

Be Part of Island History



Russell Dorr & son Weston share their COVID Story. Share your Story this week July 10 and 11, 10am-4pm in the Thriftway parking lot between Ace and Thriftway.

By Voice of Vashon

Today, we are living through an historical moment — facing a worldwide pandemic, political upheaval, social unrest, continued racial injustice toward our own species, and man-made environmental catastrophes that threaten to extinguish life itself. So, how are we dealing with all this?

We all have stories about the

disease that is crippling our society, keeping us in isolation, with little or no employment, unable to attend school, unable to make new friends or to date. Are your relationships stressed? Has the Black Lives Matter movement made a difference to you? Did you participate in the protests? How has your world

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The Road to Resilience

Moving Out of Denial

By Terry Sullivan,

As everything seems to be coming to a head, so-to speak, we find ourselves invited to a transformation party that we expected for some time, but now that it is actually here, we seem to be fighting a case of cold feet. We're realizing that it is really hard to give up a lot of the characteristics of the old normal even when there is a popular resolve that it is time to change. It's kind of like realizing that the garage is filled to bursting and there is no possibility of putting more in there without a thorough clean out. We may already have installed a few rickety lean-to's in a pitiful attempt to put off the inevitable. But the time of reckoning has arrived, and we can't get around it anymore.

We know that the climate emergency is breathing down our necks and requires immediate attention, but are we really ready to face our addiction to fossil fuels and the extravagant lifestyle we have gotten used to? We now realize that our country was founded with racism as an underlying factor and that both slavery and indigenous genocide are building blocks of the country we know today. Can we honorably just sweep that under the rug now that we have owned up to it?

And finally, we have this pandemic that has acted as a sort of intervention to hold our attention long enough to really begin to see the error of our ways. Wealth offers a little protection, but, ultimately, we realize that every one of us is threatened with death. We have denied it, belittled it, and pretended that it was over, but it has quietly and implacably refused to go away.

To appreciate the extent of our wishful

thinking, understand that at the end of this month, the eviction moratorium will end, and the unemployment compensation \$600 bonus will end. At that time, all the delinquent rent and mortgage payments will be due. It doesn't take much to realize that somebody who can't pay monthly is hardly likely to be able to pay all the past due in full. So, at least one article I read said that the expected legal action from this alone will clog the courts for years, that is, after the pandemic has eased enough for the courts to even be in session, not to mention the unholy suffering and chaos that millions of people unhoused will cause, especially given the pandemic. I think that it is obvious that we will have to extend those protections, as well as for food, health, and all the rest for as long as the pandemic threatens, but there is clearly pushback from those that are concerned about the economy. This pushback is another indication that we are not thinking this through. One can worry about deficits and encouraging free-loading, but to unhouse and put millions of people in jeopardy will be far more costly and chaotic than taking avoidance measures now. Most countries that can afford it take this for granted: one must do what must be done because the alternative is disaster. It is also a given that nobody that can't afford it should be unduly burdened.

We need also to consider the psychic costs of this sudden estrangement from our world. All the major professional sports leagues are trying to hold some sort of season. The NBA is planning on finishing their season playing all their games in a "bubble" venue in Orlando.

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Open Space teams with Island organizations to hire artists and create public art.

What does an event space do when it cannot have events? Vashon Island event space Open Space for Arts and Community is finding new ways to continue supporting the same mission: elevating artists and bringing community together. The solution is !Attention! Artists at Work, an initiative to hire artists who have been financially impacted by COVID-19 to create public displays of art in partnership with Vashon Island Visual Artists (VIVA) and UMO Ensemble.

All over the country, artists and artisans are losing their jobs and income. Vashon artists face the same economic catastrophe. Artists are losing traditional opportunities for sales, commissions, and artistic fees as well as their day jobs. The goal for this program is to secure funding to provide local artists and artisans with work during the COVID-19 shutdown and the economic crisis that threatens to last well beyond the actual shutdown.

The !Attention! Artists at Work (AAW) program is comprised of a series of public arts projects. Open Space for Arts and Community is fundraising for these projects and is collaborating with Vashon Island Visual Artists (VIVA) and UMO Ensemble to connect local artists with a project. All projects sponsored through AAW are for the public and designed to be easily accessible to anyone on the Island. Investing in public art now will put food on artists' tables, create public art for all islanders, and send a message to the future. AAW projects will be free to the public.

According to Open Space for Arts and Community Executive Director Jiji Saunders, "!Attention! Artists at Work is going to bring free, public art to Vashon at a time when it is needed most. But at its core, it is a jobs program. Our primary goal is to make sure that artists who have been financially impacted by COVID-19 have more opportunities to work."

There are two projects in the works so far as part of the program. The first project of this initiative was inspired by large public art murals, as well as the AIDS quilt. Rather than one large painting, the mural will come together as a quilt of paintings, each as one-of-

!ATTENTION!



a-kind as our community. The "mural quilt" will consist of about 60 panels from many local artists that are 32 inches by 32 inches each, forming a collage of island. So far, the campaign has reached \$6,000 of its \$30,000 goal. The call to artists is available online at OpenSpaceVashon.com and the application deadline is July 17th, 2020.

The second project in the AAW program is Distance Dance. This project highlights dance and awe-inspiring physical performance (at a safe physical distance) to create a drive-by spectacle. Five choreographers will work with dancers to put on 2-3 shows each, for a total of 10-15 shows this summer. Look for these shows at one or more locations around Vashon. The call to artists is available online at OpenSpaceVashon.com and the application deadline is July 13th 2020.

The US has a strong history of successfully putting artists and artisans back to work during hard times. During the Great Depression, Roosevelt did it through the Works Progress Administration (WPA). In the 1970s, CETA (Comprehensive Employment and Training Act) offered artists and artisans meaningful work at fair wages. The resulting artwork stands as a testament to the strength and solace art lends during adversity as well as a message from the past. !Attention! Artists at Work is inspired by the successes of these

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Mural location on the East end of Open Space for Arts and Community building.



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If Your Skin Isn’t White

By Sean Malone and John Sweetman

Sean and I were discussing the ‘origins’ of our mutual understanding of ‘race’ as we might have seen developing over our many decades. We agreed that our early concept of ‘race’ was really not so much ‘race’ as it was ‘ethnic’ differences.. The difference being whether one was ‘Swede’.. or ‘Norwegian’ or the silent and notoriously tough Finns. Today nobody could understand our concept of ‘ ‘ethnic’ differences.. And it did not help at the time that the snooty Danes remained aloof and supposedly made much superior Aquavit, according to our parents.

In the early days Sean and i could find little remembrance of distinct racial awareness. Our Japanese friends and neighbors were not referred by to as ‘Japs’ or at least not by us kids. What our parents said to one another during the war was maybe another thing. Our mothers tended to regard racial language to be derogatory and a bit obscene.

It must be mentioned that ‘derogatory’ language toward Swedes.. Norwegians and Finns.. Was ok and could be used in front of those to whom ‘derogatory’ was intended. Typical childhood banter and nothing more. It would come right back to us except for the Finns, who were usually too silent to respond in kind!

The Danes never responded to ethnic asides because they always concentrated on devouring the abundant smorgasbord.. very practical people that they are.

I can remember my first encounter with a black person..

“Mommy! Why is that man dirty??”

As a young lad I exclaimed after arriving from the Island and getting ready to take the trolley up to Olive Way.

My mom and i were outside the ‘olde curiosity shop’ by the Bainbridge ferry terminal..

I cannot remember all the story, as the childhood memory was later re enforced by my mother. The essence of the story was that I, as a small child noticed a person unlike our usual assortment of physical types.

I think it was the first black person i had ever noticed.

After my outburst, my mother looked down at me and without a word took me up to a large dark appearing person and after a few words.. The giant dark person took my small hand in his large hand and introduced himself. I think he worked for the Great Northern Railroad.

My mother patiently explained to me that this person was a negro and His family had come from Africa many years ago and now lived in Seattle. I remembered his gentle handshake many years later and the soft look of his eyes.

My questions served to jog John’s memories for his Mother’s exact words.

Down at “Run down Ranch” where we lived a half mile south of Cove, things weren’t quite the same way. It wasn’t just our steep driveway from the peach orchard to Cove road; Dad could never catch up with the demands of a five acre spread and was making fun of his inability to keep up while he held down a job in town.

“Mom, can we open Aunt Lila’s present yet,” Molly yelled from our living room at Cove. Aunt Lila was our Grandfather’s sister or cousin, I can’t remember which, because she was very old and owned a pecan farm in North Carolina and the people who lived and worked in her orchards were descendants



of slaves from 150 years ago and had never left the farm. Molly tore open the box and we had pecans for Christmas.

We called our Grandfather, Papa Jim who was the west coast middle weight boxing champion in past times. When we were kids at Portage, Papa Jim was busy training black boxers to win and make money for him in Seattle. “Why just black fighters?” I asked one day. “Because my fighters hit hard and are fast on their feet,” was his prejudice toward black people.

There were no black people on Vashon except for one family and they weren’t really black but came from Jamaica. Dean Miller was a big man and worked in the steel mill in Seattle. When my Great Grandfather Mattson died and they tore down his house, it was Dean who took the lumber and built his family a fine home.

From the 1939 August News-Record: “Twenty-five neighbors and friends of Mr. and Mrs. Dean Miller surprised them Saturday night when they walked in on them at their home, the Falcon’s Nest, at the Heights. The evening was spent in dancing.”

Both of us agreed that it was only much later that we developed any concept of ‘race’ and that seeing things in terms of race was something acquired and not really native to our young minds.

Sean@vashonloop.com

Open Space teams with Island organizations to hire artists and create public art.

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Federal programs.

There are many ways to join this effort. All profits from online store sales will support this program. If you are a Vashon-Maury Island-based artist who has been financially impacted by COVID-19, please visit the Open Space website to send us your information. If you are a local property owner who would like to display public art, or if you would like to help support the cause financially, please visit [OpenSpaceVashon.com/](https://www.openspacevashon.com/) attention-artists-at-work or email info@openspacevashon.com to learn more. Follow Open Space for Arts and Community on Facebook, Instagram, or in their newsletter for updates about the project.

Spiritual Smart Aleck

By Mary Tuel

Romance of the Rodeo Cowboy

Dear readers: I am taking a break from rants about current events to do some straight up storytelling. 2020 is making me tired.

“There’s a young man that I know, his age is twenty-one

Comes from down in southern Colorado

Just out of the service and he’s lookin’ for his fun

Someday soon goin’ with him someday soon”*

Remember that song? Written by Ian Tyson and originally recorded by Ian and Sylvia, then covered by Judy Collins, Linda Ronstadt, and others.

Ian Tyson rode the rodeos in his late teens and early twenties, so that is where he was coming from when he wrote this – painting a picture of the sweet faithful young woman waiting for the rascally rodeo rider, i.e., him.

“My parents cannot stand him ‘cause he rides the rodeo

My father says that he will leave me cryin’...”

We all hummed and sang along.

“He loves his damned ol’ rodeo as much as he loves me

Someday soon goin’ with him someday soon.”

After my experience with rodeo cowboys, when I hear that song I want to say, “Run, girl, run! Your parents are right!”

The story: as a senior in high school I was accepted by the two colleges to which I applied – UC Santa Barbara, and Cal Poly, San Luis Obispo.

I chose to go to Cal Poly as a journalism major instead of to the University of California at Santa Barbara as a music major. For some reason I thought that journalism would get me a job, whereas music would not. Wrong – in the sixties women weren’t being hired for journalism jobs like they are now. It was a man’s world.

I knew that Cal Poly was the choice that would please my parents because it was a conservative school. It was also an engineering and agriculture school with a ratio of three male students to every female student (“Cal Poly- where the men are men, and the sheep are nervous”).

This was 1965, when the Free Speech movement had taken off in Berkeley, quickly followed by the Filthy Speech Movement. My older brother had gone to Berkeley, but I knew that my parents would never allow me to go to that cauldron of Communism and dirty language.



My mother drove me down to San Luis Obispo one September day and got me checked into my dormitory, and I was launched on college life. Once ensconced in my dorm room, I got to know my roommates Sandy and Judy, and then the girls living across the hall, Julie and Carol. Cal Poly had a championship rodeo team (still does), and Julie and Carol were barrel racers on that team.

Please don’t make me come down there and explain barrel racing.

So there I was, 17, literally a farmer’s daughter fresh out of the apple orchard, turned loose at college, and I had new cowgirl friends.

That first quarter I met some of the cowboys on the rodeo team, and those rodeo cowboys – holy carp. They were there to rodeo on that championship team. Academics came a distant second in their priorities.

Well, third, after drinking.

One Friday evening late that fall I went to a cowboy party. Some of the team riders were there, and soon I realized that I was the only sober person in the room.

Guess what happened.

One drunk cowboy got into an argument with another drunk cowboy, and soon that escalated to one taking a swing at the other and connecting solidly. The kid who’d been hit went down like a tree falling over and struck his head on the refrigerator. I couldn’t tell if he was bleeding from a head wound or one of his existing orifices, but there was blood, and he was no longer conscious. The drunken party goers scrambled around, trying to figure out what to do. It was decided to carry him to a bedroom where he could sleep it off. No one thought to take him to an ER or call an ambulance.

If I had any illusions of rodeo cowboys being romantic or glamorous, those illusions died that night.

Ian Tyson’s fantasy about that nice girlfriend waiting for him at home and following him anywhere no matter how badly she was treated – that was his illusion.

After my disillusionment with rodeo cowboys I started hanging around with the beatniks, bohemians, poets, and folk singers at school, so my parents’ worst nightmare about me falling in with the commies was realized.

Of course there was nary a commie among them. They were young people who drank a little (not as much as cowboys), played guitars, and sat around talking. They weren’t violent, and they had some conversation.

Big improvement over the rodeo cowboys, I thought.



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Island Life The Distraction

By Peter Ray
pgray@vashonloop.com

The news people were saying last night that there are just four more months to the election. When November rolls around, that is about the time that I begin to think about, and soon after that act upon, switching to my winter tires and the extra traction they provide in the snow that we mostly don’t get around here. I have been dealing with snow on the roads over the last three winters when I go to Montana for the film festival in Missoula. The trip this past February saw a fair amount of snow, and the drive over and back is the only trip I have taken this year. I have only put twelve gallons of fuel in my car twice since then, and the snow tires are still on. Part of the reason I opted for studless snowtires was that we mostly have snowless, if not necessarily dry roads around here most winters, and metal rivets scratching away on naked asphalt is just annoying, as well as destructive. And so, I am driving around on slightly more aggressive rubber, but not tearing things up, and not driving much at all. So the question poses itself- do I even bother to switch to summer tires this year at this point? If I do decide to make the switch, that also means I will have to buy new summer tires to replace the old ones I have beaten the crap out of by way of my two cross-country road trips in the last two years. We’ll see. I suppose the choice would be: head into Seattle for the second time since February and risk exposure to the expanding plague, or stay here and tend to the plants. Given current circumstances and a lack of any future travel plans, perhaps that decision has already been made for me.

While I kind of quit being a plant person almost ten years ago, the truth is you can never really un-plant yourself. It would be nice to say that all the plants that were started here and placed in the ground around the property have carried on and flourished. Unfortunately, that is never the case. Especially when you have the competing interests of other plants and things we call weeds and the new and different swings in the weather that tend to change well thought out plans in a moment’s notice. And so it is that I look around for plant survivors as I make my way back to the neglect that has overcome a fair bit of the landscape. There are the obvious plants – the ones that have thrived regardless of how much attention I have not paid them. There is the rose that one could say is “going to town” in the front yard right now. I spite of parts being torn down in the snow two years ago, ‘Sir Cedric Morris’ is blooming like crazy as it always does around this time of year. I always thought of it as a climber, as it is now at least forty feet up into the maples and the south American Beech, but technically I guess it has been classified a rambler. As the word for the month in my minute movies group is plant, and since I have selected this particular ramblin’ plant to highlight in it, I won’t say much more, other than the fragrance is a subtle but welcome ambience every time we go out the front path, and after a week or two of multiple single white blooms, Cedric is starting to shed its petals in random, botanical snowfalls each time a breeze passes its way. The rest of the front yard is slated for clean up at some not too distant future time- for now our focus has been on easy livin’ in the back yard.

That is after all the way it is supposed to be, isn’t it? The great, American backyard has been cast as both refuge and retreat. I should probably stop there,

because while our backyard space has become both retreat and refuge, it is not a typical example of Americana. There is no lawn- there is no barbeque pit or gas grill. There is dirt, which until we get the bridge across the pond (hopefully later this summer) is now the three dog wrastlin’ arena. I had thought about doing vegetables there, but that would have never worked, given the mayhem they manage to inflict upon the potato patch behind the fence as the rough house rumpusing sometimes goes out of bounds. The potatoes are doing well, although sometimes partly trampled and broken. And as we beat back the incursion of weeds and stuff into this open space, we have moved to the edges of things and dug into areas that have suffered from the I’ll-get-to-that syndrome for too long. It is there that I have made some interesting discoveries of plants I had thought were long lost. As I was cutting back a clumping grass in one area, I noticed small starts of leaves that were coming from a place where I had planted a species lily- L. pomponium- years ago. I do not know that I have ever seen it flower there, and if it had flowered it would have been hard to miss its deep orange-red bloom, even though it only gets to about a foot tall. Having not really noticed anything of it at all as of late, I had been fairly certain that being overwhelmed by the grass and chomped by the slugs, all had probably ensured that lily’s demise. I made a teepee of sticks over it to keep the dogs from stomping it and cleared back the surroundings. It has since been overwhelmed again, so my next plan is to dig it up, pot it and look for a more suitable home for it in the hopes that I won’t lose it again.

Another plant whose survival completely astounded me is a relative of the jack-in-the-pulpit clan, and is known as Pinellia tripartita. As there had been a couple of other arisaemas in that same area and also from the aroid family, my assumption had been that all had perished in what appeared to be a case of just bad soil, even though at the time I had planted everything I’d felt as though it had been amended enough- apparently it was not enough to their liking. Anyway, I was tracing back to their roots a number of our native, running blackberries that were streaming up and out of a shrub that had also collapsed to one side in the snow two years ago, and I noticed once again a cluster of leaves coming up from the area where I recalled the Pinellia had been planted. As with the lily, after the “it can’t be” had passed, I dug down and found a grouping of bulbs that separated into four, which did wind up being potted and now all of them are displaying their characteristic three-leaved stance at about eight inches. I’m not expecting Jack in his pulpit for another year or so. I have planted out at least five or six varieties of arisaemas over the years and all were not long lived. It was a pleasant surprise to find this aroid still kicking, and I’m looking forward to finding some other places in the garden where hopefully this aroid will thrive once they’ve had a chance to bulk up in their pots and with more focused attention.

I know I did lose one of my pineapple lilies, because I know there was one in each of the beds on either side of the path to the raspberries. We have gotten most of the weeds out of the north bed and there is no evidence of a survivor there. Surprisingly, as everything began to surge in the garden this year, I happened to check in amongst the seedling geraniums, which have spread everywhere, and near the Lilium pomponium mentioned earlier what appeared to my wondering eyes was a bit of Christmas in June, in that the Eucomis that I thought had perished was

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Be Part of Island History

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changed? Are you worried about your health or that of your loved ones? Do you watch a lot of news coverage or post more on social media? Do you feel that you’re actively engaged and are trying to make a difference?

You can be a part of Vashon Island history by sharing your COVID story. There are so many stories that, when taken together, will inform future generations, as well as scholars, about how we survived here on Vashon-Maury Island, while so many in other places did not. Now is a good time to think about sharing your own experiences.

The Vashon Heritage Museum, our island equivalent of the Smithsonian, has created what it calls the “Vashon COVID-19 Archive Project.” A team led by historian Bruce Haulman, has begun collecting such stories for a future exhibit. Working in collaboration with Voice of Vashon, they are conducting video and audio interviews at several locations around Vashon-Maury throughout the month of July. The Museum’s expert historians will interview you while the cameras and audio recorders are rolling.

Your story will be preserved for

all time in the museum archives. Your face, your voice, and your COVID story will become a permanent part of Island history and the stories will be woven into a TV special. Participants only need to be willing to share their stories, but artifacts such as masks and photos, even screenshots of social media posts may also be of interest.

Share your Story this week July 10 and 11, 10am-4pm in the Thriftway parking lot between Ace and Thriftway. Visit VashonHeritageMuseum.org and Vashon Heritage Museum’s Facebook page for other times and locations of the interviews.



indeed making a comeback. Even with all the cranesbill foliage, and the morning glory that has not been excavated and extracted yet, it was not hard to miss the burgundy-red foliage of this variety of pineapple lily. This South African native seems to be perfectly hardy here, in spite of its exotic looks. I think what I may do this afternoon is head out in search of more gallon pots and come back to my makeshift potting zone and get both the eucomis and the lily out into better soil in pots, and then seek out a better future home someplace else in the garden.

Perhaps the most curious find while out in the back was the appearance of a seedling lupine that I spotted as we were getting the area ready to plant the potatoes. The rest of the weeds had not started sprouting after the first tilling, but there near the edge of the patch was what looked to be the leaves of a lupine. It stopped me in my tracks, and sparked a memory of this area many years ago. Before my time here, this part

of the yard had been planted as a berm border, and in seeing the seedling I was reminded that at one point there had been a tree lupine growing here. I think it disappeared during the succession of really cold winters we had in the mid-eighties and early nineties, I don’t remember for sure. But it has been at least twenty or more years since that plant was here, so this was indeed a testimonial to the longevity and viability of lupine seed, and without any special preservative action. This seedling is now in a pot and has tripled in size to about six inches. If it is the plant I think it is- Lupinus arboreus- it is a woody lupine that grows to be a small shrub with yellow flowers. I have an idea as to right where it will go. In the mean time, I need to get back to the weeds that have not yet plateaued in growth or spread. There is a weedy Arizona zone out there with the potential to cause an out break in our Colorado-like potato patch, and we just can’t have that- not in our back yard.

Fleur Needs Your Votes



Fleur for Un-official Mayor of Vashon

Woof! I’m running for Unofficial Mayor of Vashon. VIPP saved me from malnutrition and disease. When you vote for me by donating to VIPP, you’ll be helping them give other animals the same opportunity for a happy life.

Go to www.vipp.org, click on “Events” and scroll down to “Upcoming Events” to cast your votes by Friday, July 17. Vote early and often!

Go To www.vipp.org

To view adoptable Cats and Dogs



By Marj Watkins

Better Butters

The best butters for breads, biscuits, or rolls and for cooking vegetables such as carrots, celery, cabbage and other vegetables. They gain flavor with the enhancement of helpful herbs. Each variety of herb has its own medicinal value, too. For when we lived in Crete our neighbors told us, “If you feel a cold coming on, just walk up the mountain until you come to a thyme plant. Pick and chew on some of its leaves.”

It worked. Neither I nor my husband nor either of our two sons had a cold, sore throat, or flu all that winter. We had chosen Crete as a place to spend that winter of late 1973 and early 1974 because we looked in an Atlas and noted that Crete lies at the same latitude as San Diego. We thought we would enjoy shirt-sleeve weather all winter.. Ha! Joke on us. In December the temperature went down to 50 degrees Fahrenheit. That house had no heating. We went to market and bought two space heaters, one for the kitchen and one for the living room.

At the local panapoleon (everything store) we bought butter by the cube. In Iraklion ‘s market we bought the world’s best yogurt, made of sheep’s milk.

Son Steve had crammed on the Greek language. When we reached Greece. we could read the signs on the buses and know where in that big city each bus would take us. We expected to

fit right in on Crete. Surprise! Cretans don’t speak Greek. They speak a dialect, “Kriticos”. “Kriti” means “goat”..

On the mountain behind our village we found marjoram, oregano,,sage, and thyme free for the picking. I doubt the butter we bought was made from sheep’s milk; tt tasted like American butter.. The bread was wholegrain brown bread, called psomi mavro. Unlike the baguettes in France, Psomi mavro does not go stale overnight. Psomi=bread. Mavro=black (dark).

In our village, Chersonissis, There was a bakery. We met women bring trays of unbaked homemade bread to the bakery to be cooked along with the bread that Nikos the Baker made. to sell. Our Cretan neighbors ate simply and healthily. The butcher shop was only open on Thursdays. Other days the people of Chersonissos ate fish,, beans, snall octopi caught in ancient jars identical to the Roman jars we saw in the museum at Iraklion. For vegetables there were tiny wild artichokes, wild greens, and farm-ripened tomatoes. Oranges grew wild in the guillies. You could eat very well without spending much money..

You could gourmetize butter with those wild herbs, the same herbs we buy dried and sold in little bottles You might like to try some of these herbed butters. Start with 1 stick of butter, softened enough to cream our chosen herbs into it.

Thyme and Tarragon Butter: 1/2 cup soft butter, 1/4 teaspoon Thyme, 1/2 teaspoon tarragon

Oregano Butter: 1/2 cup soft butter,, 1 teaspoon oregano

Dill and Garlic Butter: 1/2/ cup soft butter, 1 small garlic clove peeled and minced, 1 Tablespoon dill weed.

Chive Butter: 1/2 cup soft butter,, 1 Tablespoon minced chives or green onion top.

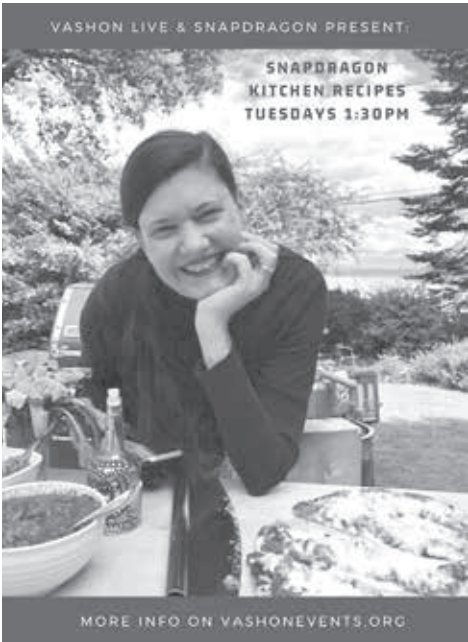
Snapdragon Kitchen Recipes

Megan Hastings is at it again, showing and sharing Snapdragon Kitchen Recipes. She’s doing what she does best – cooking at Snapdragon with simple, accessible ingredients and tips to help make cooking easier. In each episode, Megan focuses on a specific recipe and shares her own approaches and choices.

Whether whipping up a delicious Marinara for numerous uses, creating some stunning Potato Pierogi, a staple in most Polish kitchens, or sharing secrets of salad magic, Megan demonstrates that cooking can be simple and oh-so-satisfying.

Before she became a chef at Snapdragon and host of this cooking show, Megan Hastings was frequently found perusing kitchens while growing up in Chicago and living in cities beyond.

<https://vashonsnapdragon.com/>
Snapdragon Kitchen Recipes
With Megan Hastings
Tuesdays at 1:30pm



Brought to you by Vashon Live
Live Stream Cooking Show
Link to watch:
www.facebook.com/vashonlive

Live From The Black Cat Cabaret

LIVE from Snapdragon, Vashon Live will be broadcasting a live stream concert from their Facebook page with local baker, restaurant owner, poet, storyteller and all-around nice guy, Adam Cone.

The last time Adam Cone was telling his stories around the campfire at the Barking Dog Farm, everyone who had the pleasure of being there virtually enjoyed it so much that he has agreed to come back and do it again, this time at Snappy D’s!

Adam’s a storyteller in every sense of the word - he’ll grab a hold of you

with his words and you won’t be able to tear yourself away. The question is... what will he be wearing? Or maybe the question should be...what won’t he be wearing? Tune in and find out, you just never know what’s going to happen at the Snap!

Sunday, July 12th, 7:30pm
Brought to you by Vashon Live
Live Stream Event
Link to watch: <http://www.facebook.com/vashonlive>
Donate through Venmo: megan-hastings-23

Catch Drive-In Movies This Summer at the Night Light Drive In

Open Space for Arts and Community and Vashon Theatre are teaming up to bring the drive-in movies to Vashon this summer. Beginning on July 1st, enjoy The Night Light Drive In, located on the great lawn at Open Space.

Showings will be on Wednesdays through Saturdays this summer until Labor Day. The first weekend will spotlight Jurassic Park on Wednesday and Friday and Field of Dreams on Thursday and Saturday.

Schedule:
July 1 & 3 Jurassic Park 9:30pm start
July 2 & 4 Field of Dreams 9:30pm Start
July 8 & 10 ET the Extraterrestrial
July 9 & 11 Gravity
July 15 &17 Arrival
July 16 &18 Back to the Future & Animal House
July 22 & 24 Liar Liar & Big Lebowski
July 23 & 25 Mad Max Fury Road
July 29 & 31: Forest Gump
July 30 & Aug 1: They Live & Get Out
August: TBD

According to David Godsey, Open Space for Arts and Community



co-founder, “We were driven by COVID-19 to find creative new ways to build community. Designing this experience with our partners at Vashon Theatre has allowed us to dream up a communal experience that follows health guidelines.”

Tickets are available on the Vashon Theatre website. Doors open at 8:30pm for the 9:30pm show times this weekend. When purchasing your ticket, please be sure to carefully read ticket directions and event protocols.

Summer Arts Fest

Now in its third year, Vashon Center for the Arts is set to open its annual two-month Summer Arts Fest Friday, July 3rd. The festival will showcase artwork by more than 70 Vashon Island visual artists in 35 solo and collaborative exhibitions.

Artists opening their exhibitions July 3rd are Christopher Allen, Steven Ellis, Denise Dion, Miya Sukune, Stephen Malshuk, Robert Thomas, Renee Marceau, and Erin Schulz.

Vashon Summer Arts Fest is a festival open to any and all Vashon-based artists. Each artist is given a three-week show and a designated wall or floor space “mini-gallery” on which to display their art. One of the extraordinary features of Vashon Summer Arts Fest is the rotation of shows within the time period, with five Friday openings where you can see new art and meet the artists. Friday openings for new shows are: July 17, July 24, August 7, and August 14 from 6:00pm – 8:30pm.

VCA Gallery hours are: Thursday – Saturday from 12noon to 4:00pm.

COVID-19 protocols are in place to insure a safe and welcoming environment for art viewing. Masks are required, physical distancing will be practiced, and a the number of visitors in the gallery will be limited at any given time.

The Summer Art Fest is the ultimate celebration of Vashon artists. Within the two-month period you can experience the breadth of artistic talent on Vashon.



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Aries (March 20-April 19)
Life is a cooperative venture. This is often imagined and rarely practiced, though it is a fact. Even if you grow your own onions, someone else makes your frying pan. Yet the skill of organizing cooperation, and the basic political acumen to facilitate people actually working together, is rare. You must develop that skill and you’re in a good position to do so. This is a long-range project. Whatever may seem worthwhile today will be far exceeded by the necessities of the next year and the years following. Learn to build trust. Learn to be wholly dependable, and to recognize who else has that value. Those are the people you want to stick with; it’s easier to tap into as a resource than it is to cultivate in people, though sometimes that is worth a modest effort to see if people are capable of picking up the tune. Everyone knows what teamwork is, but not everyone cares.

Taurus (April 19-May 20)
Consider the possibility that someone close to you has especially relevant insight into your thinking and what you may be feeling. You might not like this idea. You prefer to be the best expert on yourself. You try to make your own decisions. But someone may know something you do not. And that something will not be designed to make you paranoid. Any orientation on fear, worry or potential negative outcomes is not helpful and it is not healing, and it’s unlikely to be true. A trustworthy approach is a gentle one, and a balanced one. Also, pay attention to the known self-interest of others. In any transaction where you are the beneficiary, the self-interest of others must be either minimal, or honestly declared — preferably both. That aside, this is a time when you may have unusually deep self-awareness, particularly of what causes you pain. There is an element of this comprehensible only to you — and you alone hold the key to resolving it.

Gemini (May 20-June 21)
With Venus moving direct in your birth sign, you may have the feeling that you’ve seen, and felt, all of this before. In many respects that is true. Yet your primary growth task is to reinterpret your feelings and results such that you can actually resolve what may trouble you. If you are feeling insecure in your influence with others, or in the stability of your relationships, consider some misinformation that came from your mother, based on her unresolved difficulties. The vast majority of what troubles people is their parents’ material. Yet for a diversity of reasons, it’s difficult for people to accept this. The primary issue is false loyalty. That’s the notion that ‘if I actually am honest about how I feel about what you told me or did to me, you won’t love me anymore’. This kind of thought loop can keep people trapped in their own emotional loops (and depleting personal relationships) for years.

Cancer (June 21-July 22)
The Moon has just finished an eclipse in your opposite sign Capricorn, which may feel like the pressure is suddenly off. If you have that sense of not quite knowing what to do, you’re in a good place. However, you have a few important goals you must focus on, without relying on anyone else to bring them to closure. You probably know what they are; if you have not registered that consciously, make a list of three, and adjust it till you’ve got the right items. These would be actual matters of mostly professional urgency, where your leadership is the only kind that

will suffice. That’s because you are the one who is ultimately responsible, and the one who knows the most. Therefore, you’re the most qualified and whose care and power of decision will have the most influence. Raise your awareness to the point where you can identify one issue that deserves your attention, devotion and will.

Leo (July 22-Aug. 23)
Some of the pressure is off of a personal situation, though I suggest you keep your focus on it, and don’t let it drop below the surface. You have a rare window of opportunity to devote yourself to several matters of personal healing, and to make progress in a way that is unusual for this world. You have done better than you expected through a diversity of challenges, though that’s an indication to keep your expectations low, and your actions focused, relevant and oriented on tangible goals. At the moment, most of this involves coming to closure on matters that have dragged on for years. It seems to be an intractable part of human nature to not finish what is begun, no matter how personally relevant. I suggest you do everything in your power to get over this habit, to the extent that you have it. Brilliant things are in store for you, though only if you are not dragged down, distracted and delayed by unresolved matters from the past.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sep. 22)
You are under some extraordinary influences, which seem determined to teach you that you are your own person. Yet this is not about rebelling, revolting or being a contrarian. It’s about understanding that the nature of your reality requires not being so invested in another person that you lose track of who you are. There are great benefits to having others in your life; you almost always use your relationships to find yourself. Yet at a certain point, it’s essential that you get onto equal ground with others, which means a balance of respect and self-respect. There is something similar going on where you see yourself reflected in any form of collective or public life. You are more susceptible to what is considered acceptable and normal than you may recognize. While everyone does this, you often consider yourself exempt, which would in effect blind you to the issue. It takes patience and work to meet people on level ground and to have complete and honest exchanges.

Libra (Sep. 22-Oct. 23)
Mercury is now slowing to the end of its retrograde, in a house connected to your professional affairs. You may have put much more emphasis on other areas of your life the past couple of months, though I would propose that they are the same thing. All of your goals must align and be in harmony with one another. You can only live with one set of ethics. You are one person, not many people. The astrology of the next six months could easily have you in a position where reacting seems like the only thing you can do. It will be helpful if you’re way ahead of that, and are considering the moving parts of your world in total, with each influencing the rest. When you seem to be overly influenced by realities external to yourself, you know you’re lagging behind your own awareness. At this stage, very little should take you by surprise. You know what you need, and what you need to do.

Scorpio (Oct. 23-Nov. 22)
Your ruling planet Mars conjunct Chiron is developing in your house of healing and wellbeing. Please make this the primary focus of your life for the next

six months. It is not easy to make changes to one’s established self-care routines. We all know that. Yet you have some excellent leverage right now. You probably have your own motivations for evaluating your life and making adjustments, which is what you will be relying on mostly. However, as an astrologer I can tell you that the timing to make several big changes is working in your favor now. One key to success is taking action before you actually need to. Make your changes voluntarily. Take an inventory of all that you’ve learned, and all that you suspect, and organize yourself into approximately three topic areas that relate to commitments to yourself. If you are seeking expert guidance, make sure it’s holistic by the dictionary definition of that word, rather than by branding.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 22)
Not much seems to be happening in Sagittarius at the moment, but there is plenty going on elsewhere that is influencing your experience of life. One of them involves forming a relationship with your priorities. This is a project that has long been evolving, though it’s been working more as a process of elimination. Now you’ve arrived at the point of building, acknowledging and accumulating. This may seem like an odd thing to consider, though your most valuable asset is your agenda. However you think of it, as something you make up, as something you were born with, or as something that you develop over time, your priorities are your gold standard. They are your orientation points. They are how you know you’re doing the right thing. You might first consider whether you have violated any deeply held principles which has, in turn, led you astray of your needs and desires. This could involve putting up with a persistent, long-term situation very close to you.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)
You have just experienced a lunar eclipse in your sign, and I trust you’re feeling better, and under less pressure. There is an immediacy to eclipses that can feel pushy and urgent and then when the bubble pops, everything is quiet and back to normal. Saturn has re-entered your sign for one last very brief visit for this 29-year cycle. This grants what you might think of as a temporary superpower: the ability to define your reality on your own terms. Most likely this will be about a seeming small correction in course rather than a major reassessment. It’s something you can consider and make some decisions about in a relatively calm state. It’s likely to be connected to a matter that needs resolution but has long resisted it. You may decide you were holding onto a little thread, and the resistance was that you would not let go. So take a look at this thread and see what it connects to, on both ends. Even though you’re only holding one end, that’s enough to make a change.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 19)
The past few days have been a real trip. That’s how activity in your 12th house feels. This would be Capricorn, which has been the scene of a triple conjunction (Pallas, Jupiter, Pluto) as well as an eclipse of the Moon and other factors (such as Saturn backing out of your sign for a while). This has all served as a pressure equalizer between your inner being and the environment around you. You might think of it as burping a Tupperware that really, really needed it, or a kind of psychic orgasm that released pent up need or urgency of some kind. Now you can be a lot calmer in your approach to life, and take things as they come just a bit more easily. Free from all that internal pressure, it’s easier to get along with people. It’s easier to make your basic needs known, and to figure out where you have a mutual point

of contact. Meanwhile, you have important priorities on your agenda, and you will need help. Those points of contact are about to take on a whole new meaning.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20)
It’s been an exciting few days for you. Nearly all of the action has been in Capricorn, one of the signs most important to Pisces, due to its position as the 11th place from yours — the best one of the lot. Your ruling planet Jupiter is involved, which makes it especially personal, and in certain esoteric traditions, Pluto has a deep connection to your sign. If you’re not already on top of your game, you can easily get there, with a little planning and some cooperation. That is the great thing your life is running on now: the power of human connection, which in essence means appreciation, trust and respect. Here’s something to consider. Those connections are diluted when they exist only in digital form. In fact, if only in digital form, they barely exist at all. While the world is busy having a paranoia orgy about anything and everything “social,” I suggest you turn that on its ear, and emphasize the only kind of contact that counts, and the thing that makes us distinctly human.

Read Eric Francis daily at
www. PlanetWaves.net

Road to Resilience

Continued from Page 1

There will be no live spectators and the athletes will be expected to remain in the bubble until the season is over. Some teams are already backing out because of the dangerous spike in infections in Florida. Does this sound like a workable plan? Or just grasping for straws? Similarly, college and pro football are trying to imagine a fall season happening, but no plan is forthcoming because nobody knows what the virus is going to do. Same with schools: some universities are planning on opening to in-person instruction “but it will require that all students and teachers wear masks and practice social distancing at all times.” Judging from our experience so far, does this really sound like a feasible plan? We can also mention restaurants, bars, concerts, parties, etc. This is stressful for all of us.

In our most honest moment, I doubt that very many of us see this pandemic as going away soon. I think that many also see that our economic, climate, and racial justice issues are being exposed for all to see, and that we can’t rebuild the old normal. That means we have to be able to visualize a new normal and bravely venture out into it. Not an easy task seeing the forces opposing change, and how stressed we are already. Like leaving an abusive relationship, once we embark on the new, we will wonder how we ever put up with the old. We need to think clearly and have the courage to see it like it is. One step at a time, folks, but let’s do some stepping.

Comments? terry@vashonloop.com

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Obviously, not everything we carry is up on our website at this time, but we are slowly getting everything posted.
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Remember to boost your immune system, that's your best defense right now. As usual, we are here to help you with that!

Stay healthy, my friends...



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PANDORA'S BOX

No festival is certainly an adjustment for all of us.
Bo is happy about it, though.
We’ve got some cool new cat trees just in time for kitten season!

Bo’s Pick of the Week: A question, really.
Don’t most Presidents have a pet? How many haven’t?
Hmmmm. And, public opinion poll...if he had one, what would it be?

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