle River. From the border, you can turn right to get to stunning Christina Lake, or take a left to Grand Forks, a 15-minute drive west.

We go to Grand Forks for both exercise and culture. The town is the size of Colville. Besides a large and tantalizingly warm indoor pool (84 degrees Fahrenheit) with areas for big and small kids, as well as lap swim, the city aquatic center has a spacious hot tub and a surprisingly strong whirlpool, a sauna, and an equipment room full of toys and floats for public use. There's a workout room for adults as well.

After a couple hours getting our

water groove on, my son and I visited the municipal art gallery with friends who had driven up from Stevens and Ferry counties. Along with paintings and a stunning photography exhibit, we appreciated two art installations, one the result of three artist friends (one who was born and raised in Colville – shout-out to Annie Canto!) contemplating trucks and work in rural BC.

The other installation was an inspiring collaboration among artists and elementary school children in the Yukon Territory.

Afterward, we had a delicious dinner at a new Punjabi restaurant named Samosa Garden and sadly ran out of time for the Wildlife and Taxidermy Museum, which we will definitely check on our next visit! During my internet research, I also noticed a cool collection of stagecoaches and old fire trucks located at the Boundary Museum.

When the weather goes south, remember that you can always head north (or east) to increase your heart rate and find your Zen under a waterfall mushroom, or while exploring a new town. Such varied destinations close to where I live remind me once again that there's no place like home.

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



Classics Corner: 'Ever After'

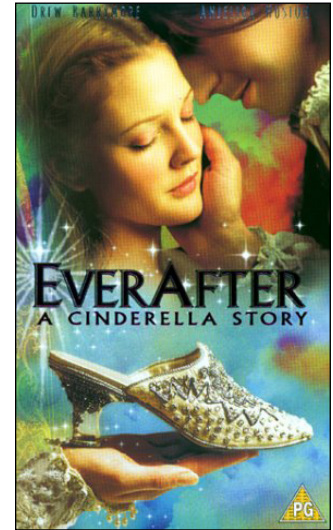
There are numerous fairytales with countless interpretations and adaptations, and Cinderella is probably near, if not at the top, of the popular collective, thanks in large part to Walt Disney's 1950 version.

However, the best cinematic portrayal of the time-honored tale is, in my opinion, the 1998 movie "Ever After" starring Drew Barrymore as the titular Cinderella (called Danielle here), Anjelica Huston as stepmother Baroness Rodmilla, and Dougray Scott as Prince Henry. The romance begins when Danielle illegally disguises herself as a noblewoman to rescue a fellow servant (Walter Sparrow) and is spotted by Henry, who is immediately smitten with her eloquence and spirit. Unbeknownst to her stepmother and stepsisters, the sweet but hesitant Jaqueline (Melanie Lynskey) and the haughty, spoiled Marguerite (Megan Dodds), Danielle and Henry begin to see one another – leading up to the penultimate ball.

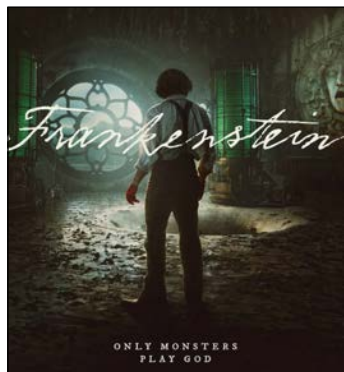
This being Hollywood, every character has an En-

glish accent in a French setting, but that's far from a deal-breaker. The cast, including Patrick Godfrey as Leonardo da Vinci (yep, that's right) are all pitch-perfect, the costumes are sumptuous, the cinematography is lovely, and it all comes together to make an entertaining, engaging take on a classic. If you are looking for a movie to help bridge the gap between Halloween and Christmas that you can watch with the family, "Ever After" is a good one to add to the roster.

***Rated PG, runtime 2 hrs, 1 min.**



Now Playing: 'Frankenstein'



Speaking of oft-told tales, Mary Shelley's 1818 Gothic foray into science fiction, "Frankenstein," is back with another adaptation, this time courtesy of director Guillermo del Toro of "Pan's Labyrinth" and "The Shape of Water" fame.

Frankenstein's monster was made famous

in film with Boris Karloff's iconic portrayal in 1931, and while it was not the first movie based on Shelley's book, it cemented the image of the creature in the popular collective. There's been a slew of versions since then on the silver screen, the stage and television, all of varying quality.

The plot is a straightforward one: Victor Frankenstein becomes obsessed with creating life and creates a grotesque, humanoid creature. Horrified at what he's done, he leaves the creature to fend for himself in a world that is repulsed by his appearance. Outcast and alone, the creature takes it

upon himself to make Frankenstein pay for his callousness in playing God.

So where does Guillermo del Toro's take stand? I had a great time at the movies. It's Gothically lavish and manages to feel invigorating over 200 years after the book was published. While some might feel the two-hour-plus runtime is overindulgent, I liked spending time in this world with these characters, including creator Victor (Oscar Isaac), Elizabeth (Mia Goth) and, of course, the creature, Jacob Elodi, in what I think is his best performance.

Christopher Waltz, Charles Dance and Ralph Ineson round out a stellar supporting cast and longtime del Toro collaborator Kate Hawley returns to lend her distinctive attention to detail as the movie's costume designer. While it's not del Toro's best, "Frankenstein" is still a cinematic jolt. It's alive indeed!

***Rated R, runtime 2 hrs. 29 min.**

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



The Tree of Sharing Rises Up

By Lynn O'Connor

I love trees, especially this time of year when you go to the forest and breathe deep the smells. Trees also help fight climate change, clean our air, provide habitat and forest diversity, cool the earth, and filter water.

Here up north, we are acutely aware of the darkness of our winters, and we all celebrate the return of light, no matter what story we put on it. In the darkness, we like to bring greenery and lights into our homes. The scents, the colors, all remind us that *green* will return.

Germans gave us the idea of decorated Christmas trees, and they became widely popular in the late 19th century. Now we celebrate with trees and greenery like never before. Americans dedicate over a million acres of land to the growing of Christmas trees.

"Sharing trees" have a long tradition in storytelling. The 'Giving Tree' story is used to teach Métis core values and beliefs including strength, kindness, courage, tolerance, honesty, respect, love, sharing, caring, balance, patience, and a connection with the Creator and Mother Earth to young Métis children, but the lessons are there for us all. I can see many of these same values reflected in our own community. Colville is a remarkably caring community.

The Rotary Club of Colville is hosting the Tree of Sharing again

this year. We partner with Addy Rescue Mission, Colville Food Bank, Rural Resources, and EWU Early Head Start. If you want to be on the tree, you must sign up through one of these agencies.

The tree opens on November 24, and you can pick up tags through December 11, Monday through Friday between 9 and 5.

If you wish to shop for gifts, come to the Ag-Trade Center and peruse the tags hanging on the tree. The tags will indicate the age and gender of the individuals in need and their specific needs and wants. Sign out one or more tags (family tags are grouped – but you don't have to take all of them), have fun shopping, and return those gifts (no candy or food!) unwrapped and with tags intact, to the Ag-Trade Center no later than December 11.

If there will be satellite locations and additional hours, we will post that information on our Facebook page and our website.

We are experiencing a grant shortfall this year, and so we greatly appreciate donations of cash, wrapping paper, gift cards, and gift items. Sometimes we will call out for larger items, such as dressers, cribs, beds, strollers, car seats and bicycles.

Follow us on Facebook (facebook.com/ColvilleRotary) and our website (colvillerotary.org) for updates. If you're interested in our activities, come and check us out. We meet at noon on Thursdays at El Patron Taqueria in downtown Colville. We love to have guests!



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

LISTEN UP

Reviews by Michael Pickett

Gloria Estefan's Roots Return

Almost 20 years since her last Spanish-speaking album, Gloria Estefan says: "We wanted to highlight a rich era of Cuban music that had been celebrated worldwide B.C. – before Castro."

With a sequel concept she had in the works since 1993's *Mi Tierra*, Estefan and her husband/collaborator kept the lyrics and instrumentation aligned with 1940s-era works. Yet the new *Raíces* sounds anything but dated. It's an album that perfectly marries vintage sounds with thrilling production and arrangements.

The mid-tempo, soul-stirring "Yo Quiero Ser" has the singer dropping comfortably into her golden contralto, while "Te Juro" melds the vintage

instrumentation with insanely great performances and production.

Celebrating a 50-year career, Estefan has also focused on writing her Broadway musical, *Basura*, but the passion on songs penned here couldn't be more evident. Gems like "Cuando El Tiempo Nos Castiga" (originally recorded by Jon Secada back in 2001), the enchanting "Tú y Yo" and the intimate lullaby of "Mi Niño Bello" are as beautiful as anything from the singer's rich catalog.

While *Raíces* may be a world away from her flashy, world-dominating Sound Machine days, Estefan channels decades of life and love into an album that recalls a rich musical heritage while giving it a stunning,



perfect shine with a production touch that keeps the sounds and sentiments perfectly balanced. So, the obvious question is: Couldn't we get her lined up for another Super Bowl show this year?

Little Feat Sizes Up the 2000s

The last LF album we reviewed was 1995's *Ain't Had Enough Fun*, and the band was almost 30 years into their groove at that time. While founders may have headed off-planet and lineups changed here and there,



Little Feat has mostly stayed true to their swampy swing, and *Strike Up the Band* carries that banner a little farther down the road.

"4 Days of Heaven 3 Days of Work" has a slick, soulful nod to Zep's "Kashmir" while "Bayou Mama" sounds like it could have been recorded in 1974 (in the best possible way) with its laid-back, Big Easy vibe. The heavenly title track, enlisting the soaring harmonies of Larkin Poe, is a beautiful highlight for a band that is down to just one founding member.

That's not to say that this version of Little Feat doesn't sound absolutely authentic. They do, and in a world

where AI can make a killer R&B version of Dio's "Holy Diver" in about 45 seconds, it warms the heart to know a band founded in 1969 is still alive and kicking, making real, live music, in any configuration at all.

Also, the impossibly great groove of "Too High to Cut My Hair" should be enough to make any AI algorithm give a digital nod of admiration. What Little Feat has done right is find players who match up to their long-standing vibe (and humor), rather than try to change to suit whatever is fashionable in the here and now.

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

A Good Read

Blasphemy, by Sherman Alexie

Reviewed by Terry Cunningham

I love the four seasons for many reasons. One is the change in activities with each season. Being a person who is out of doors most days, I usually plan by the weather. Of course, November means putting the garden to rest for winter. Reading is also on the list for November, and that includes a book of short stories by Sherman Alexie called *Blasphemy*. As I sit and look at the bounty from my garden, I can't help but realize the contributions that the early Native Americans made to our diets by maintaining a sustainable agriculture. One in which the entire world benefits from today.

I've always been a fan of collections of short stories. I could probably blame the *Reader's Digest* that showed up at our house every month for my entire childhood. There, in Hillyard in Spokane, we had a very diverse community, including Native American families. My experience with reservation kids was limited to sports and powwows.

Alexie's father was a Coeur d'Alene and his mother was of the Spokane tribe. Alexie's stories of life on and off the Spokane Indian reservation are enlightening, entertaining, tragic, honest and personal. Life can be raw and cruel at times, and Alexie does not shy away from sharing such times.

He learned the power and influence of the written word at an early age and has honed his skills as a storyteller to great heights. I was fortunate, years ago, to attend a poetry

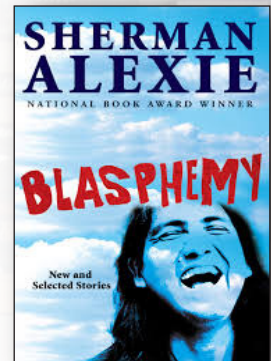
reading by Alexie, with Jim Boyd's drumming. I found it to be a very moving experience, and I became a fan.

Alexie's achievements extend to the movie *Smoke Signals*, which was inspired by his short story "This Is What It Means to Say Phoenix, Arizona" from the book *The Lone Ranger and Tonto Fistfight in Heaven*. Other projects include music and stand-up comedy. His twenty-plus books present great selection of stories and poems.

Blasphemy will appeal to a wide range of audiences, offering a modern experience shaped by the centuries-long plight to survive as indigenous Americans.

Have truly Happy Thanksgivings.

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



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The Hidden Force That Can Change Your Health

By Rob Sumner

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

Not long ago, I started noticing a pattern in the clients I work with. Many of them were genuinely motivated to change their health – they had the desire, the goals, even the plans – but still found themselves slipping back into old habits.

It wasn't laziness. It wasn't a lack of willpower. It was something more subtle.

They were living in environments that made unhealthy decisions *too easy* and healthy ones *too hard*.

And that's when I began talking about what I now call "purposeful friction" – the small, intentional barriers we can build into our daily lives to make the things we want to *stop doing* harder, and the things we want to *start doing* easier.

This one shift in thinking has changed how I approach both my own habits and those of my clients.

What Is Purposeful Friction?

Friction, by definition, is resistance. In physics, it's what slows an object in motion. In life, it's what slows *us*.

But friction isn't always bad. When used deliberately, it can become a tool for progress.

Think about it: If you're trying to eat better but your kitchen counter is full of cookies and chips, there's no friction between you and the habit you're trying to avoid. But if those cookies are sealed in a container on a high shelf in the garage freezer, suddenly there's a pause – a moment between impulse and action. That pause is power.

That's purposeful friction. It's the art of adding just enough resistance to your environment to make unhealthy habits inconvenient, and healthy habits automatic.

The Problem: A Frictionless World

Modern life is designed for convenience. We can order food with one click, stream entertainment endlessly, and drive through for anything we want – coffee, meals, medication, etc.

Convenience isn't evil, but when everything becomes frictionless, our defaults often move in an unhealthy direction. Life can be comfortable but not *well*.

So, to live intentionally in a convenience-driven world, we have to add friction back in.

How I Learned This the Hard Way

I used to think my discipline was strong. But every time my schedule got hectic, I noticed my healthy routines slipping. Late-night snacks crept in. My workouts became shorter. I'd scroll on my phone when I meant to stretch or read.

I lacked friction.

Once I recognized that, I started making small, targeted changes:

- I put my phone across the room at night so I'd stop checking it before bed.
- I left my running shoes next to my bed, ready for the morning.
- I stopped keeping sweets in the pantry. If I want one, I have to drive to the store.

The results were immediate. I didn't become more disciplined. I simply made it easier to make good decisions and harder to make bad ones. And when I saw how much this changed my own routines, I started teaching it to my clients.

How Purposeful Friction Works

The concept is simple: Reduce friction for the things that help your goals. Increase friction for the things that hurt them.

Here are a few examples of how this looks in practice

1. Nutrition friction

- Keep cut vegetables and fruit at eye level in the fridge.

- Freeze sweets so they take time to thaw before you can eat them.
- Keep healthy snacks visible; store treats out of sight and out of reach.

2. Exercise friction

- Lay out workout clothes the night before.
- Pack your gym bag and place it by the door.
- Make a rule: no morning coffee until you've completed your walk or workout.

3. Screen-time friction

- Turn your phone to grayscale after 8 p.m.
- Log out of social media apps after each use.
- Keep devices in another room when you're spending time with family.

4. Sleep friction

- Charge your phone away from your bed.
- Set a "digital sunset" 30 minutes before bedtime.
- Lower the lights in your home to signal your body it's time to wind down.

5. Stress & focus friction

- Place a notepad on your desk for thoughts instead of reaching for your phone.
- Keep water nearby so hydration becomes effortless.
- Schedule "white space" into your calendar – no meetings, no calls, no screens.

Each small shift creates space between intention and impulse. That's the power of friction – it gives your brain time to choose wisely.

Why It Matters for Health and Longevity

In the long run, health isn't determined by what you do once. It's determined by what you do consistently. And consistency is built on systems, not willpower.

Your environment either supports or sabotages those systems. By creating friction against unhealthy habits, you protect yourself from decision fatigue. You don't have to fight every craving or impulse; the friction barrier does that for you.

Purposeful friction works because it acknowledges reality: We're human, so we take the path of least resistance. So why not make sure that path leads to something good?

How to Create Purposeful Friction in Your Life

Step 1: Identify the habit. What do you want to stop – or start – doing? Be specific.

Step 2: Find the path of least resistance. Ask yourself: What makes this habit easy right now?

Step 3: Add or remove friction. To stop a habit make it harder, and to start a habit make it easier.

Step 4: Change your environment. Adjust it so the healthy choice becomes the easiest choice.

Step 5: Review and refine. Each week, ask yourself what worked, what didn't, and where friction can be fine-tuned.

Real Results, Real Change

I've seen clients completely transform using this method. One woman who struggled with late-night eating started turning off her kitchen light at 8 p.m. That created just enough friction to stop the nightly routine. Within a month, she was sleeping better and feeling more in control.

Another client, who wanted to exercise more, began setting his exercise shoes by the door every night. He didn't wait to feel motivated. The shoes were the cue, the reminder, and the path of least resistance – all in one.

Purposeful friction doesn't require a massive lifestyle overhaul – just awareness and intention.

Final Thoughts

The people who age well, who stay fit, who stay mentally sharp and emotionally grounded – they're not super-human. They're simply intentional. They've built environments that make the right thing easy and the wrong thing hard. That's a plan for lasting health: friction, used on purpose.

Small changes build momentum. Sometimes just a little bit of friction is all it takes to change everything.

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.

Yoga and My Old Stomping Grounds

By Brenda St. John

Three things will last forever – faith, hope, and love – and the greatest of these is love.

~ 1 Corinthians 13:13

I decided to take a trip in October to visit my dad for a few days before winter settled into the Midwest. The seasons can be harsh and unpredictable. Compared to the Pacific Northwest, Midwest summers are generally hotter and muggier, winters are colder and icier, and the wind blows harder all year round. Still, it's always fun going back to my hometown.

When I was a little girl growing up, both sets of grandparents, one great-grandparent, and many aunts, uncles, cousins, and second cousins lived near our home. I had siblings and cousins in school with me.

Years before, my mother and her six siblings attended the same school, and before that, both my maternal grandparents and all their siblings attended that school. One of my great-grandfathers (who I never knew) helped build the school soon after their family moved here from Russia in the early 1900s. So, my South Dakota roots run deep.

When I think of my roots, it calls to mind *Muladhara Chakra*, the first of the seven primary chakras, also called the root chakra. This chakra is the starting point for spiritual growth as perceived by the body. When we are grounded in our root

chakra, we understand who we are and how we fit into the world. We all need a tribe for safety and security, no matter whether the bond is family or friends; and from a strong, healthy root system we continue to grow and thrive.

As I make my way around town, I see familiar landmarks and new construction. Many of the homes I once lived in or visited still stand, although with different occupants now. "The Mog" (Moccasin Creek) still winds along Sixth Ave., but most of the businesses are different from the ones of my childhood. And the overpass is still on the west end

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of town, albeit much smaller than it was when I was a kid, or so it seems.

These changes amid the unchanging can be likened to *Ajna Chakra*, the sixth chakra, located at the Third Eye. As part of the spiritual path, *Ajna Chakra* provides clarity, inner wisdom, and intuition. The gaze of the third eye remains steady and unwavering and able to see through the distractions of change to what truly matters.

In general, South Dakotans are very friendly people, and most of them wave at me when I take my walks around town. Very few relatives remain besides my father. Most aunts, uncles, and cousins have moved away. My mother and all my grandparents are in the cemetery. But their love is still here. As I walk by Grandma Ann's old house, I have memories of her cooking – goulash, rhubarb pies – and my uncles trying to outdo her and each other on who could make the best watermelon pickles.

In yoga, *Anahata*, the fourth chakra, also called the Heart Chakra, is the energetic center of love, compassion, and our connection to others. The energy of love is universal and transcends time

and space, including the physical world. Love lasts forever.

Back-bending asana are helpful in tapping into the Heart Chakra. There are several back-bending poses, but one of my favorites is *Bhujangasana*, which translates from Sanskrit to English as Cobra Pose. Cobra, like all the backbends, gently expands the chest and, figuratively speaking, opens the heart, inviting feelings of love and connection.

To practice *Bhujangasana*, begin lying prone on the floor, forehead on the mat. Both legs are extended straight back with feet hip-width apart and hands placed on the mat with thumbs in line with the armpits. Elbows are kept close to the sides of the body.

Begin by pressing the tops of both feet into the mat, which engages the quadriceps. On an inhalation, lift the head and chest off the mat, rolling the shoulders back and down. The hands do not push the chest up; the back muscles pull the chest up. The back of the neck should be long, with the effort being to lift the sternum



rather than the chin.

The intensity of the backbend can be adjusted by bending or straightening the elbows as needed. Hold the pose for a few cycles of breath and then release the pose by lowering the forehead and chest back to the mat with control on an exhalation.

Cobra is generally practiced early in a class as a warm-up backbend, preparing the body for more strenuous backbends such as Bow Pose, Camel, or Upward Facing Dog. If the body needs a counterpose after Cobra, either Child's Pose or Downward Facing Dog would be a good choice.

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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Easier Vegetable Fermentation

Article & Photo by Michelle Lancaster

As a cheesemaker by trade and vinegar-maker by hobby, I understand the concepts of beneficial fermentation, yet I had not delved into vegetable fermentation much before this year. I had mixed results making sauerkraut, and that somewhat put me off the process. This year, I branched out into fermentation of vegetables beyond the humble cabbage.

I got the idea into my head after reading a book from the local library called *Wildcrafted Fermentation* by Pascal Baudar. I have read many fermentation books, as the library has several to choose from, yet this book spoke to me more than the others because of the combined style of using science while making use of available foods. Baudar talks about various brine concentrations, for example, and why they vary by fermentation type. He also talks about things like traditional methods of keeping vegetables crisp, such as black tea, and how to source local alternatives such as currant, grape, or willow leaves.

I followed Baudar's "Method #2: Brine-Based Fermentation." This style of fermentation differs from the typical sauerkraut method because the vegetables are not pounded

to release juices and form a brine. That appealed to me, because my least favorite part of sauerkraut is the pounding and pounding to release what never seems to be enough juice, even if the cabbage is fresh out of the garden. Instead, a brine is made simply from sea salt and water.

The basic recipe I follow requires a higher brine concentration (3.5% salt) compared to sauerkraut (2% salt). The

salt and water goes into in glass jars I sterilized by boiling. The main ingredient is the food being preserved (so far, I have done green beans and Jerusalem artichokes). My base flavor additives are garlic and peppers. The seal is a homemade airlock setup I made from a cheap plastic lid, into which I drilled a large hole to insert the airlock plug.

Initial fermentation occurs on the counter, at room temperature. I keep the jars in an area away from sunlight so I can check on them daily. Many books give a number of days for the room-temp fermentation. But that was so confusing when my fermenting sauerkraut blew up all over the countertop after a few days.

Baudar's book talks about leaving the ferment at room temperature until initial fermentation is complete, meaning



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A Year On The Farm

you are not seeing a lot of active bubbles in the brine. Room temperature is defined as 65-70°F, so higher room temperature equals shorter initial fermentation time. Following that criteria, I found that I had to put the ferment in the fridge much sooner than most books said because higher summer temps closer to 80°F in my house caused rapid fermentation. Instead of the so-called standard of five to seven days, I was having to refrigerate after three to four days. Note that the refrigerator does not stop fermentation but instead slows it down to a safer level.

The green bean experience was my first trial of brine-based fermentation. I really enjoy pickled asparagus, but not the vinegar base. And many of my friends make dilly beans, but the white vinegar component always kept me from trying them. Brine-fermented green beans are the perfect alternative and are extremely easy to make. After a couple months, the garlic and jalapeño have infused the beans, the ferment is crunchy yet tender, and the beans are just slightly salty and delicious to eat. I plan to serve them as a healthy, tasty appetizer over the holidays.

As inspiration, I wanted to include in a photo several fermentation styles. The first jar is a traditional sauerkraut from Cour di Bue cabbage I grew this summer, with fennel fronds. The second jar is a ginger bug, a sugar-based fermented drink made from shredded ginger root, sugar, and water. I strain off the finished ferment and use the fermented ginger drink in place of fresh ginger in smoothies and honey lemon ginger tea. The third jar is the topic of this article, green beans in brine-based fermentation. The fourth jar is a short ferment – a few days of soaking tomato seeds in their own juice and a little water in order to cleanse. Once the seeds fall to the bottom of the jar, the gunk is decanted off the top. Clean seed is rinsed and air dried, then stored for seed starting next February.

I have really enjoyed getting to know a new type of fermentation this year. The process is so simple, I wish I had learned it years ago.

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

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It's Closing Time

By Karen Giebel

Driving home from town, my mind wandered to all the almost overwhelming chores that need to be completed to get our homestead closed up for winter. Giving a big sigh, my brain segued to the 1998 song "Closing Time" by the band Semisonic and I found myself quietly singing "every new beginning comes from some other beginning's end."

Now this song has absolutely nothing to do with farm chores, gardening, or canning and preserving all that harvested goodness, but I thought those words were fitting for this change of season. Autumn is the new beginning that came about when, what began in spring, has now come to an end. Spring, that season of renewal when the very air had the aroma of clean

and the earth smelled of promise. Spring, when we excitedly waited for perennials to poke their slender green shoots above ground. Spring, when we pored over seed catalogs, and made numerous trips to purchase plants, replace tools and obtain fertilizer, and readied the greenhouse. And now, after months of hard work, successes and plenty of not so much ... it's over.

I like to focus on all we accomplished, which was a lot, but looking around I see everything we didn't get done.

The fence around the front flower/shrub garden is still only half standing. What should be a beautiful entry up our driveway is a sad mess. The shrubs in front of the porch have grown beautifully, thanks to hubby

installing drip irrigation and good doses of fertilizer, but we never did find time to prune them and yep, they are kind of wild and woolly right now. The massive lilac trees were due for a severe cutback because they over-shade a lot of the garden, but they have kept on growing.

Like farmers everywhere, we know that chores are never all done and we shake our heads and say, "Well, there's always next year." Next year is never promised and that gave me a chuckle, thinking, "Well then, that will be someone else's problem, won't it?"

Fall, when the air has the aroma of spent plants who have given all they had to give and the earth has the lingering tired smell of the vegetables it nurtured all those months of growing. Thank you earth and air, but now it's time to close things up.

Time to put away the porch and yard furniture that we barely found time to sit on. Walking around the yard and gardens, I make mental notes of our honey-do lists and both of us have those lists. Drain hoses and put them in a shed. Clean out the sheds and shut off the water from the spring that waters the gardens. Pull out all the dead vegetable plants and pile them in the composts bins. Take up the weed cloth that needs to be replaced. Mulch the perennials, taking special care of the newly planted ever-bearing strawberries. Pull weeds from the flower beds one last time, and clean the birdbaths for storage. Finally, take time to replace the hummingbird feeders with winter seed feeders.

Sadly, I look at my eight hanging flower baskets, which were full of gorgeous red, white and blue petunias, but are now wilted after three nights of 26-degree temperatures. This year

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Reflections on Life's Journey

has been the longest growing season for those baskets and they bought me much happiness.

I have plastic Halloween pumpkins to put in place. Cut and stack firewood for the shop stove, shop for and stack bags of pellets on the porch for the house stove.

The cats! Every year, I set up The Hotel Catafornia on the porch for our outdoor kitties. It's a huge, dog air-flight crate that I wrap a tarp around and then pile old blankets on and then inside is a heated mat. There are also heated mats on a couple of chairs as well as heated food and water bowls. The cats are 14 years old now and I try my best to keep them healthy and happy.

It's time to get all the vehicles win-

ter-ready, including oil changes and new wiper blades, and put sandbags for extra weight in the back of my car and his truck and more. Putting the honeybees to bed for the winter is quite the project and so is getting the chicken coop cleaned out and getting the girls settled in for the winter.

The list goes on and just when I think we are getting caught up, along comes something new to add.

It is both a wistful time of year but also a time to breathe a sigh of relief. Wistful because I will miss all the greenery and the warmth of the sun and the long walks with our dog wearing just a tee shirt, jeans and sneakers. I love just opening the door and stepping outside. Taking time to put on a parka, hat, scarf, gloves and

boots is such a bother, but I still love our morning walks.

Yet it's a relief to have all the hustle and bustle of summer over with. I'm more than happy to pack up my canning supplies and canners and get them in the basement. I am looking forward to a good book, time to sew, creating new recipes and baking bread. Dan is looking forward to stoking up a fire in his shop and doing some woodworking and taking lots of naps!

It's Closing Time and "every new beginning comes from some other beginning's end."

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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A Perfect Circle

By Steven Bird

Cataclysm has always defined the river. The long story of it written in chaptered glyphs etched upon the stacked and cleft inclines stepped beside the flow.

Women are gatherers of stones. There are those living along the river who say the stones hold memory – the memory of all things that have ever passed and of all that has taken abode beside the river.

The world grew warmer and the Cordilleran Ice softened. Trickle of melt water accumulated to create a lake covering most of western Montana. A dam of ice held back the water of the lake, and when the climate warmed enough, the ice dam broke and the water of ancient Lake Missoula flooded down the West Slope basins in a river containing 10 times the volume of all the rivers in the world today combined.

Megaliths of ice rode the flood scouring out the bare bones of Earth, grinding and tumbling the broken rock to smooth shapes – spheres, skulls, eggs and discs flat enough to heat and bake a salmon on. And also stones shaped like hearts. Some are the balled fist shapes of actual hearts, veined with crystalline aortas of mineral striations. Stone hearts blasted

from the molten cores of the newly risen Kootenay long before the age of ice. Most prized are of the graphic heart shape meant to symbolize love.

When a heartstone is found it is gathered and taken home to be displayed in an auspicious location. Placed on the top of a fencepost in the garden or on a windowsill in the kitchen. A woman might set a good-sized stone on top of the parlor woodstove to warm, then place it in a pan under the bed on a cold night. A small heart may be carried discreetly in a purse as a talisman or charm. Or kept in a secret location, saved for a specific purpose.

* * *

At timberline the low branches of a twisted yew held back a drift of loose talus shed from the bare slope above. It was steep and he was sweating from the climb. A shoulder on the incline below the yew tree revealed a small bench of moss-covered ground affording an almost level repose. He unslung his pack. It had been four years since he and Ariel had hiked up the mountain. Everything he'd done since that time seemed obscured in a desolate dream-mist of blunt sorrow. He was trying. Trying to slog through the motions of living.

The mountain shoulder afforded a clear view of an eagle's nest in the top of a tamarack snag a hundred yards downslope. He scanned the butylene arc of sky looking for eagles. Far below the stepped mountain benches the mercury thread of river unskined down the forested valley. From that high vantage he could see Trailer Run, where he'd spent many days in the fall swinging flies for the big trout gathered along that reach awaiting fat autumn sedges fallen victim to age, wind, or random fate. Better days. He counted seven stony points strung like prayer beads down that mile of holy shore, a quicksilver banner streaming from each.

Nine miles of broad river within clear view. That was the shot he'd climbed the mountain to get.

He unloaded his camera and tripod from the pack and assembled them. Then almost placed the stand into the center of a circular contour rising from the moss like a wreath placed over a grassy tomb. A perfect circle. Its construct was not recent.

On his knees, he pulled away the clotted sphagnum to reveal a circle of stones. There was no trail leading to this place. It was no spot to camp, barely enough level ground to lay out

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Artwork by Doris Loiseau.

a bedroll. There had been no campfire burned within that purposeful ring, so small it would barely hold enough fire to cook an egg. Seven stones like charred Valentine pillows formed the circle, each about the size of his hand. He picked the moss from the center of the ring to uncover the blackened remains of a few pinecones, some twigs from the yew tree, and also the charred end of a twisted plug of sweetgrass.

High on the mountainside he knelt, puzzling the circle of stones and its ashen contents. He thought for a long time and the maker's intent sparked and then ignited like fire from the cold stones.

One stone for each year they'd been together. There had been no magic to erase the cancer. A final prayer had

gone out from this high promontory, a secret prayer uttered in this high place forever solitary, sent out with heat and the smoky joss of rare yew and sweetgrass.

He closed his eyes and saw Ariel's face, beyond time. He bowed his head, not wanting to open his eyes and lose the image. And then she was gone. A tear coursed his cheek. He opened his eyes and lifted his face to the serrate ranges, the blue void of sky.

"Forgive me," he said. "Forgive my inattentiveness. My stupid vanity. My dark moods. My cold silences. My inability to love enough. Forgive me."

He sat on the shattered talus remembering, and wept.

And he sat for a long time looking

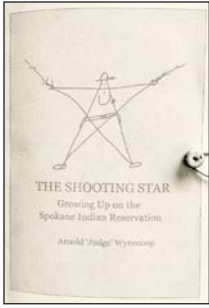
out onto the world, dualities juxtaposing then intermeshing.

The light shifted and then there was no duality.

In that high place everything fell from him and he became emptied and lightened to a kite of ash.

And then he felt himself lifted on the wind, raised up, and borne away.

Steven Bird is a lifelong flyfisher living beside the American reach of the Columbia River in northeast Washington, where he writes, guides and gardens with his best friend, Doris, his live-in caretaker and illustrator, and their two cats, Stinky and Sundown. Bird is the author of Trout Spey & the Art of the Swing, Upper Columbia Flyfisher, the online Soft-Hackle Journal and is an editor for Swing the Fly.



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.

FIRST DEER HUNT

When I was seven or eight years old, I managed to get included in a deer hunt out in the area of the Turtle Lake Cutoff Road. My Dad, Wig, and others (I can't recall them all), were making a deer drive and I was stationed near our car, which was a '37 Chevy if I remember correctly.

The rest of the hunters had been gone quite a while – too long to suit me. I was armed with my .22 single-shot and was waiting for a deer to come out, chased by the other hunters. There was a bit of noise down over the bank in the trees, then quiet, then a loud fero-

cious noise which was a deer snorting – it had picked up my scent. But to me, that could be most any kind of animal: bear, cougar, anything.

I made a quick judgment of the situation and vacated my stand on the ground and climbed onto the top of the car! You see, getting on top of the car just meant I was trying to get a better view of the terrain, plus it would be easier to get down quickly so the hunters wouldn't see where I had been.

No deer.

JEEP STORIES

In 1948 Dad bought a Willys Jeep. After World War II there were a lot of Jeeps left over and sold fairly inexpen-

sively. I believe Dad paid around \$750 for the one he bought. It was a great thing for use on a ranch! Wig was the official, the only one of us brothers that could drive at that time. On one of our trips to the river we were going cross-country, Wig, Smelly and I. We were nearing a small draw through



the sagebrush when Wig yells out, "No brakes! Jump!"

We were going over the edge so Smelly and I jumped out. Wig, while trying to jump, got his Levi's pant leg hooked on the brake pedal and couldn't get out so he pulled the steering wheel hard left, and the Jeep turned sideways in the nick of time, and he and the Jeep were safe!

We used the Jeep for farm or logging work – those were the official reasons for having it – but we used it more for hunting, fishing, and lots of trips to Turtle Lake or Benjamin Lake. Those were our main swimming holes.

Wig thought the Jeep was more for impressing girls. He learned a

fancy maneuver by watching Army men when they were stationed on the Reservation to fight a large range and forest fire. We were at the Wellpinit store when some of them drove up in Jeeps. When they left, they would back up very fast and sharply turn the steering wheel, and on the gravel road the front end would slide right around. Then they would whip the Jeep into first gear and go flying off down the road.

Well, a few nights later Wig and I were in the Jeep going down toward Cold Spring and here came Leonard Cox walking up the gravel road, so

Wig pulls that fancy maneuver going forward. He had it figured out: slam on the brakes and turn the steering wheel completely left. It worked! To my relief, we slid about 30 feet, right up to Leonard, and stopped. Leonard had not moved a step.

In that general time frame, one day Wig was putting a bridle on his horse, April, and she stepped on his big toe. It seemed like nothing at first, but it became infected and had to be amputated because it became cancerous. Chewelah's Dr. May (a very good family friend) had to amputate the big toe. This was Wig's "no toe."

After this happened, for quite a while, Wig couldn't drive, soooooo

I became the Jeep's driver. Wig taught me how. I remember him saying very firmly, "Keep your foot off the clutch!"

Jeep driving taught us quite a lot, mostly how to get unstuck. It took a while to learn that four-wheel drive vehicles couldn't go *everywhere* as we at first thought, and they weren't really fast. Wig and our cousin Hobe Bair had a race one time down in our field: Wig in the Jeep and Hobe driving his horse team and wagon. Hobe and the team won. Hobe also had to come and pull the Jeep out of a couple of mud holes, once way out on the flat behind Cold Spring.

In the summertime, as I said before, we would go to Turtle or Benjamin Lakes and swim. Leonard Cox told us a story: Those two lakes were connected by a tunnel and a giant turtle passed back and forth between them. When he told this story to newcomers, while we warmed up after swimming a long time and getting near hypothermic, he

would point to Wig's "no toe" and tell them how close a turtle came to Wig while swimming and took off his toe.

Some rides home after swimming at Turtle Lake were very cold. We usually left the windshield down anyway. There were lots of bug hits and we usually were "blueskins" rather than "redskins" when we got home.

Turtle Lake also got to be a scary place toward dark because of a drowning that had occurred there. A fine young man named Louie Elijah drowned while trying to swim across and back. I was 11 or 12 at the time and remember the grownups talking about "dragging" the lake. In the

procedure, they used grapple hooks behind rowboats and tried to recover the body by snagging it. I was horrified at the thought of hooking a drowned person and bringing him up.

They did recover the body, but I don't recall how. My friend Jimmy Wynne ("Banjo") told me that, on moonlit nights, near the "Ghost Rock" road, you would hear Louie Elijah riding his horse through the buck brush. You could hear his chaps hitting the brush. The Ghost Rock was enough of a challenge to get past in the dark or in moonlight and this extra possible thrill really made it scary.

(To be continued...)

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And the Seasons Start

By Becky Dubell

Soccer. Flag football. Wrestling. Football. Wood splitting. Snow shoveling. Thanksgiving. Christmas. Hunting. Snowshoeing. Cross-country skiing. Downhill skiing. Basketball. Bonfire. And any other shiny bauble that jumps out at you that needs some kind of attention.

How much “planning ahead” goes on in your life? This season I am going to be able to spend the winter in northeast Washington, where we have more snow than in Skagway, Alaska. We shall see how many shiny baubles pop up. I’m thinking that exhaustion has set in already.

My plans are to split and stack wood and shovel a lot of snow. I know. I am weird. I like to do both of these winter chores.

I like to figure out where the snow needs to be pushed and piled up. Do you have a favorite shovel? I do. It is a big blue wide snow-pusher. While working at the Do-it Center, before I retired, I sold a lot of these shovels. (Did I happen to mention that I have retired

after 20 years at the Do-it Center?) They were introduced to me by Caroline Dotts about 17 years ago. If she could shovel her driveway at her age, at that time, then it must be pretty easy to use. It is a kick in the tush to operate – push the snow and tip to dump the snow. Easy peasy. Thx lady!

There is still about half a load of logs at my place in need of some attention. It didn’t seem to get itself into the woodsheds all on its own while I was gone. I like putting the puzzle together in the woodshed and making it look purdy. If the wood is frozen, I like using my 6-pound splitting maul, and if not, I get the log splitter started up. I do have to admit, very grudgingly, that I have not used the splitting maul for the last four seasons. So ... we shall see what comes of this project.

This retired life is a bunch different from what I first thought. There is a lot of stuff that needs straightening up at my place. The time is there to be able to get some stuff done but the stuff outnumbers the time. Before I retired – did I tell you about that? – my days had a

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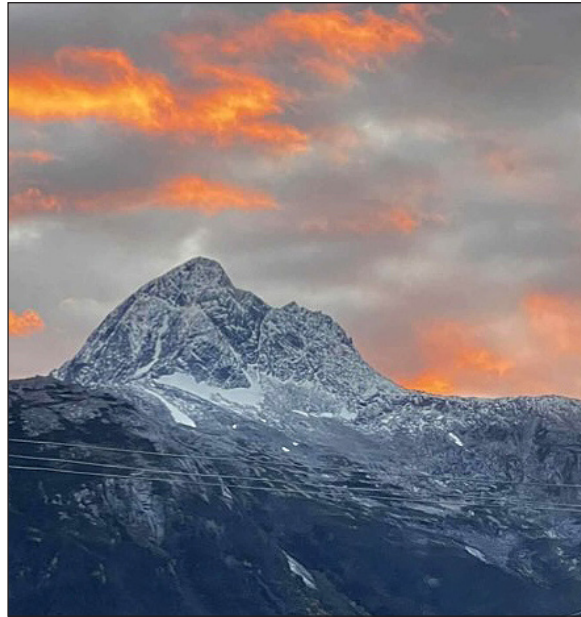
work schedule, which included breaks and lunchtime. Now ... no breaks or lunch scheduled into the day. But the end of the day feels good cuz some of MY stuff got crossed of the list.

My shiny baubles involve anything to do with my family and friends. This is time that is not spent doing work-type stuff. This is basketball, wrestling, soccer, gingerbread houses, bonfires, along with "being in trouble." JJ, my granddaughter, and I have a signal. She hollers, or whispers, "Granny BB, you are in trouble." I have to stop what I'm doing and get a huge hug. This is the best shiny bauble in the world! Here's hoping that shiny baubles of this kind pop up in your life.

It is time to put certain things to bed for the season. In Alaska we have termination dust. This is when the first snow hits the surrounding mountains. I just got this picture from Betsy, of the termination dust in Skagway. Now there was some really pretty termination dust in our neck of the woods. It was about halfway down the hills around Chewelah during the first week of hunting season. Notice I said hills, not mountains?

In Alaska the phrase termination dust means it is time to button up the projects for the winter cuz snow

is on its way. I was told by Phyliss Ramble, years ago, that six weeks after the first snow hits Dominion the snow will be here to stay for the season. Is that Colville's version of termination dust? Sounds good to me. That's my story and I'm sticking to it!



So ... now ... BB, my CanAm Spyder, goes in the garage. Snow shovels and snowblower come out. Wheelbarrows and rakes get put away. Betty Boop, our travel trailer, goes into storage. Gardens get put to bed. Fall fertilizer goes on the grass. Any other shiny baubles in your life that need attention?

This is the time of year that family traditions become the theme of the day for the next couple of months. Mine will be as laid-back as can be. My queen of procrastination crown is going to be set aside

for the next couple of months. Here's to hoping that can be done by me cuz I have been the queen forever. I will be saying my mantra a bit as the shiny baubles show up through the seasons.

HAPPY THANKSGIVING TO YOU AND YOURS

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

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Memories Wait in Place: Restoring Inchelium's Cemeteries

By Kendall Nissen, Summer Youth Employee, and Shannon Rosenbaum, Director

Over the last two summers, the Inchelium Cultural Research Center has worked to bridge our Colville Tribal Summer Youth Employees with their family and community histories. What started with a request to document graves became a research project uncovering stories, sites, and memories of time not-so-distant that deserve remembrance.

One of the sites our youth primarily researched this summer is the Meteor Cemetery. Kendall Nissen, a freshman and youth employee, writes:

Meteor used to be a mining town before Inchelium was flooded and relocated to where it is now. It's an area adjacent to the western side of Inchelium today. "All the various structures which made it a town have disappeared except the cemetery," wrote Maggie Rail. When I was younger, a good friend and I would ride bikes up there. I spent a lot of time running around with her near a swampy area that I recently learned was a graveyard. Apparently, one of the reasons it faded away was because mining actions ceased.

There were over 60 people that we had to research, looking for the dates of birth and death to make new markers indicating their burial locations. Most of the unknown dates were during the 1930s and '40s but some were as recent as the 1980s. It was sad to see how young many of those who passed were lots of infants, children, and young adults, from tuberculosis, whooping cough, and

accidents. Those were hard times back then.

We had a field trip to the cemetery this summer. When we arrived, I saw a fence around it, one that I had somehow not noticed before. It was really sad to see the condition it was in. Graves were sunken and unmarked. The markers had been pulled up years before and never replaced, and lots of the graves were difficult to plot on our spreadsheet because they weren't lined up like we thought. There were uneven

gaps and incomprehensible zigzags of graves that made me think about starting the spreadsheet over, many times.

Regardless, I am really inspired after this project, knowing I can help make sure our community members are recognized and their graves cared for properly. That's why this project is so important. We are recognizing our family and trying to honor them with remembrance and a well-cared-for cemetery.

After the Summer Youth Employees found nearly all the missing or unaccounted-for records and graves at the Meteor Cemetery, the Inchelium Cultural Research Center decided to make such experiences—and community needs—a part of our larger goal. To care for our culture is not specific to caring for records, documents and artifacts. It is ensuring our ancestors, our family members, are remembered in ways that are honorable and considerate, and working to carry forward the stories and memories that their lives once held.



Kendall Nissen, 2025 Summer Youth Employee.

Lake Roosevelt Tsunamis

By J. Foster Fanning

On November 17, 2024, an inland tsunami occurred on Franklin D. Roosevelt Lake near the town of Kettle Falls. An inland tsunami, some may ask? Yes. And it wasn't the first one. In fact, over the years, many other landslides in this portion of the Columbia River Valley caused Lake Roosevelt tsunamis, with several of them, like last November's, doing some damage in the process.

So, to get off on the same foot together, what constitutes a tsunami? A tsunami is a series of waves generated by a sudden displacement of water, whether on a lake or the ocean. The cause of a tsunami can be an earthquake below or near the water, a landslide, volcanic activity or the impact of a meteorite.

What happened locally last November, according to a report from Washington Geological Survey titled, "Reconnaissance Investigation of the

November 17, 2024, Lake Roosevelt Landslide and Tsunami, Stevens and Ferry Counties, Washington," is that a pair of landslides, forming a single larger landslide complex, occurred on the lake's west bank in a location locally known as Reed Terrace. The tsunami impacted shoreline areas within three miles of the slides.

Resident Joe Petracelli was out checking on his sailboat that day. Joe recalls seeing big, ocean-like waves pushing from west to east on the surface of the lake and soon the lake looked like an agitated washing machine with water going in all directions.

According to the geological report, Reed Terrace is (or was) a steep slope approximately 180 feet tall on land owned by the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation and the Washington State Department of Fish and Wildlife. This region of the lake is directly opposite

the outflow of the Colville River.

A 1961 report noted that numerous landslides had occurred along this same stretch of Lake Roosevelt over the last century, with some being tsunamigenic. From the landslip a year ago, geologists inspecting the aftermath evidence of debris deposits in various locations estimated the tsunami wave height was 11–14 feet.

The National Parks Traveler online newsletter, February 2009 issue, summarizes previous landslide tsunamis on Lake Roosevelt, some at the same site as the November 2024 slide.

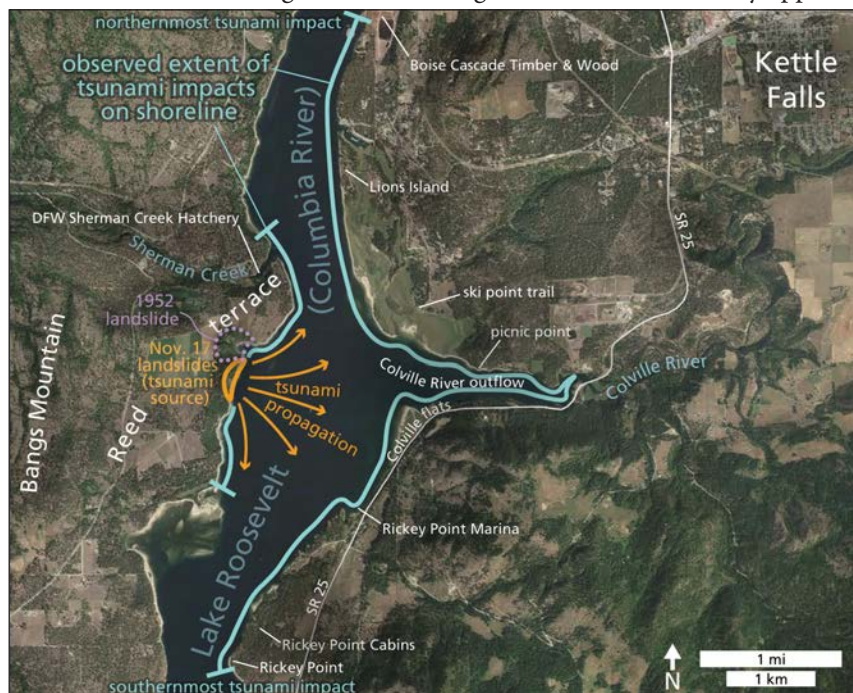
April 1944: A four-to-five-million-cubic-yard landslide from Reed Terrace generated a 30-foot wave.

April 1952: A 15-million-cubic-yard landslide three miles below the Kettle Falls Bridge created a 65-foot wave that struck the opposite shore. People observed some waves six miles up the lake.

February 1953: A series of landslides about 100 miles upstream from Grand Coulee Dam generated waves that crossed the lake and hit the opposite shore 16 feet above lake level. On average, waves crossed the 5,000-foot-wide lake in about 90 seconds.

April–August 1953: Landslides originating in Reed Terrace caused waves at least 11 different times. The largest wave to hit the opposite shore was 65 feet high and observed six miles away. Velocity of one of the series of waves was about 45 miles per hour.

April 13, 1984: According to Jack Fisher of the Washington Department of Transportation, a landslide on the San Poil Arm of Lake Roosevelt south of Keller displaced and buried 1,000 feet of Highway 21. Eric Weatherman, who was a teenager on the cleanup crew, saw large, live trees embedded



Graphic used with permission of Washington Geological Survey, WA DNR.

Small slides continued to slough off the morning after the major slide. Publisher photo.

in the mud hundreds of feet offshore.

On the Spokane River, meanwhile, in August 2009 a major landslide near Porcupine Bay created a 12-foot wave that slammed into the Porcupine Campground and did \$250,000 in damages to boat docks and facilities.

Weatherman, a lifelong resident of the Kettle Falls area and owner of Columbia Navigation, a person who has worked on Lake Roosevelt all his life, told me of a 1969 landslide and subsequent tsunami originating in the Singers Bay area. It sent a large wave across the lake, damaging properties on the opposite shoreline.

So, what's going on here? Why so many landslides in this portion of the largest lake in Washington state? A Bureau of Land Management report says the lake tsunamis are generally caused by unstable glacial drift that was destabilized by changing water levels. But there's more to it than that.

Looking at the geological record, the area foundation along this reach of the Columbia River Valley is primarily gneiss, a coarse-grained, metamorphic rock several hundred feet below

the surface. The overlying sediment of a glacial outwash, sand and gravel is atop thick silt and clay beds and fine sand formed in a lake when the Cordilleran ice sheet dammed the ancestral Columbia River during the last glacial period. In my lay brain, that translates into questionable landscape stability on steep slopes in many places surrounding the lake.

The 1961 report found a relationship between increasing frequency and magnitude of landslides and increasing severity of reservoir drawdown. It served as a guide for later investigations along the lakeshore, eventually curtailing the depth, frequency and speed of reservoir drawdowns.

Further afield, the largest recorded tsunami to strike the Washington coast was the 1964 Alaska earthquake-generated tsunami, which caused waves of up to 15 feet near Point Grenville. While there is no recorded history of it, scientists have proved that in the year 1700, a Cascadia earthquake and tsunami created a massive natural disaster that reshaped the Pacific Northwest. When

tsunamis are considered against what National Park Service has related above, Lake Roosevelt has had some of the biggest tsunami waves in the Pacific Northwest.

In closing, some details about Franklin D. Roosevelt Lake: The surface area is approximately 125 square miles; the volume is approximately 9,715,346 acre-feet; the average depth is about 375 feet, the length at full pool is close to 150 miles with a shoreline of over 600 miles. These measurements highlight the lake's significant size and depth, making it the largest lake in Washington state.

My thanks to Daniel Eungard of the Washington Geological Survey for following on an old memory and breathing life into it, and to Stephanie Earls, also of the Washington Geological Survey, for her research assistance.

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

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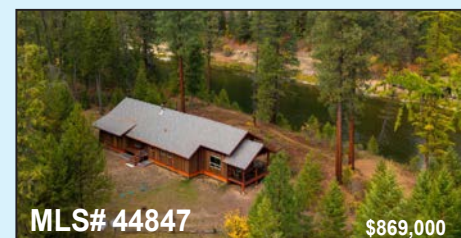
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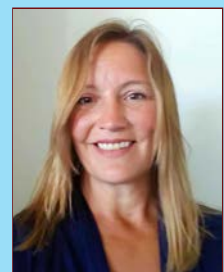
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