

Northern Journeys

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A Magazine for the Arts, Humanities & Sciences

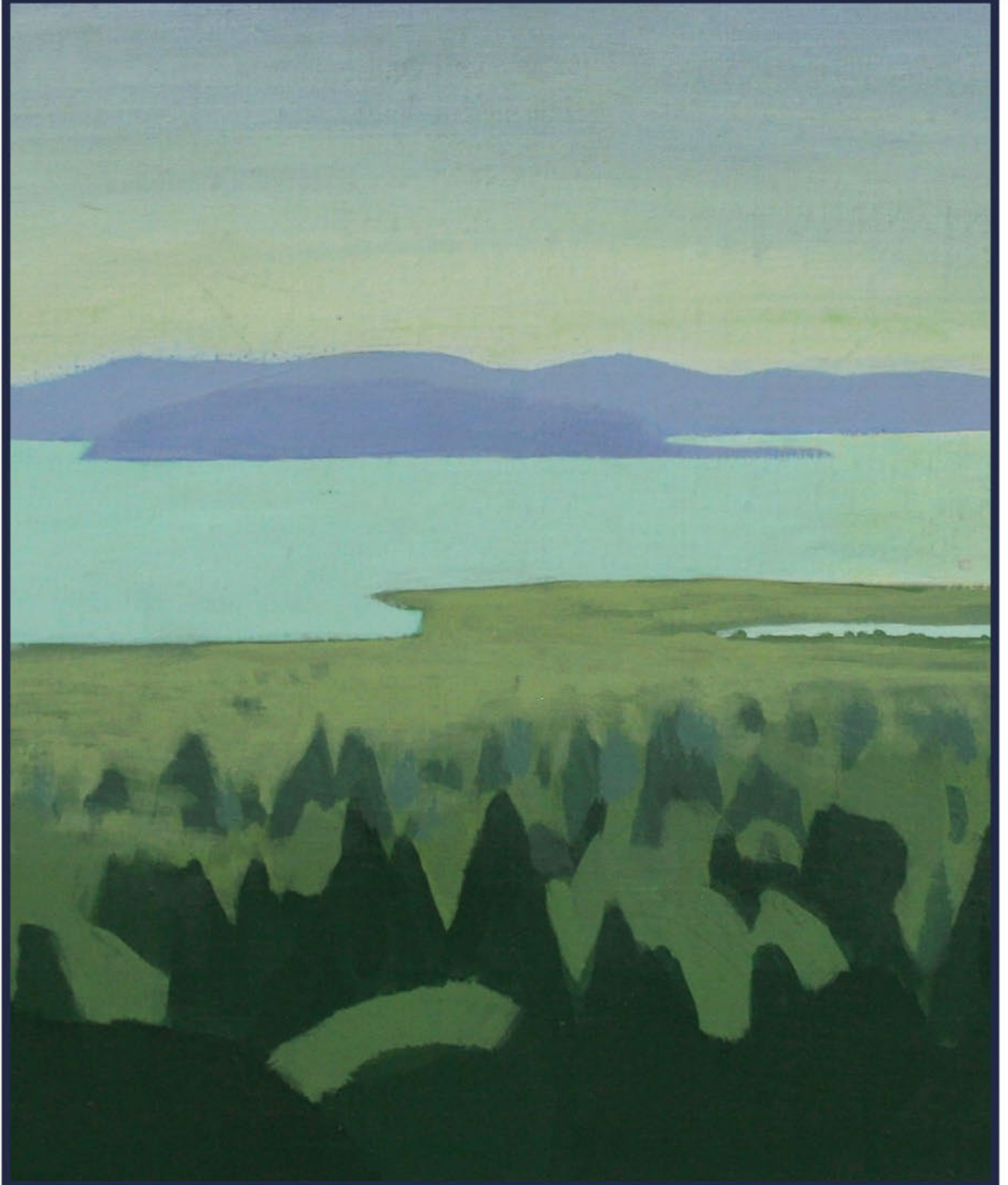


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DRAWN TOGETHER ARTS & THE ART SPIRIT GALLERY PRESENT

STEEL MAGNOLIAS

BY ROBERT HARLING

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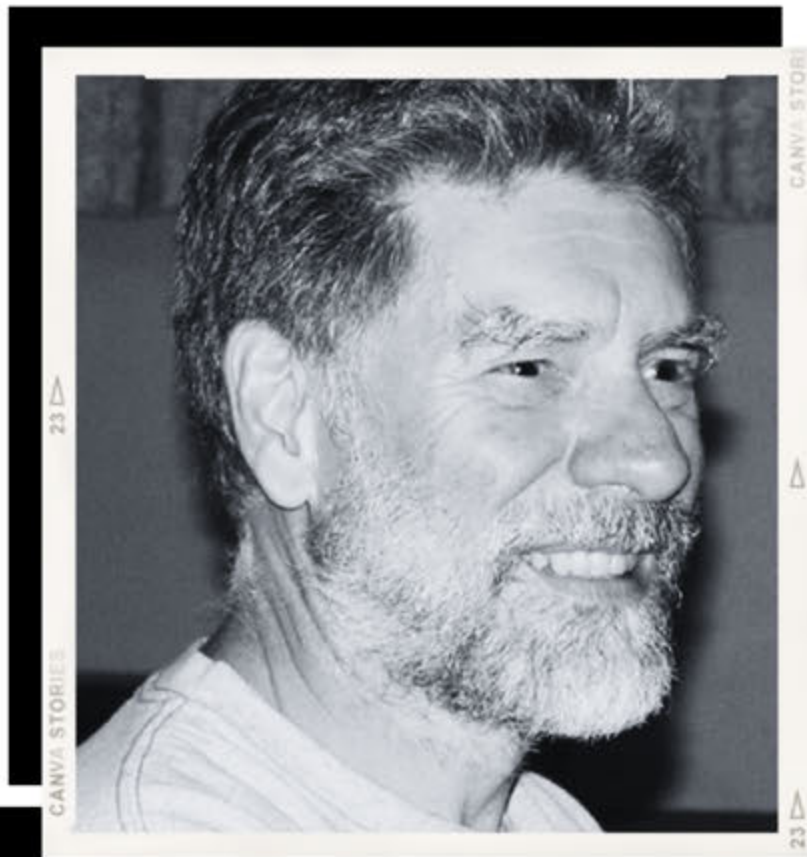
Be swept away by this staged reading of Herbert Ross' classic comedy-drama set in a southern small town beauty parlor as a group of women work through the trials of life together with humor at every turn, with the arching theme that these women are delicate as magnolias, and hard as steel. Renei Yarrow, Jen Kleinkauf, Cameron Kleinkauf, Trigger Weddle, Callie McKinney Cabe, Deborah Marlowe, all professional regional actresses bring so much dynamism and energy to the heart wrenching and humorous moments that make this story iconic. All directed by longtime regional director Tracey Benson. From all the creatives involved in this project we invite you to experience this memorable rendition of "Steel Magnolias."

This event will be held in the beautiful and historic Art Spirit Gallery surrounded by their current show and immersed into this classic story by six local professional actors. Doors will open at 6:50, with performance starting at 7:30. Come early to "draw together" and mingle or explore the gallery's 3 floor offerings. There will also be wine and concessions available for purchase.

www.drawntogetherarts.com

Celebrating the life of PAUL HARRIS RAWLINGS

03.01.1946 – 04.06.2023



SCATTER ME LIKE THESE

By Paul Rawlings

Sheets of yellow storm-light dropped like bolts of cloth
Through open clouds across the valley,
Gathered on the glistening shoulders
First of Myrtle, then of Burton, then old Roman Nose.
Will you, like that sunlight, Lord, aim me?

Along the river random shadows plaited cropland;
Row laid into harrowed row.
Fold me so simply, Sir.

And when quick-witted sparrows
Congregated on the limbs of leafless birches near my
cabin porch,
Their muted voices ululating,
Wing beats loosened seeds across the backlit sky.
Scatter me like these.

Paul Harris Rawlings was born March 1, 1946 and died April 6, 2023 peacefully in his cozy home in Bonners Ferry with his loving wife and family surrounding him with love. His family includes his wife of 58 years Barbara, their daughter Jill Rose, their son Christopher and his wife Treva Rawlings, Granddaughter Amber Rose, Brother Ed Rawlings and Sister Elisa Smith.

How does one put such an enormous life in to words? Paul was a life long teacher and student, always excited about what he was reading, learning, thinking, writing, watching, listening to AND he wanted to talk with YOU about it! He was an artist and creative person to his core. His dedication to art, architecture, the gathering and nurturing of beauty, books and collecting is evidenced in every project he embraced. He was a shining light for the powers of creativity, curiosity, imagination, an inspiration and mentor to many.

Paul was a master of the written word and his work with Boundary County Community Theater spanned 4 decades and over 30 plays, providing countless members of our community the opportunity to explore their creative talents on and off the stage, in addition to giving audiences an appreciation of the depth of his writing and directing abilities. He also had an amazing gift for understanding and assisting others to understand their dreams, offering the opportunity to learn, grow and create change through that understanding.

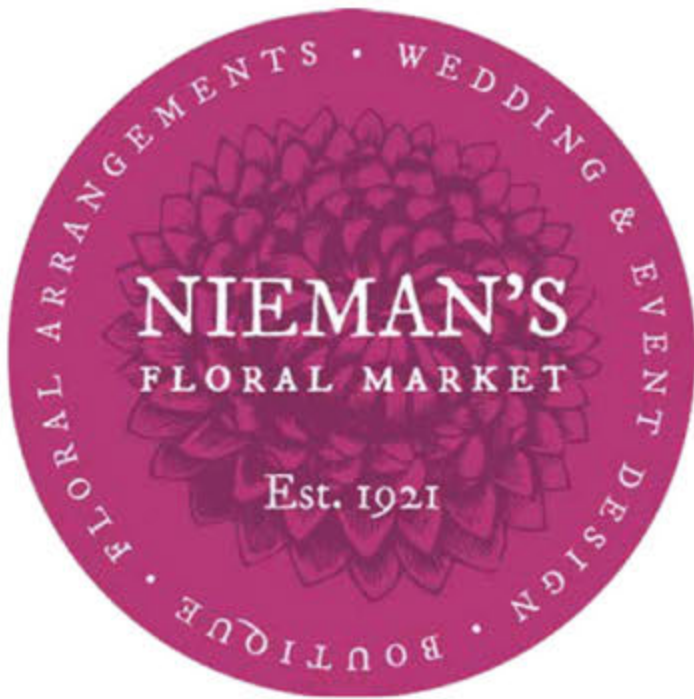
Paul approached his death with the same interest, passion and curiosity he had in his life. It was his last great adventure and he taught all those around him about courage, acceptance and grace.

Paul was devoted to the revealing of higher and deeper Truth, and above all else, a life defined by and dedicated to Love. We recognize him for the manifold expressions of this Love as a husband, a father, a grandfather, a great grandfather, a creator, a collaborator and a friend. He proudly told everyone "I really got my moneys worth. What a Life!"



A celebration of his extraordinary life is scheduled at
The Pearl Theater in Bonners Ferry
on Saturday, June 3
with a potluck food, drinks
and memories to share.





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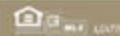


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HISTORY OF GROW! FOR *Northern Journeys* GARDENERS FOR REGIONAL ORGANIC WELL-BEING

By Kate Painter, retired UI Extension Educator

G

GROW! is short for Gardeners for Regional Organic Well-being, a nonprofit that was organized to manage Boundary

County's community garden spaces. In 2008, Jason Thomas, a local community member, had a vision to create a local and regional food security system and to advocate for agricultural practices that would enhance the independence and economic sustainability of Boundary County, Idaho. A group of like-minded citizens got together to work on common goals, including creating a self-sufficient, food independent community. Thomas served as the organization's first president.

Originally GROW! gardened in three separate locations, including a 0.3-acre main rental plot area on the grounds of Trinity Lutheran Church, a market garden area on private property, and a site at the Kootenai Tribal headquarters, but it currently operates only at the Trinity Lutheran Church site. In 2009, with support from an Idaho Community Foundation grant and the local community, a fenced garden with 30 rental plots, a garden shed with equipment, and a water distribution system were put into place. In 2010, GROW! was certified as a 501c3 nonprofit.

Fast forward to 2023, and GROW! is still going strong in the little community of Bonners Ferry, Idaho, population 2500, located 30 miles south of the Canadian border. In 2022, a 40-tree fruit orchard

was planted in the community garden with support from local citizens, businesses, and a grant from Innovia Foundation. Volunteers planted trees, installed a drip irrigation system and spread a thick layer of chips as mulch, which was inoculated with mushroom spawn. New and unusual tree varieties were chosen specifically for their flavor and

suitability to this relatively mild growing area, under the guidance of local orchardist and board member Art Church.

Over the years, GROW! has continued to meet its objectives of providing public garden spaces for rent to community members; donating produce to local organizations, including the food banks; providing a venue for community service and volunteering; offering education on gardening topics; and providing a meeting place for the community. Strong community support is integral to this type of effort. University of Idaho Extension educators have worked closely with the organization, providing classes for the public and garden space for the Master Gardener curriculum. For example, under the direction of UI Extension Educator Jen Jensen, Master Gardeners created a perennial herb garden border on both sides of the main path into the garden. Herbs from these plots are made available to the public.

Starting in 2016, an annual Farm to Table Fundraising dinner was held to bring the community together for a local feast and silent auction. These popular events provided sufficient funding to meet GROW!'s needs for the four years they were held; they were discontinued in 2020 due to the pandemic. The 2019 event was held at Paula Rice's BeeHaven Flower Farm and featured a local musician. Over 100 guests attended this outdoor event. (photos)

In 2017 an outbreak of white rot, a long-lasting and contagious disease of the Allium family that includes onions and garlic, was identified as having spread in the community garden plots. This unfortunate incident created a learning opportunity involving state and university researchers, a local seminar, and some remediation work both at the community garden and at an affected grower's farm.

Going forward from this event, raised bed rental plots were created with fresh uncontaminated soil and inground plot rentals were curtailed. The new orchard planting also covers contaminated soil. A planned expansion will create additional rental beds in a new area.

GROW! expanded its reach into the community with Little Free Gardens placed at local businesses throughout the county. With the help of two grants from the city of Bonners Ferry through its Blue Cross Foundation High Five! Program, about forty Little Free Gardens were created and continue to provide samples of fresh produce for the community each year. Bonners Ferry was the first location in Idaho to participate in this national program, and it also had the largest number of Little Free Gardens outside the Fargo-Moorhead area in North Dakota where the project began. See LittleFreeGardens.com for more information.

Funding challenges with the coronavirus pandemic brought some changes to GROW! Nicole Goodfriend, a Master Gardener participant and volunteer, spearheaded a funding campaign through the national Giving Tuesday program that provides important financial support on an annual basis. Board members and volunteers continue to perform the necessary work to



maintain the GROW! garden each year. For most of its existence, the local UI Extension ag educator in the county helped manage and provide assistance by Master Gardener volunteers, but this support has not been available since the last educator retired in 2021.

A dedicated group of board members and volunteers work hard to maintain this community asset, writing grants for funding needs and providing outreach to the community in various ways. GROW! board members filled the gap left by the retirement of the agricultural educator in the county by organizing a series of gardening classes, entitled Gardening with GROW! These sold-out events were held at the Kootenai River Inn during the pandemic years. This past winter, a community potluck and speaker series provided entertainment and a popular gathering for the community. Future planned events include additional hands-on educational events in the new community orchard and an annual open house in August. For more information, see growboundarycounty.org. Anyone who would like to receive notification of GROW! events can contact the current GROW! Board members at info@growboundarycounty.org and their name will be added to an email list-serve that sends out periodic announcements of GROW! events.

www.growboundarycounty.org



Above
The GROW! grounds at Trinity Lutheran Church on Buchanan Street



Above
Mountain Bluebird returns to Kootenai Valley, Than Widner Photography

Top-Right
The GROW! Community Garden, located on the grounds of Trinity Lutheran Church on Buchanan Street. The public is welcome to visit!



THE ART SPIRIT

GALLERY OF FINE ART

The Spirit Of Art Is Alive In North Idaho!

The Art Spirit Gallery is thrilled to be celebrating their 26th year in business, featuring high-quality original work by regional artists embracing a diversity of mediums and styles. The gallery seeks to exhibit artist with a unique voice that show a dedication to craft, materials, observation and creativity.

The Art Spirit Gallery is proud to have been named the "Best Gallery In North Idaho" for the past 14 years.

Started in a small house in 1997, now housed in a historic mercantile, 4,000 square foot gallery located on main street in downtown Coeur d'Alene, has hosted more than 300 exhibitions and curated shows. The gallery opens a new show the first Saturday of every month in a vibrant art environment that makes art collecting and browsing relaxed and enjoyable. The historic buildings charm includes 17 foot ceilings with the original beams exposed, and a hip almost 'speakeasy' like basement with original stone walls and over 1,500 pieces of art to explore. "People LOVE to discover the basement" says owner Blair Williams. "It is like they are stumbling upon a secret cove of artwork that only they know about. We've set up the space to not only serve as storage, but also to serve as a beautiful private area that we entertain designers and clients, to view art at their own pace. With two leather chairs and blue lighting gently washing the stone walls, people love to wander, site, enjoy and just experience the spirit of the art around them."

The gallery is available to rent for private events. "We've hosted weddings, anniversary parties, birthday parties, showers and more" says Williams.

Opening a new exhibit the first Saturday of every month, the gallery is proud to represent over 100 regional artists. Exhibits this year include:

- **April 1 - 9th Street Women**
Melanie Biehle + Amy Stone + Ellen Vieth + Iskra Johnson + Virginia Shawver + Stella Nall + Gail Siegel
- **May 6 - Idyllic**
Wilson Ong + Claudia Pettis + Louise Lamontagne + Victoria Brace + Stephanie Frostad + Michael Horswill
- **June 3 - Inspired Design**
Kathy Gale + Shelle Lindholm + Jill Kyong + Tom Jaszczak + Maggie Jaszczak + Helen Parsons
- **July 1 - New Western Vibe**
Travis Walker + Randy Palmer + Lance Green + Sam Scott + Sheila Evans + Andrew Avakian
- **August 5 - Modern Ease**
Claire Akebrand + Nick DeVries + Sandra Peterson + Aaron Johnson + Jon Morse + Christian Benoit
- **September 2 - The Peace Of It All**
Ryan Molenkamp + Sheila Miles + Doug Fluckiger + Susan Mattson + Sandi Bransford + Erin Oostra
- **October 7 - McCuddin & Friends**
Mel McCuddin
- **November 4 & December 2, 27th Annual Unwrap The Creative**
Over 30 artists, featuring small gift size works



Gallery Hours

Wednesday - Sunday | 11 am - 6 pm



Artist Travis Walker

Top: *The Visitor*, 2021, acrylic on canvas, 11 x 14 in
Middle: *Thelma and Louise*, 2019, acrylic on paper, 5 x 7 in
Bottom: *Future Outpost*, 2021, acrylic on canvas, 40 x 60 in



THE
ART SPIRIT
GALLERY OF FINE ART



Above: Victoria Brace, *March of the Daffodils*, 2021, oil on canvas, 16 x 40 in

Left: Louise Lamontagne, *Glimpse of the Glory*, 2022, 31.5 x 41.5 in

“ We represent a large stable of talented artists from throughout the region.



Sheila Miles, *At the Water's Edge*, 2022, oil on panel, 12 x 12 in



Shelle Lindholm, *Timber*, 2017, acrylic on panel, 22.5 x 18.5 x 1 in



Wilson Ong, *Three Chairs*, 2018, oil on board, 12 x 24 in

They also host pop-up shows throughout the region. In April they are hosting shows at Barrister Winery, Pend d'Orielle Winery, Chalice Brewery, First Presbyterian Church and the Hayden Lake Country Club.

In addition to providing beautiful artwork and supporting our regional artists, they also provide services including – Curating | Commissions | Installation | Collaboration. We offer consulting services for corporate, commercial, hospitality and residential projects.

“We curate art that reflects our client's tastes and aesthetic. We work to enhance the architecture and décor, and delight in those who will live with or amongst the works for years to come. We represent a large stable of talented artists from throughout the region. We manage the selection, acquisition and installation of original artworks. We can arrange for commissions, reproductions, or other custom works specific to a space, place, or project” said Williams.

“We professionally collaborate with clients, designers, architects, developers and more, to work with the nuance of each and every project. We serve as consultants offering insights into the art world, while working to develop clear and comprehensive plans and to deliver results on time and within budget.”

The Art Spirit Gallery has deep roots in the arts & culture community including having founded the CDA Arts & Culture Alliance, the CDA ArtWalk, Art In The Making, and the soon to be launched Northwest Institute for Creative Placemaking. Their founder was given the Governor's Arts Award in 2016, and their current director serves as a commissioner with the Idaho

Commission on the Art, and a board member with the Idaho Humanities Council. The Art Spirit Gallery often serves as a beacon for young up-and-coming artists or arts administrators, to stop in and get information about how to better network themselves in the artistic community in North Idaho. More than just a gallery, The Art Spirit is a beacon for the arts and culture throughout north Idaho.



Christian Benoit, *Frosty Peaks*, Acrylic paint, Stain, 32 x 24 x 2 in



Blair Williams
Owner

Art Spirit Gallery
415 Sherman Ave,
Coeur d'Alene, ID 83814

Featured Poet

RON MCFARLAND



At University of Idaho, Ron teaches 17th-century British literature, modern British/American literature, global literature and poetry writing.

A Dance of Small Birds

While the varied thrush
ravages the ground, ripping leaves
and tossing dirt in search of God
knows what, a cluster of juncos
hops about in the blustering snow.
Now must be the time to dance.

Aesop would know
what to make of this,
which bird represents
what political slant,
which species seeks
to find some avian
Jesus or Shiva.

These black-headed dark-eyed groundlings
do get around, must be up to something.
These Oregon juncos, snowbirds, celebrate
February while that furious thrush
plunders the earth in search of some
great awakening, some early spring.

Timber Grain Elevators

It took so long to disassemble that old
grain elevator near Belmont we
thought it might just go ahead and
tumble down under the weight of its bad
memories.

This one was built around nineteen-twenty,
cribbed two-by-sixes tapered to fours laid
flat for durability. Some tourists ask
who lived in the headhouse there on top.

We have to laugh, but folks hereabouts
sometimes worry ghosts from bad crop years
haunt the skeleton, ghosts that grumble
about wheat prices falling, grain trains

backed up in Spokane, ghosts of those
two workers who fell in back in the Thirties.
Some farmers claim the wood absorbs moisture
better than concrete, but the insurance boys

don't see it that way, so some guys began
dismantling them to salvage the wood.
That one near Belmont was a beaut, but
haunted for sure, as they'll soon find out.

To A Fly

Oh you, first inside fly of this fair spring
A-buzzing on my dusty window screen,
I shall not hesitate to swing my swatter
Intent, alas, upon your imminent slaughter.

Although I recognize your firm position
Within the confines of this ecosystem,
I find your busy buzzing so incessant
As to be metonymically unpleasant.

Accordingly, I'm issuing this warning:
Depart these precincts on this very morning.
Do not allow yourself another minute.
I promise you my patience
is quite finite.

And if you zip once more
about my head,
I'll feel compelled to
render you quite dead.

'REDD' SEARCHING FOR HOME



Fish Collection, Yva Momatiuk John Eastcott Photography momatiukeastcott.com

I left the cabin early in the morning

of a mid-July day and walked about 75 feet to our shake-sided storage and tool shed. The shed is perched part way up a steep hillside toward our water tank, the tank standing sentinel-like above our off-the-grid cabin. I pulled back the shed's barn doors and grabbed a black graphite fly rod hanging on a rack just inside, high on the left wall. That is where I keep over a dozen 7½ foot fly rods strung and ready to go; the terminal line on each of the rods usually is adorned with a Yellow Humpy, or a Renegade or an orange stimulator. I carefully gripped the rod by its cork handle and then picked my way down a sand and rock path to the stream. I approached as quietly and cautiously as is possible for a now 79-year-old, 6' 1", 205 lb. male human with two prosthetic hips, spondylolisthesis in my lower spine, and torn rotator cuffs in both shoulders. I can't complain, though, since most of those infirmities are the result of fifty years of wonderful and productive fly fishing in the Selkirk Mountains of North Idaho.

Not surprisingly, I rejected the frequently recommended tactic of belly-crawling up to the pool to avoid startling any fish finning there in the water. To be honest, I sometimes tried that belly-crawling approach in earlier years, but at my current age I now also have difficulty in even standing up again. I also have found red stripes from the rocks, roots and fallen limbs on the forest floor impressed across the skin on my abdomen, making it appear as though I have been whipped by the fish themselves. Instead, I now try to step quietly on the conifer needle-padded forest carpet, approaching from below the pool. I do try to avoid the water which is itself partially hidden by several leafy ten-foot-high creek-side willows arching out over the stream.

Nearly year-round, the Selkirks are suffused with color. Winter covers the land with different shades of white. The Spring season blankets the forest with freshly exposed green of the deciduous trees. In the summer, conifer spires canopy the forest with a near uniform green of their own. But like many other places in the country, October brings orange and red to the leaves of vine maple, birch and aspen, and the season turns the needles of the western larch a burnished copper color. The green leaves of the purple fruit-depleted huckleberry bushes likewise dry, revealing a mottled ruddy red patina. The speckled white and gray of granite boulders decorate the hillsides, and as well as litter the stream floor. But especially in the summer, on the bottom of those streams there sometimes is another figurative color, that of a redd. "A redd is a spawning nest that is built by salmon and steelhead in the gravel of streams or the shoreline of lakes." (Washington Department of Fish and Wildlife. Downloaded 1/10/2019). I knew this from my life as a young man; I was raised in western Washington State, a region historically replete with the spawning of anadromous fish in its streams.

WHAT DOES A REDBAND TROUT HAVE TO DO WITH MY SEARCH FOR HOME?

WRITTEN BY
JOHN CHARLES PIERCE

But I've recently wondered if humans also have redds as well, much as do the trout, salmon, or steelhead? I surely think so, at least as a figure of speech. While our own spawning activity is unlikely to be seen in gravel, or if so, at least resting awfully uncomfortably, many of us do make a nest for ourselves, and we call it "home." But to ourselves, our human redds seem replete with more complexity than is the trout's redd; our personal redd has multiple dimensions and contexts, not simply the physical or architectural structures that we tend to label as "home."

The trout that migrate to their own redds are said to know where they are going, seemingly called by mother nature to return to the water and the streambed from whence they emerged. There appears to be something in the water that the fish recognize that lets them know the proper route to their origins. The USGS has written that in this homing process, "Scientists believe that salmon navigate by using the earth's magnetic field like a compass. When they find the river they came from, they (then) start using smell to find their way back to their home stream. They build their 'smell memory-bank' when they start migrating to the ocean as young fish." (usgs.gov/faqs/how-do-salmon-know-where-their-home-when-they-return-ocean)

So, as I wander along the Selkirk streams, I have asked myself whether we humans use the earth's magnetic field and a subsequent 'smell memory-bank' in the search for home, on a stream or elsewhere. The forest environment of each stream may have a distinctive smell, and I do recognize that of Jeru as I near our cabin each Spring. However, I'm not sure about the power of the earth's magnetic field in my own searches for trout. With two titanium hips (which are said to be weakly magnetic) there might be some similar role for a fish-loving searcher. But for me there is a kind of magnetic emotional attraction to the water. I do know I love the smell of a stream and its surroundings when I fly fish, and even of the fish themselves when they are withdrawn from the water. Perhaps the trout are part of a cross-over piscine phenomenon that links us to the rest of the natural world, and perhaps that also is why I keep searching and fishing.

(Continued on Page 14)



Shelle Lindholm, *Fast Forward*, 2022, acrylic on panel, 17 x 42 x 2 in

LOOKING TO CELL BIOLOGY FOR COMMUNITY HEALING

By: Loi Eberle, MA, CPC

Albert Einstein, one of the most influential physicists encouraged us to: "Look deep, deep into nature and then you will understand everything better." We've learned the gift of life enabling us to live on the earth requires maintenance. Humans, like other species, share an innate drive to survive. How our mind interprets experience and responds, is a primary factor in shaping the character of our lives. Our 'machinations of mind,' our patterns of thought, also control the health and the state of our cells, and dynamically shape our biology and behavior. Our human physiology is "converted by the Epigenetic mechanisms in our body to fine-tune its genetic expression to enhance its opportunities for survival. "Rather than controlling biology, genes are used by biology," biologist Bruce Lipton, PhD, and his colleague, Steve Bhaerman, explain in their book, *Spontaneous Evolution*. This new-edge science has radically revised our awareness of the Universe and its operating principles. It's demonstrating that our ability to create our lives and our world is affected by our minds, and not pre-programmed in our genes. This challenges the often-taught belief that we are victims of our genetics.

Lipton and Bhaerman ask: "how can fifty trillion cells live in peaceful harmony as part of Nature, when a mere seven billion people are on the verge of annihilating each other?" They claim the answer can be found by studying the fractal structure of Nature. In *Spontaneous Evolution* they describe how the cell and a human body are self-similar fractal images that share self-similar functions and needs in their quest to survive. The survival of cells, as well as humans, is predicated on: energy, growth, protection, resources, efficiency and awareness. The life of a cell in the body and the life of a human in civilization are parallel realities, fundamentally self-similar. Fractal geometry is used to describe infinitely complex structures assembled from simple repeating self-similar patterns that can be found in nature and in geometry.

An organism's survival is compromised by the amount of energy it expends protecting itself. Its odds of survival are increased by how sustainable and efficiently it utilizes its energy resources. When organism perceives fear or stress, it diverts more energy to protect itself. The more of its energy reserves that are diverted to protection behaviors, the less of the organism's energy reserves are available for growth. The cost of protection is that it curtails or inhibits growth.

To survive, humans need food, clothing and shelter. Ideally, these items can be produced in sustainable ways. Although, many are challenged to balance their individual needs with the needs of their family, community, nation and world. Can we learn the dance of "taking care of personal business, while moving beyond the pettiness of a self-centered mind? It definitely will require some self-correcting collective awareness!

More than an idea, "self-correcting collective awareness" is perhaps what Lipton and Bhaerman are referring to when they state: "when conditions are ripe, either through crises or opportunity, something unpredictable happens to bring the biosphere into a new balance at a higher level of coherence."

The mind's consciousness is now being described as a non-physical field of information that employs the fundamental mechanics of quantum physics. Spiritualists have long believed that our existence is a form of energy, and physicists now have discovered, that "much of what we call reality might more accurately be seen as a figment of our imagination." Magneto-Electroencephalography (MEG) can now demonstrate how the brain's neural energy patterns radiate into the environment. This quantitative measurement can be shown by using a probe placed some distance from the body. It demonstrates how brain activity, like a tuning fork radiates into the environment. Lipton and Bhaerman, in *Spontaneous Evolution*, quote John Hopkins University physicist, Richard Conn Henry's "elegantly simple definition of the true nature of the Universe: The Universe is non material – it is mental and spiritual. Live and enjoy...the brain has a quantum nature that operates at a macro level."

Mystical philosopher, author, artist and meditation teacher Jeff Carreira explains that the Hindu tradition recognizes two levels of awakening. The first is the recognition that All is One. The second level of awakening is the recognition that "I Am That" – not the self-conscious human being, but the Source itself, that is within. Each of us is the cosmos awakening to it's own existence by embracing the consciousness that exists within us and the totality of who we already are.



Whether we call the energy "God," "Source," or "the field," we can become more attuned to the miraculous that is always occurring by developing our clarity, passion, receptivity, service surrender and love. Carreira includes love for oneself as part of attuning to the miraculous, encouraging us to embrace all of who we are, while learning to discern whether effort or rest is being called for at any given moment. He reminds us to accept what we're feeling in the moment and not let it be a distraction, suggesting that "we're living for the sake of the inherent higher qualities of awakening itself.

Medical doctor, Leonard Laskow, M.D. has learned over his years working as a surgeon, that "Love is a universal pattern of resonate energy... the universal harmonic." After discovering the impact that learning self-love had on his patients in helping them shrink their tumors, he wrote about it in his book: *Healing with Love: A Breakthrough Mind/Body Program for Healing Yourself and Others* (Mill Valley, CA:Wholeness Press).

This "collective field" could be a support system for transformation. It's more joyful to let transformation unfold, than to force it. It's also helpful to realize that our subconscious mind can greatly impact our control and expression of our perceptions. As the Zen proverb states: Use your mind, don't be used by it.

Carreira teaches that the deeper truths that exist right now sometimes can't be seen because we're looking for them somewhere else. The path and the goal are one. We are living a sacred life because life is sacred, and not for any other reason. Our spiritual life ignites with energy and power when we realize that life as it is, is beautiful and perfect, even with its many ills and evils." Yoga teacher and Physical Therapist, Judith Lasater, Ph.D. reminds us: "You don't need to like the difficulties that life sends you, but remember that they too are part of the sacred path of evolution."

It's hard to ignore that "collective beliefs of a culture or society also affect our personal biology and behavior. Most citizens are unconsciously responding to cultural wrongs perpetrated generations ago by and to their ancestors," Lipton and Bhaerman state in *Spontaneous Evolution*.

(Continued on Page 19)



Wildland Fire Collection
 Brandon Puckett Photography
 pucktography.com

TRIAL BY FIRE

A chapter from the novel
A Boy A Bike Alaska! by *Warren Carlson*
warrencarlsonwriter.com
 Published by Fathom Publishing

NOW AVAILABLE 

"Smoke!" Mrs. M, the cook, always the first to rise, yelled as she pounded on dormitory doors at Uncle Pete's Lodge near Denali National Park, Alaska, where his nephew, eighteen-year-old Jack Iverson, had spent the summer after riding his motorcycle north from Mr. Shasta, California. Jack, Uncle Pete, Mrs. M's husband, Ross, a river guide, and Vincent, the other guide, stumbled outside.

On the Sunday morning before Labor Day, Mrs. M got up at four in the morning as usual. Walking to the lodge she sensed something was wrong. SMOKE! She got on the short-wave radio. The fire was on our side of the river five miles south of us. The winds were calm but expected to rise in the afternoon. A fire crew would be arriving to use the lodge as a base. She pounded on Uncle Pete's door. He was a heavy sleeper, but it woke the rest of us up.

Vincent and Ross came out of their rooms. "Is that smoke I smell?" Vincent asked.

As Mrs. M kept pounding on Uncle Pete's door, she filled us in on what was happening, including a radio notice to prepare for evacuation. Uncle Pete came to the door looking annoyed and as if he had had a tough night. He took one breath and said the word "smoke" along with an impressive string of cuss words.

Uncle Pete took charge. He assigned Ross and me the job of beaching our three boats on the far side of the river using a canoe as a shuttle. Mrs. M gathered up important papers. Uncle Pete woke up the guests and ordered them to pack. Mrs. M would drive them to the airport and wait to meet the incoming guests and explain the situation. Ross would use a sled boat to patrol the river in case anyone needed to be evacuated. Vincent and Uncle Pete were members of the volunteer fire brigade and I had been through their basic training. We would join the fire crew when they arrived.

I got back from moving the boats just as Mrs. M was about to leave with the guests. She ran over and gave me a hug. "Don't be a hero, Jack. Stick close to Uncle Pete." If I wasn't afraid before, I was then. While we waited for the fire crew to arrive, we changed into our fire-resistant clothing and raided the kitchen for a quick breakfast of sandwiches and coffee.

Smoke arrived in slow-moving swirls from the south. Vincent got out a ladder and climbed on the roof of the dorm with binoculars. "I can see a huge plume of smoke; can't tell which way the fire is moving." Right then, I sensed we were all worried that we might lose the lodge. And I realized I might lose my bike. The river. Maybe it was a crazy idea, but maybe not. The rocky bottom was slippery. I managed to ride the bike into the river until the water was at the bottom of the crankcase.

I wedged the kickstand between two rocks, put my camera in the saddle bags, waded back to shore and put my boots back on just as the fire crew arrived. We were issued helmets, Pulaskis—a combination digging and chopping tool—and "shake and bakes." "Shake and bakes" are emergency metallic shelters that can be used if you are overtaken by the fire. They were designed to protect you from the heat and to provide some breathable oxygen. Our goal was to create a fire break about two miles from the lodge by clearing an area of vegetation down to bare dirt. We hiked to our assigned area double time.

I could tell Uncle Pete was suffering but he didn't complain. "Jack, it's like we're in the army. We do whatever the crew boss tells us."

"Yes, Sir," I answered.

As we neared our area, the smoke was thicker and seemed to be flowing directly toward the lodge. I believed the work I was to do that day might be the most important of my life.

(Continued on Page 28)



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ACCIDENTAL ARTIST

WARD TOLLBOM



Many would call me a "local artist", a term which often has a dismissive tone attached to it. But, everyone has to be from somewhere. Considering I was born in 1950, just two blocks from my shop in downtown Sandpoint, and that I've lived the vast majority of my life less than a mile away, I suppose I'm just about as local as it gets. I might wish that I had been born with a pencil or brush in my hand, like many artists claim, but the tools I grew up with were a fishing pole, and BB gun. Hunting and fishing were my passions. As a boy I spent all the time I could outdoors, roaming the wilds west of town, which at that time were anywhere past the railroad tracks at the end of Main Street. When I left to attend the University of Idaho, I naturally chose to pursue wildlife management.

Considering my affinity for the natural creation, I find it highly likely that their Creator had much to do with the chain of events that led me down the artist's path. I was never a good student, but at that time, if you graduated from high school anywhere in the state, the University was obligated to accept you. Who knew that one would be required to take calculus to be a game warden! Try though I might, there were abstract concepts involved, that I just could not grasp. Soon finding myself on academic probation, I knew I had to make a change. I had taken one art class as an elective (my first art endeavor ever) and received a great grade in it. So I decided I should switch to Education with a major in art. I had no aspirations of becoming a professional artist, but thought I might be able to be a teacher. I continued to get good grades, and eventually graduated on the Dean's list. Thusly encouraged, I continued to paint, dedicating as much time to it as I could.

After returning home I found a gallery in Spokane to handle my work. Slowly but surely, my career began to build. Years later I had reason to pass through Moscow and decided to look up a couple of my professors. Upon meeting them they would ask what I was now doing. When I replied that I was a free lance professional artist, they looked at me, obviously a bit taken aback. It was then I learned that the reason I was getting such good grades wasn't because of my skills as an artist, but because I was from the College of Forestry, and then later the College of Education, and they weren't grading me on the same scale as those who were actual art majors. As a Forestry student, art was an elective, and I was at least attending class, showing interest, and turning in work on time. At the time I made the switch to Education, there was a teacher shortage. They thought I might make a good teacher so they gave me good grades to encourage me toward that profession. Problem was they never let me in on the plan. Falsely encouraged, I pursued my interest in painting. By the time I found out I wasn't really gifted along those lines, I had already been doing it for a living (thought somewhat meagerly) for several years. As has been said, "ignorance is bliss". Being gifted with such ignorance, combined with ample patience and stubbornness, my abilities grew. Eventually, I became quite skilled at what I was doing.

For over 50 years I've worked in watercolor, specializing in highly detailed paintings of birds, though I occasionally will paint a landscape or other subject, just to show that I am not totally one dimensional. As with anyone's art, mine is always judged subjectively. While some think my work is exceptional, others don't give it a second glance, or even deride it. I am content to let the viewer decide.

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'REDD' SEARCHING FOR HOME

"ONLY THE TRAVELING IS GOOD WHICH REVEALS TO ME THE VALUE OF HOME AND ENABLES ME TO ENJOY IT BETTER."
(HENRY DAVID THOREAU, JOURNAL, 11 MARCH 1856)



Up Pack river in Northern Idaho lies a creek called Jeru.

"You can't go back home to your family, back home to your childhood ... back home to a young man's dreams of glory and of fame ... back home to places in the country, back home to the old forms and systems of things which once seemed everlasting but which are changing all the time – back home to the escapes of Time and Memory."

(Thomas Wolfe, *You Can't Go Home Again*, 1940)

I recently thought of these possibilities...


in that early morning in July of 2018. I sat alone in our remote, off-the-grid, cedar-shake covered cabin. I was resting in a rocking chair next to our big plate glass window overlooking Jeru Creek, our granite-laced rocky stream. Most of the stones in Jeru are larger than what one ordinarily might call gravel. But even the smaller pebbles rarely have sharp edges; rather the rocks on the creek bottom appear to have been tumbled in a wilderness lapidary; they have been rounded by the grinding of the roiling flood waters of the spring snowmelt. About 30 feet below the cabin Lagniappe's perch, Jeru Creek tumbles over those speckled boulders. (Lagniappe is our southern Louisianan name for this cabin and which is said to mean "grace," a blessing or bonus perhaps, and received without a specific quid pro quo.)

A series of diminutive plunge pools extend from this magic spot of Lagniappe; the pools spread several miles upstream to 150-foot-high Jeru Creek Falls, and a half mile downstream to where the creek quietly trickles into the Pack River. This larger space has become so emotionally embedded and so sacred in the lives of our family that over the past forty-five years we have assigned a name to many of those pools. Each named water pocket carries a special meaning for at least one of our family members.

Ardith's pool is small and beautiful and is named for my wife of 57 years who shares the creek's beauty. The water (but not Ardith) is a light turquoise where it filters the reflection of the moss along the green banks of the creek. Early in the summer mornings, Ardith sits on a weathered bench placed underneath the boughs of towering conifers. Below the steep-sided near-canyon wall above our cabin, the cedar, fir, larch and pine filter the growing light as they perch on a narrow, flat piece of forest floor, itself about 20 feet above the creek. The conifers shelter Ardith from the morning mist rising off the stream.

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'REDD' SEARCHING FOR HOME

BY JOHN PIERCE

BETWEEN THE IDEA AND THE REALITY,
BETWEEN THE MOTION AND THE ACT, FALLS THE SHADOW.
(T.S. ELIOT, THE HOLLOW MEN, 1925)



Kootenai Valley Canola bloom
Than Widner Photography

While meditating in her sacred spot,

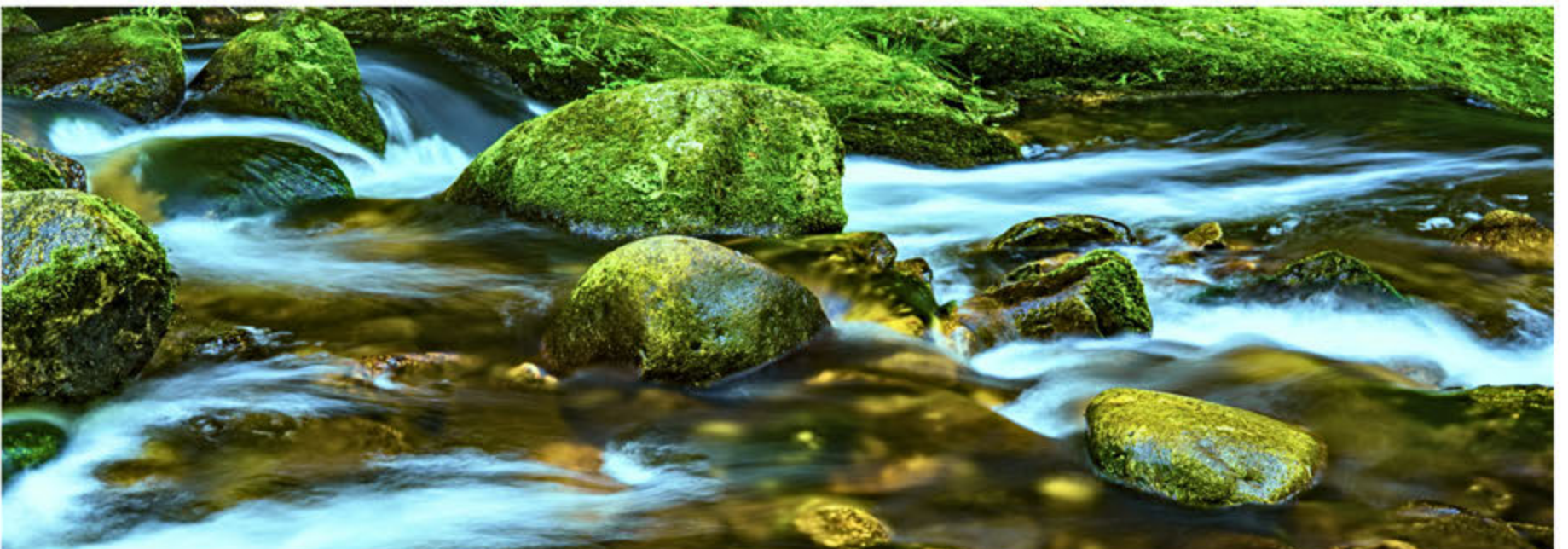
Ardith gazes serenely into the bubbling water, wondering not about either the day ahead or the day behind. Instead, she seems to contemplate what good should inhabit all days and times and how she might make that good happen. And to her great credit, she does make bountiful good happen, whether to the benefit of her family, or to others in whatever community she lives.

In recent years, at the cabin Ardith also has taken to caring for the birds that gather around her meditation spot; she hangs feeders by strings from limbs she cannot reach without climbing a ladder, or can reach only by tossing a weight over a branch and stringing up a hook which is attached the feeder. And she refills the feeders almost daily by lowering them with the other end of the string. She also recruits large numbers of hummingbirds of a variety of kinds, sometimes with twenty or more of them competing for the feed she has provided.

Forrest's pool, named after our older son, is another 50 yards upstream. Now in his early 50's, Forrest is a 6'6" contemporary academic composer of classical sacred choral music that is performed around the world. The music is rooted in multiple religious traditions, as well as in his love of the sacred content found in the outdoors' home. One time when he and I were fishing together along the creek. Forrest asked me whether when wading in Jeru I heard music in my head. Quietly, I said "no, son, I do not." Now, even forty years later, it remains clear that music always is in his mind. Early in Forrest's childhood, we were certain that he could always catch trout in that pool, and so we named it for him.

We often wade across the creek at the outflow from Forrest's pool, scramble through some huckleberry bushes, pausing to grab a couple of the berries, and emerge in a small man-made meadow. This grassy glade, carved decades earlier by a bulldozer and now overgrown with native grasses, serves as the entry apron to a trail that follows the stream more than a half-mile up the creek. The upstream track ends at the base of what we call "The Falls," a 150-foot high two-stage wonder, surrounded by cedar, western larch and fir. Jeru Creek Falls plunges off the top of a granite ridge in a stunning plummet that belies the diminutive stream below.

**Ardith's Pool shown below*



Midway down the falls, the water collects in a small, stone natural reservoir, and then pours over the lip. The bottom segment of the Falls ends in another deep pool, with an ancient spar angled through it and under which colorful cutthroat trout hide.

Lamar's pool, though, is just fifteen yards farther up Jeru creek from Ardith's pool, and 50 yards below Forrest's. Lamar is our younger son, and his pool is one of the deeper and more crystalline of the water-filled bowls on the stream. Looking up-rill, at the left side of the head of Lamar's pool is a large, bus-sized boulder, perhaps eight feet high and ten feet wide, around which the water pours into the pool itself. Lamar's pool doesn't harbor many trout, perhaps because it is so exposed, but every summer we do find one or two fish of more than minimal size (6-8 inches in length).

nd 50 yards below Forrest's.

While some very large trout sometimes migrate up the creek in the spring or summer, coming out of Lake Pend Oreille, to my knowledge, we have no salmon nor steelhead searching for a redd. This particular morning, though, I looked deep into the glassy water of Lamar's pool and to my surprise I saw what our family has come to call a "Jeru Creek Giant." The giant trout was about ten inches long and was fanning the sand on the bottom below a narrow cleft between two basketball sized granite rocks. Every thirty seconds or so, the fish would lazily move to one side or the other of the pool to search out some food that had drifted down the stream. Then the trout would return to the comfort of its sentry like position. It was possible that the trout was preparing its own redd, although I did not see the usual male waiting a short distance apart to fertilize. I moved a short way upstream to a position where I could swing the fly out into the entry slot to the pool. As the fly floated over the fish, the trout swirled up to the surface, took the Yellow Humpy, and then after feeling the sting of the hook, attempted to recuse itself to a dark haven deep under the big boulder. I played the trout softly, not wanting to injure it since it had been more than four decades since I had harvested a Jeru Creek Giant.

After 30 seconds or so, I guided the fish to the side, unhooked it, and returned it to the stream. While gently holding the trout to remove the hook I was struck by an unusual coloring along its side. It was unlike any trout I remember having caught from this creek before.

(Continued on Page 30)



THE ART SPIRIT

GALLERY OF FINE ART



Ryan Molenkamp
Seattle, WA



Shelle Lindholm
Kalispell, MT



Jill Kyong
Moscow, ID

My work is rooted in geology and landscape. I continue to be fascinated by the form and structure of both the natural environment, and the things that we build upon it. I'm interested geological wonders, changing landscape, natural disasters and climate change. Places I've lived and traveled, in particular the Northwest, often inform the work, however often the works are entirely imagined spaces, with elements of the real. I'm very interested in exploring the dramatic landscape of the west in my work and in person, from the mountains of the northwest interior to the desert landscapes of the Southwest.

I often work in series, with my Sound Cascade and Cascade paintings focusing on the Northwest while my series The Last Frontier is very much about the changing landscape of Alaska. My Fear of Volcanoes series explores my fascination with volcanoes and the power of mother nature. I was 3 when Mount St. Helens blew too young to remember the event but I visiting years later, finding pumice and seeing the mud-lines on the trees from the lahars. Marveling at the fallen trees and rusted out cars, the gray ash. It stuck with me, informing my interest in geology and how we live on this planet. We think we are in control, we are not. Nature constantly reminds us of our insignificance and when we ignore the world we live in, bad things happen. When painting I'm thinking about our shortsightedness when we develop the land and our exhausting of the natural resources of this planet. Not only on the small scale but as a metaphor for what may be in store for us.



FEAR OF VOLCANOES 124, 2020, ACRYLIC ON PANEL, 32 X 42 X 2 IN

Ryan Molenkamp's latest work deals with landscape, geology and how we balance nature and development. He earned a BFA at WWU in 2001 before moving to Seattle. Molenkamp is represented by The Art Spirit Gallery in Coeur d'Alene and by Linda Hodges Gallery in Seattle. He has shown work at SAM Gallery, SOIL, MadArt Homes, Gallery4Culture, Kirkland Arts Center, the Whatcom Museum in Washington. He has also exhibited at the Portland Art Museum (OR), Launch LA (CA), Chucifritos Gallery (NY), Collar Works (NY), and Duplex Gallery (OR). Molenkamp was awarded a residency at Jentel, (WY) in 2012 and has been published in Art Ltd. Magazine, Seattle Magazine, Seattle Met Magazine, Poetry NW and City Arts Magazine. His work is part of several public and private collections, including the Microsoft Art Collection, Swedish Art Collection, Washington State Arts Commission, and the City of Seattle Art Collection. He resides in Seattle with his wife and daughter.

"My paintings reflect the rugged elegance of the West and the enchanting pleasures of living here (in Montana)," Lindholm said. "I paint the spunk and spirit I see in animals as they root, romp, and rest just outside my studio door. How can I paint an animal differently? That is the treasure I seek."

Shelle Lindholm is a painter who finds her inspiration from depicting wildlife right outside her studio door, which is nestled at the edge of the woods in the Flathead Valley.

Lindholm's style of "primitive painting" has developed through years of exploring the versatile medium of acrylic. Shelle uses the method of "addition by subtraction" in her work. A colorful palette of acrylics is layered with wax sandwiched in between. Each layer is then scraped with a razor blade. This blends colors and builds primitive, organic textures. Lindholm says this final part of her process is when shapes and colors emerge, and her ideas and vision start to come to life.



NOSE DIVE, 2021, ACRYLIC ON PANEL, 20 X 38 X 1 IN

"Scraping is unpredictable," says Lindholm. "Paintings are rarely planned from A to Z. The unexpected marks and color variations help me form the composition and story. I use paper cutting to create puppet like patterns of animal forms. Masking, taping and etching into the layers develop the subject matter with lively, bold patterns. Finally, several coats of hand rubbed paste wax create a durable, satiny patina."

Shelle prefers to be in a childlike state of mind when working, moving out of a place of logical thinking. "There's no fear of failure when I'm thinking like a kid!" When asked what fascinates her, she said "Brilliant aqua blue eyes, red hair, horse legs, the color of rocks under water, the rhinoceros, freckles, clouds, babies, the Bible."



DOUBLE TROUBLE, FLUID ACRYLIC ON PANEL

"...is a unique gift, and we are fortunate to have the opportunity to share her work with the public," said Montana Secretary of State McCulloch. "The colors and textures in her collection remind me of summer, and of the warmth that can be found in every season."

Jill Kyong grew up in northern Minnesota where she often watched her dad make something out of nothing. She took all the wood shop classes she could in high school, even though her teacher questioned, as a girl, if she really wanted to be there. Jill received her BFA degree from the University of Minnesota in sculpture, focusing on metal casting.

Jill states, "The speed and precision of the table saw, the tool I use the most, supports my style of working which is fast and somewhat aggressive. I try to capture the momentum of an idea before it's pushed out by another fleeting thought. The intent of my work is to show the duality of an object or event, to deal with subject matter that considers different perspectives being equally strong and equally weak, equally good and equally bad. Accepting that all things have a strength and a weakness, I can realize the empathy that is needed for me to understand that which I find difficult. If there is friendship, there is loneliness. If there are good choices, there are bad ones. If someone is bad, they probably have some good in them. I create works with strong lines, sharp edges and angles and contrast that with the soft round shapes of wood stones that I make or soft natural materials like shearling. I use personal experiences of my own, and others who share their stories with me, to show there is always more than one side to a story."



16 STONES TABLE, 2022, CHERRY AND MAPLE, 33 X 47 1/2 X 15 IN



WAVES, 30" X 30" CHERRY, POPLAR, BIRCH, CHAKTE VIGA

THE ART SPIRIT

GALLERY OF FINE ART



Nick DeVries
Minneapolis, MN

I have been drawn towards art ever since I was young; I have sketchbooks that date back to the first grade. I was eighteen when my hands first explored the possibilities of clay, and while I was pursuing an art degree in college, clay seemed like it was always pulling at me: it was the one medium where the creative process, physical interaction, and self-expression came together completely. When I first started using clay as a creative vehicle, I did not realize that I had just stepped into an ancient ecosystem, teaming with knowledge, dynamism, and unfathomable depth.

Working in clay seemed to reveal itself to me, and still does to this day. My work is in a constant state of evolution. I respond to the clay as much as I tell it what to do; it is almost like a living thing in my studio. I have learned to work in an instinctive way, not to interrupt or force, but to be nurture, explore, and capitalize. I have learned to sense the subtle changes in my work; allowing these changes to guide me while I guide them is the essence of my creative process.

Most of my work originates on the potters wheel, making forms based in a tradition of function and use. I enjoy balancing large areas of subtle texture and color with small additions, stamps, and details. I also enjoy the challenge of creating tight, direct, unbroken lines balanced by a bit of looseness and spontaneous gestural marks. I often work in a reductive fashion, throwing heavier forms, altering them, and then carving and shaving the pieces away to reveal the final forms. I bring all of these elements together with layered satin glazes that unify and accent these textures, lines, and marks.

I find a synergy between the natural ecosystem and the creative ecosystem, where the multitudes of nature and the thousands of years of clay overlap. This is a place where I am free to explore, and this exploration inevitably feeds back into both my work and life. I am interested in the ways in which we interact with nature, sometimes symbiotically and other times in contradictory ways. We attempt to tame, claim, and use the natural world around us, but it is always pushing back. Paint peels, metal rusts, buildings crumble; we are constantly being reminded that we are not entirely in control, we are no masters. If my pots could talk, this is some of what they might talk about.

Finding this life as a potter has been a gift, and I am constantly striving to make pots that communicate a sense of balance and complexity, so that through my pots I may add something to this thriving ecosystem of life and clay.



Doug Fluckiger
Clark Fork, ID

"My wife and I are madly in love and have been married for over 24 years. We live on the backside of a mountain in far northern Idaho, where we raise kids, a garden, and a great life. Way out here in the woods, we live far beyond the reach of trends. We don't get a cell phone signal out here, and our internet is only available via satellite. We're an hour away from the nearest grocery store, traffic light, or police station.

So, we've learned to do things for ourselves, raise our own food, and make what we need. And we like it that way. This website is a way to share our adventures with others who might not be so lucky. Living out here, you must either be retired or bring your work with you.

My work is drawing. I've been blessed with the ability to draw so realistically that virtually everyone who sees my drawings thinks they are photographs. And I'm surrounded with a lifetime of source material: There's more beauty in these mountains than I could ever capture. So, over the years I've drawn these mountains and trees, the snow and rocks and water, the light and rain and mist; and I've loved doing so. But I've barely scratched the surface of possibilities.

I've encountered a number of artists with abundant drawing ability, but none of them tackles my subject of photorealistic mountain landscapes. As far as I can see, I'm the only one doing this; and based on buyers' enthusiastic reactions, something about my art touches a chord in them. That makes sense because it strikes music in my own soul as well."



ASCENDANCY (TETONS DRAWING), 2022, GRAPHITE, 30 X 49.5 IN



Sheila Evans
Spokane, WA

Sheila Evans was born in Long Beach, California, in 1966 and has spent most of her life in the Pacific Northwest. She received a bachelor's degree in Fine Art from Gonzaga University in 1988. She began her career as a professional fine artist in 1995, during her twenty-year career as a graphic designer. Best known for her pastels and oil paintings, Sheila changed her medium to enamel in 2016.

Animal welfare and the environment are two of Sheila's greatest passions.

"My work serves as both a love song and an apology to the animals with whom we share the earth. It's a celebration of their grace and beauty is tinged with sadness over our treatment of them and of the environment in which they live."



PACIFIC NORTHWEST TREE OF LIFE 40"X39" ENAMEL ON STEEL WITH COPPER

"The pieces are created in vitreous enamel on metal. Some of the images are created on multiple small steel panels which are then wired together to form larger works. Others are fired onto 're-intentioned' steel butcher trays, honoring the animals represented by changing the trays' purpose."

"Each piece is made by firing liquid and powdered enamel onto steel and copper. I build up layers of color with multiple firings, then add an even layer of black liquid enamel. I create a line drawing by scratching away this layer to reveal the colors below, then fire once more. The artwork is durable and can be safely displayed indoors or outdoors."

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THE HOP THIEF, 18.5 X 14.5" ENAMEL ON STEEL TRAY



NICK DEVRIES POTTERY



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SATURNO, 13.5"X7" BLOWN GLASS



FIVE O'CLOCK SHADOW (BACKLIT TREE), 2022 GRAPHITE, 29 1/2 X 24 1/2 IN

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Riverside Auto Center, 6437 Bonner St., 267-3100

Al Wilson Quality Auto Repair, 6714 S. Main, 610-6032

Books

Bonnerr Books, 7195 Main St. (downtown), 267-2622

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Stephen F. Howlett Building & Remodeling,

267-3791

Fulton Quality Construction, 10 Shady Glade Rd, 267-9086

Don Jordan Design & Drafting, Inc., Construction, 267-4801

Kuhlman Construction, 267-304-4737

Sasquatch Builders, 64 Smith Lake Rd, 255-6043

TrussTek, 64679 Hwy. 2, 267-7471

Unruh Drywall, 208-290-2210

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Kootenai River Inn, Kootenai River Plaza, 267-8511

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Deep Creek Resort, 178 Wisdom Quest Rd, 267-2387

Hemlocks RV & Lodging, 73400 U.S. Rte 2, Moyie Springs, 267-4363

North Haven Campground, 78 Tobe Way, 603-9212,

northhavencampground.com

Chiropractic Services

Great Northern Family Chiropractic, 6737 Cody St, 267-2225

Hyer Chiropractic, 6541 Main St, 267-7246

Pam Svec, DC, 6514 Main, 267-7355

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BB BuildBlock- Stephen F. Howlett Building & Remodeling, 267-3791, buildblockshowlett@meadowcrk.com

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Bonnerr Ferry Family Dentistry, 6466 Main St, 267-7571

Douglas J. Beazer, General, Family & Cosmetic Dentistry, 6543

Main St, 267-7509, douglasbeazer.com

Hank Willis DDS, 6674 Main St., 267-6454

North Idaho Family Dentistry, 6503 Harrison St., 267-0203,

northidahofamilydentistry.com

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Wink, Inc., Road building, cat work, site prep, 290-1378

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Carter Country Farm & Feed, 6127 Main St., 267-1900

ProX Home & Building Supply, 510374 US-95, 267-7561

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Edward Jones, 6797 Eisenhower St. 267-5664

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Beehaven Flower Farm, 2431 Moon Shadow Rd, 267-4136,

www.beehavenfarm.com

Sugar Plum Floral & Greenhouse, 6368 Main St., 267-1129

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Bonnerr Ferry Glass and Door Co., 6821 Main St., 267-3195

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Sharon's Country Store, 510752 Hwy. 95, 267-7579

Safeway, 6519 S Main St, 267-1650

Super 1 Foods, 6452 S Main St, 267-4000

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Kaniku Health Services, 6615 Comanche Street, 267-1718

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Kayser Insurance 7156 Main St., 267-5621

State Farm, 6813 El Paso Street, Suite 2, 267-0577

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www.c21fourseasons.com

Coldwell Banker North Woods Realty, CJ Tuma,

6606 Lincoln, 946-1260

Pace Kerby & Co. Inc. 7192 Main St. 267-2506

Shelman Realty, 6737 Cody St., 610-4627, 267-5515

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The Badger Den, 6551 Main, 267-1486

Bonnerr Ferry Pizzeria & American Diner Restaurant, 6428

Kootenai St., 255-8792, bfpizzeria.com

Chic-N-Chop, Hwy. 95 S., 267-2431

The Gathering Place, 510752 Hwy 95 N., 267-4100

Kootenai River Brewing Co, 6424 Riverside St, 267-4677,

kootenaibrewing.com

Mi Pueblo, 7168 Main St. (downtown), 267-4735

Mugsys, 7161 Main St., 267-8059

Pizza Factory, 6637 Fry St, 267-7771, pizzafactory.com

Springs Restaurant & Lounge, Located in: Kootenai River Inn Casino

& Spa, 7169 Plaza St., 267-8511

Simple Simon's Pizza, 6720 Main St, 267-9410,

simplesimonspizza.com

The Rusty Moose Tavern & Grill, 7211 Main St., 267-1950

Two Tones Cafe, 6536 Main St., 417-3040, twotonescafe.com

Wok-A-Mole 6664 Main St., 267-2019

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208-610-8429

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Community Title LLC, 7184 Main, 267-6500

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265-8881

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263-5119, 800-881-7380

Fax: 208-263-4826)

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Brown's North Side Machine and Gear, 1100

Triangle Dr., 263-4643

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95, 263-4272

Restaurants

Fiesta Bonita, 700 Kootenai Cut-Off Rd., 265-9715

Specialty Shops & Services

Monarch Marble & Granite, 336 McNearney Rd.,

263-5777

Pac West Parts, 21 McGhee Rd., 265-5500

Sandpoint Garage Doors, 351 McGhee Rd., Ste.

103, 263-6040

Selkirk Power Generation, Inc., 1200 Triangle Dr.,

263-125

Top Dawg Powder Coating, 357 McGhee Rd.,

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Les Schwab Tires, Hwy. 2, 448-2311

Perfection Tire and Auto Repair, W. 311 Walnut,

Newport, 509-447-3933

Priest River Quik Lube, 120 High St., 448-4199

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Priest River Hardware, 1200 Hwy 2, 448-1621

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Peachy Clean, 509-671-6694

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208-290-7945

John Weyant, Century 21, Priest River,

208-610-5051

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448-011

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208-610-6656

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263-3483

Melody Muffler, 602 Pine St., 208-263-2812

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208-263-4911

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festival@sandpoint.com

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Ave., Ste. A-1, 208-290-5947

Lakeshore Realty North, 116 N. First, 263-3166

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265-7922

Café Trinity at City Beach, 58 Bridge St., 255-7558

Di Luna's American Bistro, 207 Cedar St.,

263-0846

Eichardt's Pub, Grill & Coffeehouse, 212 Cedar St.,

263-4005

Evans Brothers Coffee, 524 Church St., 265-5553

Mr. Sub, 602 N. 5th, 263-3491

The Pie Hut, corner of 5th & Church, 265-2208

Second Avenue Pizza, 215 S. 2nd Ave., 263-9321

Spud's Restaurant, 102 N. 1st, 265-4311

Tango Cafe', 414 Church St., 263-9514

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St., Ste. B., 255-7105

Carousel Emporium, on the Cedar Street Bridge,

263-4140

Creations, arts, crafts, children's boutique, Cedar

St. Bridge, 304-7384

Monarch Marble & Granite, 336 McNearney Rd.,

263-5777

Pend Oreille Mechanical, 1207 Dover Hwy.,

263-6163

Sandpoint Garage Doors, 351 McGhee Rd., Ste.

103, 263-4040

Sharon's Hallmark 306 N. 1st Ave. 263-2811

Vapor Planet, 819 Hwy 2, Pioneer Square,

263-9561

Spirit Lake

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Moose Inn, 6025 Maine St, 627-9788

Cedar Mountain Farm Bed and Breakfast and RV Sites, 25249 N

Hatch Rd, 683-0572

Log Spirit Bed & Breakfast, 31328 N Tiara Ln, 683-4722

Restaurant

Annie's Country Kitchen, 32471 N 5th Ave, 623-4994

Brickel Creek Coffee, 6133 Maine St, 623-5500

Cedar's Drive Thru, 6074 W Rhode Island St, 687-5286

Giorgio's Burgers, 285 W Main St, 210-4700

Harlow's Diner, 13668 ID-53, 687-6665

Linger Longer Lounge, 6262 W Maine St, 623-2211, toasttab.com

Mi Pueblo, 6249 W. Maine St., 623-2532

Sedlmayer's Resort & Restaurant, 7712 W Spirit Lake Rd, 819-4370

White Horse Saloon, 6248 W Maine St, 623-2353

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LOOKING TO CELL BIOLOGY FOR COMMUNITY HEALING

By: Loi Eberle, MA, CPC

(continued from Page 10)

They, along with many others, suggest the most effective strategy for survival was taught by the early Biblical injunction, to "Forgive them; they know not what they do." Some counselors teach about forgiveness to avoid staying stuck in the past. Colin Tipping, author of Radical Forgiveness suggests that "forgiveness transforms the victim archetype once and for all."

When the beloved Buddhist teacher Thich Nhat Hanh, now deceased, was invited to speak to the inmates at the Maryland Correctional Institution of Hagerstown in 1999, he told the inmates about the incredible anger he had experienced when he learned of atrocities that had occurred to his loved ones. He had struggled to control his anger, and finally decided to isolate and meditate before taking action. Eventually he realized that if no one had helped helped the perpetrators as babies, to gain an education and have an opportunity to lead decent lives, it's no wonder that twenty years later they resorted to the harmful acts that infuriated him. As he began to realize that, Thich Nhat Hanh explained that his anger began to melt, and he started to feel compassion for them, transforming his energy called anger, into the energy of compassion. His compassion was only be obtained after looking deeply and mindfully. He called this meditation, explaining that forgiveness is the fruit of this. When asked, "Where do you seek the spiritual?" He responded: "Seek it in every ordinary thing you do every day. Sweeping the floor, watering the vegetables, and washing the dishes becomes holy and sacred if mindfulness and concentration are there. Every minute can be a holy, sacred minute." [Thich Nhat Hanh, [How to Focus](#)]

Stories have always been used to teach and motivate. Over the centuries, many have "lived and died by their stories." It is becoming increasingly apparent that it's time to re-write our stories, maintaining the reality of the facts, while changing the theme to resolution and re-direction! Instead of singing the blues of victimization, wake up to the new dawn of realization!

Lipton and Bhaerman state that humanity is primed for an imminent and major course correction. Calling the Internet, "humanity's peripheral nervous system," they suggest that this interconnection with people from all over the globe can be used to help integrate collective awareness. Since all forms of media are reporting conflict in many places in the world, Lipton and Bhaerman suggest "a reunion of East and West or a reunion of hemispheres, as with the South American mythology of the condor and the eagle." They invite us to use this symbolism to create a much needed "balanced masculine-feminine field, the necessary first step to restore planetary health, love and harmony."

Many people struggle for personal control over their mind and emotions. We are perhaps unknowingly affected by electronic air waves, chemicals and hormones in the food we eat. Becoming more aware is scorned by some, while others feel they are being called to participate in the larger awakening of the cosmos itself.



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 25 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: norjour_tan@yahoo.com as an attachment. Art should be sent in jpeg format with a minimum of 300 dpi. Please contact Jason Thomas, at 208-597-3963, with questions.

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

NORTHERN JOURNEYS
A Magazine of the Arts, Humanities and Sciences

Volume No.26.1 Spring/Summer 2023 NO. 2

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Music Matters! Symphony



The measures of the *Music Matters! Symphony* represent stages of development along the staff of music education, which correspond to classes offered by the Conservatory. Classes range from early childhood to advanced orchestra, choir, and ensembles. Students are invited to join the Symphony at any age or at any point during their musical journey. Most *Music Matters!* classes are grant supported, a resource we are thrilled to share with our community! Along the way, MCS partners with local schools to bring beginning orchestra and choir classes to students who may not otherwise have access. We invite you to join us in the journey!

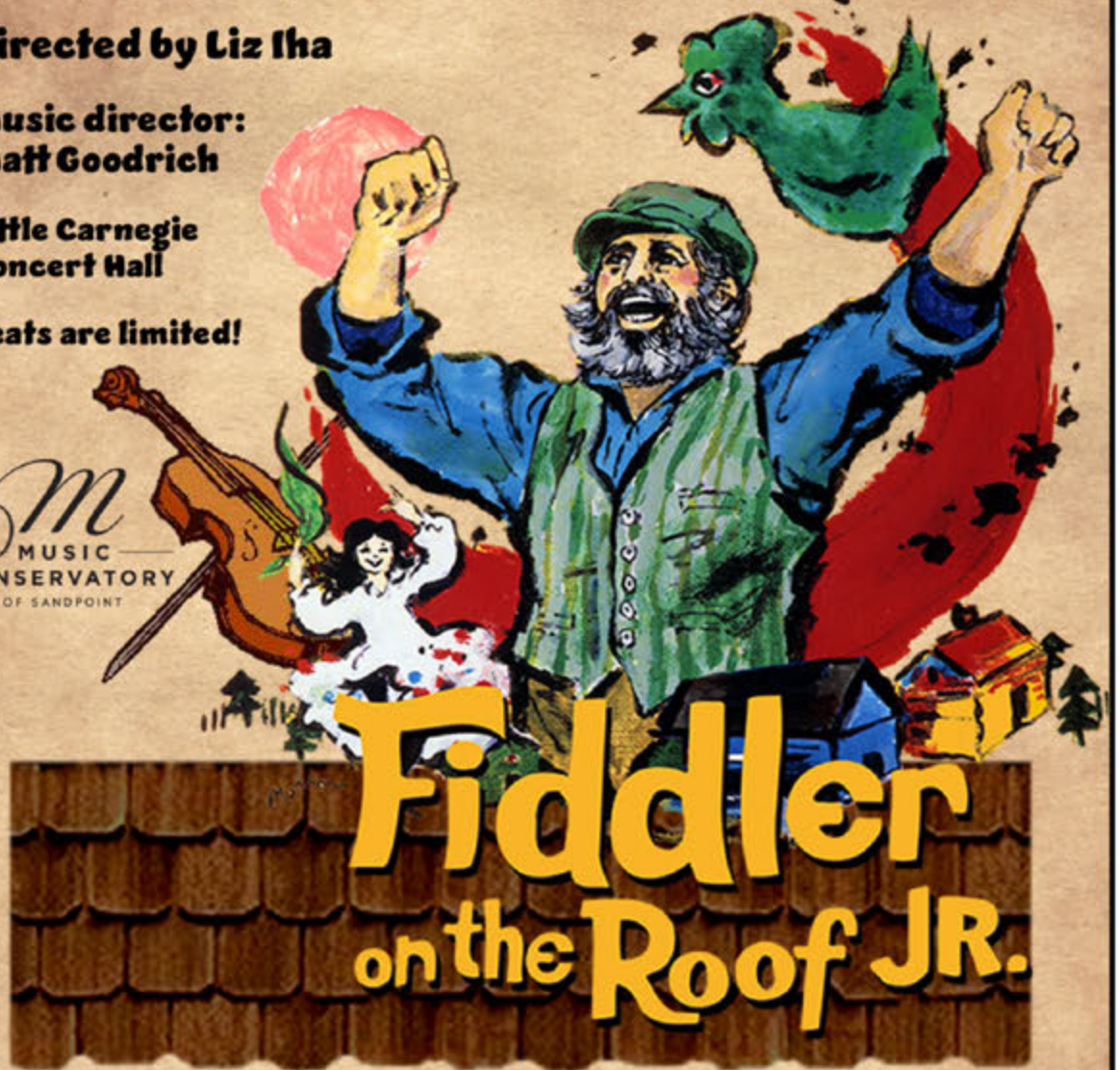
Musical Theater Presents

Directed by Liz Iha

**Music director:
 Matt Goodrich**

**Little Carnegie
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**Fiddler
 on the Roof JR.**

Showtimes:
Saturday, May 20, 5pm
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Questions?
2082654444

MCS Musical Theater students are the stars in this adaptation of the well known and loved Broadway musical, *Fiddler on the Roof*. The play dives into the matter of tradition as it follows a Jewish man and his five daughters in Russia around the year 1905. Performances of *Fiddler on the Roof Jr.* are Saturday and Sunday. **Adults \$10, Students \$5. Tickets available online.**

Musical Theater students will present the show at 5pm and 7pm on Saturday, May 20 and at 2pm on Sunday, May 21 in Little Carnegie at MCS. For more information, visit www.sandpointconservatory.org



THE ART SPIRIT

GALLERY OF FINE ART



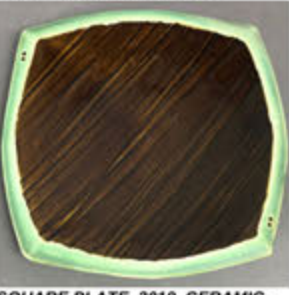
Nick DeVries
Minneapolis, MN



SQUARE TALL SLIP CUP, 2019, CLAY & GLAZES, 4 1/2 X 3 1/2 X 3 1/2 IN.



DARK GREEN BOTTLE, 2020, CERAMIC, 10 1/2 X 4 1/4 IN.



SQUARE PLATE, 2019, CERAMIC, 1 1/2 X 7 X 7 IN.



Doug Fluckiger
Clark Fork, ID



GOOD AFTERNOON, 2022, GRAPHITE, 40 X 50 IN.



BANNERS, 2022, GRAPHITE, 29 1/2 X 24 1/2 IN.



TIME OUT - COMMISSION 2, 2017, ACRYLIC ON PANEL, 20 X 38 X 1 IN.



Sheila Evans
Spokane, WA



VIOLET-GREEN SWALLOWS CHIME, 2020, KILN-FIRED ENAMEL ON HAND-HAMMERED COPPER & STEEL, COPPER PIPE, BRAZILIAN WALNUT, COATED WIRE, 40 X 9 X 9 IN.



BLUEBIRD OFFERING, 2022, ENAMEL, 14 1/4 X 11 IN.



BARN OWL BOWL, 2020, KILN-FIRED ENAMEL ON HAND-HAMMERED COPPER BOWL, 6 3/4 X 6 7/8 X 1 1/2 IN.



Ryan Molenkamp
Seattle, WA



DENALI, 2021, ACRYLIC ON PANEL, 34 X 44 IN.



LAKE LIFE, 2021, ACRYLIC ON PANEL, 24 X 30 IN.



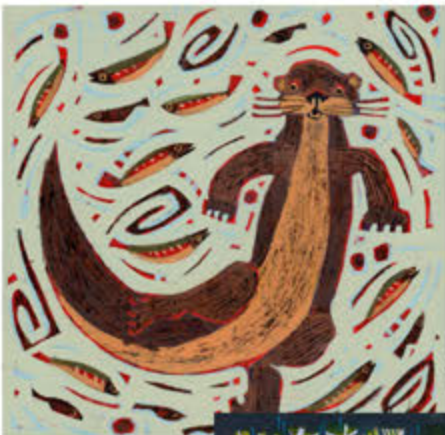
CASCADE 63, 2021, ACRYLIC ON PANEL, 18 X 24 IN.



Shelle Lindholm
Katahdin, MT



TIME OUT - COMMISSION 2, 2017, ACRYLIC ON PANEL, 20 X 38 X 1 IN.



FISHING OTTER, ACRYLIC ON PANEL, 8 X 8 IN.



ALIGNING STARS, 2022, ACRYLIC ON PANEL, 25 1/2 X 25 1/2 X 1 1/4 IN.



Jill Kyong
Moscow, ID



SQUARE STONES, 2022, ALDER, MAPLE, BALTIC BIRCH, OAK, OSMO TOP OIL SATIN, PAINT, 30 X 30 X 3 IN.



SOMEONE SPECIAL, 2020, CHERRY, BIRCH, MAPLE, SHEARLING, 21 X 34 X 4 IN.



YOUNG ARTIST SHOWCASE



6th Grade Art Talent
Cheyenne Blackmore

Cheyenne created a "Wolf Mandala" with Crescent Moon. She used marker for this very detailed project. She also created two Zentangles, using black micro Sharpies. Zentangle is organized doodle. She loves detail in her artwork. Another project Cheyenne excelled at is her understanding of 2-point perspective. She demonstrated this by creating a cityscape.



7th Grade Art Talent
Olivia McCalmant



Olivia is a second year art student at Boundary County Middle School.

Olivia just finished her optical illusion watercolor painting, vase and flowers, creating form using curved stripes.

She also created a 3D letter of her first initial "O". The 3D letter was created of cardboard, then she used acrylic paint, finishing with decorative painting. The "Day of the Dead" mask was created of plaster and acrylic paint, in celebration of the Hispanic Holiday. The "Day of the Dead" celebrates our ancestors who have gone on before us.



Sophomore Art Talent
Helene Rae

Helene is a Sophomore at Bonners Ferry High School. I love painting the beautiful world that we live in and expressing how I see it. This painting in particular is a picture I took in Monument Valley, AZ. The sky is inspired by the wonderful Van Gogh, and I tried to keep those same brush strokes in the landscape. This piece is actually one of the three paintings I did with that same type of sky. The whole idea is that we all share the same sky, so no matter what circumstances you are in or what you are dealing with, you can always find beauty and calm by looking up to the atmosphere above.

Sophomore Art Talent
Rylie Kimball



When I'm not at the gym or working, I spend my free time writing poetry, singing and playing the piano, drawing, or watching Fight Club. I am a varsity athlete in volleyball and basketball, spending my off seasons training in the gym and powerlifting.



Senior Art Talent
Malia Barry



Malia says, "Art has been a part of my life for as long as I can remember, but I didn't fall in love with it until I studied blindism under Lilian Hicel. I love adding texture to paintings and making it multi-dimensional for everyone to enjoy."




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YOUNG ARTIST SHOWCASE



Senior Art Talent
Greta Callison

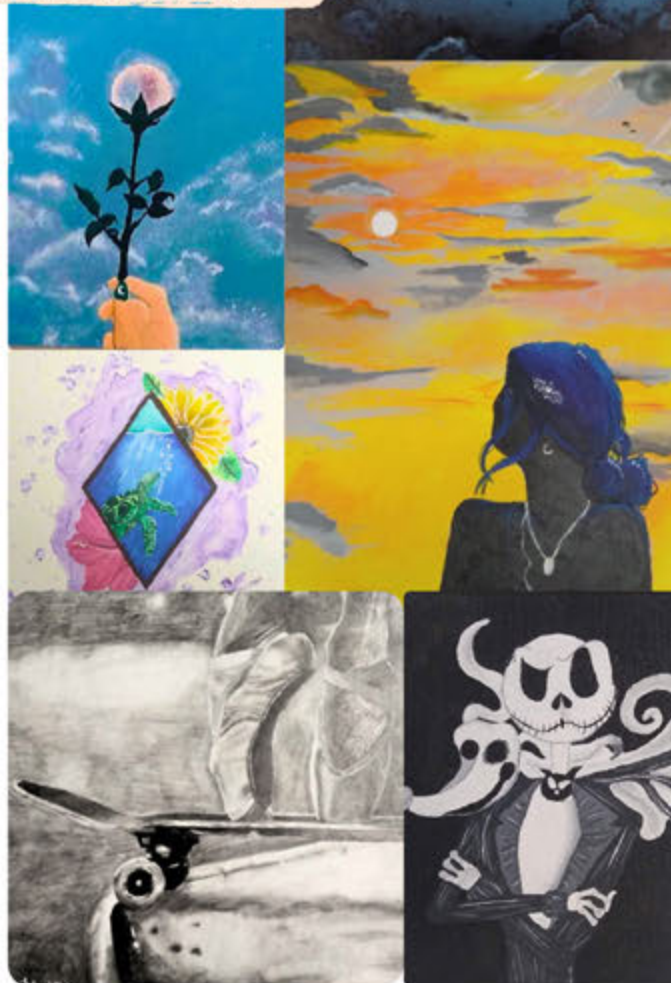
I am very passionate about painting. I have done a lot of painting and it is something I really love.

During my junior year, I took the advanced art class, and was given open studio time to make whatever we want. I painted a lot throughout that year and even created the piece called "Jellybeans". It was the first project that made me realize I love painting concentric abstract shapes. I also learned I love using lots of colors and shades of colors. To this day almost all my paintings are multicolor chaos and I love it so much.

Painting also helps with my mental health. I have ADHD and I struggle a lot with vocalizing my feelings. I also feel a lot more than non-ADHD people do. Painting has helped me express myself and understand what I'm feeling. I am able to show my anger, depression, anxiety, etc. through each piece. I think if I didn't have painting, I would be struggling a lot more and feel like I am unable to fully express myself.



Junior Art Talent
Jada Fairchild



Jada enjoys art, playing violin, baking, hunting, fishing, singing, listening to country music, and practicing nail art.

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BADGERS**



Senior Art Talent
Trinity Alexis Gaffield



As a BFHS senior, Trinity enjoys drawing, sports, painting, tattoo design, music, and reading.



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Founded in 2012, The Pearl Theater, Inc. is a nonprofit 501(c)3 organization with the goal of providing quality performing arts in an intimate historic downtown art house. Artfully renovated from an old church, the art house is conveniently located at 7160 Ash St. just a few blocks from downtown Bonners Ferry, Idaho.

The Pearl's objective as a nonprofit is to foster and develop the artistic talents and skills of community members of all ages, to serve as an outreach to encourage and facilitate social activities, and to nurture excellence in the performing arts through the presentation of performing artists from the local area as well as national and international arenas.

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Doug Fluckiger, Park Road, 2020, graphite on paper

Featured Poet

RON MCFARLAND

Prey Animals

Oh, the neighbor's cat's a real killer,
slays newborn rabbits, occasionally a
young careless squirrel, pursues the
quail we think of as our quail although
we have no proof of ownership.
Her cat's a tom named Tom
after her ex, "a cad" to hear her tell it.

He now lives out in the county
with two black labs his neighbors say
raise hell with their chickens.
He shoots pheasant over his dogs.
"Dogs should run free," he insists.
"Chickens should be kept in coops."
He never cared for cats.

We hiss away our neighbor's cat
when we catch him sneaking over,
but he's a stealthy predator,
proof of which we can document
too readily in myriad feathers.
But we like our neighbor, a kind and
lovely woman opposed to human
violence.

One day, or night more likely, her tom
will slip away, cross Mountainview
and foray into the wheatfields
on the edge of town in search of
dietary variety in the form of voles.
Coyotes lullaby us sometimes late at
night.
They are not known vegetarians.



Sheila Miles, *Rocks In The Water*, 2019,
oil on canvas, 30 x 36 x 1.5 in

Three Brief Craft Lectures

One day a rough-hewn
plank of a poem found itself
turned on the unforgiving lathe
of the master's workshop
where its splinters and knots
were reduced to nothing.

The next day an original,
scintillant poem,
admittedly full of itself,
tripped into a dairy
and found itself churned into
something like butter.

The third day, a nearly perfect poem
stumbled drunkenly
into a gem shop
where it got polished
to such an impressive sheen
that it got itself published.

Although his doctoral dissertation dealt with minor 17th-century British poet Thomas Traherne, Ron McFarland teaches a broad array of courses ranging from 17th-century British poets like Donne and Milton to modern writers like Ernest Hemingway and contemporaries like Cormac McCarthy. He also teaches African writers and Shakespeare, even though he regards himself as an "outsider" in both areas.



Pecan Grove Press published his fourth full-length collection of poems, "Subtle Thieves," in early 2012. His biography of Lieutenant Colonel Edward J. Steptoe (1815-1865), in whose honor of regional landmark known is named Steptoe Butte Colfax, Washington, is presently under consideration for publication.





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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. in 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!



Mugsy's Tavern & Grill is known as the local watering hole, a one of a kind gem up in North Idaho! Family owned and operated, Mugsy's proudly hosts a slew of taps local to the northwest alongside a few of your favs from around the country! Continuing the legacy of our infamous burgers, adding a few new special items to the appetizers to entrees. We know you'll be telling your friends about this treat! The chefs love to get creative and come up with different rotating lunch and dinner time specials, as well as great, fun cocktails to pair with special events happening in town! Come see why Mugsy's is known as the as "The Cheers of North Idaho!"

THE BADGERS DEN
 Dine in • Drive thru • Open Daily

Facebook icon Instagram icon @thebadgersdencafe

A local favorite, **The Badgers Den**, is the #1 breakfast place! Open daily, serving all day breakfast such as biscuits and gravy, homemade hashbrowns, pancakes, chicken fried steak, and all your breakfast favorites! We also are the only breakfast place to have in house espresso options, as well as a convenient drive thru for lattes, and even grabbing your breakfast to go! Whether you dine in, or take out, we are sure you will love to frequent The Badgers Den!



THE VIEW CAFE
 COCOLALLA, IDAHO
 208-263-5915
BREAKFAST SERVED ALL DAY
 All meats proudly sourced locally!

The View Cafe in Cocolalla is not only a prime location for frequent eagle sightings at sunrise while sipping coffee, but offers The Biggest biscuits and gravy you'll ever have. Loggers and challenge-eaters be dared! Some portions are large enough to share, with Great speedy service from very kind waitresses. Never a long wait to be seated during peaking hours on a Sunday. Located right off the side of US Highway 95 with wonderful panoramas of Cocolalla Lake and the rolling hills of the area. Come for the food & stay for... The View!

IS YOUR RESTAURANT A LOCAL FAVORITE?

We'll come give it a try! We're looking to expand readers into your local culinary corner, so contact Northern Journeys and we'll pop by for a taste and let the community know how great you are!



Babs' Pizzeria, located at 1319 Hwy 2 in Westpointe Plaza, is a "mom and pop" Pizzeria specializing in the best thin crust pizza this side of the Mississippi - a true slice of New York in beautiful Sandpoint, ID, with dough hand-made daily. Sample Stromboli or pasta dishes, and end the meal off with a classic hand-filled cannoli. Open Monday through Sunday, so you can enjoy a little bit of New York every day! Online ordering and delivery available.



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THIN CRUST. BIG FLAVOR.

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OPEN FOR DINE-IN OR TAKEOUT!

FRESH FOOD • LIVE MUSIC
THE BEST NW BREWS



The Pub with Personality

OPEN 11:30 am
GAME ROOM UPSTAIRS

212 Cedar Street
Downtown Sandpoint
208.263.4005

A SandPint Tradition Since 1994

Eichardt's Pub is more than a Public House, a restaurant, and a music venue, it's a hub where community connects, and ideas are shared. It's 'The Pub with Personality'. 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. American Brew-Pub style cuisine, with vegetarian-friendly options available. The servers are mature, authentic and sometimes surly. Offering a variety of excellent and diverse, weekly live music, featuring the Monday Night Blues Jam. Great Vibe! Great Food! Great Music! Please follow us on Instagram @eichardtspubhouse to keep up on music, art and any other important stuff.




Cafe 95

American-style Restaurant serving Great Daily Specials & New Expanded Drink Menu!

Wednesday-Sunday
7am-3pm

CLOSED
Monday & Tuesday
1109 Fontaine Drive
Ponderay, Idaho
(208) 265-5095

Ponderay's newest breakfast and lunch spot for American-style food. At Cafe 95, look no further for great daily specials and expanded drink menu. Great food, fantastic service, large portion size all at a reasonable price. Nice place to grab a bite to eat. Both Dine-in and curbside pickup available. Now serving Breakfast ALL DAY EVERY DAY!



Mention you saw us HERE & get a pizza perk!



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Closed Mondays

215 South Second Avenue
Sandpoint, Idaho
208-263-9321

When you think of hot, deliciously melted cheesy pizza and other tastes of Italian and fusion cuisine that makes your mouth water and stomach growl, then come on over to **Second Avenue Pizza**. When you eat with us, you'll be served the best pizza in town! Second Avenue Pizza is your family-friendly home for delectable food and hearty craft dishes. Plus, we have the perfect place to have birthday parties, school and team celebrations, or any occasion where good food and fun are a must! Our pizza is made with the freshest ingredients and homemade dough, fresh and loaded up with quality toppings.



LIVE MUSIC



NATURALLY NORTH ALES
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UNFILTERED
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NATURAL
CHEMICAL FREE
MICK DUFF'S

BREWERY & BEER HALL
220 Cedar St.
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FAMILY FRIENDLY BREWPUB
419 N 2nd Ave.
255-4351



Located in Sandpoint's Old Federal Building, **MickDuff's Brewing Co & Beer Hall** is a first come first serve spot, so no reservations needed! Just take a seat and pick from an array of naturally North Ales and drinks, alongside an impressive gastropub menu. Options for vegans and vegetarians like a black bean patty, tofu patty or mushroom cap to replace any burger on the menu. Not only is the food good - the atmosphere is awesome! Happy Hour is Sundays-Thursdays 3p - 5:30p, so enjoy \$1 off glasses & \$4 off pitchers of core beers at both locations. Live Music & Fun Events Thursdays - Saturday Nights (varying by season), so take in some tunes at the Beer Hall from local favorites and regional stars!



TRIAL BY FIRE

A chapter from the novel

A Boy A Bike Alaska! by Warren Carlson

NGW AVAILABLE   warrencarlsonwriter.com
Published by Fathom Publishing

“The fire is making its own wind,” Uncle Pete muttered as he looked down the line for a sign from the crew boss.

This book takes you on a TRUE adventure. I enjoyed it so much I read it twice and ordered more presents. You will not be disappointed. Everyone I loaned my copy to couldn't put it down. It is a quick read but has a lasting impression. ENJOY!



Claud Francesco, 43



I dug and chopped, dug and chopped until I felt like my arms might fall off. The smoke got thicker and thicker. It carried a suggestion of heat. We kept working. Time was measured by how much ground cover we reduced to bare dirt. To take a quick break and drink water from a canteen was heaven. I used up my reserves, but it didn't matter. Everyone else was still working. I felt like I had been working for days. The lodge and my family and Rachel barely existed. All there seemed to be was smoke and swinging the Pulaski. Then it changed. There seemed to be more heat in the smoke and the smoke was moving faster. When there were breaks, we could see the smoke glowing orange as the fire crested the ridge about a half mile away. It slowed as it worked its way downhill. The crew boss called for a ten-minute water break. “We should be able to stop it.”

Just as the fire reached the bottom of the canyon below us, the wind seemed to change. “An up-canyon wind,” Uncle Pete muttered, looking worried. When bigger pines ignited, they sent flames shooting into the sky, but mostly the fire kept near the ground, moving steadily, making crackling sounds, and moaning. Something changed. I wasn't sure what, but the hair stood up on my forearms. Briefly, I remembered playing firefighters with my friends in the woods behind our house. This was as far from play acting as one could get.

“The fire is making its own wind,” Uncle Pete muttered as he looked down the line for a sign from the crew boss. Too late! All the other sounds of the fire were wiped out by a roar like an oncoming freight train.

“DEPLOY! DEPLOY!” The word was passed down the line.

“Deploy” meant we were no longer fighting the fire. It meant the fire was hunting us! We had no place to hide, no time to run. “Deploy” meant you climbed inside your “shake and bake” and prayed that you would survive. Inside the tube you would hold your breath as long as possible, ignoring the tremendous build-up of heat.

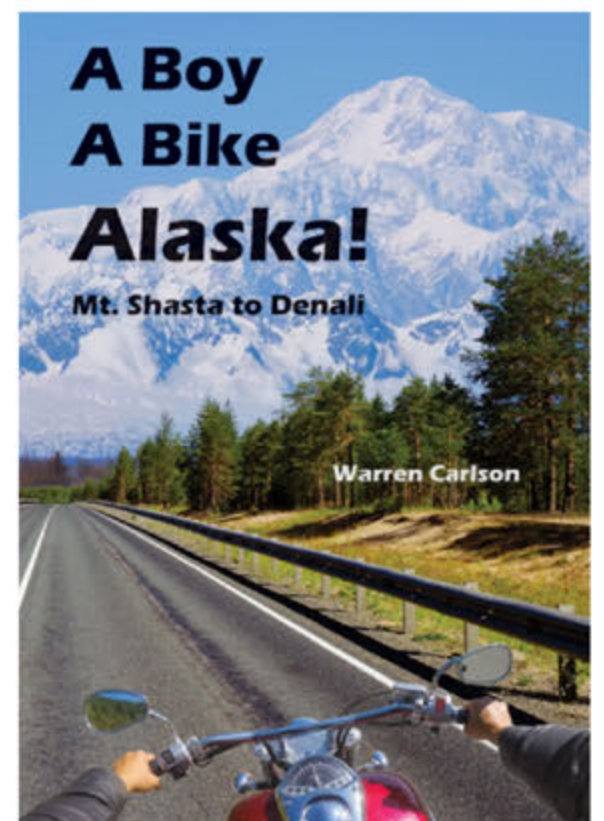
“Deploy” meant you were about to spend time in hell!

I froze for a moment when I heard the call to deploy come out of the smoke. My uncle grabbed my shoulder and shook me. We pulled the shelters out of our packs. Uncle Pete pushed me toward a large rock and helped me into the shelter. We were already being blasted by intense heat pushed along in front of the firestorm. Uncle Pete got into his own shelter and rolled against me. Partly protected by the large rock and my uncle's body increased my chances of survival.

Oxygen. The most precious commodity in the world.

The noise and heat beat down on me like a physical force. Even through the shelter, I felt like I was being pressed down into the earth. Moment by moment I could feel the forces against me getting stronger. How strong was my will to survive? I fought the irrational desire to climb out of the shelter and make a run for it.

Despite my fire-resistant clothing, I felt that my skin might catch on fire. My whole body was getting hotter and hotter. I was afraid to breathe but I had to take a few shallow breaths to keep from passing out. I tried to slow down my whole body so it would need less oxygen.



A High school graduate goes on a motorcycle trip by himself from Shasta city, CA to Alaska for a summer job at his Uncle's campground.

I railed against the fire by saying—no, thinking; saying would use too much energy—I'm too young to die.

Finally, I entered a place of disbelief. A small part of my brain, in order to keep me from giving up, decided that what was happening wasn't real. I tried to let a vision of swimming in Willows Lake take over my brain. It partly worked. My feelings of panic subsided. With all my being I pretended I could feel the cold water and breathe the smoke-free air. Soon, however, this delusion was broken by Uncle Pete squirming against me. I prayed he would survive. Time.

My desperate daydream of swimming faded and time slowed until the only way to measure it was that it was getting hotter. At what seemed to me a point near death, a miracle happened.



TRIAL BY FIRE

A chapter from the novel
A Boy A Bike Alaska! by *Warren Carlson*

NOW AVAILABLE   warrencarlsonwriter.com
Published by Fathom Publishing

Wildland Fire Collection
Brandon Puckett Photography
pucktography.com

The heat, the wind, the noise that had crushed me inside the shelter, all seemed to flow away. I peeked out. The smoke was still thick, but the heat seemed to be moving away with the flames that had passed over us and were now headed for the lodge!

My uncle groaned and rolled away from me. We both crawled out of our shelters but were unable to stand. On our hands and knees, we carefully inhaled and exhaled. Uncle Pete looked as if he might pass out. I managed to croak, "Are you all right?"

"No. I think my lungs are burned. Help me stand up."

I got up. I felt dizzy. I also felt great joy in surviving. I wondered if everyone else had survived. I helped Uncle Pete stand up. I held him while he took careful, shallow breaths.

"My shirt feels like it's on fire. Help me get it off," he said.

His back looked like it had a severe sunburn. I emptied my water bottle on him. The crew boss, Vincent, and the rest of the crew appeared.

"Boy, am I glad to see you two. You had the worst of it. We all survived," said Vincent. "Pete, you're not looking good."

"My lungs are burned. Can't get enough oxygen," Uncle Pete rasped.

"Vincent," I said. "We have to do something. He saved my life."

"It's two miles to the lodge, but there's a clearing about halfway with an overgrown logging road that starts near the lodge. If we could get him there ... I'll run to the lodge, get the old pickup, grab a chainsaw and bushwhack my way back."

"I'll help carry him," I said.

The crew boss put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Every man reaches his limit. I can see you've reached yours. I'll have the Swedes do it."

Two large men stepped forward and lifted Uncle Pete in the two-man fireman's carry and set off. I followed along behind. Vincent left running. When we reached the clearing, we could hear the sweet sound of a pick-up with a faulty muffler approaching. Vincent burst through the brush. I helped Uncle Pete into the cab and sat beside him. He was looking gray, unfocused. Vincent told him that the fire had missed the lodge, but Uncle Pete didn't respond. I put my arm around him to keep him from falling forward. Vincent and a crew member cut down some small trees so there would be room to turn around. Once we were pointed in the right direction all the firefighters climbed on board. Standing up, they held onto the truck and each other.

When we got to the lodge and Uncle Pete saw it was unscathed, he said, "It's a miracle."

Just then Ross pulled up to the dock and rushed over. "Boy, am I glad to see your ugly mug," he said.

"Did Mrs. M make it to the airport?" Uncle Pete asked.

"Yes, she's fine. I made two trips downriver. Evacuated twenty campers, left them at Rachel's lodge."

The crew boss came over. "The highway is still open. Transport will be here in thirty-fourty minutes."

"Pete, I'm taking you to the clinic," Vincent said.

"I'm going with you," I said.

"No," said Uncle Pete. "I have a job for you. You have some thirsty and hungry firefighters on your hands. Open up the kitchen, raid the refrigerator."

"Yes, Sir. And thanks for saving my life."

"You are welcome. Just promise to make good use of it."

The crew cleaned up at the outside faucet. After I set out sandwich makings, juice, iced tea and turned on the coffee maker, I called Rachel.

"I absolutely need to see you right now!" she yelled into the phone.

I waded into the river with my boots on and started up the motorcycle. The back wheel spun on the wet rocks, but I managed to avoid falling and bounced up the beach to the road. At the Broken K Ranch Rachel was in the parking lot, waiting for me with open arms. After a long embrace, I told her about surviving the firestorm. I got the shakes. She cried.

"This is it, isn't it? We have twenty extra guests and I'm leaving in the morning. The end of our best summer ever."

As I drove away, Rachel must have remembered what I had said about my mother hating tattoos, because she called out, "Don't get a tattoo!"

My vision was a little bleary the first few miles going back to my lodge.



Wildland Fire Collection
Brandon Puckett Photography
pucktography.com

'REDD' SEARCHING FOR HOME

WHAT DOES A REDBAND TROUT HAVE TO DO WITH MY SEARCH FOR HOME?

About midway between the gills and the tail this fish had a deep and solid dark vertical red band of an inch or two in width. Jeru Creek mostly harbors native cutthroat trout, with red colors below the gills and when spawning a crimson belly. But there also are "cuttbow" in the creek. The cuttbow is a hybrid of introduced rainbow and native cutthroat that often carries markings of both of its genetic ancestors. The occasional rainbow, though, while apparently reproducing in the streams along the Pack River, but not officially indigenous, usually has a light pink band that runs across the side. But in over forty years of fishing the small streams of the Pack River valley, I had never seen a rainbow, a cutthroat or a hybrid with as deeply colored red on the side as this one wore.

I subscribe to a half dozen or so fly-fishing related magazines, and I read them carefully every time one appears in the mail. I must say, though, that their contents have not measurably improved my fishing ability or success. But that probably reflects more about me than about the magazines. In recent years I have come across occasional stories or references to the "redband rainbow," although I have read others that refer to the redband trout as a variety of cutthroat. That I know of, though, the "red in Redband has no explicit connection to a "redd" other than do other trout that may also create them when spawning.

One source has written that "Redband Trout that live in streams tend to have profuse large spots over their bodies and fins (except pectoral) and frequently have an orange cutthroat mark under the jaws. The Redband does have a rosy, red stripe along lateral line to a brick red lateral band (especially in spawning males) and tints of yellow or orange along the ventral region. Gill covers can also be brilliant red." (<http://westernnative trout.org/redband-trout/>). Seeing this description has caused even more confusion for me in identifying variant subspecies of trout in our river valley. After the rainbow trout was introduced into the cutthroat dominated streams of north Idaho, the hybrid emerged, and many of the hybrid trout surely look a lot like the description of the red band trout, albeit the thick brick red band is infrequent in my experience.

I must confess that I, too, have searched for home in streams, for my personal redd along a stream, even returning to the many places my family has lived across generations and across geographic locations. Might, then, Thoreau also have believed it is the "value of home" for which we search while fishing, much like the spawning trout searching for a place to discover or to create its own redd? I would describe my journeys as searching for T. S. Eliot's implicit "shadow" of home while fly-fishing in and around family-connected streams. Indeed, our home, our own redd if you will, may well be found in that "Thick Darkness where God Was." (Exodus, 20:21.) In these journeys, I now understand that the people I join and the places I fly fish on small streams together comprise T.S. Eliot's motion and action that produce the bright light for creating home's shadow in my own redd.



Ardith at peace

Deep into a recent summer Ardith and I were relaxing in Lagniappe, our cabin, escaping from the mid-day heat outside. I'd just come back from a long, round-trip drive to Coeur D'Alene. Unusual for this time of the day at this time of year, we heard the sounds of a heavy engine coming up our dead-end quarter-mile single track that leads into the cabins from the Pack River Road. I looked out of the window and saw a white pickup with three people in it. The logo on the right-side front door said "Avista," which I vaguely knew to be "Your electric & natural gas utility in Eastern Wash, North Idaho." Our cabin is off-the-grid, so I was baffled by their presence at our place which is more than two miles from the nearest power line. Clearly, we are not tied into the Avista power system as consumers or as producers. There are no power poles, no transformers, no lines strung through the woods or along our direct road. So, I thought it very unlikely that we would be seen as having the potential for either consumption or production as well.

Then it struck me. We have had a very small pico-hydro system shared with our friends and neighbors the Hills. It produces enough power for our lights and for powering our shared internet system, including a satellite receiver that feeds messages from the outside world into the router. Perhaps, I then thought, we were seen as a competitor to Avista. On the other hand, for decades we've had a permit to withdraw small amounts of water from Jeru Creek for domestic purposes, and, in our case, along with the water we use for household purposes, this was our only other withdrawal. There is no net loss of water flow from the little turbine after the water returns to the creek 300 ft. downstream from where we take it out and, in any case, the withdrawal is a very small portion of the total flow, and we have placed no impediments to the fish that travel up and down stream. Thus, I've always felt that our use of the resource was trivial.

Ardith went outside first to meet the Avista people, while I pulled on my shoes. The three people, two men and a woman, got out of the pickup. It was clear they wore some sort of uniform, my assumption being that it was an Avista logo on their shirts. But then when I got closer, I could read IFG, which I knew to be Idaho Fish and Game. Over the years, I've had occasional and very positive contact with IFG people, mostly when I am fishing on the Pack River, and once on McCormick Creek, one of the tributaries of the Pack several miles up-river from Jeru Creek, when they were doing fish counts.

Narrative continues in our next October edition

"Buy Land - They aren't making it Anymore." - Mark Twain



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SPACE FOR ARTISTS OF ALL AGES

“I am proud of the warm, inviting ambience that ‘The Studios’ provides for its artists. I believe that good artwork begins with a good frame of mind.”

Cedar Street Studios is a unique new teaching and learning studio on the second floor of the Cedar Street Bridge, in downtown Sandpoint. From the moment you enter the bright, clean space on the second floor, you immediately know you've walked into someplace special!

Matt Lome, the studio's proprietor, explains, “The space is for artists of all ages to express their inherent creative nature. By learning and improving our fundamental skills, we become better at the art of self-expression.”

Cedar Street Studios is composed of two distinct sides: a studio for Art, and one for Music. Both sides enjoy inspiring views of the Pend Oreille River. All the wooden furniture at the studios - benches, tables, easels, and desktops - were custom built by Matt to accent the space.

“I am proud of the warm, inviting ambience that ‘The Studios’ provides for its artists. I believe that good artwork begins with a good frame of mind.” The music studio specializes in guitar lessons. Matt is a 35-year veteran guitarist whose playing style

emphasizes fundamental chords and basic scales. He performs original songs and covers at several downtown Sandpoint venues. (Check The Reader for dates and events.) Other instruments offered at the studio include bass, ukulele, drum kit, hand percussion, and basic piano.

The art studio focuses on foundational principles of drawing and painting. Matt's illustrative, storytelling paintings have been featured in galleries, cafes, and on magazine covers in Chicago, Michigan, Seattle, New York, and here in Sandpoint! His style uses clean shapes, clear shading, and most importantly, clever stories. At the art studio, Matt's preferred mediums for teaching are pastels, watercolors, charcoal, and pen and ink.

Come by Cedar Street Studios and visit the new, exciting space in downtown Sandpoint. Let your inner artist come out to play! To learn more about class scheduling, email Matt at CedarStreetStudios@icloud.com



**Folk-Rock/Americana
Singer-Songwriter**

His debut album, *EVER SINCE*, released January 2021. Matt teaches children to play guitar, ukulele, and various percussion instruments.

Artist, Illustrator, Instructor

Illustrative folk-style painter working in many mediums, including oils, pastels and watercolors.

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