

NORTHERN JOURNEYS

Volume No. 22.2 Fall/Winter 2019-2020

A Magazine for the Arts, Humanities & Sciences



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Dedication



This issue is dedicated to *Jan Sarchio*, a special friend and mentor to me and many others. She died only a few weeks ago, this last September. I can think of no better way to honor Jan~ writer, wife, mom, friend...

She was courageous, humorous, self-reflective, thoughtful, and a deep soul.

I asked John, Jan's husband of many years, to choose some of her work that best represents her complexity: as John says, her off-beat humor, a probing mind and consummate observer of life. Thank you, John.

Fear Itself

Come here, Fear
you silly gremlin
turning chartreuse like a lizard
whenever change looks your way.
Sit, drink this cup of courage
smooth your jacket
empty your pockets
put up your feet
have a listen to Mozart
while I slice the apple pie.
Talk to me,
tell me about your childhood,
now long gone,
with no way to grab you.
Talk to me,
tell me about your bank account and
your view of the world.
Tell me where your shoulders ache
where your head hurts,
where your heart feels lonely
and I will listen awhile
before I say, "There there,
don't fret."
There is a light at the end of the tunnel.
There is light in the tunnel too.
Actually, there is no tunnel;
it's just me and you.

Ancient Song of My Youth

In the long ago I ran shoeless, through grass, over asphalt, across rock strewn dirt yards and, considering the law of probability, stubbed my big toes rarely. The memory of scuffed toes, with their flapping, ragged skin and blood rising like a slow tide, pooling, then overflowing onto a toenail the size of a navy bean, is etched into my nervous system causing me to clench my feet now in silent sympathy for this ancient past and rite of passage. Such was the pain of my kid world, a bruise here, a burn there, raw knees, growing pains that ached my legs, bloody noses brought on by the dry heat of summer, banged up shins, loose teeth, and scabs in assorted shapes and sizes. I wasn't a big crier. Then again, I never had any major childhood wounds. No broken bones, no ruptured organs, no eyes poked out, despite considerable warnings about that hazard. We lived without cell phones, seat belts, air bags, and all the lawyerly cautions that now festoon every product on the market. It's not to say that everyone from the 1950's entered adulthood unscathed, but considering the odds, we did pretty well. I think of this now as my hands fight inflamed tendons, and my organs become home for wayward wild cells. I've had my day in the sun. I was kissed with nose and cheek freckles as proof. My balance never wavered. I could hear stars come out at night in the days before my hearing became thick and cumbersome.

Youth, how quickly it is gone and yet it continues to sing through us every day of our lives thereafter. What I am today began then. What I was then giggles in my ear and I say, "Thank you, thank you dear one, show me the way."

Excerpt from *When Will I Ever Learn:*

"So, I learn that I need love, real and true, and even heartbreaking love (which all of it is, at some point or other), and I need to give it, whatever it looks like at the time."

Adios, Jan! See you later~ Denise

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SOON . . . by Kristen Lolatte

Muirin wasn't one to sit still. Her teachers in school often tried to convince her parents that she had ADD or some such popular diagnosis of the time. Her grandmother assured them that such was not the case. "Her mind just runs wild with her imagination. Don't squelch her. Let her be as she is." Her parents begrudgingly listened to the wise old woman; they knew better than to tangle with the old crone. Muirin was forever thankful that no medication was ever forced upon her; rather she was told to play outside and "get it all out of your system."

Muirin stopped her puttering long enough to drink some of her seaweed tea and let her mind linger on thoughts of her grandmother. "Thank goodness someone had sense in this family," she mused to herself. After a day of working at the farmer's market, Finn was tucked up in his nest and recuperating. Too much peopling drained him; he needed to retreat into his own world to come out whole again on the other side.

Muirin on the other hand, was oddly energized by the market. Most days she grew weary from all of the interactions and energy, but not today. She was like a whirligig, sending out sparks to everything that she touched. Letting out a string of cackles and caws, Bran watched from overhead with utter amusement. Muirin looked up at the shape shifter. "You know, if you're just going to sit up there and laugh at me, you may as well come down and act like a human and help me."

Bran flew silently down and changed mid flight. When he landed he was just as handsome as ever. Muirin could feel the color rush to her cheeks and she looked down. "I don't think I'll ever get used to you doing that, Bran," she said ever so quietly.

"Your shyness is touching and oh so revealing," he said in his sultry voice and looking directly at her as he spoke. He reached out to lift up her chin with his one index finger. "You really must learn to be patient and relax..."

Muirin allowed her chin to be guided upwards and let her eyes lock with his. "That, my dear, is the equivalent of telling someone who is in the midst of an episode to

calm down. Not a good idea," she said with quiet defiance.

Muirin stood sipping the last of her tea. House cleaned, check. Laundry done, check. Dinner started and simmering away, check. What else needed to be done. She surely could sit and relax for a spell, but something gnawed at her. The energy was palpable. No, there was still more

said, "Uh huh," and went back to his book.

Muirin picked up her scissors, sharpened them with her stone and sauntered to the bathroom. Bran followed in silence. As she started to snip at her curls she locked eyes with him in the mirror. "How are you with scissors? Can you help me do the back?"

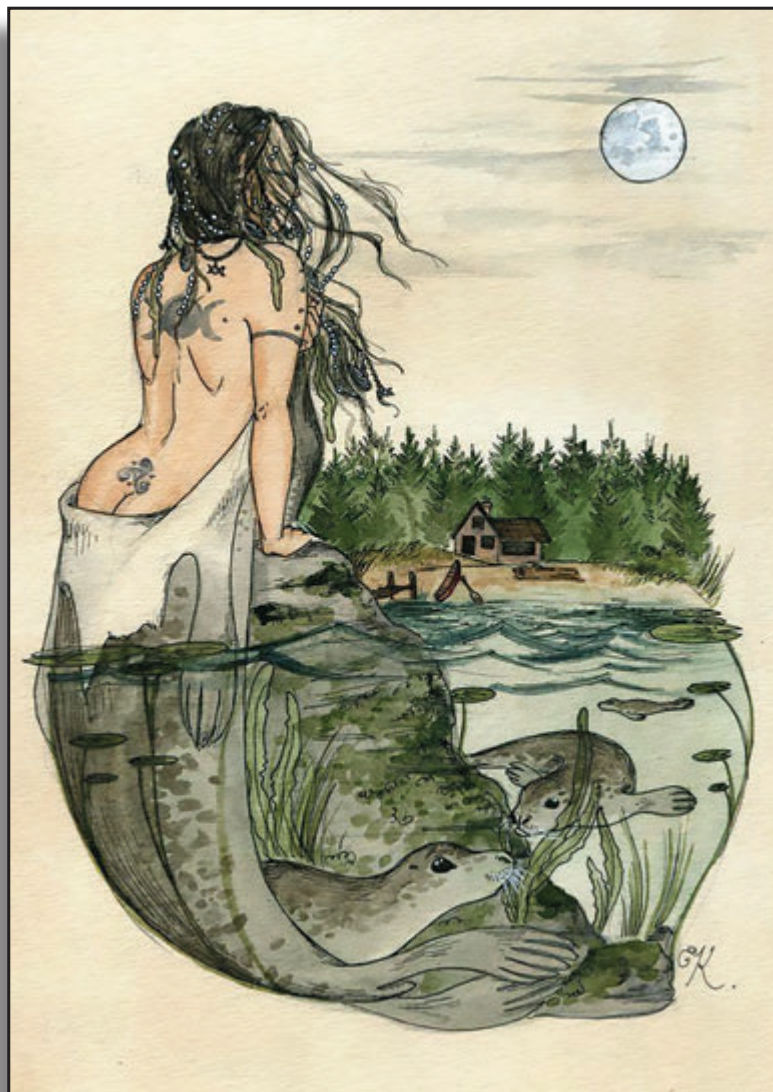
With a sigh Muirin closed her eyes. Colors flowed before her: turquoise and green and indigo. Seaweed and seals, breaking waves and the full moon. She could feel her body begin to sway with the current. From the side there came a hand with delicate fingers holding a sand dollar laced with intricate brown designs. A gift from a stranger. Not a stranger though, someone familiar. Before she could see who or what was connected to that hand, Bran whispered in her ear, "Come back. Your hair is done and looks beautiful."

Muirin blinked her eyes open. Had they been closed for minutes or hours; there was no telling. She looked in the mirror. The white streaks shown silver and her hair was now a bit above shoulder length. It felt alive and tingled with energy. She shook her head and the spirals bounced and giggled. Muirin couldn't help but smile and giggle herself. She turned to hug Bran but pulled herself back. Bran simply bowed his head and said, "I'm glad it pleases you." He put the scissors down, put his hand to her cheek, and before Muirin could even utter a simple "Thank you," he was back in his crow form.

As Muirin took one last look in the mirror, she smiled brightly and went to make herself more tea. She had not noticed that Bran was carrying a lock of her hair in his beak, storing it away in the nest he built in one of the high beams.

"Soon, Muirin, soon..." he said to himself as he settled in for a nap. "Soon..."

Other parts of Kristen's tale can be found in the Northern Journeys archive issues at: www.northernjourneysmagazine.com



The Selkie, Kate O'Keefe

to be done. Bran watched her silently, almost knowingly.

"Ah, I have it. I need to cut my hair. It's time to dispel any lingering negativity of the past few years. Time to tame some of the curls and let my feelers get a boost. Yes, that's what I need to do. It's time."

Finn looked up from his book, looked Bran up and down to make sure there was no ill intent, looked back to his mother and rolled his eyes. "You and your hair," he said. "Don't you know by now that there's no taming it, Mom?"

Muirin sighed and smiled, "Well, a girl can try now and again, can't she?" Finn smirked and simply

Bran nodded with a smirk and twinkle in his eyes. "Just like old times," he said quietly, and proceeded to cut away.

"Like old times?? What do you mean by that?? You can't just make a statement like that and not expect me to question."

"Shush now or else I'll mess up. Relax. Close your eyes and see what filters in," he softly spoke. "Just relax..."

"If you cut all my hair off I swear I'll smite you!"

"Close. Your. Eyes."



When Kristen Lolatte isn't writing, you'll find her in the classroom working with autistic children. She also loves walking barefoot, paddle boarding, sword-fighting,

and cooking up wonderful foods in the kitchen. She lives with her son, three cats, Luna, Althea, and Willow, and Soren, their new sweet dog (who wanted a mention) in a 200-year old farm house in a small Maine town.

Language: Observations from a Crotchety, Grumpety, Old Physics Prof.

by Philip A. Deutchman

Would you think that language has anything at all to do with sound, rhythm or even musicality? Take English for example. It has been my empirical observation, over the years, that the English language has been regressing, either by a deadening repetitiveness, misuse, or battering of words, and a falling into vagueness, as well as aural dissonance.

It started for me a while ago when I first heard some administrators, corporate leaders and CEOs say: “We are excited to ‘grow’ our business.” Excuse me! This is a misuse of word “grow,” and is rather vague. Having lived in an agricultural state for some time, what I do know is that we grow hay, wheat, corn, lentils, soybeans, potatoes and trees. What does “grow our business” mean? What kind of fertilizer would you use? Do you mean to expand or improve your business or both? Please be more specific. This word seems to be part of a linguistic takeover of the family farm by large, corporate interests.

Next come the following demeaning, journalistic, abomination-sounding acronyms: POTUS (President of The United States) and worse, SCOTUS (Supreme Court of The United States). The first acronym sounds and reads like a hand-cut sign hanging on an outdoor privy in the country side. The second one has the same function, except it would be found in Scotland. What could possibly be next...?

Oh! Let’s not forget the political strategists who try to make what they do sound sophisticated and complicated — a choreography of nuance. They like to say: “When we do the political *calculus* for” Calculus? It’s not calculus! It’s neither differentiation nor integration. It’s not even algebra. It’s just *arithmetic*. The polls go up or go down and you simply add or subtract. At a stretch, one might refer to the process as a political “calculation.” Incidentally, the Latin root for calculation is *calx* or limestone. So, these strategists are simply moving little calcium carbonate pebbles around, piling them up in little heaps on the ground, making some heaps bigger and some heaps smaller.

We proceed now towards greater violations of language musicality via the process of taking a noun, such as “task,” and twisting it into the tortured verb, “tasked.” For example: “He was tasked to clean up behind the parade of circus elephants.” Isn’t it bad enough that we already have the clattering words: asked, masked and basked? With “tasked,” not only are you beginning to choke, but your teeth clamp together preventing the blockage from coming out. My suggestion is that instead of the word “tasked,” (Yuk!), how about the already existing and pleasantly, sounding word, “assigned.” For example: “She was assigned to lead the parade of circus elephants.” — OK, OK, I know it sounds French, but perhaps one of the silver linings that might be found in the Norman Conquest (1066) was the infusion into English of softer, French sounds. If we must regress, could we at least return to Chaucerian English which is most decidedly poetic and musical?

Continuing on, in the reverse direction, pundits will take the adjective, “demographic” and blatantly convert it into a noun, with *not even a change in its spelling*, as in: “I don’t understand this demographic.”— Help! — I’m left hanging in space. It needs a noun. Does it mean demographic sector or demographic change? I get this same feeling when watching Wile E. Coyote race out beyond a vertical cliff as he pursues the Road Runner who then simply sidesteps his pursuer. We all know that it will all go down from here on. Also, I include for derision the pluralized adjective, “hypotheticals.” Because of its plural nature, one gets the feeling of falling over a series of vertical cliffs.

Almost lastly, there is the repetitive — did I say repetitive? —use of the word, “like.” Like, he was like, she was like, and I was like. Consider: “Like I don’t, like, know, like, what they were, like, saying.” I know this is supposed to be a “hip-valley-talk-filler,” with no content, but, like, really? As a theoretical physicist, I’d also gently caution that if the number density of the like-words gets high enough and reaches criticality, the sentence itself could suddenly and implausibly collapse into a grammatical black hole!

If I may then, I wish to paraphrase freely from the classic, cult-movie *Repo Man*. While burning material in an old, rusty 55-gallon oil drum for warmth, the transcendental mechanic Miller (Tracey Walter) explains to Otto (Emilio Esteves) why he doesn’t want to learn how to drive: “The more you drive, the less intelligent you are.” So, paraphrasing, I would say: “It seems like the more we speak, the less melodious we become.”

In summary, patient reader, I will end this treatise on an up-note. Be glad it wasn’t written by a crotchety, grumpety, old **English** prof.

Philip A. Deutchman is a retired Professor of Physics.

THE GOOD AND THE BAD

by Jim Elliott

You may have heard about it. A year ago two black men in hoodies drove up to the Boston Library at one o’ clock in the morning. The Boston Library is a place where many of Boston’s homeless people “live”—for lack of a better word. As the two men got out of their vehicle they began placing trays of cooked food on the pavement in front of the Library. Then they walked around to the sides and back of the library to let the homeless, who were sleeping on cardboard mattresses, know that there was hot food—beef tips and chicken—in front of the Library. Then they left.

One of the men had earlier that day helped lead the Boston Red Sox to victory in game two of the 2018 World Series. His name is Mookie Betts. He plays the Outfield and that year he had a .303 batting average. Betts and his family had ordered catered meals for after the game, as they often do, but there was way more than they could eat. So Mookie’s dad suggested they take it over to the Library and give it to the homeless, which is what Mookie and his cousin did.

Boston sports personality Mike Winter was just leaving a nearby night club when he saw the two men in hoodies pushing a shopping cart full of trays of food. He soon recognized Betts. When others at the night club came out and began to take notice, Betts and his cousin left the area. They were not seeking recognition for their kindness. Elsewhere in the world, life continued its normal pattern: pipe bombs sent to political opponents, assassination of a prominent newsman, a President praising a member of Congress for his thuggish behavior of punching out a reporter who was doing his job.

I am sick of it. I want it to stop, but the odds of that seem slim to none. Why? Because not only do we now have politicians who encourage violence against those who differ with them, we have a public that eats it up, and we have Congressional leaders who have abandoned all pretensions of civil behavior. In that process these leaders have allowed their ethical beliefs to devolve to the lowest level in American history and replaced the words of Jesus’ disciples Paul and Timothy, “Whatsoever things are true” with “whatever works.” America is being led by people who neither take responsibility for the actions their words encourage and legitimize nor face criticism from the public for making them.

I feel as if I were witnessing a second graders’ playground free-for-all after the adult supervision has given up and headed for the bar. This is complete with the “he started it” and “did too, did not” of second graders. I am past caring who started it and who did what. I just want someone to stop it.

But first, someone has to take responsibility for fostering the anger. I volunteer the American public for that task. Whether they deserve it or not they need to take the role of responsible adult in this game of mayhem.

Jim Elliott served sixteen years in the Montana Legislature as a state representative and state senator and four years as chairman of the Montana Democratic Party. He lives on his ranch in Trout Creek.

The Gift

by Autumn Murphy

"I quit. I just quit and walked out," the woman said to her husband, tears starting anew.

"It will..." he started, but she held up a hand.

"Please don't say it will be okay. I've never done anything like this. Ever. If you say anything, I'm scared I'll lose my nerve and run back. I just snapped and couldn't stay a moment longer. Please don't be mad for long."

He ran his hand down her cheek and brushed away tears with his thumb. His eyes held only understanding.

"I need some air and to be alone for a while." She pleaded with her eyes that he would accept it. He nodded and reached out to squeeze her hand.

She pulled her boots on, barely able to see the laces through her tears. She felt something envelop her shoulders and realized her husband had draped a hooded cloak over her, the cloak she had loved when they went to the Renaissance festival many years back. She had many jackets she could have worn instead, but the cloak felt right-- its weight reassuring when her feelings and thoughts ran chaotic.

She let her husband fasten the clasp and wipe away tears and leaned her cheek briefly in his large hand. Then she ran out the back door, over the little bridge that spanned a stream, and into the nature preserve behind the house they had lived in for ten years.

The woman regretted her reckless dash when she started feeling thirsty. She was hot and sweaty and with no idea how long she had run in the woods, or even where she was. All the trees looked the same. She braided her hair and tied it off with a couple blades of grass. "I need water," she muttered aloud.

"If that's what you seek, it's what you will find."

She whipped around, startled, but saw no one. "Who's there?"

"Just me."

She still didn't see anyone, then saw movement not far from where she stood. It was a small otter, sitting upright on its haunches and staring at her with a look that she would swear was curiosity.

"Little otter, did you just speak?"

The otter scampered to her in a bouncy run. "Why yes, of course I did. You asked for water and I will lead you to it. Follow me." And he bounded away, stopping to look back and ensure she indeed followed.

"I must really need water if I'm hallucinating a talking otter," she muttered.

A short walk later she found that the creature had led her true as they reached the edge of a stream. She splashed water on her face and took a long drink, then turned to thank the otter. He was nowhere to be found.

"Thank you," she called out to the woods anyway. She felt deep within her the need to leave an offering, a thank you. She had nothing with her, but patted down the cloak she wore. In a pocket was a piece of quartz she got the same day as the cloak. She left it on a flat rock despite feeling foolish, but it felt like the right thing to do.

The stream had to lead somewhere, so she followed its clear water. She wandered for a time along the bank, the shore revealing nothing except for more forest.

"I need food," she said, leaning against a tree.

"Oh, I know where all the best berries and flowers are. Follow me!"

The woman looked around and, like before, saw no one except a little brown rabbit.

"Little rabbit, is it you that spoke?"

"Why yes," the youthful and feminine voice replied. "My mama says not to trust strangers in the woods, but you are hungry and I do not wish anyone hunger."

The woman thought there was definitely something wrong with having multiple conversations with talking animals, but she followed the little bunny through the woods to a clearing. Once there blueberries and raspberries were plenty, and the little bunny told her what plants were edible for people. Never having tasted such sweet berries or flowers melting on her tongue like honey, the woman ate her fill as she gathered handfuls of the fruit and flowers.

"Thank you, little rabbit," she exclaimed, but the bunny was nowhere to be found. She once again reached into her cloak, this time finding a necklace with a piece of hematite in the shape of a rabbit. How serendipitous that she had picked that particular necklace at the Renaissance festival and then forgotten it in the cloak. She left the necklace amongst some tree roots and hoped the bunny would return and find it.

She found her way back to the stream and continued on for a time in what she hoped was the right direction. The afternoon shadows lengthened and the chill in the air was more pronounced.

"I need rest," she murmured, pulling her cloak tighter around her shoulders.

"Is that what you truly seek?" The old woman voice surprised her, but it did not take her long to spot the owl on a nearby branch.

"Yes, that is what I seek. Will you help me, owl?"

On silent wings the owl led her to a huge hollowed out tree.

"Rest. I will watch over you this night. There is nothing to fear."

The owl flew to a branch overlooking the opening in the tree, and the woman crawled in. It was a huge tree and she curled up comfortably on her side, falling asleep instantly.

She woke to birdsong and rays of light softly glowing at the tree's entrance. She stepped out of the tree and stretched, feeling better and more rested than she had in some time. "Thank you, owl," she said as she turned to the branch where the owl kept its watch. But the owl was not there.

The woman had nothing left to leave for the owl. The pockets of the cloak were empty. Then her hands went to the clasp, and with a pang of sorrow remembering how her husband had bought the cloak simply because she loved it, she draped the cloth over the branch where the owl had been.

Back to the stream she went, rested and full yet empty inside. The tears came in earnest then. She missed her life and realized all the small annoyances that had piled up over time were minuscule. They would cease to be so if she took the time to nourish and rest. She wanted to help others, but most of all, she had to help herself. That was what she would do, but she needed her heart center to fulfill meaningful work.

"I seek my home, and my husband," she said aloud, voice still shaking but no longer quiet from feeling foolish to speak her needs.

But the forest was quiet. No talking creatures appeared to guide her. Perhaps she needed to finish this journey on her own. She followed the stream and spoke to the trees, telling them about the life she missed and the husband she loved. She walked and spoke until her feet were sore and throat hoarse.

The oddest thing happened when the sun bore down. Instead of being warm, the sun's rays brought a chill. Wistfully thinking of the cloak she left behind, the woman hugged her arms across her body. Fog rolled up from the stream and over its banks, furrowing out between the ferns and tree bases.

"What do you seek?" A booming voice resounded everywhere around her. In the distant fog she saw the outline of an antlered stag.

"I seek my home, and my husband," she spoke clear and strong.

The fog dissipated slowly as the stag walked toward her with deliberate steps. Just as she saw the velvet on his brown antlers and breath from his nostrils a beam of light shone in the distance beyond the stream.

The stag was gone when she looked again. She focused on the light, picking up her speed when she recognized the silhouette outlined in the light as her husband's.

Continued on page 11 . . .



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.

Sandy Wulf



Huckle-Beary, acrylic on canvas, 24 x 24

Sandy Wulf is an artist living in Sagle, Idaho on the Pend Oreille River. She was born and raised in Montana among some of the prettiest scenery in the country. Sandy has loved art from the time she could pick up a pencil. In the ensuing years she studied under several well known Montana artists.

After retiring several years ago, Sandy moved to the beautiful Sandpoint area. When painting from her studio overlooking the beautiful northern Idaho landscape, she enjoys capturing a wide variety of subjects but is drawn to animals and landscapes. She finds humor in her subject matter at times and shares that with viewers. Acrylic is her favorite medium but she also enjoys watercolor. Sandy is proud to be able to take three items- a canvas, a brush and paint- and use them to create art that evokes feelings in others. She is extremely thankful for this gift and works hard at perfecting it daily. Her original artwork is available by contacting her at sandywulf@hotmail.com or calling 406 223-3927.



Forgotten For-D-Nine, acrylic on canvas, 14 x 11



Majestic Mountain Memories, acrylic on canvas, 36 x 24



Chin Hair Don't Care, acrylic on canvas, 11 x 14



Quiet Waters, acrylic on canvas, 18 x 14

Copper Creations ~ Denys Knight

I credit my father for the opportunities I grasped during my life. As a precocious, and probably hyperactive and obnoxious kid, I was constantly asking him, “What would happen if I...” and he would reply, “Try it kid.” So, I did, and that opened lots of doors and opportunities. My attitude has always been “Why Not?”

Consequently, my life has been one of trying and enjoying many adventures: some quite risk taking, some turning into careers. Having skied since I was four years old, I started with ski patrol during my high school years. This was followed by pilot training in Hawaii, then SCUBA and ocean safety instructor for the Navy and Marines in Okinawa during the Vietnam War. After this I began 35 years of internationally lecturing and teaching calligraphic lettering, color and design, illumination, and watercolor (under the name of Denys Taipale). Also sandwiched in between all this I was able to obtain a Master’s degree in Psychology and Counseling and focused on trauma and disaster and worked with the police, fire, Red Cross, and the military.

How did I end up with copper? By accident, really. My husband, Stan Knight, an internationally recognized calligraphic instructor, professor, fine artist, and author (*Historical Scripts*), and type designer (*Knightsbridge*), was about to write another book (*Historical Types*). When writing books, he “disappears” for a year or two into one of our studios. We had met at an international calligraphic conference in 1986 in New York where we both were teaching. Aside: He was the intellectual, mild-mannered, proper British gentleman. I was the outspoken western woman living in Montana. We did not really appreciate each other initially. In fact, we thought the other quite weird. However, he did teach me to sit still and think, and I taught him how to go outside and take a few risks. The biggest of which: we got married three years later!

Anyway, back to his book, I needed something new and exciting to do during this time of being “ignored,” and I discovered “foldforming” with copper. An entirely new and exciting world opened. It began with a couple of classes in Calgary, BC with renowned instructor and artist Charles Lewton-Brain. Later I progressed from free standing sculptures to wall art and then to flame painting.

Foldforming is the technique of manipulating metal, in my case copper, into new forms and designs using tools such as hammers, vises, anvils, Dremels, jewelry-making tools, chemicals, fire, and heat. No two results are ever the same. Flame painting is the use of a torch (rather than a paint brush) on metal to achieve various color combinations and representations. This technique can be combined with chemicals or used on its own.

Working with copper is so refreshing. As a lettering artist, I find it is necessary for a tremendous attention to detail, history, and getting it right based upon historical precedents. Studying with my husband before our marriage and his attention to historical details made me appreciate the art form more and more. Hours and years of study and practice go into it. When one messes up, well, you crumple the paper, toss it out, or cut it up for a collage, and begin again. (We always say, “Don’t throw anything away at midnight. Many times it looks much better in the morning.”) The nice thing about my type of work with copper is that you can pound the devil out of it, ruin it, save it, and start over.



ANGRY SKY

Copper foldforming and flame painting, 10 x 12, framed. The sea part of the picture is 26 ga copper which has been foldformed and then suspended in ammonia fumes. Final highlights on edges are done with a Flexshaft and then Renaissance Wax is applied and polished.

The sky part of the picture is clean 26 ga copper which has been torched. The progression to final design is totally up to the whim of the copper influenced by heat, distance, time, quenching or not, and movement. Patterns “just appear” and it is important to know when to stop for the patterns will “disappear.” No two pieces are ever the same.



LONE TREE NO. 2

Copper foldforming and flame painting, 11x14, framed. The variety of background which can be created and used to support the trees is endless. This background was left in ammonia fumes until a thick patina had been achieved. Then it was torched lightly with some of the patina turning dark and achieving depth. The limbs were also left in ammonia fumes to achieve the blue color and some were lightly torched.

Copper Creations ~ Denys Knight

As I began working with copper and developing my own style, I found that the hammers or mallets I used dented and marred the copper. Asking Charles about this issue, he told me years ago a couple of individuals had devised a “paper hammer” made of craft paper rolled tightly into a hammer head. But they have not been made since the 1950’s. I immediately told Stan I wanted him to make me a machine which would hold a three inch wide roll of craft paper, which would be unraveled over tension bars, through a tray of water, and up over a lollipop stick to make a hammer head which would not dent copper. It needed to be tight, smooth and able to withstand pounding. The machine needed to be motorized.

Three days later he called me into one of the studios and showed me the sweetest little machine he had made out of Meccano parts. (In the United States, we have something similar called Erector Sets.) Stan has worked with Meccano since a teenager and now makes large and complicated motorized Meccano models. We made our first hammer head after refining and tuning the machine for hours, it seems, to get the proper balance and put a handle on it. I am still using that first hammer today. There are about 40 detailed steps involved from rolling to packaging. And now, we have an international business making and selling these beautiful and finely crafted hammers. One can be seen at Art Works in Sandpoint. I also have a website: www.accidentalhammer.com. So much for Stan not spending his retirement making paper hammers.



“I am not spending my retirement making paper hammers.”
Quote: Stan Knight



MORNING SURF

Copper foldforming and flame painting. 12 x 14, framed. I entered this piece in the 2016 Charles Lewton-Brain International Foldforming Competition and won third place. It was created using the same technique as for Angry Sky.

My work focuses on nature and abstract creations. Part of my “why not” attitude was to enter the Charles Lewton-Brain International Foldforming Competition early on. For three years I won Jurors’ Award. Then in 2016 I won third place with “Morning Surf.” First place was in Wales, second place in London, third place in Bonners Ferry, Idaho. Good company. Stories behind some of my pieces are fueled by having grown up on the water sailing and skiing and spending time in the mountains in the Pacific Northwest.

Creating with copper is like capturing light and movement. Proper hanging of the pieces with access to natural light enhances how the colors change throughout the day and how the light follows the viewer. At different times of day, one has an entirely new picture. I can only describe it as magical and exciting, for nothing is ever the same. And it fits my personality as a child when I continued to ask, “What if ...” My dad, who loved working with tools, metal and his hands died in 1986 prior to my working with copper and tools. He would have been so pleased to see me enter this field.

Where to next? Well, I probably will stick with this creative field for a while. Though it is a smelly and noisy activity, and the cut material is hard and sharp and painful when stepped on barefoot, the results are peaceful and soft or dynamic and unexpected. And pounding something viciously with a paper hammer relieves daily frustrations!

My work is in collections throughout the United States, Canada, Europe, and South Africa and can be seen and purchased at the ArtWorks Gallery at 214 First Avenue, Sandpoint, Idaho.

ArtWorks is a co-op gallery with approximately 30 dedicated and talented local artists who display and sell their work. Saturday, December 7th is our Holiday Reception with very fine food and amazing artists!

You may contact Denys Knight at
P.O. Box 3142, Bonners Ferry, Idaho 83805.
bfnorthidaho@gmail.com
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The Gift Continued from page 6 . . .

With a glad cry, she ran to him. He opened his arms, enfolding her with love and safety, and hand in hand they walked to the edge of the woods. Once there, she could see the outline of her house in the distance. She grabbed her husband’s arm and looked back to the woods. “I have nothing to offer him in thanks.”

Her husband pulled an apple out of his jacket and then a piece of tiger’s eye. “Then let me thank him for us both.” He left the items on the path at the edge of the woods. They kissed and walked to their house, which for the first time truly felt like home to her.

Over nourishing soup and bread, they spoke at length of the future. Together they formulated a plan for managing their finances and resources and how to find her a job that wouldn’t damage her psyche anymore. And her husband shared that the stag visited him when he was out looking in the woods for her.

The woman was filled with awe as her husband relayed his tale. The stag charged him each time he attempted to go into the woods to search for her. He knew the creature was not suffering from disease; the stag’s eyes were clear and the animal herded him intelligently. Finally he simply asked the stag if his wife was safe, and when the stag bowed his head, the man went back into the house and stayed there for the night. In the morning, he awoke to the stag tapping on the window with his antlers. He left the house and the stag led him into the forest.

“He led you to me, and me to you,” the man said. ”I never want to lose you again.”

“I found more than myself from a night in the woods,” she replied. “I found my purpose of letting go and giving freely to others. I won’t lose my way again now that I know what I truly seek.”

Later that evening, the husband and wife stood on their back porch with moonlight illuminating the path to the woods. The stag stepped out onto the path, his regal and otherworldly presence clear and strong. The woman and her husband bowed to the stag with respect. The stag dipped his head, turned, and was gone.

From every night henceforth, the couple left offerings for the creatures of the forest. They had learned that guidance and purpose often came from the most unlikely sources.

NORTHERN JOURNEYS

A Magazine for the Arts, Humanities, and Sciences

We are issuing a call to all authors of prose and poetry and visual artists to send their writing and/or art any time of the year for consideration.

Northern Journeys celebrates 22 years of providing beginning, maturing and established writers and artists a venue to share their work with the region’s readers. The magazine is made available primarily to communities throughout northern Idaho, into western Montana, and southern British Columbia. However, when the editor or publisher is traveling, the magazine makes appearances in Washington, California, and Nevada.

Prose, poetry and art may be submitted to:
northernjourneys@yahoo.com as an attachment. Art should be sent in jpeg format with a minimum of 300 dpi. Please contact Denise Thompson, Editor, at 208-304-6337 with questions.

Those interested in **advertising** may contact Jason Thomas, Publisher, at 208-597-3963.
We hope to hear from you!

Babs'

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CORNER OF 2ND & LAKE ST.

Arlo’s is a family owned restaurant which has been a mainstay in Sandpoint going on nineteen years, serving up New York Italian-Style Food in a cozy atmosphere at a great price. Menu items, such as our Steamer Clams, Cioppino, Meatballs, Marinara, and many more are all original family recipes. Open seven days a week for lunch and dinner, with live music on Friday and Saturday evenings. Come check us out in our new location. We look forward to seeing you!

Mi Pueblo - Authentic Mexican Food. When you have a craving for truly authentic Mexican food, your choice is Mi Pueblo in Priest River, 5436 Hwy 2, and 7168 Main St. downtown Bonners Ferry, Idaho, 6249 W. Maine, Spirit Lake, Idaho, and 311 North Washington, Newport, Washington. You'll find friendly service, fresh ingredients, great menu choices, many vegetarian and gluten free selections available and a surprise after every meal! Fast lunch service! To go orders, too!

A local favorite, **The Badger Den**, has served hungry diners for decades at 6551 Main Street in Bonners Ferry. Famous for their hearty breakfasts, homemade soup, sandwiches and salad, espresso as well as a large menu of tasty entrees, The Badger Den can please every taste. An added bonus, after you have enjoyed your meal, you can even stop in at the tanning area for a quick tan.

Kootenai River Brewing Company. Located on the beautiful Kootenai River in downtown Bonners Ferry. Enjoy one of 11 handcrafted beers ranging in style from pilsner to stout. Sit at our log bar and watch eagles and ospreys. A family restaurant where all recipes are handmade. Dogs are allowed on the outside deck. We are featuring wild caught Bristol Bay, Alaska salmon and BBQ smoked pork. Enjoy our famous beer cheese soup, Idaho nachos and hand-made burgers. Open 11 am. daily at the corner of Riverside and First St., Bonners Ferry, Idaho. Kootbrew. com



Kootenai River Brewing Company

Fresh Beer and Family Dining

Corner of First and Riverside Streets

208-267-HOPS

Fiesta Bonita! A family owned and run business. Our two easy to find locations, one in Ponderay and one in Sandpoint, feature great authentic Mexican food from an expansive menu. Delivered by fast and friendly servers, the food portions are generous and always delicious! Popular items include tacos, chile verde, carne asada, chile rellenos, burritos, quesadillas, and our complimentary chips served with bean dip and spicy salsa. Check out our reviews on Yelp!

Eichardt’s is more than a Public House, a restaurant, and a music venue, it’s a hub where community connects, and ideas are shared. An outstanding selection of micro brewed and imported beers, regional draft ciders, and an extensive wine by-the-glass list. The menu is vast, the ingredients are high quality and locally sourced. The servers are mature, authentic and sometimes surly. Offering a variety of excellent and diverse live music weekly featuring the Monday Night Blues Jam with Truck Mills.

Jalapeños Mexican Restaurant. A Sandpoint favorite for over 20 years located in the heart of downtown Sandpoint, offering both traditional and Americanized Mexican dishes in a fun family friendly atmosphere. Full bar, patio seating, banquet facilities, gluten free menu, and indoor waterfall and fish tank offer something for everyone. Can’t dine in? Call ahead and order something from our quick-to-go menu.

FRESH FOOD • LIVE MUSIC
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Priest River, ID 83856

208 267-4735
Bonners Ferry, Idaho

208 623-2532
Spirit Lake, Idaho

509 447-3622
Newport, WA

Like us on Facebook  Mi Pueblo Authentic Mexican Food

Some menu items have peanut products in them. Please let your server know if you have an allergy.



Burrito Ranchero



Mi Pueblo Nachos



Camarones ala Mexicana

THE BADGER DEN

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Real Ice Cream

6551 Main
Bonners Ferry

(208) 267-1486



Fiesta Bonita

202 N. 2nd Avenue
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(208) 265-4149

700 Kootenai
Cutoff Rd
Ponderay, ID 83852
(208) 263-6174





314 N. SECOND AVE.
263-2995
WWW.SANDPOINTJALAPENOS.COM

Copper Creations ~ Denys Knight



FREE SOLO

Copper foldforming and flame painting with sterling rock climber, 6 x 15, framed. This piece was inspired by my friend Sarah Klintworth, an accomplished rock climber and instructor from Sandpoint. The narrow size of the piece emphasizes height. The detail of the rocks captures the feeling of the forms, whereas, the detailed sterling climber shows the positioning and movement of the climber.



ICE MOON

Copper foldforming and flame painting with sterling moon, 22 x 15. This was a commissioned piece top mounted on a Thai silk background. Each tree limb is hand drawn, hand cut, annealed with a torch, refined cut, Dremeled, polished, riveted to another limb, and applied to the tree trunk. At the base of the trees are pounded rock shapes. The background consists of five pieces of copper flame painted or exposed to ammonia.



PEBBLED WALK

Foldforming and flame painting, 21 x 13. This was another commissioned piece top mounted on a Thai silk background. There are seven background support pieces. Working with separate pieces of copper to form the background allows separate treatments of the pieces in order that they look very different. The dark rock shape is achieved by flame painting longer so that the copper turns dark brown. There is a subtle rock path in the forefront of the picture.



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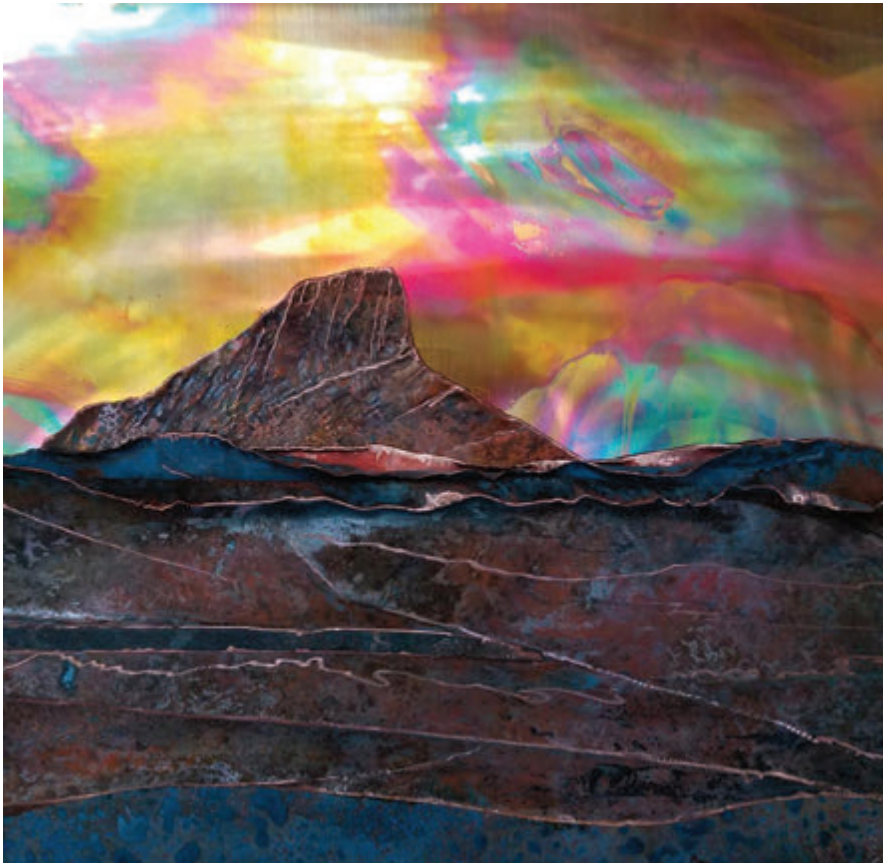
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Copper Creations ~ Denys Knight

INTO THE WOODS

Copper foldforming and flame painting, 19 x 15, framed. This consists of three pieces of copper which were exposed to ammonia fumes to form the background. The colorful space is the result of flame painting. Again, a quick pattern which appeared bright and perfect for the spot.



ISLE OF EIGG, SCOTLAND

Foldforming and flame painting, 14 x 14, unframed. This piece is of a remote and sparsely populated island off the coast of Scotland. The foldformed lower section of the piece reveals a rough and dark sea while the flame painted sky explodes with color, all the result of the torch.



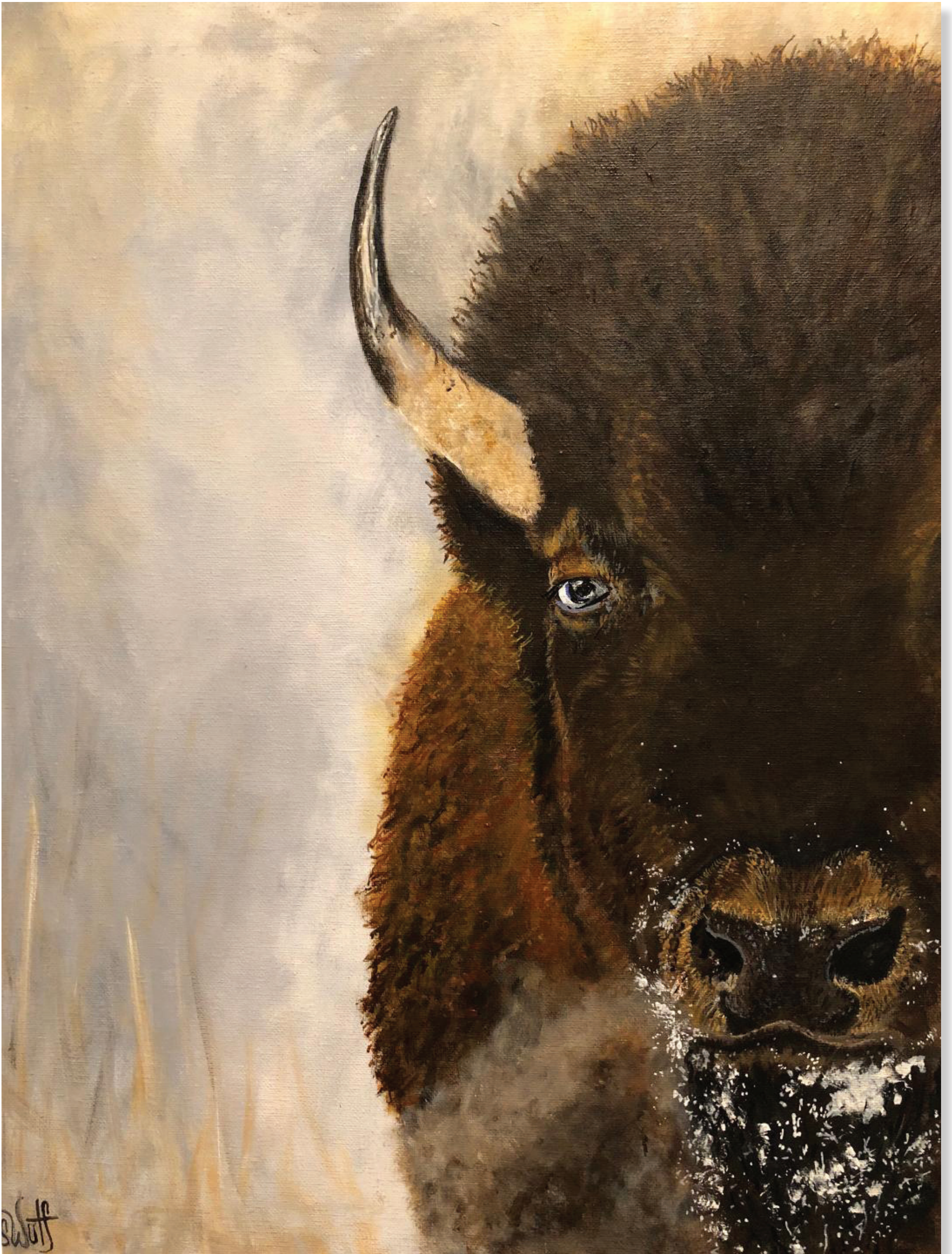
LIKE A BOX OF CHOCOLATES

Copper foldforming and flame painting, 22 x 10, framed. This piece is a part of my whimsy series. A man with purple hair from Coeur d'Alene was looking at one of my pieces labeled "Sampler No. 25," and said "Well, it looks like a box of chocolates." And if you look closely at this piece which I did after he left, you will see the empty candy wrapper. The same process for all my sampler pieces was employed with this piece.



SUMMER 2018

Copper foldforming and flame painting, 14 x 11, framed. Reflecting upon the fire season around north Idaho in the summer of 2018, I created the background with both flame painting and ammonia fumes.



Sandy Wulf
I'll Roam Where I Want To
acrylic on canvas
16 x 20