

What to Do on November 3, Election Day -- Walk Together at the Vashon Cemetery

Living with anxiety about COVID, addressing issues of institutional and personal racism and witnessing the vitriol of this election season have been a mighty challenge for just about all of us. The Vashon Conversation for Living about Dying team offers an antidote that is both beautiful and peaceful. Consider a quiet, slow walk in one of the island's sacred spaces – the Vashon Cemetery. Walk on Election Day, Tuesday, November 3 and on Wednesday, Nov. 4. We will be there from noon to 1:00 pm on both days. But know you are welcome to walk at any time. It will give us the opportunity as Vashon neighbors and American citizens to be physically with each other -- to hold a peaceful, safe space at this historic time. To give space for wordless openness, fresh breath and hope for the future. To be together, in mutual respect and love.

Please come prepared to practice



COVID safety recommendations: Everyone must wear a mask and keep six feet social distance unless you are with family and friends who are part of a pod.

We'll be there rain or shine. Please join us!

VCC Kicks off A Roof Over Our Heads Campaign

On November 7, Vashon Community Care (VCC) will launch a capital campaign to raise \$200,000 for a new roof. The campaign will begin with a virtual event, A Roof Over Our Heads, hosted by Vashon's own Martha Enson and Kevin Joyce of Enjoy Productions. Working off the theme of tradition from the musical, A Fiddler on the Roof, the event will emphasize the essential services that VCC provides to the island, and the vital role the community has played in maintaining this critical community asset. During the 45-minute presentation, attendees will enjoy a video of fiddler, Kolo Enson Overstreet, playing "Tradition" on VCC's roof" and testimonials from families, employees and residents talking about their experiences under the roof at VCC. In addition, there will be a drawing of two items – garden sculptures by island metal artist, David Erue, and a painting of a fiddler on VCC's roof by island Renaissance man, Steffon Moody.

As with any 20-year-old building, VCC is in need of capital updates. The roof is top priority. Last year, it had a significant leak which required immediate attention. Thankfully, Kevin McNamara, regional director of Transforming Age (VCC's parent organization), was on site that day and went to work immediately. Tapping into his summer job during college working as a roofer, Kevin scaled the roof in his suit and dress shoes and patched the leak. There are several more places on the roof where this same issue could erupt again which is why we are asking for financial support.

With the help of the Vashon community, VCC is planning on replacing the roof in 2021 and has already raised close to \$85,000 toward the \$200,000 goal. "The original roof is made of composite tile, which typically lasts about 18 years," says VCC director of facilities, John Powers. "We are hoping to replace it with a traditional 50-year roof which should last at least twice as long as the current roof."

The VCC building opened its doors in August 2001 after seven years of grass-root efforts by many cherished islanders who volunteered and financially supported this service. From the start, it was a community project. While VCC has undergone ownership changes, it remains a nonprofit and continues to provide quality care for seniors who need assisted living, memory care, and respite stays.

"We see this as a partnership with the island community," says VCC executive director, Wendy Kleppe. "The tradition of the Vashon community giving to VCC is now balanced with generous financial support from Transforming Age which believes in reinvesting in its communities. Together we are creating a comfortable, safe and affordable



environment for our beloved residents."

About Vashon Community Care:

Vashon Community Care has roots dating back to 1928 when Goodwill Industries purchased the Ellsworth Ranch and established a working farm and boarding house for destitute men from "Skid Road" in Seattle. Today, the community includes 40 apartments in Aspiro Gardens Assisted Living and 16 apartments in Beardsley Memory Support. VCC proudly remains an active and vibrant member of the Vashon Island community.

About Transforming Age. Transforming Age is a leading nonprofit organization committed to improving the lives of older adults through community housing and services, technology development, research and advocacy. Founded in 1956, the organization operates 28 communities in Washington, Minnesota and Nebraska. In addition, it runs an online advocacy forum to combat ageism and its affiliated partner, GSI Research & Consulting, provides business service solutions to the industry. Its affiliate Full Life Care provides critical home and community based services to older adults and people with disabilities. The Transforming Age Foundation and affiliated foundations provide philanthropic programs aimed at supporting those in need.

EVENT DETAILS:

A Roof Over Our Heads

Virtual fundraiser for Vashon Community Care's roof

Saturday, November 7 from 6:30 to 7:15 PM. Hosted by Martha Enson and Kevin Joyce.

Register at www.vashoncommunitycare.org/ARoofOverOurHeads

The first 50 households to register will receive homemade cookies and a bottle of Palouse wine.

Don't forget to purchase tickets for a drawing for two items:

--Three garden sculptures by island metal artist, David Erue

--An original painting of a fiddler on VCC's roof by island artist Steffon Moody

Tickets for the drawing are \$25. You can do it online when you register for the event, or you can send a check to VCC, PO Box 2114, Vashon WA 98070.

The Road to Resilience

Pandemic Fatigue

By Terry Sullivan,

Eight months is a long time for your life to be in upheaval to a greater or lesser extent. For people who have lost their job and/or have school-age children and/or have little in the way of financial reserves, this has been a really trying time. And that with only 3% of the people in the US having gotten COVID. Here on Vashon, that number is much smaller, more like 0.3 %. Given that, it seems reasonable to dispense with precautions, because it seems unlikely that we are going to get it. The other factor that convinces us to slack off is that, of those that get it, the great majority have minor or no symptoms and only 3% actually die from it. For us on Vashon, that means that only 0.003% of us (1 in 30,000) at present are likely to die from COVID. That means that about 1/3 of a person is likely to die of COVID on Vashon. Is that enough risk for us to continue to upend our lives, face financial ruin, lose our homes, keep the kids out of school, and not be able to hug our friends and family?

The remaining elephant in the room is our susceptibility to conspiracy theories. After three years of lies from Trump and wild theories circulating from all sides on the social media, our sense of and reliance on what is true is sorely worn down. As a sceptic about the ability for humans to keep a secret, I reject the plausibility of most conspiracy theories. I trust the basic goodness of humankind while being wary of our tendency to resort to our basest instincts when fear and distrust rule. I find it truly astonishing that millions of people support the Q anon theory that

there is a progressive elite conspiracy that is trafficking children for sex as well as to eat! It is a testament to how fragile our grip on reality and our trust in goodness is when we are taken by fear and uncertainty.

What bothers me now is the acceptance of alternate theories among progressives. There is a number of people whose opinions I respect that are getting behind the herd immunity strategy (not a conspiracy) as laid out in the Great Barrington Resolution, signed by a number of scientists. Herd immunity has been called into question since it has become apparent that surviving the virus does not confer permanent immunity. The herd immunity experiment in Sweden has proven to be costly in lives and has not slowed down the virus. If we have lost almost 200,000 people with only 3% of us having been infected, how many would we lose before 40% of us have been infected and could begin to exert some herd immunity? Everything about it says that we should be cautious, and especially not trivialize this virus.

More than anything, we all just want it to be over so we can travel and eat, drink, see live entertainment in public venues, and we and our kids can socialize again. Given the politicization of mask wearing and the idea that the pandemic itself is a hoax, it's not surprising that we can't seem to agree on what to do about it.

I think most of us are taking it seriously, but it takes very little non-compliance to keep it spreading. What about all the people that are going hungry and getting evicted? We need to take care

Continued on Page 6


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The Vashon Loop

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Do you have an event or Public Service Announcement? Email questions or submissions to Steven Allen, editor of the *Loop*, at editor@vashonloop.com. Photos are welcome as jpeg or pdf attachments.

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and want help?



ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS

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Next Edition of *The Loop* Comes out Thursday October 29

Deadline for the next
edition of *The Loop* is

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No puede dejar de
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It's Party Time

Party Like It's A Pandemic, because we are smack dab in the middle of one and need some fun! Chris O'Mara of Silent Adventures, based in Edinburgh, Scotland, will host "Party Like It's A Pandemic" on Saturday November 14 from 6:30-8:30PM in support of the Vashon Senior Center. Chris is a maestro of Zoom parties, leading them all over the UK and now Vashon-Maury Island! We'll sing, dance, and quiz—all together in one big virtual room. See your friends reenacting famous movie roles, posing as familiar paintings, and starring in visual "name that tune" cameos, all in the name of trivia. Tickets cost from \$10-\$100 and come with party swag delivered right to your front door. The more you pay, the better the swag. If you don't live on-Island, we won't be able to deliver swag, but the party link and trivia scorecard are easily sent by e-mail. Join the party! Learn more and purchase tickets at www.vashoncenter.org/party



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Many Treats, Few Tricks



By Sean Malone and John Sweetman

Our Grandma Ollie was one of five daughters of a wheat farmer in the Palouse south of Spokane. Though she was married to a giant in the food distribution industry, she never shed the mischievous tricks that she and her sisters came up with, including the time she showed us a bloody finger she had retrieved from a car wreck on Cove Road, when it was her own finger that was sticking up from a white jewelry box in a bed of cotton and ketchup. She had cut a hole in the bottom of the box for her finger, just to fool us.

It was about 1952 and just before Halloween when she called us into her house where she had a large empty thread spool, a piece of string and a pencil. “Now, pay attention, while I build a Halloween noisemaker,” she said. And with that, she took a sharp knife and cut deep notches in both ends of the spool and wound the string around it. Shoving the pencil through the middle of the spool, she walked up to her big glass window and pushed the spool tightly against the glass while she pulled the string “sharply.” RATA-TAT-TAT! Echoed through the house, causing her little Chihuahua, Carmelita to bark like mad and we three kids broke out in hysteria at the wonder of Grandma Ollie’s Halloween trick-noisemaker.

We couldn’t wait for it to get dark so we could mask up and set out in great hopes of “booty” between our house and Grandma’s at Cove. Molly said she saw a bush of purple flowers waving in the field right above the road when it was just Mrs. Anderson bending over in her flowery dress to weed her garden in the oncoming dark. Kit Bradley was with Molly and Mike and I and we rattled some windows at

the Wilske’s just because they weren’t home and snuck into Secor’s haunted house where the first thing we saw was a huge drum in a sink that had six-inch black-rubber pegs sticking out of it and was used to pluck chickens. It was running now and making a great noise as we approached the “Curtain of Death” where you poked your hands through holes in the black cloth to feel a bowl full of the eyes of “dead pigs” (boiled eggs) and with the other hand you felt the brains of a dead cow, (a bowl of wet spaghetti), it was enough to scare the “you-know-what” out of superman! Ed Secor was a little older than we were and was up on the chicken house roof in a black witches outfit, screeching arias from the underworld. We knew it was Ed because he was always practicing his opera-singing and could be heard a half mile away when the wind was just right.

Dean Miller was a Native American from the Ozarks and lived at the top of the Heights Hill with his wife Dorothea and their adopted daughters. They were very sophisticated children from the camps of WWII in Austria or Germany. One daughter told my Sister Molly that while they were imprisoned, her brother had painted a board with black and white keys, so that she could practice her piano. Their adopted father, Dean was well liked all over Vashon and had built their beautiful house out of the lumber from our Great-grandfather Mattson’s house on the hill above Portage.

Dave Church talks about pulling an outhouse out of the berry fields west of town and setting it right in the middle of Bank Road. That same year, a group of tricksters moved a buggy to the top of the wooden awning over the front of the Hardware Store, right beside the WWII fire siren.

Spiritual Smart Aleck

By Mary Tuel

American Fatigue Syndrome

We are having a rough time after all these months of the “new normal.” The pandemic, economic and housing struggles, and our racist chickens once more coming home to roost.

I am calling it American Fatigue Syndrome at this point.

There has been a lot of buzz on the internet and elsewhere about suicide prevention lately, and for good reason. The psychological and emotional stresses of not being able to pay the rent, support the family, or simply go to work and do a job, losing your home and independence, or sitting at home on your lonesome for months – and on top of that for people of color the knowledge that every time they leave the house they might not come back, and that they don’t even need to leave the house because some righteous uniform might break in and shoot them in their homes - it all adds up.

By the way, if you are thinking of hurting yourself in any way, or killing yourself, call the Suicide Hotline: 800-273-8255. Persist: listen to the recording, press the numbers indicated until you get to where you need to be.

They have a special division for veterans.

If you want to speak to someone local, call Vashon Youth and Family Services, 206-463-5511, and the good people there will do their best to get you where you need to go.

Always remember that you are important, you matter, to your family and friends and yourself. Never forget that! We need you here, alive and miserable, hanging in with the rest of us poor benighted human beings. It is a hard time, no question, and some of us are prone to having hard times, anyway. Depression is always lurking for some.

I am familiar with the feeling of putting up with so much pain and so much exhaustion for so long that a quick exit can seem like a good idea, but it is not. It is a lousy idea, and it is a lie. If you find yourself in that dark place, ask for help, immediately. I encourage you to keep asking until you find someone to listen to you who will encourage you to put your own well-being first. You matter.

The economic situation is part of what is grinding people down, but worse economic crashes have happened before, like the Boeing Bust in Seattle around 1970.

“Will the last person leaving Seattle – Turn out the lights.” -- billboard, Seattle, April 1971.

That happened before the current 18 to 49-year-old cohort which is now struggling financially and other ways,



was born. It happened before Bill Gates & company kicked off the technology revolution here. It happened before the internet and social media and the gig economy came into being. How did people survive?

They did what they had to do. Some left Seattle, some got other jobs here if they could find them, and many of the fired Boeing employees went on to start their own businesses.

Of course, those people had it hard, but were not dealing with multiple pressures to the extent we are now.

Big sigh. I was hoping to write a nice humorous essay this time to give everyone some sorely needed comic relief and not mention the Manchurian Cantaloupe (tip o’ the hat to whoever thought that up), but how do I ignore the mastodon in the room?

In the last debate, he looked unusually controlled. He must have been schooled severely by his advisors. Yet he still claimed he was the “least racist person in the room,” and that as president he had “done more for black people than anyone since Abraham Lincoln.”

If his nose grew every time he lied, it would be the size of a redwood by now.

Tip for you people who adore him: if he offers you Kool-Aid, do not accept it.

I miss writing humor. I miss a world where I could ignore politics and leave it to others, as long as my family and I were able to Tuel along (ho ho) minding our own business and living our lives in peace.

Over the years I have heard many people express a longing to be left alone to live their lives in peace. That is what a lot of us want. Turns out we should want more: a government not run by criminals, for example.

No matter who is declared the winner of the election, almost half the country’s population will be angry, grief-stricken, and unwilling to accept the outcome.

So hold onto your hats, buckle up and love one another, and yourself. We are going to come through this the same way we have come through everything else: together.

Blessings, love, peace, and grace to you all, and don’t forget to laugh sometimes.



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Island Life Is That a Fact?

By Peter Ray
pgray@vashonloop.com

I will admit it, although I have no real good explanation for what I am admitting to. I can tell you that as a kid, I often woke up early on Saturday mornings. This led to a fair amount of free time spent in waiting for the Saturday morning cartoon shows to come on. As I was never a big reader, what this led to was my watching a whole lot of “the Modern Farmer”, which for some reason was the show that came on between the network sign on and either Crusader Rabbit or Beanie and Cecil, I can’t remember which. These were the days when the national anthem played beneath the picture of an American flag waving in the breeze sometime around midnight, followed by gray, spotted static on the screen with a scratchy hissing coming out of the speaker somewhere on the black and white teevee. There were no paid ads or preachers or B-movies to fill that dark and lonely space all night- just the scratchy drone of audio static and the flicker of gray video snow.

I have no idea why the Modern Farmer caught my interest- I was growing up forty miles north of New York City in the hilly and forested whiteness of 1950’s suburbia, not the cornfields of Iowa. I don’t recall having a childhood tractor fascination. I kind of got what they were talking about in how contour plowing slowed down soil erosion, but our steep backyard was all grass that I eventually learned to mow with our Toro push mower, and with all that turf in place there was no soil sliding downhill, just summer home waterpark fun on the Whamo Slip ‘n’ Slide, and no soil erosion in sight. It was the idyllic late fifties and early sixties, when petrochemical fertilizers and herbicides were all a part of better living through chemistry, and you couldn’t be a good and modern farmer without them.

Most everything was black and white then on the idiot box. My mom’s parents had a color teevee that we got to watch when we went there for visits. There was also a bowl with hard candies and Hershey’s kisses and sometimes assorted nuts. My dad’s parents barely had a radio, although my grandfather had been a bank vice president in New York City. We had pot roast and boiled potatoes and gravy most every time we went there- you can guess where we preferred to visit.

Like a lot of stuff back then, the Modern Farmer was a bit of a relic. A lot of the off prime time shows were what some might call leftover content and seemed to come from the forties or the fifties. The tractors and their attachments on the Modern Farmer seemed old even back then- I did not question at the time that in reality, the Modern Farmer had been unmodern for some time now. When I was at the Seattle film Institute, somewhere around a half century later, I was reminded of that Modern Farm thing when we watched the films of Pare Lorentz- one of the early pioneers of U.S. documentary film making. In his film ‘The Plow That Broke the Plains’ from 1936, I was transported back to my days with the modern farmers, as there were a lot of even older tractors and

horse drawn implements and talk of the dust bowl. I guess the message and life lesson the Modern Farmer teevee show was aimed at trying drill down on was to keep the whole dust and depression things from happening again.

I pulled out my disc of three Pare Lorentz films the other day for a refresher viewing, and what I was struck by was not the pedantic pacing and repetitive dialogue, but rather the words that came on the screen at the start that went like this: “By 1880, we had cleared the Indian, and with him the buffalo, from the Great Plains, and established the last frontier... this is a picturization of what we did with it.” I’m not sure why that had blown by me in the past. I know that I have become hyper-aware of the issues of colonization and the rampant disregard of its deadly effects on the First Peoples, but I was a bit shocked that this had not even caused a waver on my incredulity scale just ten or so years ago. It was also interesting to note that this film had come out of something called the United States Resettlement Administration.

My first schooling in documentaries and their relative credibility came in college and a class called Radio, Television and Motion Pictures. I remember first watching Robert Flaherty’s ‘Nanook of the North’ there. Flaherty was known as another one of the pioneers of the documentary, and so I was a bit surprised at learning that the entire film about Nanook and his family was cast, had been scripted. I believe that the events portrayed in the film- hunting, fishing, kayaking, mushing and igloo building were everyday events that the “characters” did not have to research, as they obviously lived them when the cameras were not around. I suppose it makes sense that these everyday occurrences would be more easily staged and controlled than captured on the fly, especially given the fragility of the equipment and the harshness of the environment it was being filmed in. But it should be noted that Flaherty’s other films were likewise contrived and staged events that passed as recordings of daily life. I am thinking of films like ‘Man of Aran’, which portrayed the harshness of farming on the west coast of Ireland in the 1930’s. By digging into that film, one finds a fair amount of contemporary criticism of Flaherty’s methods of documentary filmmaking. The production cost of the film quadrupled from its original estimate so he could get the right shot. Even with that, one anthropologist at the time found more than 100 factual errors in its 76 minutes of run time, and critics said that the film was “more valuable as a documentary of Flaherty’s vision than of life itself.”

I don’t recall that we dug that deeply in Nanook in that class, other than to talk about Flaherty’s pioneering of the documentary form, regardless of its use of control and idealized vision. I do remember talking about the elusive nature of cinema verité, regarding a pioneering television series that was happening at the time called “An American Family”, which ran for twelve one hour episodes on PBS in 1973. It is known as the first “reality” teevee show, as a documentary film crew was on hand capturing the activities of the entire Loud family over 300 hours of recorded footage in 1971, and then assembled into the segmented series. There was much made about how “real” a picture this series painted of the family and its members. The very presence of the camera and crew amidst all the family interactions raised the crucial issue of just how much the very presence of a camera alters one’s

daily actions when the lens is pointed in their direction. It was questioned as to whether the eldest of the children, Lance Loud, had been given a platform to act out, and actually come out as gay on national television, an apparent first which gave Lance status as an LGBTQ icon and spokesperson. Whether or not the cameras and crew influenced how the family reacted on screen, it was the editing that the family complained about, saying that they felt that the footage and its selection and arrangement had served to cast the family and its actions in a less than positive light.

It should be said that in the end, it is the edit that creates the reality in any film, long or short, narrative or documentary. Perhaps one of the best examples is a film that just came out that has been making a big splash (no pun intended) in the online world, which is about the only place films of any kind are appearing these days. If you have not seen it yet, I would suggest seeing the documentary “My Octopus Teacher”. And if you haven’t seen it and intend to, I would stop reading about now and come back after you have seen it. I believe it is one of the most beautiful new films out there, telling the unusual tale of a snorkeler and his relationship with an octopus. It is one of those films that seems like a straightforward narrative, and maybe it is. But if you step back and look at it with a skeptic’s eye, it doesn’t take much to pull the stitching out of the narrative garment line. First of all, we are talking about the anthropomorphizing of an octopus here- driving the animal’s story with mostly pure narrative invention and emotional editing, not to mention the plucked-heartstring, musical soundtrack.

There were a couple of things from the beginning that I did not quite get. It was mentioned in passing that the water temperature the narrator was navigating was eight or nine degrees Celsius. If you use the formula for figuring the temp for 10 degrees C (9/5T+32), that translates to about 50 degrees Fahrenheit, which is really cold to be swimming in, let alone casually diving in without a wetsuit. The narrator is using freediving fins, which look elegant and graceful, but on the whole they are not generally used for snorkeling. As it turns out, the director is an avid freediver, which involves holding ones breath for periods longer than one normally would whilst descending to deeper and deeper depths on an anchored line, and then returning to the surface before you run out of your breath. Casually poking about for long periods in really cold water is really hard to do even with a wetsuit. I can understand the premise of gaining the octopus’s trust by being down there without neoprene or a self-contained breathing apparatus and it is laudable,

but one also has to recognize that there was also at least one other someone down there with a camera filming it all. It’s okay that the human protagonist is down there mostly naked and without other air, but I think it’s a real stretch to believe the filming crew were there as well while toting a camera and without a wetsuit or scuba gear. You can certainly believe whatever you want about the logistics of how this was made and where the edits came to tell the story. You can also be realistic- up to you. As with the Louds, with lots of footage you can tell whatever story you choose. With the other star of the show being a loveable but non-vocal cephalopod, half the story becomes whatever words come to mind. Youtube is full of these contrivances, but most aren’t done anywhere near as well.

The same can be said about these times- hopefully end times for a president and his family and its band of sycophantic politicians and news people. I’m not talking about death- they just need to both go and be held accountable for what they have done as well as what they have allowed to happen. When they are gone, we need to have a long and serious conversation about first amendment rights, what is acceptable as the truth and what is not acceptable in terms of lies, and what we allow to pass and live on as normalized behavior. This entire debacle should not just pass with a sigh of relief, but as a dire warning of where this experiment has gone wrong and how it can possibly been brought to right, with the box of Pandora having been broken wide open with no duct tape or bailing twine or super glue in sight. Or do we just abandoned the shattered ruins of the box and seek to construct something new, or by an amended template of more formidable stuff? As things continue to fly apart on all fronts, all we can say is that we need to really do something about this- see you on the other side.



Winnie Needs A Home

A lady never has to tell her age, but I will admit that I’m a “senior catizen.” I’ve had some hard times but am feeling and looking much better these days, thanks to a special diet and medicine that’s been prescribed for me. I’m looking for a nice quiet retirement home where I can be the only pet.

Due to my age and past injuries, I’m not extremely active, but I have perfect litter box habits and I still like to play sometimes. You can see a photo of me on the VIPP website where I’m snuggling with one of my favorite toys. Even more than toys, I love my heating pad, and I’ll bring it with me to my forever home!



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Island Epicure



By Marj Watkins

Life for the Pumpkin after Halloween

Were you lucky enough to find an edible pumpkin for your jack-o-lantern? If so, you can peel it, cut it into 1-inch squares, and steam it. When it’s very tender, puree it in a blender or food processor to a smooth pulp. Now you can turn it into Pumpkin Bread, Pumpkin Soup, or Pumpkin Pie.

My breads have to be gluten free. You can substitute all-purpose flour one-for-one in this recipe. Or use one cup white flour and 3/4cup whole-wheat flour.

- Gluten Free
- SPICY PUMPKIN BREAD
- Preheat oven to 350 degrees
- Beat well:
- 3/4 cup brown sugar
- 5 Tablespoons butter, softened
- 2 eggs
- Combine and stir in:
- 1 cup home-cooked, pureed pumpkin
- or 1 cup canned pumpkin pulp
- 1/3 cup milk (dairy, soy, or almond)
- Sift and mix in with a wooden spoon
- 1 /34 cups sorghum flour
- ½ teaspoon baking powder
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon ground ginger

- ¼ teaspoon ground cloves
 - 1/2 teaspoon salt
 - Stir in, optional:
 - ½ cup raisins
- Oil a 9x-9-inch baking dish. Preheat it 6 minutes. Pour in the batter. Bake in the center to 1 hour. This is a very moist, cake-like bread. It tastes great warm or cold.

- PUMPKIN CURRY CREAMSOUP
- 3 Servings
- Combine in a saucepan and heat to steaming:
- 1/2 cup pumpkin pulp
- 2 teaspoons chicken granules or 2 bouillon cubes
- 1/4 cup hot water
- Blend to a smooth slurry and stir in:
- 1 Tablespoon cornstarch
- 2 teaspoons curry powder
- 2 Tablespoons water or milk

Stir-cook until thickened. Serve hot. Wholegrain bread or toast goes well with this.

Nutri-Tip: Milk, cream, and real butter all contain Omega-3 fats that help reduce heart attack risk,m lower triglycerides, and enhance retinal health. They are vital ingredients for healthy cells of all sorts. Every little bit of Omega-3 helps to balance the plentiful Omega-6 and Omega-9 fats in our diets. Olive oil, canola oil, and walnuts also yield Omega-3 fats.

All eggs give you some Omega-3s. An ordinary egg has about 25 milligrams of DHA and 25 mg. of ALA, but ALA Omega-3 is not as useful to our bodies as DHA and EPA.

Salmon is the richest source of these two most valuable Omega-3 fats, DHA and EPA with about 125 milligrams of DHA per serving plus some E

Road to Resilience

Continued from Page 1

of all those people by contributing to our local food bank, helping locals make rent, and by authorizing our state and federal governments to do all they can. As with the climate crisis, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

I take a more imaginative holistic view that the pandemic is not a separate occurrence but part and parcel of all the problems plaguing our world: overall toxic load in our environment, poor nutrition

and lifestyle, social and political upheaval, inequality, racism—all leading to poor health and anxiety that make us especially prone to a pandemic. I would also note that the places that are least affected are places that have the fewest world travelers. It could be that the Earth is just defending itself from our furious depredations by calling a time out. As much as we all would like it to be over, I don’t think it can or should be resolved by going back to the old normal. What can we learn from this?

Comments? terry@vashonloop.com

Minnie Needs a Home

I’m a torti without the tortitude. One of the shelter volunteers says I’m probably the gentlest cat in the world. That’s quite a compliment, isn’t it? My absolute favorite thing is sitting on a lap and having my hair brushed. I could stay there for hours - I don’t ever want to get down!

Due to a food allergy, I’m on a special diet and have to take medicine, but that’s no big deal. I think I’m well worth it, because I would be such a good companion for a person who’s looking for a lapcat.

By the way, I’m totally nonpartisan and will be quite content to live in either a Democratic or Republican household. Just remember to vote!



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Ian Moore Live Stream Concert

Ian Moore will be playing some songs for us all, telling some stories and hanging out for a bit on Thursday, November 5th.

If you enjoy the concert, please consider booking a private mini concert with Ian through <https://ianmoore.topeka.live/> . You will be able to see each other, chat, and do this much more organically (virtual organic-is that a thing?). Get together with a few of your friends, whether next door or across the country, and hang with Ian. Plus you can choose the songs for these private concerts!

Coming on the heels of his most successful record, Strange Days, since his first album, the self-titled Ian Moore LP, and despite a never-ending cycle of touring, Moore offers a new record of bright, blazing rock-n-roll that combines his legendary guitar prowess with radio-friendly singles.

Meanwhile, he’s founded the artists’ healthcare alliance SMASH (Seattle Musicians Access to Sustainable Healthcare) and has joined the board of NARAS for the Pacific Northwest as governor and head of the advocacy committee.

As always, Ian has his eyes on the challenges faced by musicians of every stripe, having experienced the spectrum of artist successes and tribulations himself over a nearly 30-year career. “It’s a very different climate right now. When we hit a city, it doesn’t matter that I have 14 records, radio hits, etc. The only thing that matters is if we can really show up and leave the people feeling they saw something amazing. It keeps me hungry, and I like the challenge” says Moore.

You might have been surprised to hear Moore’s voice as well popping up on major network shows on prime-time television this past year, after several selections prominently being featured as performances on both American Idol and The Voice (“Satisfied” and “Blue Sky”).

Moore’s story is often told and probably familiar to most critics; his initial record on Capricorn propelled him to national tours with the Rolling Stones, ZZ Top and Bob Dylan, acting in the acclaimed indie feature “Sling Blade,” and having Ice Cube direct the video for his track “Harlem.”

Moore deviated from his initial blues-oriented guitar sound on subsequent records, touching on graceful pop songs to psychedelia, to British pub rock and deep Americana. The Toronto record and its 6 tracks represents those influences in such a way that they have informed his songwriting but is likely more recognizable as a strong collection of the kind of guitar rock his core fan base would respond to immediately.

New discoveries of Moore’s live shows and last few records are coming on board every day, as his live shows have graduated once again from barrooms to bigger stages and warmer rooms, despite a blustery big stage headlining appearance this past New Year’s Eve at Auditorium Shores in Austin. Moore



delivered in gloves and muffler, despite snow and 27 degrees (In Texas!)

On the triumphant “You Gotta Know My Name,” Moore lampoons rich, entitled hipster kids. “They get their marching orders from Pitchfork and fill their brains with coke and MDMA, looking for soul and depth,” Moore explains. “The chorus is a way of claiming my space as a person that has been slogging it out, in and out of fashion for most of my career, with a deeper sense of music, style and substance than the people that might quickly write me off.”

The anthemic Lords of the Levee is a contemporary, relevant take on the atmosphere of the US right now. “It’s an attack on group thought,” Moore says, “which is most typically shrouded in God and country, that allows people to do some really terrible things. I wrote it about the Alabama voters rights act, and how the people that opposed it used both God and country to justify their abhorrent behavior.”

And it captures Ian’s blistering live sound probably better than any recording he’s released in recent memory.

The catchy, propulsive “Looking for the Sound” is a play on the record title “El Sonido Nuevo,” which he wrote with his last group, the Lossy Coils. “It comes from a Mighty Boosh skit, but the gist of the song is about what it is to be a touring musician, trying to build soul and culture, still believing the same things I believed when I was 18, and looking for open hearts and minds to feel it.”

On other tracks on the record, “Satellite” and the slightly outrageous “Rock N Roll,” Moore explores the underbelly of rock, the bright side and the dangers of living your life in the magic of midnight.

Big thanks to Chance Records for the above information.

If you’d like to know more about Ian, check out his website right here:
<http://www.ianmoore.com/>

Ian Moore
Thursday, November 5th, 6:00pm (PST)
Live stream concert
Link to watch: <https://www.facebook.com/IanMooreOfficial>
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Aries (March 20-April 19)
Be bold about assessing your priorities. That means ask yourself honestly what matters the most to you, and take note of what you learn. It is possible that something will emerge spontaneously and you discover something you want or need or value that you had not thought of. More likely, it will be the rediscovery of something you’ve been thinking about for a long time; something you’ve known for a while, and what happens will serve as affirmation or confirmation or maybe you just recognizing the basic truth about yourself. You may feel like to acknowledge this means you have to change everything, all at once. That is a feeling more than a reality. However, you can guide yourself in the direction that you want to go, in tangible ways. You can define experiments and develop them. You can do things differently today, and then do them differently again tomorrow — and this will add up to guiding yourself toward what you want and what it seems like you truly need. Be alert to the priorities of others and how they may put the squeeze on you.

Taurus (April 19-May 20)
There can be no growth without change. It is that simple. To resist one is to resist the other. The question is why anyone would want to. I have a theory, for our times: there is just too much change. It happens too fast and it happens to us rather than as something that we involve ourselves in as a creative process. So we experience change as something exhausting rather than as something beautiful. One unfortunate result is resistance, and that can build up a lot of pressure. Any such pressure is about to shake loose with the Full Moon later this week. It presents you with two options for movement and progress: sudden, jarring and shocking, or the gentle allure to new experiences (which some would call Deer Medicine). The more shocking version of this event is the one that will be more alluring and easier to tune into. The gentler approach of exploring the edge for a while will take some extra sensitivity, and perhaps a little silence, and some inner listening. It will help if you recognize fear for what it is.

Gemini (May 20-June 21)
The particular challenges of this year have involved how much power other people seem to have over you. This could also include circumstances, though those are always made up of people. From the look of your chart, you could have the perception that you have no influence over these events. We could make the case that they are all out of your control. Yet you do have the choice of how to respond, which is considerable influence in this world. You have the choice to claim your power, or to give it away — which is something that happens ongoing. Giving away one’s power seems to be an event that occurred in the past. Actually, it is a subscription that people keep renewing. Every decision you make provides you with an opportunity to claim or hand over the authority you have over your life. Much of this involves your relationship to your knowledge, and to your confidence. The confidence piece is the crucial one: your ability to stop, size up your situation, and make a choice.

Cancer (June 21-July 22)
You have an opportunity to move closer to your personal edge in the coming days, to challenge yourself, and to stretch your limits. Some of this involves who you reveal yourself to be, to the people you know and even the people you don’t know. The edge may have an edgy feeling, or it may have a calm and curious feeling,

You might try experimenting with the two, though given your nature, I suggest you feel your way to where there is some serenity. For example, serenity is about being connected to your senses and the interior of your mind. It’s much less about outer circumstances, or your influence. This is you, as a being who relates to your environment, and learns and grows from the experience. You might choose to do this in a bold and assertive way, which would serve you as long as the movement is coming from your center. That is the quality to feel for: your inner orientation, and a kind of dialog within yourself where you are responding to your own interior reality. In our era, this is the new frontier.

Leo (July 22-Aug. 23)
This week’s Full Moon will ignite a creative fire in you, and it may already be doing so. Most people don’t like their work enough to take advantage of this astrology, but maybe you do. Or maybe you want to. Maybe you dream of it. And if you do, it’s time to bring those dreams into physical manifestation. One small idea is all it will take. One thing I can tell you from having lived through a diverse and unlikely career is that there is room where you want to be. There is room at the top. Your talents and abilities have a place — a real place that you can find. You may admire others, and have your personal heroes and avatars, though keep your sense of proportion: they are people, just like you. The Full Moon conjunct Uranus is a reminder that success is always a group effort. You may be the coordinator and you may even be the visionary, though the actual success: that, we do together. Even those with seemingly very small roles can make important contributions to your endeavor.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sep. 22)
The future is not what you thought it would be. That’s a surprise that many are reckoning with right now — so many sudden, unplanned changes in plans. You may however discover that the disruption works for you. This will require the skill of appreciating a detour when you’re on a journey, or making the most of missing an exit and going somewhere different. If you are concerned about time, physics has already proven that it’s an illusion. Time is variable, though never more so than when you save years or decades by finding yourself in the right place at the right time. You may already be there. As the week’s aspects develop, look for the opening: the way in, the way out, the way through, or the revelation about what is true for you. Your chart this week has a touch of stealing fire from the gods. Be cautious about that. Your personal truth is all the fire that you need. More than you need to turn it on the world, you need to live with it in your heart.

Libra (Sep. 22-Oct. 23)
Barbara Hand Clow described Venus opposite Chiron as an aspect associated with what she called catastrophobia: the irrational fear of catastrophe, based on the triggering of some past trauma. Our world at the moment is in love with disaster, and looking for it everywhere. Everything is a potential disaster. This is no way to live. There is no calm, nor an idea of calm; there is no peace, nor is there the notion that peace might exist. We have plenty of nonstop trauma to be triggered as well, and there is little that anyone is doing about it. Amidst much other astrology this week, Venus forms an opposition to Chiron. This is a rare opening to personal healing. Take a breath and consider what you need. Consider all that has happened

to you from which you have not recovered or mended. Consider the impact of world events the past year or five or 10 or 20 years (depending on how old you are). What kind of life do you want? Who do you see yourself being, in terms of how it would feel? Gently map out the space between the two states of being.

Scorpio (Oct. 23-Nov. 22)
There’s been some spectacular astrology in your sign lately, and it’s not over. The week builds to a rather unusual Full Moon in your opposite sign Taurus. This may be highlighting the seeming instability of a relationship situation. There are many ways to think about this, including the topic of flexibility. However, the current astrology takes that to a new dimension. If your life and your identity are lodged in your ideas about a relationship, the question is: what do you do when your situation changes? It could be a little, it could be a lot. You’re not in a stable environment at the moment, which is its great virtue. Your world is something of a live wire. New approaches to life and to love are called for now. Whatever may be your situation, being less attached is the first thing that’s called for. Attachment is not love; it’s often the substitute for love. This can be an amazing time in your life if you hang loose and make peace with the fact that you’re due for a surprise or two every day..

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 22)
You may find it challenging to keep a grip on your time or your agenda this week. I suggest you set three tangible goals and stick to them, front-loading the week if you can. Get stuff out of the way at the earliest possible moment. Start what you intend to finish sooner rather than later, then nudge it along every chance you get. The pace and intensity of the week will pick up as the Full Moon approaches. So now is the time to invoke Ganesha and remove obstacles from your path as a conscious act. Postpone or cancel appointments that are not strictly necessary. Travel as little as possible. Get the shopping done. More than anything, give close partners and associates room to wiggle, and be available to pick up any stray tasks that they may need to let go of. While there are no shortcuts, there is such a thing as a creative solution that works for everyone. Be open to that, and be bold about proposing it.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)
Times are heavy, though you simply must find a way to express your more playful and adventurous side. You might even go a little out of bounds doing so. That’s not difficult many places: you could try walking the dog, going hiking or doing the treadmill without a mask, a visor and hand sanitizer. However, you need more fun than that. Maybe you can invent a new kind of robot! Wait, that’s been done a few too many times. So, what would be your idea of really pushing the limits on a good time here in late 2020? That’s the thing to do. The Full Moon lights up like phosphorus in your house of creativity, art and games — the 5th, one of the best of the lot. Before that happens, Venus enters the 10th house of your solar chart, which suggests you will have company if you want it. You’ll also have help if you need it, so make sure to ask for assistance if you do. There’s one thing to be mindful of: fear and its detrimental effects. That’s the real plague, and has been for a long time. Fortunately there is a cure. Live your life on your own terms.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 19)
Way back in 1951 (the same year Esoteric Astrology came out), someone named Alan Watts wrote a book called The Wisdom of Insecurity. “To put it still more plainly: the desire for security and the feeling of insecurity are the same

The Vashon Loop, p. 7
thing. To hold your breath is to lose your breath. A society based on the quest for security is nothing but a breath-retention contest in which everyone is as taut as a drum and as purple as a beet.” He also wrote that, “The clash between science and religion has not shown that religion is false and science is true. It has shown that all systems of definition are relative to various purposes, and that none of them actually ‘grasp’ reality.” The things we are seeing and experiencing today are not new. They’re merely a little more obvious with the world turned inside out the way that it is right now. Existence is a delicate state of being any day of the century. There are no assurances. You are on more solid ground than you think. You don’t need to give yourself things to worry about.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20)
Nothing you think is taboo, which means approximately “subject to being censored by superstition or custom.” Your mind is yours, to think what you want. You know you’re doing it when you start to feel like you’re walking out into the middle of a frozen lake, not knowing how thick the ice is. Or maybe it’s like walking next to a cliff. Sometimes it feels like you’re going to draw some form of unwanted attention for something you say. When you feel something like that, keep going in that direction — away from the familiar, the dependable, or what seems knowable for sure. Just about all of that is either wrong or has served its purpose. When it comes to exploring ideas, change for its own sake is a positive thing. That’s their whole purpose. What you might say to others is something else; what you might do is something beyond that. Neither are barriers. Life is more tolerant than it seems even today. What matters is how you feel, rather than how others respond. However, if you feel good, others are likely to as well. That would make a productive experiment.

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