

NORTHERN JOURNEYS

Volume No. 22.1 Summer/Mid Fall 2019

A Magazine for the Arts, Humanities & Sciences



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Tender Hotel

by Jan Sarchio

The skin I’m in fits around all my edges
Knees and elbows
Ribs and toes
It runs the course of me
From bottom to top
And it stretches all the way around
It doesn’t fiddle with my middle
It doesn’t quibble with my dribble
It keeps my insides in
So I don’t trail juices
And other necessities
I appreciate the skin I’m in
Not all the time
But now as I’m writing this
I am forced to consider where I’d be without it
People are making a fuss about color
But color has so little to do with the skin’s work
Color is nice
It is part of that snowflake arrangement
God made with everything
No two anythings are the same
So skin does color tricks
Sometimes pale as the moon
Sometimes bright as the sunset
Sometimes it wants to be chocolate
Or butterscotch - Or coffee
Tasty, skin is
Salty, like the ocean
Rusty, like iron ore mountains
Skin, oh, it is so bendy and stretchy and
Dare I say amazing?
Cut it and the skin angels come running
With hidden healing sponges
Tiny needle and thread
Zip, zip - a little scar
And once again all is well
Miracles are the norm

Why get hung up on tone
In such a short term home?

The Abuse of the Baseball

by Holly Clark

I’ve had quite the evolution over the years. Word has it that Elysian Fields in Hoboken, New Jersey was my birth place. Over the years, crowds world-wide have loved me but none more than Americans who put me on the same level as hot dogs, apple pie and Chevrolets.

I have made my mark in history by being smacked repeatedly by a bat which hasn’t been easy. You see, fans thrill to watch 9 innings where a pitcher caresses me, then spits on me and rolls me around in the air only to send me off at 105.1 miles per hour. It’s quite frightening. Every time I meet the centrifugal force it is with either wood or metal which hurts beyond imagination. Simply stated, it’s a criminal offense called assault and battery.

Sometimes, after a hit, we go in a straight-line slider on the ground, eating copious amounts of dirt, until we meet a leather mitt. The mitt swoops us up and throws us again into another leather mitt only to touch a base or a moving uniform. Often, we get grounded for no reason at all. It’s inhuman. We suffer high amounts of pain over and over in just one inning all for the sake of entertainment. Then there’s the home run where we go into the air at lightening speeds, often going over the fence or into the bleachers. The crowds roar with excitement. Some of us escape when this happens. We hide in a dark hole all alone, to recover in silence. Other times we are hit into the bleachers where we go into someone’s pocket only to retire on the mantel.

This is my story and the reason I want you to know is simple. I want to change your mind about baseball. It is not all about taking her out to the ball game. Nor is it about peanuts, beer and pennants. I have a one hundred and thirty-year-old history of being hit. First Spalding wanted me and promoted me to the top of my game at \$1.50 per ball. Then Rawlings decided I was worth more and pimped me to the top where I’ve been a slave ever since. During a nine-inning Major League game, they use between 60–70 of us, on average. That is a waste. Big leagues spend \$5MM on baseballs for one season. Let’s just cut to the chase. Louie the Slugger is my abuser. My life, in the big leagues, is one of endless whacks and slams.

I evolved around rubber, you see. Not the big bang. My inner self is a pill. That’s right. For many I am their addiction. I’m covered with four different layers of yarn over my sensitive areas. I get glue right before they clamp 2 high grain leather cut out patches on me. Then they hand sew me together with 108 stitches of red synthetic thread. My finale is a three headed stamper before I go in a box and hit the store shelves with a stinger. I mean a sticker. They sell me to anyone. No telling where I wind up or who gets me. We’re made in Costa Rica and China and becoming a ball takes one week. Most of us go to the big league where the abuse is the worst. The reason I am coming out publicly is to take a stand against violence and abuse. Since we all look alike, you’ll never know who I am. I’m anonymous and on behalf of all baseballs, we unite to say we are tired, bruised and beaten. We want to go on a world-wide suspension strike. No more hitting balls for Pete Rose's sake.

To sum this up, Blue, the umpire, needs to end the abuse. Three strikes and game over folks. Baseball lives matter. I recommend football and watching thin air get kicked around.

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To Which Station Should I Tune?

by Loi Eberle, M.A., CPC

*Mind vivid and bright as clear water,
Setting sun shines through my window.
At one sound,
The unformed universe appears.
Marvelous fullness, true emptiness –
No need to listen!*

This poem describes a state of being that is always occurring, available upon contemplation. The words are written by Sun Yu-ch'in, professor of the philosophy of Chinese Ku-chin and its music, which is considered to be a musical expression of the universal human search for self-illumination. *Parabola* [Summer 1998]

Within each moment is the pulse and flow of the Life Force, the possibility of experiencing the fullness of all that is. It is in the call of the birds, the dripping of the melting snow, the emergence of the moth and bluebird, the beauty of a flower. It is always available, just a step outside. I am grateful for the opportunity to be able to walk out my door.

When I step back inside, the ever-present pulse of Life Force is expressed differently: through artwork, music, human interaction and written communication. It flows through all forms of broadcast media, barraging me with suggestions and requests, competing for my attention, suggesting what to think, how to feel, what to do; encouraging me to be the best I can be.

How DO I feel [not what I'm supposed to feel] in response to these various calls to action, this sea of voices? I'm inundated with reports of injustice, fundraising requests and pleas for help from various members of the human family who live with me on this planet. Yes, we are all connected, from the beautiful to the horrific, each with individual agendas and needs. As a single ripple in the River of Life, I strive to deepen my insight to enable wise choices and effective solutions for co-existing in a peaceful, diplomatic way.

I realize the Life Force flowing through the entire cosmos also animates me, whether or not I happen to be experiencing it in any given moment. I'm grateful for the amazing and fleeting moments of life I have received. I don't fully understand why I'm here, though I appreciate having a choice in which activities I will participate.

In his book the ***Inner Life***, the highly influential Quaker, Professor Rufus Jones (1863-1948), wrote: "There is no inner life that is not also an outer life. To withdraw from the stress and strain of practical action and from the complication of problems into the quiet cell of the inner life in order to build its domain undisturbed is the sure way to lose the inner life... Religion does not consist of inward thrills and private enjoyment of God. It does not terminate in beatific vision. It is rather the joyous business of carrying the Life of God into the lives of men; of being to the eternal God what a man's hand is to a man. There is no one exclusive way either to the supreme realities or to the loftiest experiences of life." Nor is there one exclusive way of carrying the Life of God, however one defines this, into other people's lives!

A state of high "allostatic load," the heightened neuroendocrine response resulting from repeated or prolonged chronic stress, apparently is responsible for most health problems caused by stress. Health problems stemming from stress are now considered to be the number one epidemic worldwide. Chronic emotional stress is being attributed to perceptions of the instability and incoherence of people and institutions upon which we depend, evidently leading to a sense of isolation and insecurity that exacerbates emotional stress.

Human history is filled with accounts of people's efforts to deepen their understanding of the natural world, which enabled humans to better predict potentially fearful events. Even so, our relative lack of control over our environment and the unpredictability of governmental alliances still cause anxiety. Religious traditions and therapeutic practices help people cope with anguish caused by their lack of control over many aspects of life. There is a growing recognition that developing better self-regulation of one's reactions to uncontrollable events can help control stress responses experienced in their aftermath. The mind is trainable. We are capable of learning. Mahatma Gandhi said: "As human beings, our greatness lies not so much in being able to remake the world as in being able to remake ourselves."

Social media, online courses, and coaching to foster personal-growth and self-transformation are becoming popular responses to the increasing complexity of our advancing technology and enlarging population. Over the Internet, some people are defining themselves as lovers of consciousness, committed to helping others optimize themselves as human beings. Discussions are occurring about purpose and vulnerability, nature and vision, models of consciousness and rites of passage. Some people express a desire to consciously evolve to develop effective problem-solving and coping strategies.

His Holiness, The XIVth Dalai Lama offers this guidance:

*The most important factor in maintaining peace within oneself in the face of any difficulty,
is one's mental attitude.
If it is distorted by such feelings as anger, attachment or jealousy,
then even the most comfortable environment will bring no peace.
On the other hand, if one's attitude is generally calm and gentle,
then even a hostile environment will have little effect on one's own inner peace.
Since the basic source of peace and happiness is one's own mental attitude,
it is worthwhile adopting means to develop it in a positive way.*

Of course, some days it's easier to do this than others. Even when attempting a mental attitude of loving compassion, I have observed that when I'm confronted, I experience anger. When I'm in a hurry and a person cuts me off in traffic or suddenly grabs the only parking spot, it takes extra effort to smile, and let it go... without gritting my teeth!

A growing number of studies are showing that relatively brief meditation training in novices can shift brain function, improve well-being, and reduce symptoms of depression and anxiety. Meditation and mindfulness training have accumulated some impressive evidence, suggesting that these practices can change not only the structure and function of the brain, but also our behavior and moment-to-moment experience. Research on meditation points to

Continued on page 23...

CRESTON VALLEY ARTS COUNCIL

CELEBRATES *FIFTY YEARS*

The Creston Valley Arts Council (CVAC) was created in 1969 with the mission statement:

We are here to help co-ordinate the work and programs of cultural groups in the valley, stimulate and encourage the development of cultural projects and activities, render services to all members, act as a clearing house for information, and foster interest and pride in cultural heritage.

From the council's inception, a large performance venue was cited as a necessity for the community. The long and varied road, punctuated with many diverse groups formed under the CVAC umbrella, is a journey worth celebrating.

So far this year, the 50th celebration has included an open call to Artists for "Memories" that was the feature exhibit in the Gallery for January/February. April 1st showcased the open call to photographers for "Through My Eyes." May 6-10 the CVAC teamed up with "Focus on Youth" art show along with "Trash to Treasure" fashion show on opening night. We also entered the annual Creston Valley Blossom Festival parade on May 18.

In upcoming events, the CVAC is teaming with the Footlighters Theatre Group for the PHANTOM OF THE GALLERY Art Show and Auction held Sept 26-28. The open call to artists for juried entry can be viewed on our website at www.crestonvalleyartscouncil.com with a link for submissions. The auction will have on-line bidding as well as live attendance. Tickets will be on sale August 1st through Eventbrite.

The CVAC will again be hosting the **Annual Creston Valley Christmas Craft Fair**.

These events give CVAC its visibility and encourage new memberships to strengthen an already thriving arts community.

In 2018 the CVAC opened the **Artisan Gift Shop and Gallery** in the Tourist Information building at 121 Northwest Blvd (Hwy 3) and are currently in the process of expanding the Artisan Gift Shop. The Gift Shop and Gallery maintain a revolving display of local artisan works and exhibits. The CVAC also works with the Creston Valley Public Library to maintain a rotating art display.

The CVAC offers diverse community groups moral and financial support by distributing funds from the BC Arts Council, Columbia Basin Trust, Town of Creston and Regional District of Central Kootenay. The exposure and support along with continued involvement in annual events will provide more visibility for artists, strengthen new memberships, and ensure the CVAC will remain a positive presence in the Creston Valley and art community for the next 50 years.

Gift Store hours May 1 to October 31: Mon-Fri – 10 am to 4 pm, Sat 9 am-2 pm.

All Gallery works are for sale through the Gift Shop. A listing of artists and products is available on Creston Valley Arts Council Gift Shop Facebook page. We have a very diverse arrangement of items for sale from original artworks to prints, cards, glass works, wood carvings, pottery, silver jewelry, handmade fibre art pieces, organic dyed scarves and shawls, homemade quilts and aprons, to name a few.

Artists from all over the Kootenay area are welcome to show and sell their artwork. Contact Sharon Svanda or Brenda Brucker at cvac1969@gmail.com. Tel: 250-977-5433.

Watch for our various Calls to Artists for Gallery Exhibits.

Featured Artists of the Creston Valley Arts Council

Andy and Elaine Alföldy moved to Creston in 1974 from Vancouver B.C. having graduated from The Vancouver School of Art, now Emily Carr University. They opened the Alföldy Gallery in 1982 along the east shore of Kootenay Lake. In 2001 they moved the gallery to a little house at 3917 Highway 3 in Erickson, five minutes east of Creston.

Beautiful Kootenay landscapes take Elaine outside to paint. This rural lady is always busy in her garden or farmyard. Grains, grasses and roadside weeds intrigue Elaine and supply subject material for semi-abstract acrylic canvases.

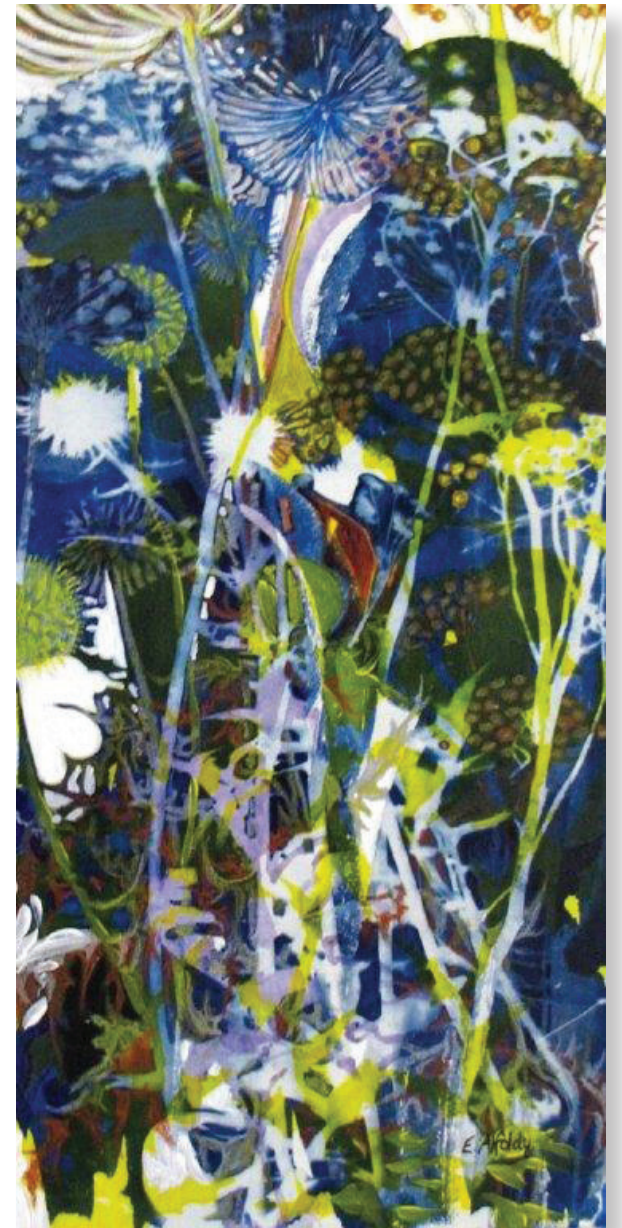
Andy's watercolors on tissue are influenced by a long familiarity with each subject filling a 20"x30" paper. He tells imaginative stories evoking feelings of the not so long ago past.

The Alföldys display their work in acrylics and watercolor in their gallery, the Creston Valley Arts Council Gallery in the Visitor Center, and in various shows such as the Images Show and Sale in the Creston Valley.

Margaux Allard was born in Regina, Saskatchewan and has loved drawing ever since she was a child. Even though she is blind in one eye and has ten per cent vision in the other, she has no formal training other than the basic art classes that she took while attending public school. She loves creating detailed pencil drawings through a very strong magnifying glass consisting of two five power lenses. Pencil is her favourite medium, but over the years she has enjoyed experimenting with coloured pencils, ink pens and acrylic paint.

Since 2007 Margaux has owned Krazy Kat Lady Studio and Gallery. Her artwork is very improvisational. The finished product is always a surprise to her. Margaux is inspired by dark art, surrealism, fantasy or anything mystical and supernatural.

To see more of Margaux's artwork visit her Facebook page at Margaux Allard - Krazy Kat Lady Studio and Gallery. Her work is also available at her other business, All Signs Graphics and Printing, 120 - 15th Ave. N., Creston.



Elaine Alföldy, Allium Globe Thistle Yarrow, acrylic collage, 12"x24"



Andy Alföldy, Farm in the Valley, watercolor, 20"x13"



Margaux Allard, The Japanese Garden, ink, colored pencil, 16"x20"

Karen Arrowsmith~ My introduction to watercolor was from a course held at my Community College. Working shift work as a nurse gave me quiet times at home to paint while my children were in school. I started to take courses from instructors such as Katherine Haynes, Zoltan Szabo, and Tony Couch. The more I painted the more serious and passionate I became. I started working half time, entered shows and had my work displayed locally. Another artist and I started the “Images Show “ in Creston which has continued for over 25 years.

I have had two artist residencies at the Gushal Studio from the University of Lethbridge, and I have taught painting both in B.C. and Alberta. Recently I helped organize the second year of the “ Cross Country Seeing Tour,” a tour of studios in the Creston area and the East Shore of Kootenay Lake. In warmer months I like to paint en plein air. This brings me close to nature and I try to put those feelings in my work. In winter I paint more detailed work in watercolor and acrylic abstracts.



Karen Arrowsmith, Hummingbird and Tullips, watercolor, 15"x11"

Ute Bachinski~ Making pictures is how I try to understand what I see and feel. Drawing and painting require me to take time in the looking, time to respond. It is this slow process that reveals the richness and marvelous complexity of my subject matter- my garden, the mountains, fields, and people around me. I like drawing the “real” world. How that “real” world fares in the translation from seeing to painting is constantly changing and will continue to do so as I grow as a person and an artist. My work is rich in saturated colour with a strong sense of form and a high degree of realism.

I have a keen eye for detail, yet create bold and vigorous compositions. Watercolour has been my primary medium for some time, but I continue to work in pastels as well as fabric. The quilts of Gee’s Bend continue to inspire me. I am influenced by many artists, mainly those working in a figurative manner. Medieval paintings delight me, as does the work of David Hockney.



Ute Bachinski, Vineyards-Spring, pastel, 38'x30"

Marion Evans~ My training began very early. Even before I was aware of it, I watched as my mother taught oil painting. All my life I have been exposed to art and artist. Art is in my family's blood. My artistic nature comes out in my love for landscaping and gardening. Only since I retired 20 years ago have I found time to start painting. I've lived in Creston now for 62 years. I am a long time member of the Creston Valley Arts Council and enjoy showing in the gallery.

Edward Finlay~ Edward discovered his passion for photography while working in the framing department of a photography studio, his first job during school. He photographed many school events throughout high school, and then enrolled in Photographic Technology at college to pursue his dream of becoming a professional photographer.

After college Edward worked as a photojournalist at the Lethbridge Herald where he gained much useful experience. He moved into studio work and gained accreditation in several categories photographing well over 1,000 weddings, portraits and commercial assignments with the Professional Photographers of Canada. Edward’s meticulous attention to detail and technical skill were evident in his work.



Marion Evans, West Creston Ferry Crossing-Kootenay River 1940, watercolor, 30"x22"



Edward Finlay, Water Drop #6, photograph on canvas, 18"x24"

As Edward continued his life’s journey his love for photography remained steadfast and an important aspect of his lifestyle. He skis, snowshoes, hikes and kayaks in search of that unique perspective which he brings to his art form. In printing on canvas or paper he brings his acute attention to colour and detail. He also employs various framing and finishing options which accentuate his work beautifully.

Wendy Franz is a self taught artist with a background in graphic design. Growing up in the Kootenay region of British Columbia, Canada has influenced her art which has incorporated the beauty of both animals and nature. Her passion for art, love for colour and unique style has helped her stand out, making it possible to sell her work abroad as far away as Australia, New Zealand and Africa. Always experimenting and loving the process of learning new mediums, Wendy changes her portfolio continually. She currently works in watercolour, acrylic, fluid art, colour pencil and new to her this year, mixed media.



Wendy Franz, Texas Longhorn, embellished acrylic pour, 24"x24"

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- Dakota


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The Kunze Gallery

Sandy Kunze~ I often walk with my head down in search of four leaf clovers. Almost every time I come upon a clover patch I am successful, and it is this symbol of good fortune which seems to have steered my life thus far. I believe it was because of this good luck that I had the parents I did and the wonderful teachers that guided me through my formative years. I had the great fortune to graduate with an award of Excellence in Art from my high school in Calgary, AB, and this was the catalyst that started me on my five year study at the Alberta College of Art and Design where I graduated with a major in printmaking. I married and relocated to Creston, BC in 1989 where we raised our four boys, one who was born with a disabling syndrome that requires care for the rest of his life. I couldn't have raised the boys and continued creating art if not for my Mom, my husband and my two incredible sisters.

Luck and good fortune continue to be at the core of my life, as I find myself able to sit on the ground and take in the natural world around me with a brush in one hand and my pallet in the other. As I paint I think about the history of the location, who stood here before me and who will grace this spot after I am gone. As an artist my central need is to say, "I was here," and plein air painting does this more so than any other genre. After the session on site I come back to the studio. I turn up the music and get lost in the marks as they take me on a different bent. This is where I share the surface with fate, adding the marks which may have been absent and find the courage to stop and call the piece complete. The panels are cradled, clear coated and, if I am really lucky, they will hang in someone's private home or a public venue.

In an incredible stroke of good fortune, executives from the new Calgary International Airport design team toured my home gallery and asked that I put together a proposal which would highlight my plein air interpretation of the iconic Banff National Park. I did, and I am happy to have it on permanent display, an alcove of 36 feet of alpine imagery for travelers from around the world to interact with. My work sells via a couple agents and gallery affiliations, and I save new work for fresh displays in the Kunze Gallery.

My husband and I opened the Kunze Gallery in 2010. We converted my home studio in Wynndel which we had constructed a couple of years prior. After a few seasons we concluded that moving to Creston would increase our traffic. After many months of planning we were able to relocate to our dream location beside the Red Grain Elevator in Creston, BC. It was here that we took on other artists in a variety of mediums and styles and created an environment where we hoped our guests would have a memorable and unique experience.

We have some wonderful new artists joining us this year and lots of new works by returning artists, local and national. We are very fortunate to be representing these accomplished artists. We will be hosting artists talks, demos and opening celebrations. On occasion we have fun displays such as ice melting sculptures, an observatory bee hive, and whimsical water features. If you are looking for a gift for that special someone... we have you covered. We have a great variety of local handmade items including our famous ShprieLand Studios pottery.

As luck would have it, I acquired a major project art grant with the Columbia Basin. It will be displayed at the Creston Museum from July 12 - September 9. Titled "The Common Thread, Landscape and Lumber," the Maple Leaf Tartan is the base concept and substrate over which I compose and paint the scene that is the interplay between industry and nature and highlight what is the common thread between the seemingly unrelated forces. These paintings fuse both landscape and lumber, literally applying a common thread. For me, this project represents the industrial heart and soul of the community.

From May 17th - June 17th at the nonprofit Tilted Brick Gallery in Creston, I will be displaying the resident works created in a month of research at a remote forest workspace. Titled "Gloves Off," these works will be based on allowing the trees to speak.

Upcoming events are posted on our website at www.kunzegallery.ca or check our Instagram for past and current happenings @kunze_gallery. We are located at 215 Northwest Boulevard, Creston, BC and open every day from May 17th- September, 10:00 – 5:00 pm. Telephone 250-428-6880 or 250-428-1868

Artists of the Kunze Gallery

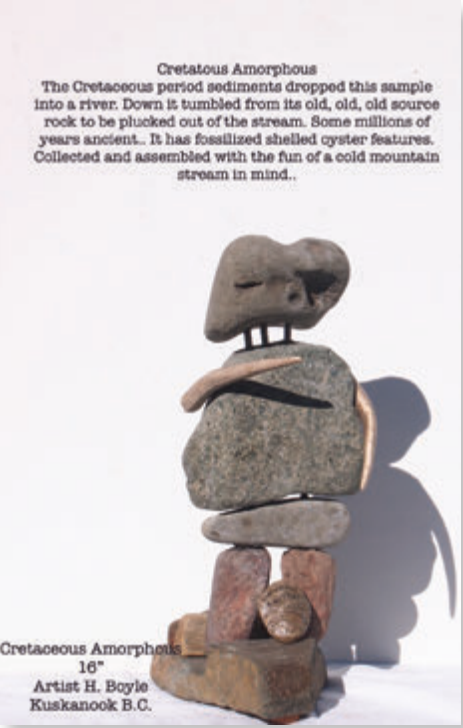
Gina Chase~ Born and raised in BC, Canada, at age 21 Gina became an artist assistant to Don Li-Leger in Surrey, BC. Over the next 14 years Gina worked for Li-Leger intermittently as assistant and printmaker while also attending art school at Kwantlen University College, and then Emily Carr Institute of Art and Design, where she majored in painting and graduated in 2008.

"I am turned on by angles, line, shape, colour and form. Often, it's as mundane as the corner of the ceiling, the shadow of a chair on the floor and wall, or grey sky against grey water. Where differences meet.

"I like to make art which is for the eye and the non-intellectual part of the brain. I am more interested in calm and mental space, even a meditation of sorts. In my latest work, a painting is successful or complete when there is nowhere to land, no colour or shape dominates the piece. The eye continues to travel as different lines, paths and shapes emerge and recede. I find this stimulating and calming at the same time."



Gina Chase, Dove Grey and Violet, acrylic on canvas, 36"x48"



Howard Boyle~ I live in the traditional territory of the Ktunaxa Nation and the Yaqan Nukiy people. I've turned my mind to sculpting with the snarl of wood and steel that finds its way to my shop from Kootenay Lake, rivers, shores and from the most unlikely sponsors.

Like a lot of things, a sculpture starts with just one piece. The line and geometry is provided essentially by chance so a good selection of media tends to collect. I hope you can envision the process of weaving natural elements together with other up-cycled material; it's really an elegant, chaotic problem.

The material selection is combined with forging, welding, brazing and copper boat building materials, resulting in a rugged sculpture of smooth, pleasant lines. An abstract character comes to the surface, connected somehow to these earthly ingredients. I'm often on the prowl for interesting metal, wood or in the shop, staring at a starting piece wondering what it might be.

I sincerely hope you get a kick out of these pieces. They are a challenge to find, a puzzle to create and often a hard thing to say goodbye to.

Randall Finnerty~ Finnerty's drawings portray a cast of animal characters set in wilderness environments or at the edges of human settlement. The contexts and narrative elements of each drawing are individually significant, while also evoking a piece of a larger story. Rooted in his experiences growing up in northern Ontario, these drawings reflect upon our disjointed relationship with nature, a kind of culture clash between humans and the natural world. Human figures rarely appear in the images, however their presence is very much implied. By placing animals among the detritus of our civilization, they bear a curious witness to the things in which we engage and play upon our romantic ideals of nature. Most of his work is executed using charcoal on watercolour paper with dried pigments and water-based varnishes tinted with pigment.

Originally from Timmins, Ontario, Randall Finnerty studied art at York University, Sheridan College and Ontario College of Art. He has lived in Montreal since 1992 where he works at the National Film Board of Canada. For more information, please visit: www.randallfinnerty.ca

Craig Friesen~ Craig graduated from the Alberta College of Art and Design in printmaking. Throughout his career he has explored mixing different forms of art including drawing, painting, sculpture and print media.

Craig works mostly with wood and paint he finds and re-purposes. School desk tops, bits of furniture and theatre sets are all fair game. Taking into account the colour, shape or history of the object, he lets the material of his pieces inspire the conceptual direction. Craig’s work often has elements of representational and abstract marks blending the tangible and intangible.

His new works explore how two simple images influence each other and create meaning cemented by a title. The paintings can start with the title or an image and flow from there based on Friesen’s understood connotations and denotations of the parts. This work is a continuation of ideas from work done with Quality Painters, a collaboration between Craig and David Nielsen.

Susan Andrews Grace~ To Susan Andrews Grace cloth is the most powerful metaphor for the metaphysical. And she considers string technology one of the most important but least celebrated examples of human ingenuity. Andrews Grace’s art conceptually echoes and honors textile traditions as it engages historical and theoretical concerns about human, and sometimes specifically feminine, existence and its relative absence from archives, historical, and philosophical records.

Her works at the Kunze Gallery are framed compositions of collaged screen prints on organza, layered over Yupo paper or vellum. They are printed with textile dyes and were part of two solo exhibitions in Kootenay public galleries: Touchstones Nelson Museum of Art and History (2013) and the Langham Gallery in Kaslo (2015).

Hypatia’s Wake, Andrews Grace’s sixth book of poetry, will be released by Inanna Publications (York University, Toronto) in the fall of 2020.

A Canadian citizen, Andrews Grace lives and works in Nelson BC. She is one of the founding faculty of Oxygen Art Centre in Nelson where she teaches creative writing and professional development for artists and writers.
| 250 352.5014 | susan@susanandrewsgrace.com | www.susanandrewsgrace.com

Stewart Steinhauer~ In my 5th decade of carving stone, and at age 63, I’m beginning to feel settled down inside about what I’m doing as a stone carver. My level of comfort and confidence in handling the material I love to work with most, granite, is high enough that insecurity about process is no longer debilitating. The forms and series that I see I am focused on, now that more than four decades have passed, are strongly rooted in my intuitive 3D imagination, joining together with the comfort and confidence in process. Workdays pass quickly, endlessly piling up, along with the cut off bits of granite going into my discard pile!

I’m walking a bit more slowly across the work yard in the morning now, and definitely feeling a lot more stiff and sore in the evening, but the time spent in between is an unconscious, blissful, timeless moment. Timeless moment: there’s a funny oxymoron. www.kunzegallery.ca/stewart-steinhauer.



Susan Andrews Grace, Forest Fire, mixed media, 30"x24"



Randall Finnerty, Bees with Drone, charcoal, pigment, watercolour and varnish on watercolour paper, 22"x22"



Craig Friesen, Lori LORRY, acrylic and stain, 35.5"x48"



Stewart Steinhauer and Brody Kunze at Steinhauer's installation of sculptures titled "Woman Rising"

Continued on page 18...

Blue Pearl Granite, Aqua Mist Granite, Cambrian Black Granite and Brazilian Yellow Granite. W 16'3" x L 36' x H 10'



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Last of the Mohicans

. . . by Warren Carlson

My brother Rick, eight years older, lived in a mythical world of cars, adventures and women while I was mired in fourth grade dealing with fractions. He took after our mother’s side of the family with his long legs and slight build and was a cross country star. He could run for miles without losing his smooth stride and glided through winter on cross country skis, sometimes rising at five on moonlight nights to make laps on the college athletic fields near our house. Our mother often complained about dusting his vast collection of trophies. My view of his world was limited. He seldom talked directly to me.

On the weekend of the deer hunt (of which I was unaware) my next door neighbor Skipper, two years older and the only other celebrity on the street, his dog Jack, and I went for a hike in the woods that ran for miles along a ridge east of town. Skipper had a genius IQ. This fact was part of his identity in a very casual and accepted way. This particular fall he was into zoology and botany. In his lab, green house, and animal collection that his parents had allowed him to build in the garage (even though it meant parking their car outside in winter’s subzero temperatures), he always seemed to be intensely busy “discovering” things. But in the woods he walked very slowly while Jack excitingly roamed the perimeter. If Skipper allowed anyone to join him in the woods they accepted the rule that Skipper always spoke first.

Skipper would ask questions like, “What would happen if when ice froze it was heavier than water instead of lighter? Since we say from here to Timbuktu for a very long ways, do the people in Timbuktu say here to New York?” Then he would look at you as if daring you to say something stupid. He sometimes allowed me to visit his lab and menagerie but I had to clean the cages while I was there.



On our walk Skipper announced the common name and sometimes the scientific name of most of the flora. If he was uncertain he stopped and drew a sketch in his notebook. We reached the top of the ridge. It was a parental neighborhood rule that children, to avoid any possibility of getting lost, should not go over the ridge. This rule was universally ignored.

“Let’s sit quietly for twenty minutes and see how many bird calls I can identify,” said Skipper. “They move away as we walk in their woods but they come back. Jack. Lie down.” Jack did with a heavy sigh.



Rick could not believe his excitement. It had taken some effort to convince fellow members of the cross country team to join him on this deer hunt. After parking at the end of a logging road on the far side of the ridge, the four of them stripped down to their gym shorts and painted their chests and faces with make-up Rick had “borrowed” from the drama department. With war paint and armed with knives what had been a game now became serious business.

They hiked into the woods on a game trail. After a half hour a buck on the far side of the meadow broke cover and ran uphill on the trail. Hollering, the tribe of boys made chase. The deer stayed on the path, keeping about forty yards ahead of the braves. The desire to kill gave new strength to their already conditioned legs.

After a mile, the trail grew very steep but the deer barely slowed. Two of the runners dropped out. Tim and Rick continued on. Half way up the steep incline, the deer stopped and looked at the boys. They stopped also, either unable to go on, or perhaps questioning their blood lust. On the next steep part Tim fell and did not get up. Rick barely glanced at him as he passed. It was now down to just the buck and him- two champion runners. With every twenty yards of the hardest running Rick had ever done, he gained a yard. The deer staggered through the rock pile at the top of the ridge and disappeared. Rick sensed that if he could keep his momentum he would reach the crest and find the deer waiting for him.

“What the hell?” said Skipper, jumping to his feet. I grabbed Jack’s collar. The buck was twenty feet from us, her front feet splayed, her head down, her tongue out and her sides heaving. She was done.

“She looks like she is being chased by dogs but we haven’t heard anything,” Skipper said.

We listened. From the rock pile we heard heavy breathing and a scrambling sound. I thought it might be a bear. Jack bristled. My brother came through the rocks and fell to the ground. At first he didn’t seem to know we were there.

“Rick,” I said. “What’s with the Indian get-up?”

He didn’t answer. He stared at the deer as if preparing for a final rush. He took the knife out of its sheath. Skipper stepped between Rick and the buck. Jack was growling and trying to lunge forward. Skipper picked up a large rock and held it over his head. The buck gathered its strength and staggered away.

“No,” Skipper said, looking like he might launch the rock in Rick’s direction. Still on his knees, Rick turned around, took hold of a small tree to help himself up and went back down the trail, straight of back and full of pride. Skipper and Jack went down the trail to home, Jack close beside him nuzzling his knee. I hesitated, then followed at a respectable distance.

Rick found Tim sitting under a tree. “I got to the top and he was gone.”

“I thought I heard voices,” Tim said, a puzzled look on his face.

“That was me, cursing,” Rick replied, after a moment.

“Damn! That was one hell of a race, though. Here, help me up.”



Wendy Franz, Dolphin Cave, acrylic pour, 18"x 24"



Harlan Thomas, Abraham Lake Lunar Eclipse, photograph, 24"x16"



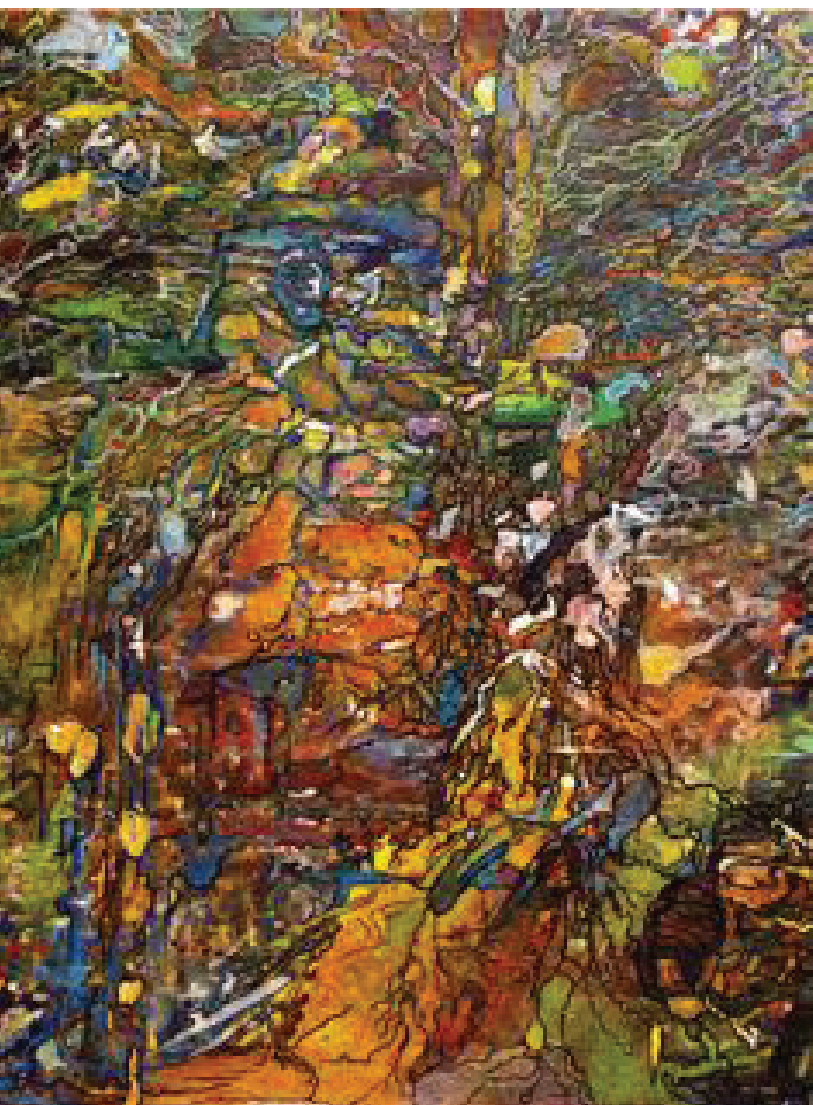
Ute Bachinski, 3 Garlics, watercolor, 21"x18"



Elaine Alföldy, Harvest Watchers, watercolour, 8"x16"



Andrea Revoy, Marie Antoinette, clay, wool, 8"x24"



Ted Wallace, Asleep Under the Big Tree, acrylic on canvas, 36"x 48"



Sandy Kunze, Tipi on Kootenay Lake, acrylic on wood, 30"x 60"



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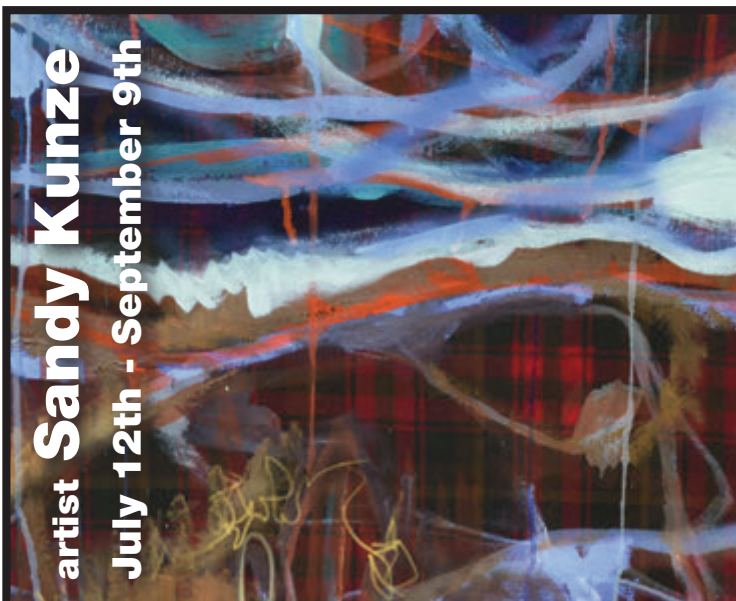
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Eileen Gidman is a watercolour artist and an active member of the Federation of Canadian Artists. Painting on location is Eileen’s favorite painting style. She challenges herself to express on paper what she is experiencing at that moment in time.

Eileen also believes that working in other mediums keeps her growing as an artist. She has hand painted fabrics for quilters and has attended the largest quilt show in Canada as a vendor. Her watercolour-like textile cards have been sent as gifts as far as Great Britain and Australia. She carves wood and most recently Eileen has been experimenting with combining calligraphy with watercolour illustration.

Painting in series has allowed Eileen to focus on issues that are important to her. Her most recent series “Life with My Human” showcases the benefits of the bond between owners and their pets. Local animal charities have received a portion of the sales in this series. Eileen is community minded. In 2018 she created a painting that was used on fundraising posters for her local Trail Society. It was also featured on the front cover of the *I Love Creston* magazine.



Eileen Gidman, Sheriff and the Bandit, watercolor, 20"x16"

Carol Schloss is a Signature Member of the prestigious Pastel Society of America in New York. Over thirty years in Philadelphia as a Graphic Designer/Art Director and a 5-year Bachelor of Fine Arts degree at the Cleveland Institute of Art have honed and refined her sense of composition, pattern, and color. A decade of working with pastels’ marvelously pure colors has re-launched her into the fine arts. Considered a fine draftsman, her drawing skills combine with a bold use of color and light, maximizing the strength of this media.

Now relocated in British Columbia after ten years in the American West and finding an enthusiasm for all things wild and natural Carol brings her artwork to life with a sparkle. Winner of numerous top awards, her pastels are owned by individuals and collectors across North America. Her work has been widely exhibited, including the Governor’s Capitol Exhibition, Buffalo Bill Art Show & Sale, and most recently at The Butler Institute of American Art and The Eastern Shore Art Association’s 40th Anniversary Pastel Exhibition.

Jenny Steenkamp~ I was born in Namibia, Africa and immigrated to Canada in 2009. I paint still lifes, portraits, buildings and landscapes, but it always comes back to color. My paintings are all about color. I am inspired by beautiful colors and the fragrance of flowers, fruit, a damp forest and the smell of rain on the dry soil. Inspiration for my paintings comes from an inner feeling: when seeing something I have to paint it immediately or it will escape me forever. When I paint, it takes me away on wonderful journeys of beauty and peace.

I have worked in acrylics, cloth design, screen printing and dying, murals, and faux art. Then I found oil painting through Mary Gibilisco, Elizabeth Pruitt Robbins and Johnnie Liliedahl, to whom I will forever be thankful.

My work hangs in South Africa, Namibia, USA and Canada. Some of my work can be seen on my website: jennysteenkamp.com



Carol Schloss, Flowers for Mom from the Neighbor's Yard, pastel, 12"x16"

Sharon Svanda~ I was raised in Northern Alberta/British Columbia and experienced the mountains and rivers, the huge open grain fields and pastures. Wildlife was a huge reference library to paint.

I felt the lure of the pencil and brush at an early age. I worked with oils for 25 years before I dared to explore other mediums. After I retired and moved to Creston I was inspired to pick up a pencil and work seriously at this medium. I immediately fell in love with portraits which are still my favourite. My latest adventure has been into the world of watercolor, and I think this is one of the hardest but most rewarding mediums.

I joined the Creston Valley Arts Council as a director in October 2018. I am amazed at the depth of arts and culture in the valley. The opportunity to interact with fellow artists in the valley is an invaluable resource.

Harlan Thomas~ From an early age, Harlan Thomas has been spiritually connected to nature through his Ojibway heritage. With time came the desire to share its beauty through photography. A passionate interest in night sky photography grew, and in 2010 he bought his first telescope. "Imaging the night sky changed me from a morning person to a night person," he says with a laugh.

His life was altered when he saw the Aurora Borealis for the first time in Fort McMurray. "I was out trying to image the Pleiades Cluster and the images that I was capturing were totally washed out. I looked up and lo and behold, the night sky had lit up like fireworks. I was mesmerized by the beauty of the northern lights, and decided then and there that I was going to start photographing this amazingly beautiful celestial event." Since that moment, Harlan has been on a constant search for clear skies and dancing spirits!



Harlan Thomas, Heaven Can Wait, photograph, 24"x16"

Harlan began to photograph sunrises, leading him into shooting landscapes. University photography courses and voracious reading of photography magazines help him gain insight into developing his natural skill as a photographer.



Jenny Steenkamp, Walk In The Park, oil on canvas, 14"x11"



Sharon Svanda, Hibiscus in Bloom, watercolor, 30"x22"

Vivi Harder~ Originally from Montreal, Vivi Harder first studied at Parson’s School of Design Summer Programs on a full scholarship, and proceeded to graduate with an Honors BFA from Rhode Island School of Design, majoring in Painting. She then moved to New York City where she became an artist’s assistant to Robert Longo and subsequently to Donald Sultan. Following a visit to the Southwest she settled in New Mexico where she began working as a graphic designer and illustrator.

The desert landscape engaged her intensely and its stark power resonates in her painting today. In the late nineties, Paris became home where she continued developing her abstract motifs, incorporating calligraphic images. Upon returning to NYC she began typesetting art books at The Metropolitan Museum of Art. Her minimalist painting aesthetic emerged there and she continues to explore these elements today. Currently she lives in Nelson, British Columbia and has exhibited throughout Canada and the United States.

Heath Carra & Victoria Henriksen of ShprieLand Studios~ The name ShprieLand comes from the combination of my and my wife’s nicknames, Shpriken and Pixie, and is what we called our quirky mountain home. Likewise, the pottery that we make here at ShprieLand is a collaboration between the two of us and with our use of pattern, colour and hand drawn images it could be said to be somewhat eccentric.

Our delight in living and working together has inspired us for the last 12 years to make really fun and functional pottery that is not only a joy to behold, but is a pleasure to be used everyday. We like our work to be a celebration of the life we live, and so there’s often a lot of humour in it, affirmations of love and reflections on what it means to live a joyful life.

We have a couple of distinctive lines of pottery. White glazed wheel thrown pots are decorated with fired on decals made from our own drawings. More recently though, we’ve been excited to focus more on hand building highly ornate porcelain pots in bright colours.

Chris Johnston is a painter currently living in the west coast of Canada. His artistic background is in the animation industry where he works as an illustrator doing visual development of characters and storyboarding for animated shows and movies. This type of work has given him a skill set of perspective, proportion and colour. He applies these abilities when composing a painting and thinks that many of his ideas on how to construct an image are informed by that experience, resulting in a graphic feel to the piece. Painting is an outlet for him and is something he is passionate about. He tries to push his work to somewhere fresh while using mostly traditional subject matter.



Christopher Johnston, Boating, oil on canvas, 24"x30"



Vivi Harder, Adornment, acrylic, gel and wax on canvas, 15"x15'



ShprieLand Studios, porcelain bowls, 7.87"x2.36"

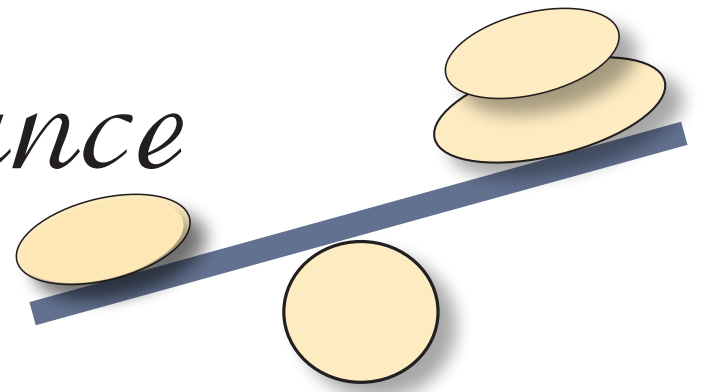
Tekoa Predika~ A graduate of Alberta College of Art and Design in 1998, Tekoa has been honing his craft since. He considers himself an artisan that upholds the tradition and quality of handmade objects. He continues to pursue and keep alive antiquated processes with analogue photography and silversmithing and also works in woodcarving and ceramics. In this throw away society it is important to Tekoa to create quality objects that last for generations and communicate beauty.



Tekoa Predika, Gypsy Heart, sterling silver and agate

The Weight of Balance

by Autumn Murphy



Balance isn't just about moving weights around on the scales so they stay level. Balance is letting go of the weight first, and then prioritizing what remains. The scales aren't supposed to be level. Fifty-fifty does not equal balance. The components of life are made from our energy, focus, passion, and time. It's our choice to determine what buckets are filled with precious energy, how heavy those buckets are, and how many buckets exist. The scales of balance aren't only two-sided. Life is more complex. There are numerous buckets to fill, some of them right to the brim, and others remain almost empty.

Important buckets often only have a few isolated pebbles rolling around within, echoing off the bottom when it should be at least half full. Let those levels linger at empty and the bottom rusts out. Starting from scratch to make a whole new bucket is challenging and time consuming. Once the bucket is empty, it doubles in size and takes extra effort to make a difference.

The wrong priority buckets are often the heaviest, weighted down with over-commitment and over-scheduling. The bucket on the other side may be important, but it sure as heck doesn't need to be overflowing. When hot coals are spilling out over the sides, they offer nothing to a roaring fire.

Life's components are weighted differently, made of different elements, and not all of them are compatible. Which is what makes simply transferring from one bucket to another uneven. Ever watch someone trade one addiction for another, even if it's a bad one to a good one? It's not an even trade.

Doing the same thing in a different way is not balance. Letting go is lightening the weight of the buckets. Piling in excess good activities does not counter the immense amount of pressure that comes from juggling work, family, and obligations. Even if it's sometimes enjoyed, is it necessary to do what is dreaded? Exerting past the point of fatigue, then coming down sick, complaining about not having time to be sick, and continuing to push beyond does not serve life. Continuing on to take a day off, muttering the whole time about the need to check in with work, or toss a few balloons into the other buckets, exclaim about self-care, then dive back into excess does not address the root cause. Taking bubble baths and going for a walk once in a while is great, but it does nothing to lighten the load of the buckets that are too heavy.

One of my good friends told me about how she recently gave up a position on a board of directors after two meetings in an organization that she values and whose mission she believes in. She found a cause to champion and excitedly signed up. She told me that quite rapidly she started dreading going to the meetings-- looking for excuses not to go and hoping for a snowstorm. Her balance buckets were off kilter. She realized that she could contribute in other ways and resigned from the board.

Discontinuing a choice to be heavily involved doesn't mean not caring about the organization.

It doesn't serve anyone, or any group, if buckets are empty. Candles and meditation only go so far. Let go of the extra weight of the bucket and breathe easier because of it.

I also had a balance bucket revelation about the same time as my friend who left the board of directors. Having a friend who is the same age often means that many parts of your lives parallel. I decided it was time to close my Etsy craft shop. The choice to do this was a long time coming, but it was the easiest task to follow through with once I made the decision.

I had held onto this particular bucket for a couple years through some huge transitions in my life. It was a bucket, always lingering out of the corner of my vision no matter what I was dealing with. It was a constant reminder of how much I wasn't accomplishing, how much I was failing, and how much I wouldn't be able to keep up and make the shop something worthwhile. I got the occasional sale, but without consistency. Aside from the rare random person purchase, most people that bought my crafts were family and friends.

I read articles online about how to boost visibility, improve Search Engine Optimization, and when to post on social media. By the end of the day, my motivation to pursue these tips was lackluster and I was drained from the efforts. Of course, I figured I needed to set a schedule for creating, to get more organized, to use this tool and that tool and then I was sure to find some momentum. At the end of last year I was determined this would be my year to shine and succeed with the shop. I was getting set up in the craft studio, planning, organizing, and dreaming.

I made a tote bag from a new pattern. I absently remarked to my husband that I wasn't sure I would put the bag up for sale, then made another one instead. I thought the first wasn't good enough. I feared the new techniques I used would highlight my lack of confidence. What if some random person decided they wanted to return it? Did I reinforce the seams well enough? Should I have added a zipper? What if it gets lost in the mail? How am I ever going to make enough product to make my shop visible?

My husband knows me well and asked me one question: "Why are you putting this pressure on yourself?"

And that, my friends, is the million dollar question. WHY?

Intentions can push toward goals or sabotage choices. The answers of money or recognition or status mean jack. My craft biz? It's because I thought I had to. I had to share my talents, and, if I'm going to make things, I might as well earn some money from them. I could say I'm an entrepreneur and hand out fancy business cards. Look at these creations! Yes. I made those. Yes. I do all that. And yes. I have a full time job too...

Those weighted buckets I carry aren't concerned about any of that. The scales got heavier and tipped with the wrong buckets. The important ones slowly siphoned away their contents

when I spent too much time chasing something I needed to release.

And over one weekend, I did just that. I closed the shop, adjusted social media, and cleaned the craft studio. Instead, I wanted to reflect on who I am as an artist in this moment. Closing the shop didn't mean I'm any less creative. In fact, I've worked on and finished more projects than the previous six months before coming to that decision. The weight in the precariously balanced buckets changed because the components themselves did. All it took was the realization that I was getting nowhere filling empty buckets with air instead of tossing out the stones.

Balance looks different to everyone. It depends where the levels fall in each stage of life. And those buckets change to serve the past or the future. So many hang on to a belief that this specific bucket makes up more of who they are than all the others, even if it's the one bucket dragging others into the mud. Letting go is the best option. Always let go. Let the obligations and the buckets evolve. Grow expectations and cast aside the thought that more weight is better.

Choose wisely which buckets to fill, what to fill them with, and which to empty. Otherwise, nothing balances.



Autumn Murphy is a storyteller for the seeking soul, artist of magical quilted things, and friend to animals. She wanders a pagan path through nature's mysteries.

Snippets of poetry and writing can be found at autumnmurphy.com.

The Box

by Foster W. Cline, M.D.

We are about to move from Evergreen, Colorado to our new home in Sandpoint, Idaho. Moving. It's a hassle. Decisions, decisions. What to keep? What to throw out? We are now nearly packed up, but everywhere there are quietly demanding and intimidating stacks of boxes waiting to be moved with us or thrown away. Boxes that contain twenty-five years of a family's accumulated stuff. Especially difficult is the "God-knows-what" boxes that have been in storage and unopened for years. Some of them aren't even labeled! Now these boxes filled with unknown whatever silently demand to be reopened, reexamined, resorted, reboxed and stored again in some dark corner of our new Idaho home, attic or garage. Only God knows where we can put all this old stuff – just store it in some new spot where no one will look until another move-- or death-- will force a reexamination. Then these boxes will again be opened, and the moldering aroma of the past will be mixed with future tough decisions. "Oh, look what grandma made. Isn't it beautiful? What in the world will we do with it?"

I think, *All this junk! Is it even fair to keep these boxes for some poor son or daughter to sort through? They'll probably be in their own dotage by then.* An answer claws it's way to awareness: *Throw it all out! But don't look at it.*

On one ragged box, someone had scrawled with a blue felt tip marker, "put in storage." *Cripes! It came from storage. Now it's going back to storage? Should anything be destined to live a life in storage?* There, in a new storage, it would not even contribute to the productive compost of a dump where at least it might decompose to new life.

I think, *Yes, I will throw you out, you old box. And I won't even look inside you! That's the spirit. Simplicity. Clarity. Wisdom! Can't lug junk around forever! To the trash pick up with you, you corrugated cube of stored moldering whatever. Ah, yes, anonymous men are about to come in the green brontosaurus truck and throw you into its gaping anus. Then you will be digested in the dump.* I carry the old ragged box out to the pick-up point and turn away, leaving it there sitting with the trash containers at the end of the driveway. I won't even look back at the damn thing.

But what do I hear? Do I only imagine it? I do hear its plaintive call, "Don't leave me here!"

Oh, don't call to me. You will be history, an unknown past and if you are never opened, I won't even miss you!

"Come back! Don't leave me here!"

As I approach the garage, the air seems to grow thicker. Leaving the box somehow becomes like swimming against a strong current. It's as if I am stretching an invisible rubber band that snaps me back to the pile of trash at the end of the driveway where sits the corrugated cube. Now, knowing how foolish I probably am, I take out my knife and split the sealing tape, and open the damn box and look in.

Cripes! I almost threw away my Eagle Scout neckerchief and merit badge sash! That would have been horrible! I reseal the box, take out a red felt marker and circle the earlier written blue scrawl, "Put in storage."

Sometime, somewhere, some yet to be born, perhaps grown, grandchild will say, "Oh, look what grandpa kept. Whatever will we do with it?" And some spouse, lucky enough to marry my blood, will say, "Seal it back up and we'll store it!"



THE ROCKS ON THE WAY TO THE OLD ICE HOUSE PIZZERIA IN HOPE

by Claude Spinosa

Boating around our beautiful Lake Pend Oreille, we can gaze at the various rocks exposed in roadcuts and along its shores. Few of us appreciate how old these rocks are and how important they are. I am referring to rocks named the Prichard Formation and other related rocks of the Belt Supergroup; they are exposed and easily observable in roadcuts along Highway 200 – a few miles past the Pack river (on the way to the old Ice House Pizzeria in Hope) – and in many nearly vertical escarpments along the Pend Oreille lakeshore – especially by Hawkins Point and Whiskey Point.

The importance of the Prichard Formation and the Belt Supergroup is not related to oil, silver, gold, or diamonds; they are far, far more important. Compared to how vital these rocks are to us, gold and diamonds are nothing; these rocks are infinitely more significant. We owe our very existence to them; every one of us owes his or her life to them. These rocks allow us to live – we and every single Oxygen-consuming animal on Earth owe our lives to these rocks. All animals on Earth, including *Homo sapiens*, the species to which we belong, exist because something weird happened when these rocks formed. These ancient rocks, long ago changed the Earth's atmosphere, allowing air-breathing animals to prosper and evolve.

Some background: The Prichard Formation is one of several formations comprising what are formally known to geologists as the Belt Supergroup. This succession of rocks was formed by deposits of sand and silt carried to the widespread seas that existed approximately from 1.5 to 0.85 billion years ago (BYA) – a time called the Proterozoic. The Proterozoic is a segment of Precambrian geologic time which encompasses 4 billion years of earth History – 80% of geologic time. In our part of the world, these seas of Proterozoic time, called the Belt Basin, covered a portion of what today is western North America, specifically parts of Washington, Idaho, British Columbia and Montana. The western part of Belt Basin was being deepened by complex tectonic forces making it deeper. The bottom of the Belt Basin was being plucked down.

Sediment eroded from the North American continent was carried to the Belt Basin by rivers and other great movers of sediment called turbidity currents. Eventually this great influx of sediment settled to the bottom of the Belt Basin seas. At the same time that sediment was being brought to the Belt Basin, the bottom of the basin was being pulled down, making it deeper and deeper, thus enabling it to receive more and more sediment. The sediment subsequently hardened into rock and later the rock was hardened further by metamorphic forces of pressure and heat.

In northern Idaho and western Montana, the Belt Supergroup is reported to reach a thickness greater than 10 miles. Fifteen multiplied by 5,280 feet per mile gives a remarkable thickness greater than 50,000 feet of rock. Imagine something like the Gulf of Mexico receiving more than 50,000 feet of sediment from the Mississippi and other rivers flowing into it – 35 times the height of the Empire State Building.

All of this great thickness of sediment in the western part of the Belt Basin was deposited in deep water, in darkness, below the photic zone – below the level of light penetration. Fossils have not been reported from these rocks, indicating life, if present at all, was not abundant there.

In the eastern part of this sea, in the area of Glacier National Park, Montana, the paleoecology is quite different. The seas were much shallower; in places the depth probably was only a few feet – at times even zero. "Fossilized" mudcracks in the Grinnell Formation of the Park indicate that the waters were very shallow and well within the photic zone – so shallow, in fact, that at times, the waters dried up completely and the bottom muds, exposed to air, wind and sun, dried up and cracked. Subsequently the mudcracks were preserved – "fossilized."

In the same region of Glacier Park, another formation, the Snowslip Formation, also was deposited in shallow, sun-lit waters of these seas. These rocks contain fossilized life forms of the utmost importance to us *Homo sapiens*, and to all animal life. These life forms are called stromatolites.⁽¹⁾ They proliferated and became abundant in the area now known as Glacier Park and in many other places of the Earth. Fossil stromatolites commonly occur in many parts of the world. In Glacier Park, magnificently preserved stromatolites are well-exposed along roadcuts of the Going-to-the Sun Road. Each year over 3 million tourists visit Glacier Park; many thousands stop and marvel at these fossil stromatolites that resemble sliced cabbage heads. Alas, most tourists are not aware of their great significance.

Fossil stromatolites existed as far back as 3.7 billion years and continue to exist on Earth today. Their abundance and distribution on Earth have greatly decreased; stromatolite-forming cyanobacteria now live only in a few places on Earth but they have not become extinct. One well-known place where they exist today is the Sharks Bay World Heritage Area⁽²⁾ on the shores of a shallow, hypersaline sea in Australia. These living cyanobacteria lay down a carpet of filaments close to the surface of the water. The filaments trap fine-grained sediments brought in by tides and currents, forming a layer of silt; the cyanobacteria grow through the layer of silt and continue to live on top of it. Then the silt layer hardens into rock and the cyanobacteria continue to live on the rock. The process repeats countless times; many layers of silt are added and the stromatolite head grows into a structure resembling a "cabbage head." The fact that stromatolites are still being formed today and can be studied as they grow allows geologists and paleontologists to reconstruct stromatolite "paleobiology" with a high level of confidence. Living Cyanobacteria are photosynthetic – ancient Cyanobacteria must have been photosynthetic.

Stromatolites are cyanobacteria; they are photosynthetic; they produce Oxygen. Let me repeat: stromatolites are photosynthetic – they produce Oxygen. In the past abundant stromatolites produced lots of Oxygen.

The Earth formed approximately 4.6 BYA. The oldest known igneous rock is 4.4 billion years old and the oldest sedimentary rock is 4 billion years old.

Rocks that formed between 4 and 3 BYA indicate that oceans and the atmosphere were Oxygen-deficient. During early Precambrian time very little free Oxygen existed to combine with minerals that formed rocks. Whereas, rocks formed 2.5 BYA and later show a progressive increase in the content of minerals whose chemical composition contains Oxygen.

Although some stromatolites existed as far back as 3.7 billion years ago (BYA), they were not very common until 2.5 BYA. Between 2 and 1 BYA, stromatolites became very abundant. At the same time, Oxygen levels also increased while Carbon dioxide decreased. BY 600 million years ago the atmosphere contained 20% or more of today's level of Oxygen. A recent study questions the relationship between the increase of Oxygen and the increase in stromatolites,⁽³⁾ but these studies are problematic. What seems clear now is that Oxygen-producing stromatolites increased greatly from 2 and 1 BYA and Oxygen levels on Earth also increased during that period of time.

Following this great increase in Oxygen, marine Oxygen-consuming animals became abundant. Then, somewhat later, 600 to 550 million years ago, marine animal populations exploded – both in numbers and diversity. Marine animal life experienced an incredible explosive evolutionary⁽⁴⁾ surge – the most significant evolutionary event ever in the history of life. The oceans were teeming with these different kinds of animals – many varieties seem bizarre to us. Many of these early animal types became extinct but many continue to exist today. They are represented by modern relatives (same phyla but different classes and orders.)

During the time of the Prichard Formation and the Belt Basin multitudes of widespread photosynthetic cyanobacteria began to produce abundant Oxygen; this photosynthetic process began to change the Earth's oceans and atmosphere closer to what they are today. Although Oxygen existed in the oceans and the atmosphere prior to "Prichard" times, it was not very abundant; it became sufficiently abundant to sustain Oxygen-consuming animal life during "Prichard" time. And following this increase in oceanic and atmospheric Oxygen, animal life appeared and diversified, then animals migrated to all parts of the Earth and became abundant. This increase in diversity and abundance happened so rapidly (geologically speaking) that scientists could call it revolutionary evolution.

After another relatively short period of time, a mere 500 million years, the abundance of Oxygen enabled the evolution of our own species, *Homo sapiens*.

(1) <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Stromatolite>

(2) http://www.indiana.edu/~geol105b/images/gaia_chapter_10/stromatolites.htm
<https://www.australiascoralcoast.com/destination/stromatolites-hamelin-pool>

(3) <https://astrobiology.nasa.gov/news/earths-early-atmosphere-an-update/>

(4) <https://www.sciencenewsforstudents.org/article/when-life-exploded>

Claude Spinosa is Emeritus Professor of Geology at Boise State University where he taught Geology and Paleontology for 45 years. His studies of geology and the documentation of evolution of life on Earth reach back to the University of Iowa 55 years ago and continue today. Retired from Boise State University, he now enjoys life with his wife in a house perched on the beautifully folded and faulted rocks of the Prichard Formation on the shore of Lake Pend Oreille.

THE FESTIVAL AT SANDPOINT’S 37th SEASON!

The 37th annual summer concert series takes place August 1-11 at War Memorial Field, showcasing eight nights of music under the stars, on the shores of Lake Pend Oreille, in Sandpoint, Idaho. 2019 Festival headliners include: Nathaniel Rateliff & the Night Sweats, Walk Off the Earth, Jackson Browne, Lake Street Dive, The Avett Brothers, Kool & the Gang and the Spokane Symphony with Sybarite5 conducted by Gary Sheldon.

Thursday, August 1st NATHANIEL RATELIFF & THE NIGHT SWEATS will kick off Sandpoint’s 37th annual summer concert series with their special brand of folk, Americana and vintage rhythm and blues. Missouri-bred, Denver-based front man Nathaniel Rateliff has always been an omnivorous listener and player of music who started his career in his family’s band at church in Hermann, MO. Nearly throwing in the towel after a long on-and-off solo career, Rateliff garnered attention with the Night Sweats, the soulful R & B combo he formed in 2013. Their 2015 self-titled album became a massive hit, propelling them to two non-stop years on the road where the crowds grew larger with every show and the Night Sweats grew tighter and more vigorous. Hit songs like “S.O.B.,” “Hey Mama,” “I Need Never Get Old,” and “You Worry Me,” have a special way of comprising both an R & B party and a deeply personal confessional from Rateliff, who pens all the lyrics. Grounded in old-school soul and R & B, but far too urgent for the retro of revivalist tag, there are familiar elements of soul and garage rock, but also jazz, folk and even country. Stellar band members include: Joseph Pope III (bass), Patrick Meese (drums), Luke Mossman (guitar), Mark Shusterman (keyboard), Andy Wild (saxophones) and Wesley Watkins (trumpet). Special Guest **Lucius** is a four-piece indie pop band that got its start in Brooklyn, New York. Currently based in Los Angeles, the band consists of lead vocalists Jess Wolfe and Holly Laessig, drummer and producer Dan Molad, and lead guitarist Peter Lalish. Their three albums *Wildewoman* (2013), *Good Grief* (2016) and *Nudes* (2018) have received critical acclaim from the *New York Times*, *Rolling Stone*, *NPR* and *the Village Voice*. Their track “Million Dollar Secret” premiered on the final season of the HBO series *Girls*. General Admission \$59.95. (*All concert tickets are plus sales tax and city parks fee.*) Gates open at 6:00PM, concert starts at 7:30PM. *

Friday, August 2: One part folk-pop, one part sketch group, and one part quickly musical experimenters, Canadian band **WALK OFF THE EARTH** formed in 2006 in Burlington, Ontario, became a sensation on YouTube and set the concert scene on fire with their dynamic live shows. Made up of multi-instrumentalists, the band has become known for its innovative cover songs which feature group members trading instruments with one another mid-song or elaborate one-take performances where the song is built piece by piece by a single member playing every instrument. Their cover of Gotye’s “Somebody That I Used to Know” performed by all the band members simultaneously playing one guitar received over 70 million views in two months, earning Walk Off the Earth not only praise from the original artist, but a contract with Columbia Records which released their album *R.E.V.O* (an acronym of the band’s motto, “Realize Every Victory Outright”) in 2013. Born and raised in Sandpoint, Idaho, Katelyn and Laurie Shook return home with their band **Shook Twins** to perform on the Festival at Sandpoint stage. The Shook Twins’ style is often referred to as “quirky folk,” which incorporates acoustic instrumentation including banjo, guitar, upright bass, mandolin, ukulele, glockenspiel, djembe, and their signature golden egg. Twin harmonies layered on top of acoustic instrumentation are coupled with Laurie’s beatboxing and inventive use of a looping machine, and Katelyn’s repurposed telephone microphone. The use of electronics sets their sound apart, creating an eclectic and eccentric blend of folk, roots, pop and fun. General Admission \$44.95. Doors open at 6:00 PM, concert starts at 7:30 PM.

Saturday, August 3: It doesn’t get any better than Rock and Roll and Songwriting Hall of Fame legend **JACKSON BROWNE** playing the music you love, with his full band, on the shores of beautiful Lake Pend Oreille at The Festival at Sandpoint! Starting his career in 1966 as a member of the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, Browne soon ventured out on his own becoming an iconic member of the prolific class of California singer-songwriters of the 1970s. He has sold over 18 million albums in the United States, writing and recording songs such as “These Days,” “The Pretender,” “Running on Empty,” “Lawyers in Love,” “Doctor My Eyes,” “Take It Easy,” “For a Rocker,” and “Somebody’s Baby.” In 2015, *Rolling Stone* ranked him as 37th in its list of the “100 Greatest Songwriters of All Time.” This is sure to be one of this summer’s hottest concert tickets so grab yours today before they sell out! General Admission \$79.95. Gates will open at 6:00 PM and the music starts at 7:30 PM.

Sunday, August 4 is musical fun for the young and young at heart! The Festival presents its **FAMILY CONCERT** “A Musical Zoo” featuring **The Festival Community Orchestra and Studio One Dancers**. Favorite pre-concert activities include the Instrument Petting Zoo where kids can try out various instruments with guidance from musical mentors, an animal petting zoo, pony rides, clowns, face painting, games galore and the popular Parents’ Corner where moms and dads can take a break from the chaos for a complimentary mini-massage. All tickets are only \$6.00. Activities begin when the gates open at 2:30 PM and the musical performance starts at 5:00 PM.

Week two at the Festival kicks off on Thursday, August 8: Back on the Festival stage by popular demand, it’s indie pop, jazz, soul sensation **LAKE STREET DIVE!** Influenced by classic pop and swing era jazz, the unique and talented group explains: “We want it to sound like the Beatles and Motown had a party together!” From their infectious reinvented covers of “I Want You Back” and “Rich Girl,” to fresh hits “Good Kisser,” and “I Can Change,” Rachel Price’s powerhouse lead vocals are complimented by Mick “McDuck” Olson (trumpet, guitar), Bridget Kearney (upright bass), Mike Calabrese (drums) and Akie Bermiss (keyboards) who lend backup vocals for the full package. The band members met while attending New England Conservatory of Music in Boston, A, and the band was named after a street with a host of dive bars in Olson’s hometown of Minneapolis. Special guest **Darlingside** is an indie folk band from Boston whose style has been described by NPR as “exquisitely arranged, literary-minded, baroque folk-pop.” The New Yorker noted that “sometimes the sunshine breaks out in their harmonies and it feels like 1965 with David Crosby and the Byrds.” Rolling Stone called them “a ‘must-see’ act...locomotive folk-pop confections so richly executed it’s hard to tell if it’s one voice or twelve.” In fact, they are four friends from Williams College who are making a big name for themselves in the folk music world. In 2016 Folk Alliance International named Darlingside “Artist of the Year.” General Admission \$49.95. BrewFest tickets are available in advance for \$10 -- which includes a commemorative pilsner glass and premium microbrew tastes. Brew tasting starts when gates open at 6:00 PM. Concert starts at 7:30 PM.

Friday, August 9: Alt country superstars **THE AVETT BROTHERS** combine bluegrass, country, punk, pop melodies, folk, rock and roll, indie rock, honky tonk, and ragtime to produce a novel sound described by the *San Francisco Chronicle* as having the “heavy sadness of Townes Van Zandt, the light pop concision of Buddy Holly, the tuneful jangle of the Beatles, and the raw energy of the Ramones.” Impossible to pigeon hole, the Grammy nominated and Americana Music Award winning Avett brothers Seth (banjo) and Scott (guitar) team up with Bob Crawford (Bass), Joe Kwon (cello) and Mike Marsh (drums) to perform one of the most popular and exciting live shows you’ll experience. Get your tickets before they sell out! **Che Apalache** will open the show with their special brand of Latingrass, a mix of South American music and bluegrass. Hailing from Buenos Aires, Argentina, their repertoire ranges from songs featuring a variety of South American rhythms to a capella southern mountain gospel songs in four part harmony. General Admission \$74.95. Gates open at 6:00 PM. Concert starts at 7:30 PM. *

Saturday, August 10: Celebrate summer on the lake with Grammy Award winning funk rock superstars **KOOL & THE GANG**. Sit back and enjoy the show or get up and get down on it! It’s *all* good at the Festival at Sandpoint. Brothers Robert “Kool” Bell and Ronald Bell formed their iconic band in Jersey City, New Jersey in 1964. The group has explored many musical styles including jazz, soul, funk, rock and pop, earning them two Grammys, seven American Music Awards and induction into the Songwriters Hall of Fame. Their discography spans 23 studio albums and 70 singles including hits “Get Down On It,” “Ladies Night,” “Jungle Boogie,” “Cherish,” and the No. 1 “Celebrate.” **LeRoy Bell & His Only Friends** from Seattle will open the show. Singer, Songwriter and *X Factor* Finalist, Bell is a Sandpoint favorite, having performed with his band at the Panida Theater and at the Festival supporting Barenaked Ladies and Jonny Lang. General Admission \$64.95. Gates open at 6:00PM and the music starts at 7:00 PM. *

Sunday, August 11: GRAND FINALE CONCERT: From Mozart to Led Zeppelin! Spread your blanket on the grass, open your picnic basket, and savor an evening on the shores of Lake Pend Oreille with the **SPOKANE SYMPHONY**, with special guests **SYBARTIE5**, conducted by **MAESTRO GARY SHELDON**. Sybarite5 is classical music’s most dynamic new ensemble, classically trained to knock your socks off! The program begins with Mozart’s *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*, followed by Sybarite5’s set including Szewczk’s *The Rebel*, Piazzolla’s *Muerte del Angel*, Grieg’s *Holberg Suite Finale*, Led Zeppelin’s *Heartbreaker*, A-ha’s *Take On Me* and Radio Head’s *Paranoid Android*. The second half of the program features Tchaikowsky’s *Serenade for Strings*. Preceding the concert, our annual “Taste of the Stars” Wine Tasting, is now the largest wine event of its kind in the state of Idaho, complimentary for all concert goers over the age of 21 years. A fabulous fireworks finale, made possible by Avista Utilities, will close The Festival at Sandpoint’s 37th season in celebratory fashion. Gates open early at 4:30 PM for the wine tasting event and the concert starts at 7:30 PM. Tickets are \$39.95 for adults, \$10.95 for youth through 18 years.

Individual tickets are now on sale online at www.festivalatsandpoint.com and in person at at The Festival at Sandpoint Office at 525 Pine Street in Sandpoint. Phone orders may be placed by calling the Festival Office at (208) 265-4554. A limited number of 300 Early Entry passes are available to Thursday, Friday and Saturday night shows. For a \$25 donation, season pass holders and individual ticket buyers can upgrade their tickets for 15 minute early entry to the venue. Visa, Mastercard, American Express, Discover cards, personal checks and cash are accepted.

*PLEASE NOTE: These are DANCE SHOWS! The Festival venue will be configured differently for this concert to allow for an increased dancing/standing area in front of the stage. There will still be adequate sections for blankets, low chairs, high chairs and reserved patron and sponsor seating, as well as seated availability in the grandstands. The Dance Venue Map can be viewed online at FestivalatSandpoint.com.

the Festival AT Sandpoint 2019

AUGUST 1-11, 2019

37TH YEAR

THURSDAY AUGUST 1ST NATHANIEL RATELIFF & THE NIGHT SWEATS WITH LUCIUS

FRIDAY AUGUST 2ND WALK OFF THE EARTH WITH SHOOK TWINS

SATURDAY AUGUST 3RD AN EVENING WITH JACKSON BROWNE

SUNDAY AUGUST 4TH FAMILY CONCERT "A MUSICAL ZOO"

THURSDAY AUGUST 8TH LAKE STREET DIVE WITH DARLINGSIDE

FRIDAY AUGUST 9TH THE AVETT BROTHERS WITH CHE APALACHE

SATURDAY AUGUST 10TH KOOL & THE GANG LEROY BELL & HIS ONLY FRIENDS

SUNDAY AUGUST 11TH SPOKANE SYMPHONY WITH SYBARTIE5

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anchor Dan Harris writes about “how we could be 10% Happier following Buddhist philosophy.” He even has developed apps, from “Buddhify” to “Wecroak” to address the whole range of human experience. *Lion’s Roar* [May 2019]

I agree that learning to calm myself, seek balance, and remembering to re-connect with the basic essence of being human can help me connect with my inner grit and creativity. Wisdom can be found in sacred teachings. A plethora of good advice is available from many sources. What I use as my guidepost for navigating the flow of the Life Force is a personal choice, just as it is for everyone else.

However, motivational encouragement for goal-driven behavior taunts me with statements like this from Coco Chanel, French fashion designer and business woman: “Success is often achieved by those who don’t know that failure is inevitable.” Do the ‘follow your dream’ mottos lead me down the slippery slope of disappointment? Should I keep trying? Is my failure to obtain “bigger dreams” a result of unconscious negative beliefs? Defeating self-talk and negative beliefs certainly can be de-motivating and result in failure. “Negative thinking” can cause one to prematurely abandon goals that possibly could have been achieved with more grit and perseverance.

Reframing one’s opinion about what might be possible has certainly motivated athletes and performers to keep trying. It’s an effective strategy for creative problem solving, and sometimes results in new solutions for previously unsolvable problems. A positive, ‘can do’ belief system is motivating and can help foster social connection.

Is it unrealistic to dream big dreams? Is settling for a lesser goal giving up? Actually, the process of seeking inner peace reconnects me with the realization that I already have what I need to experience that state of being. It’s an internal decision, an inside job. It’s not dependent upon external acquisitions. Many centuries ago Epictetus said, “He is a wise man who does not grieve for the things which he has not, but rejoices for those which he has.” And upon further contemplation, I see beauty all around me.

What I’ve been seeking is hidden in plain sight. Possessions may add comfort, but they won’t result in an inspired state of being which is internal and achievable anywhere. Having intention, being present, and appreciating the fullness of each moment inspires a state of being that enables me to experience inspiration and creativity wherever I am.

“At one sound, The unformed universe appears. Marvelous fullness, true emptiness.”
 [Sun Yu-ch’in, professor of the philosophy of Chinese Ku-chin and its music]

Let me show you North Idaho

Carol Curtis, Associate Broker, GRI, PMN, ePro
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Continued from page 4...

a potential biologic basis for using mindfulness to nurture empathy. Perhaps we can learn how to be kinder to others. Sometimes it’s more challenging to be kind to ourselves!

In addition to compassion, an attitude of determination, rather than desperation, can inspire solutions for previously unsolvable problems. Throughout history we can find evidence of remarkable human capabilities. Technology is now being developed for brain-machine interfaces that can receive communications from neural circuits in the body that activate robotics to assist people with physical disabilities. Gene-editing technology is being developed to prevent diseases and extend life span.

People are beginning to ask: “How do we harness the immense power of technology and breakthrough innovation in every sector of human society, to turn the tide from a separation-machine age way of creating, to true Co-creation from the heart? How do we recognize and take responsibility for our true power as creators and join our genius in a win-win- synergy in service to life?” [<https://mysticsandscientists.org/>]

One approach to dealing with the future is to be fully present in the moment, choosing to live wisely so each decision in the moment produces positive results in the future. Seeking to maintain inner peace can provide more choice over our response to events. *Good Morning America* news network



Carol Schloss, New Addition, pastel, 16"x20"