Vol. 17, #23

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November 12, 2020

"A Vashon Adventure through the Alphabet"

Island photographer and educator, Barbara Gustafson, has just released her newest children's book entitled "A Vashon Adventure through the Alphabet." Filled with colorful images of Vashon's rural, unique, and iconic sights, this book is a feast for the eyes. As young readers move through the alphabet they are challenged to examine the details of each photographic collage. An accompanying question encourages children to develop their thinking skills - spotting differences, counting, naming, finding patterns, and making educated guesses. As a passionate nature lover, Barbara's photographs highlight the wildlife found at ponds, woods, and shoreline. From Animals All Around to Zany & CraZy, this delightful book invites visitors and residents alike to explore Vashon's parks, public art, and natural wonders.

Originally from New England, Gustafson has made Vashon her home for over twenty years. Since falling in love with this island in the Sound, she has been capturing images from macroscopic to panoramic. In her first book "Vashon ABCs - An Exploration of Shore Life", she shares her passion for and knowledge of marine life. Her second book "Treasures

A Vashon Adventure through the Alphabet



Barbara Dusty Gustafson

of Vashon-Maury Island - A Photographic Scavenger Hunt for All Ages" invites readers to explore island communities, parks, and history. Most recently, Gustafson partnered with Laurie Stewart and Vashon Heritage Museum to publish "The Heart of Vashon - Sharing Our Stories in Pictures and Words", in which fifty islanders share heart-felt vignettes of life in our community. In her newest book, Barbara Gustafson shares another Vashon love story.

"A Vashon Adventure through the Alphabet" and Gustafson's other titles may be purchased at Vashon Bookshop, Vashon Pharmacy, SAW, The Country Store, Thriftway, and Vashon Heritage Museum.

The Annual 5" x 5" Show is back!



Banana Boat by Bill Jarcho

VALISE is pleased to invite you to our Annual 5" x 5" show opening First Friday, November 6, 5-8pm! A resounding gallery of insightful, evocative, and often zany observations about our place in the universe and the relationships we engage in. You may wonder what can be depicted in such an exquisitely small area. Ponder the allegory, lyricism, and introspection where muse meets soul. Delight in the patina of seductive encaustics, eye-opening acrylics, and luminous oils using direct painting, assemblage, collage - even prose- as visual landscape. Come in and have an interior dialogue with these unique vignettes created in response to the human condition and the immediacy of the moment. And above all, bring home an artifact of your own from these fabulous archeological finds of 2020 unearthed at VALISE! In these changing times the price remains the same, \$75 for 25 square inches of irresistible real estate. Hours throughout Vashon Island

November will continue on Fridays and Saturdays from 1-5pm and VALISE will be following all Covid-19 safety protocols including the wearing of masks, social distancing and fewer than 5 persons at a time in the gallery.

VALISE stands for Vashon Artists Linked in Social Engagement. We chose these words for their humorous, ironic, and activist bent. The gallery is dedicated to presenting subjects and media that are daring and unexpected. We want to stir our audiences. We want to challenge members to initiate fresh work. We want to share the venue with the community and inspire new ideas. Half of our shows are by collective members and the other half are by artists from Vashon and beyond, regional and nationwide. The goal of VALISE gallery is to be an important and accessible art venue for the community. VALISE Artist Collective and Gallery is located in downtown Vashon at 17633 Vashon Highway SW,

The Road to Resilience

Bridging the Divide

Slightly more than half of us are breathing a huge sigh of relief. The problem is that we don't know how the other half, which is hugely disappointed, is going to react. This divide is much bigger than a lack of agreement about policies. This is a deep cultural schism involving visceral hatred and distrust on both sides. It is tribal now: us against them is all that matters. Yet, we all know that, without the other half, we can't move forward. Saying the other side started it is just a copout. As a progressive, I read lots of hurtful things about me and mine. I also read progressives giving tit for tat with just as hurtful generalities about conservatives. That not only is not right, it widens the gap and guarantees that the abuse, separation, and the inability to move forward will go

At the same time, we can't accept any idea or action that limits the rights of any person or group based on who they are or what they believe. We may think that it is mostly the other side that is guilty of this, but we should recognize that everybody is guilty to some extent. Accusations cause denial, resentment, and closemindedness. Discussing discrimination as a common problem brings openness and cooperation, but only after the mutual recrimination stops. The important thing is not to accept or normalize bad behavior but to point it out and invite a discussion about it. It may be difficult to convince a person with strong religious beliefs that it is all right for other people to hold other beliefs and that it is not right to judge others on the basis of your personal beliefs. By Terry Sullivan,

This is a biggy: the number of wars, persecutions and agonizing deaths this has caused throughout history should be well considered, and, if a person is resistant to this, then there is nothing to do but to limit their ability to act. For some things, only time will bring a healing.

Language is a powerful tool that we don't use considerately or wisely. There are a whole lot of words that mean entirely different things to the two sides. Words such as "socialist" and "capitalist" can't be thrown out without spending some time parsing out what they mean to each side. Until a common understanding of those terms is in place, we would do well to bring up only examples of each without putting on a label. If you favor socialism, talk about libraries, the post office, police and fire departments, social security, etc. Don't talk theoretically about the ownership of the commons by the government. And don't talk as if socialism and capitalism are mutually exclusive. Think before you throw out a contentious label in explaining your position.

Time and familiarity bring trust, acceptance, and eventually love. I like to think that community celebrations, and, on a more frequent and local level, potlucks and work parties could be the answer to bringing people together in a non-controversial way so they can get to see each other's humanity and be more willing to consider another's point of view. It all comes down to mutual respect.

In the meantime, we have this distrust Continued on Page 6

Mukai Farm & Garden Introduces New **Master Class Series**

Mukai Farm & Garden has a new series of Mukai Master Class online experiences that encourage us to dig deeper into the food, culture and art of the Japanese and Asian American experience. The classes include showing how to make Japanese and Korean pickles, classic Japanese stitching, flower arranging, sumi-painting and even sake-making. Several authors will also participate in the Master Class Series.

Look for Master Class events throughout the coming months.

"We are thrilled that so many experts are willing to share their experience with Mukai Farm & Garden," said Rita Brogan, Mukai's Board President. "Artists and experts from Tokyo, London and throughout Washington State are joining with local enthusiasts to create a unique cultural experience."

Continued on Page 4

The Vashon Loop, p. 2 November 12' 20

\&> Windermere REAL ESTATE

The island home experts



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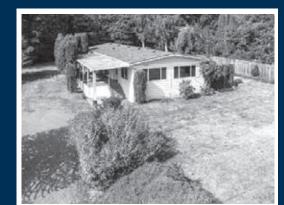
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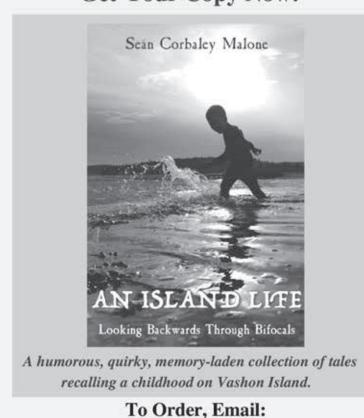
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Community Radio Station



The Vashon Loop

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It's a great time to get back in the Loop. ads@vashonloop.com Or call 206-925-3837

Get in The Loop

Submissions to the Loop

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.

Can't stop drinking and want help?



ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS

Online Meetings: SeattleAA.org

AA Phone: 206-587-2838

Local Vashon Contact: 206-849-1980

Compost the Loop

The Loop's soy-based ink is good for composting.



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Visit the Vashon Chamber on line at www.VashonChamber.com

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Vashon Island Pet Protectors Holiday Wreath Sale

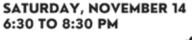
VIPP Holifay Wreath and Swag sale at The Land Trust Building.

Fri: Nov 27th 12-4p.m. Sat: Nov 28th 10-4p.m. Sun: Nov 29th 10-2p.m.

Stop by & purchase one or more of Vipps' Holiday Wreaths/ Swags starting at \$25. Each year our all volunteer crew craft these holiday delights out of fresh fir, cedar, holly & lots of extras which is then topped off with a beautiful bow. Vipp will also hold our annual "Nikki Champlin Neighbor to Neighbor Pet Food Drive". Items in particular need are:

Wet or dry cat food Wet or dry dog food Clumping litter

Please drop off any donations at the Land Trust Building during the Holiday Wreath Sale.



THE YASHON SENIOR CENTER PRESENTS

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IT'S A
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SILENT

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Hurry, get your tickets NOW! This fabulous party will be hosted by professional Zoom maestro, Chris O'Mara of Silent Adventures from Edinburgh, Scotland on November 14, 2020, 6:30-8:30PM. Tickets are available for purchase online for as little as \$10 at www.vashoncenter.org/party until MIDNIGHT on Thursday, November 12! The entire household can party for the price of one ticket! Dance and sing along to your favorite music. Impress your friends with your trivia prowess. See your pals reenacting famous paintings and scenes from movies. Let's have some fun TOGETHER from home. Everyone is invited near and far and costumes are always encouraged!

Next Edition of *The Loop* Comes out Thursday December 3

Deadline for the next edition of *The Loop* is

Saturday, November 28

No puede dejar de beber Alcohol?



ALCOHOLICOS ANONIMOS

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Find *the Loop* on-line at www.vashonloop.com



ACA sign up coming to Vashon

King County will be here on Vashon twice to renew or signup people for the Affordable Care Act. Open enrollment is from November 1st through December 15, 2020 for health insurance that will begin in January, 2020.

So many people are now in a different financial situation because of less hours working. You may qualify for the free health insurance, Apple Health. Come to one of the two in person sessions both on Saturdays; November 14th and December 12. This year it will be held at Vashon Youth and Family Services (VYFS) 20110 Vashon Hwy SW.

All COVID Precautions will be observed: Masks and temperature checks.

Se Habla Espanol



The Bunk of a Homeless



By Sean Malone and John Sweetman

I've lived on outer Quartermaster for the past sixteen years and have never locked myself out. John Sweetman, a friend of forty years, has never complained or refused to feed my cat while I was away for whatever reason. He would spend time with Victoria or even start a fire if he knew I was returning to a cold cabin in the winter. This time, he sent a message that he was unable to find the keys I had cleverly hid in the woodshed in a pile of wood. He still spent time with Victoria to assure her that she hadn't been abandoned. It was cold and dark when I arrived, and couldn't find the keys either. I knew that I could have stayed with my sister, Molly and her daughter Mya at the homestead at Portage, but preferred to rough it out for a night, waiting for daylight, and the opportunity to find the keys. I even blamed the neighbor's dog, Cinder for having stolen the keys which had been hid in an empty cat-food can that I thought I had cleaned. The adventure began as I waited for daylight.

John Sweetman was coming down my "leaf-chocked" steps with a cup of coffee in each hand. My hands were blistered from trying to cut the bolt securing my cabin door. John said there was a look of fury and gratitude on my face as he looked at the pile of used Sawzall blades on the ground and said: "Don't you think its time to reconsider what to do?" Besides, he could see that the Sawzall was hot enough to melt gloves. I sat down on my chopping block of Oregon Bay Myrtle and John sat on a block of cedar. A few sips of coffee later, and I bellowed out, "There they

are.".. as the chopping block was just low enough and positioned exactly right so that I could see the glint of the keys in the empty cat-food can in the narrow channel into which it had been placed in the wood pile. The lock, however, had somehow been jammed by the Sawzall work. John's careful chiseling took care of the problem after an interval of time. In the meantime.. Victoria, the sultry cat-mistress of the area.. had re-entered the house through the cat door and was asleep on the bed.

I had slept on the floor of the shop on a mattress from my old sail boat, the "Maggie M" and a Colemen sleeping bag, I had found by a dead campfire beside the Wenatchee river near Natchese where I had fought forest fire many years ago.

John laughed when he saw what I had had for dinner the night before, a gallon of milk, a bag of Aussie-bite cookies and a shrunken pile of green grapes, the way of the homeless. I had left the shop door partially open for Victoria and saw that something or someone was fooling around the car port motion-detecting light which flickered as bats dived for the meal of bugs attracted to the light. The bats had figured out that if they flew past the motion detector, they could turn on the light that attracted the bugs they had for dinner.

I had been on R&R at my brother ranch on the Columbia river, south of Kettle Falls and John had been coming over to feed my cat as he had many times in the past.

The moral of the story is that coffee can sure get one out of a lot of trouble.

Sean@vashonloop.com

Mukai Farm & Garden Introduces **New Master Class Series**

Continued from Page 1

On Saturday, November 14, 2:00 p.m. islanders Fred and Takayo Harriman conduct a class on Asa-Zuki, The Basics of Japanese Pickling. This class will demonstrate how to make quick Japanese pickles and is the first of future pickling classes. Class cost is \$15.

On November 18 from 9:30 a.m. to 12:00 p.m., Rob Jones, live from London, will conduct a Sashiko Stitching Workshop, and participants will stich a traditional Japanese design onto a tote bag or personal fabric. Class cost is \$45 per person, with the option of purchasing a \$33 kit of class materials for your project (allow the order 3 weeks for

delivery). Attendance is limited for this class, so sign up soon!

More details and registration for these and future classes is at mukaifarmandgarden.org/classes. After registration, participants will be sent an invoice. When the invoice is paid, you will receive a materials list to prepare for the class.

Mukai Farm & Garden is being restored and managed by the Friends of Mukai to celebrate Vashon's Japanese American and agricultural heritage. Mukai shows how history lives and is relevant to our lives today.

Spiritual Smart Algek

By Mary Tuel

Veterans in the Family

It will be the day after Veterans' Day when this essay hits print, so I am going to ramble on about the veterans in my

My grandfather, Percy Litchfield, served in World War I. Where, and doing what, I do not know. I never got to know Percy, possibly because of his last wife, Sally. Sally was not the warm grandma type. She was a businesswoman. She ran a brothel. That's where Percy met her.

My mother always called her, "That old madam," but I did not understand until years later that she really was a member of the oldest profession. Sally married Percy, and after he died, she inherited a lifetime income from the ranch. The ranch would not pass on to Percy's four children (Thelma, John, Lois, and Vivian or "Chick" as everyone called her) until Sally died.

Sally outlived Percy by thirty years, and by that time my father, John, was dead, and my cousins Nancy and Charlotte's mother, Chick, was dead, meaning that when Sally died, my grandfather's legacy went to the spouses of the deceased and their children, and Thelma and Lois, our aunts.

"Is Sally dead yet?" became a running joke among us. That question sums up waiting for someone to die so your life will improve. Not attractive, but we made each other laugh.

My father, John Litchfield, was 29 when Pearl Harbor was attacked. A few months later he enlisted in the Army Air Corps and stayed in for the duration. He became a captain, was assigned to an ordinance group, and was deployed to Australia and then the Philippines, where, my mother told me, he did a lot of "hurry up and wait."

Apparently, that is the nature of a lot of military life.

Then there is my brother, Allen. He was drafted in 1964 and ended up at Ft. Benjamin Harrison in Indianapolis, Indiana. He served bravely, teaching shorthand to Army clerks. Shorthand is not used anymore. It went out with the typewriter and the phone booth. Allen met his wife, Barbara, there, though, and that turned out well.

My husband Rick's father, Mark, was an Army lifer. That is why Rick lived in Japan, Austria, and Germany, as well as loved being an Army brat. He considered lottery. I did not mind that.



himself a citizen of the world.

Mark was in intelligence where he saw and learned a lot more than people should see or learn. He lived to be 91 and took most of his knowledge to the grave. He did tell us about playing poker while sitting on a nuclear bomb in an airplane flying a zig zag route over Europe to avoid the airspace of countries that did not allow nuclear weapons in their sky.

My husband, Rick Tuel, was in the Naval Reserve for eight years, one of those years spent on active duty aboard a ship in the Tonkin Gulf doing search and rescue (North SARs) for the pilots who made it out to the gulf in their wounded jets.

The closest Rick came to dying in Vietnam was when his chief sent him out to dump garbage cans during a storm. Rick tied a rope around his waist and tied the other end to the guard rail in case he got washed overboard.

Which he did. But the rope saved

Or did it? When he told me that story, he said he could swear that someone grabbed him from behind and pulled him back up onto the ship.

Then there was the time they shot off a missile that went rogue and flew between the ship's masts before ditching in the ocean. That could have been bad.

Rick couldn't get an Agent Orangerelated pension when he needed it because in 1991 the government stopped paying pensions to Navy vets who served offshore (blue water sailors), on the specious theory that being at sea they were not exposed to Agent Orange. They were exposed, though, because Agent Orange ran down rivers to the gulf, where ships sucked up contaminated saltwater and desalinated it, turning it into potable water that had a concentrated level of Agent Orange.

America, to this day, has its eyes closed and its ears covered regarding blue water sailors. Occasionally a bill to provide pensions for blue water sailors reaches Congress, where it is either rejected, or dies when Congress adjourns

So there ya go, a handful of regular guys who served during WW1, WW2, the Korean War, and Vietnam, and a little bit in peacetime. The military was a rite of passage for most young American men for a long time, but no more. My the United States, while growing up. Rick sons never knew the terror of the draft

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Deadline for the next edition of *The Loop* is

Saturday, November 28

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Vashon Library Events Art & Music Events Submit your Event on line at www.vashoncalendar.com

November 12' 20

Island Life Party Like It's 1961

By Peter Ray pgray@vashonloop.com

Sometime last week, a friend of mine recommended that we journey on over to the Netflix box on the multifaceted display page on our sort of big teevee, and tune in to a show that is now trending as somewhat popular. As he has been also suggesting that I really should watch some of the old John Wayne classics because they are really good westerns, I was a bit skeptical about making this leap. As my thinking about the "olde west" and what that meant both to the peoples who were in the way of that myth and the mindset of those making a destiny manifest, I have a hard time being able to step back far enough as to see any of the classic westerns as anything other than cultural relics that exist to perpetuate yet another level of dark, American mythology. While I did watch westerns as I was growing up, I can't say that I was drawn to, let alone obsessed by them. Since my friend's binge suggestion- the Queen's Gambitwas about chess however, I figured I would give it a try.

As it turned out, this suggestion was fortunate and timely. We tuned in around the time when a certain election was locked in a bit of a stalemate, and no matter how many times Steve Kornacki ran the table with alternative ways the current resident of the White House could be knocked off the board, it was a relief to find something else to binge while the election marathon dragged endlessly toward an uncertain, although finally somewhat satisfying conclusion. Besides the fact that this series actually makes chess interesting and suspenseful for us non-players, it got me to thinking about what I might have been thinking about when the nine year old prodigy of the show who first learned the basics of the game from the janitor playing chess with himself in the basement of the orphanage in which she was raised. The scenes in the show when she takes tranquilizers (being handed out to keep the girls calm), and then kicks back to imagine a chess board on the ceiling with all its pieces, and then plays an upside down game with herself in order to understand the directional movement possibilities afforded the pieces on the board. That this whole show is a fiction is the only disappointment in the piece. It sets the action in the early to mid-sixties, and the period recreation is immaculate.

In taking myself back to what I was thinking about as a kid of similar age at that time, I know for sure I was no where near as focused on anything as challenging as chess. I do remember in the winter of 1961-62, that we spent the time around New Year's Eve skiing in upstate New York. I was eight years old at the time, and had been skiing at the point for about four years. While we often went skiing with other neighbors on our street over holidays around then, I think just my uncle had come along with us on this particular trip. I don't recall if

I got to stay up late that night. I kind of remember we were staying at something like an old farmhouse. Heading towards that midnight transition, there was one thing that kept me awake for a while, and it was this: I was really hoping that President Kennedy would proclaim that 1961 would be extended for another year, basically because it was really cool that you could write out the numbers- 1961and turn it upside down and it would still read as 1961. It seemed like a reasonable request, or rather hope, since I hadn't written any letters to anyone about the possibilities or importance of this concept. I don't know that I experienced any trauma when I woke up the next day and saw that no one else, let alone the President, had seen fit to perpetuate the year that could turn upside down and remain the same. I'm not sure what that would have accomplished actually. We have however just had a year that has turned upside down or on its ear, and it looks as though at least a few someones are wishing that things would remain the same for this next change of years, while this time I will join the multitudes that believe the change can't come soon

enough. Somewhere again back in those hallowed early sixties, I donned a uniform of blue and gold when I joined in on the fun and games with the Cub Scouts. I don't believe it was my idea to join- as it was I was pretty happy just to play in my treehouse and join with my friends in carving handles on spears that we made out of saplings from the woods, sharpened the ends and then threw them at each other, or at some imagined enemy. Or we got on our bikes and rode out on the main road to some challenging destination, or played army in each others back yards with toy guns and hand grenades that were imagined from gathered pine cones. I guess my mother thought it wood be safer if I did Cub Scout things like wood burning or going on field trips to the Indian Point nuclear plant just north of New York City. Actually, since Cub Scouts was only once a month or something like that, we played army and made spears along with the scouting stuff anyway, so I'm not really sure why I kept going, other than it was what I was told to do, so I did. And so it was, when we had that balsa wood, coaster car derby where you carved a race car out of a block of balsa wood and put some wheels and axles on it and let them all roll down a wooden race course, I did as my mom told me when my car weighed in lighter than the regs specified- I pinned a lead weight in where the seat was so that the car responded better to the pull of gravity, and it zipped down the slope faster than all the others and I got the blue ribbon, which is what my mother wanted. And when there was a "discussion" about how the rules specified that you couldn't have add-on weight hanging off the car, my mother argued that because it was in the driver's seat that it was within the car- she probably should have been a lawyer instead of a frustrated sixties housewife.

And then there was a time that I found out I was supposed to give a

I would get dressed up and go to Sunday school in the annex while my parents went to the big church next door where we kids only went at Easter, Thanksgiving and Christmas. What we went to was school and it was on Sunday, so I really didn't like it in the same way that I could really take a pass on the other school I went to during the week. So there was a short while that my friend Tim and I would hum while other kids were reading bible passages out loud, and stop when they stopped. When the Sunday school teacher turned their back, we would huck crayons up into the white, translucent light fixtures that hung from the ceiling. By all rights we should have gotten in trouble, but we didn't. Instead, I found myself being asked to do this sermon thing at the big church. And so it was that on the night before I was supposed to speak, I had nothing written down, partly because I really didn't want to do it, but mostly because I had no idea what to say. I kind of remember staring at a blank sheet of paper for a long time until it got late. With nothing to say I went to bed, and in getting up the next morning I magically had something to read- a something which my mother had stayed up to write. I kind of recall hearing what I was saying as I read, while at the same time hearing my mother say it in my head. Some of my parents' friends came up and congratulated me after the "sermon". I vowed never to get in a situation where I would have to own someone else's words ever again.

sermon at our church. Every Sunday,

It used to be relatively easy to place events on a timeline and be fairly close and accurate with its placement- I just have no clue anymore. I would say though that the time I decided to get creative with the dinner blessing was around this time as well. My dad usually had the task of the pre-meal God talk, so I didn't think about it all that much. But there was a time when I was forewarned that it would be me duty to say something that particular evening when we sat down to eat. I was used to pretty much the same old thing my dad said most of the time, so I wanted to say something new and different, and I had all afternoon to come up with some certain somethings that would fit that bill. I had a whole list of things and people I wanted to make note of and most assuredly thank. As dinner time rolled around, we sat at the table and I closed my eyes and started. After I had gotten into the full swing of things, I heard the suppression of laughter from the direction where my mother was sitting. I kept going, and the laughter continued. I think I finished, maybe I didn't- I can't remember for sure. I just never felt like getting creative or truly grateful about dinner after that.

As we move to the end of the 1960's here, that was the time I found myself in a New England prep school. As it is, am currently helping to construct a yearbook for our 50th reunion that may or may not happen next June, depending on the plague and vaccines and who knows what else. My memories are being stirred about that and then as I go through old negatives, but I was unprepared for one that surfaced in an email the other day. I was at school as a boarding student, as were most of the kids there. But there was a small segment of the school made of day students. By default, because they were not there all the time as we were, they were less a part of the family, so to speak. Being a prep school, there was some snarky cynicism cast their way, but I had not really seen anything about life at school from their perspective until just the other day. A day student classmate has joined the reunion committee and he sent a one page remembrance of his time there. I did not know that the headmaster who had put the school on the map over the sixty years he had been in control had made it a requirement that day students attend for five years instead of the standard four in order to, essentially, give them an extra year get up to speed with the boarding students. And I had not known, or forgotten, that the day students ate lunch in the basement of the dining hall, apart from the rest of us. All 500 students ate at once, so it was easy to not notice they weren't there with us, I guess. I just don't know. All I could think of while reading his piece was the scene in Fritz Lang's 'Metropolis', with the proletariat in the underground as the rich and privileged lounged far from the clutter and machines that made their surface life possible. With BLM and 1619 and the Doctrine of Discovery, this latest teapot revelation shouldn't be a surprise. We can only step back, make the corrections that we can at this point, and hope that the next wave doesn't completely knock us off our feet.



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Cleo Needs A Home

I'll tell you right off the bat why you should be interested in me - I'm a buff orange tabby girl, and the vast majority of orange tabbies are boys. I have nothing against Garfield and Morris, but that makes me pretty special, don't you think?

The reason I came to the shelter is that my person passed away. I'm lonely without someone to love. I like to show affection when I'm in the mood, but I won't pester you for attention all the time. I'm content to relax on a cat tree

and look out the windows to see what's going on in the neighborhood. A quiet home with adults would be special enough for me!

Go To www.vipp.orgTo view adoptable Cats and Dogs

Island Epicure

By Marj Watkins

Bake Gluten free

The biscuits below can be made with 1 ³/₄ cups of barley flour for a produce that's less expensive and low on the glycemic index product. But if you or anyone else in your family is sensitive to gluten, these gluten free recipes will help you make breadstuffs, cakes, and cookies everybody can eat with pleasure, confident of remaining healthy. If nobody cares about gluten, they're still good eating.

BENE BISCUITS

African Sesame Seed Biscuits Preheat oven to 450 degrees. Makes 7 biscuits

1½ cup sorghum flour

¼ cup teff or amaranth flour

1/4 cup+1 Tablespoon sesame seeds

2 teaspoons baking powder

1/2 teaspoon salt

½ to ¾ cup milk

1 egg, beaten

Tablespoons light olive oil

¼ cup plain yogurt

1 Tablespoon honey

Sift flours with baking powder and salt. Grind and stir in ¼ cup sesame seeds. Mix egg, yogurt and oil. Stir into dry ingredients. Line 10-inch pie pan with foil. Spray with olive oil. Drop batter by tablespoonfuls onto foil. Sprinkle with remaining sesame seeds. Bake 15 minutes. Flip from foil into napkinlined basket or onto racks.

Note: "bene" is an African word meaning sesame. This recipe originated, I believe, in Ghana. Probably the slaves who made them in the Carolinas used plain white flour, 2 cups, omitted the yogurt, and put in a spoonful of sugar instead of honey.

BASIC CORNBREAD Preheat oven to 400 degrees Makes 6 to 8 servings Bake in 9-inch glass pie pan

1 ½ cups whole cornmeal

½ cup brown rice flour 2 teaspoons baking powder

½ to 1 teaspoon salt

1 egg

2/3 cup milk, any kind

1 Tablespoon light olive oil

2 Tablespoons honey

Sift dry ingredients into mixing bowl. Add and stir in milk, eggs, oil, and honey. Bake in oiled, preheated (6 min.) glass pie dish or ceramic casserole 25 minutes.

5-Star Gluten Free Dairy-Free QUINOA PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES Makes 30 cookies

Preheat oven to 350 degrees

Melt and stir to smooth creamy sauce:

1 cube (1/2 cup) butter

½ cup peanut butter

1 teaspoon vanilla

2 Tablespoons water

3 Tablespoons molasses

2 Tablespoons honey

Beat i

1 egg

Sift and stir in:

1 cup quinoa flour

1 teaspoon baking soda

¼ teaspoon salt

Stir in and work with clean hands to a hall:

1 cup quinoa flakes

½ cup chopped walnuts

½ cup raisins, dried cranberries, or

½ cup semi-sweet chocolate bits

Drop by spoonfuls on two foil-lined baking sheets. Bake in preheated oven 10 to 12 minutes. Remove baking sheets from oven and let cookies rest 5 minutes on them to solidify. Transfer with pancake turner to racks to cool. Store in paper-towel-lined tightly covered container.

P.S. Honey in baked goods keeps them fresh. Something in it acts as a preservative.

Chloe and Norris Need a Home

We're a sister and brother who have learned to like people even though we weren't around any when we were teeny-tiny kittens. Eventually we figured out that good things (like treats!) come from people, so now we look forward to seeing the shelter volunteers.

One of our favorite places to hang out together is the catio. We can't bring



Norris



Chloe

ours along if you adopt us, but VIPP can give you information on the many different kinds - there's one to fit every space and budget. And speaking of budgets, because the two of us want to spend the rest of our lives together, whoever gives us a home will qualify for a "Purrfect Pals" reduced adoption fee. Such a deal!

Go To www.vipp.org

To view adoptable Cats and Dogs

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Suzanna Leigh paintings on silk for donation to Home to Vashon.

Suzanna Leigh offers paintings on silk for donation to Home to Vashon.

These 6" x 6" framed painted silk pieces are hanging at Anu Rana's Healthy Kitchen (next to the Book Store) November 1-30. You can take one home for a \$25 donation to Home to Vashon. You can also view and pay on https://suzannas-school-and-studio.square.site, or through www.Suzannaleigh.com online store. Home to Vashon buys ferry tickets home for Vashon Islanders who need to go across the water for medical treatments.

Suzanna says, "When the wind dances with the trees in October, the trees shed their summer dresses and carpet the ground with red, gold, green, and brown. I can't resist. I gather a dozen or so pieces of this beauty to make art with. One year I thickened dye and painted it on the leaves, printed the leaves onto silk I had dyed and painted, and framed them. Ah! What treasures!"

Home to Vashon is hosting a free concert with Jennifer Stills and friends at Ourmayberry.com/goto/H2V, at 7:00 pm on November 21st. This is a fundraiser for VYFS







KING COUNTY PUBLIC HEALTH IS HERE

OPEN ENROLLMENT NOV 1st - DEC 15th, 2020

Dates: Saturday November 14th, 2020

Noon - 3pm at Vashon Youth and Family Services

Saturday December 12th, 2020

Noon - 3pm at Vashon Youth and Family Services

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Road to Resilience

Continued from Page 1

on a large scale that doesn't allow for the above strategy, and I can only say that we must stop pointing fingers.

On the plus side, this election is a sign that people still trust in the ability of a people to rule themselves, despite Trump's attempts to undermine it. This year's turnout of 73.7% of eligible voters of all parties is the highest since 1900 and, although we can't say for sure, it appears that the Republicans are willing to accept the result. Trump may not cooperate, but I think there will be a peaceful transition of power. (I hope I don't have to eat those words.)

This may not immediately find agreement everywhere, but I do think that Trump's lies, and his uncivil, rude and judgmental behavior have really fanned the flames, and having him gone will really make the job of coming together

easier, especially if we the victors are magnanimous.

Regardless of the differences, we need to hold everybody to account that may have broken the law. If we don't, we will create a moral hazard in which dishonesty, injustice, and disrespect could become the norm. We humans are equally capable of both the basest and loftiest behavior. Any one of us can be an ogre or an angel. We can't tolerate base behavior while knowing that we are all capable of it. We also can't behave badly just because we are on the receiving end of the same. We make laws precisely to hold ourselves to our best behavior.

If what I've said above simply reinforces your belief that liberals don't know what they are talking about, tell me so by responding to my request below. Let's sit down and talk about it. I'll listen to you if you will listen to me.

Comments? terry@vashonloop.com



Planef Waxes



by Eric Francis http://www.PlanetWaves.net

Aries (March 20-April 19)

If ever there was a time when you were reborn, this is it. This is a real thing; it happens at times in life, though it's more often mocked. You are not pretending; what is happening to you is real. The full effects do not happen overnight. They tend to build gradually, and sometimes there are breakthroughs. However, there is a turning point — the moment when the tide changes directions, an unforeseen event that shifts your trajectory, a person you meet, or a decision you make. That's where you stand right now, on one of the most important frontiers of your life: the most significant of them being who you are. The necessary orientation is acceptance without judgment. I know this can get twisted, as there's always an argument to be made for what someone is not supposed to tolerate in themselves. Yet even what you want to change begins with accepting your situation for what it is. What you think of as your flaws can become your greatest gifts. This is why self-acceptance is so important. Everything you have is a resource that can be serve you and the greater good.

Taurus (April 19-May 20)

The confounding behavior of partners or close colleagues may not seem so strange if you suddenly realize that you understand it. Think back to childhood, when the incomprehensible quality of the world made everything seem opaque and out of reach. Simple things like lighting the stove, using a washing machine, reading a long book, or driving a car in traffic could seem confounding or impossible. We don't think this feeling translates into adulthood, though it does, in a veiled form that usually shows up as conflict, frustration, resistance, anger, or resentment. These are often variations on simply not understanding. Sometimes they can represent the lack of common ground, or common language. It's worth working for these things. It's worth crossing some of the distance and doing some of the work to gain your own understanding, particularly if you care about someone. Yet ultimately, this does not end up being about someone else. They are only a kind of facilitator, of what you might think of as a forum to resolve something residing primarily within your own consciousness.

Gemini (May 20-June 21)

You may be sick of people seeming to have so much power over you, though you would be wise to ask yourself how things got that way. Who are these people who seem to hold so much influence? What is your history with them? And what are the common connections between and among these relationships? When looking for a solution to this kind of situation, the first action to take is to stop giving away what power you have. Stop saying yes. Stop saying no. Let the answer be maybe for a while. Take your time. Train yourself not to be pressured by the thoughts or influences of others, which you do by pausing. Then you can consider all of your options, with time to think about them carefully. You need to determine how you really feel, and moreover, what you want. Your own desire has to drive the course of your life. Yes, you must live in harmony with others, but this does not mean surrendering your individuality or power of choice. Others must accommodate your will just as much as you accommodate theirs. There is room in this world for you and what you want.

Cancer (June 21-July 22)

You must continue to bide your time where critical career matters are concerned. You may feel the impulse to make decisions, or to state your plans, or to assert your position in some way. Yet for this to work, you must have your timing right, and that means finding out what forthcoming aspects have to offer. These include news about a professional relationship likely to arrive with the Jupiter-Pluto conjunction of Nov. 12, and the lifting of some professional restriction soon after, when Mars stations direct in your 10th solar house. You need to proceed with full knowledge and confidence, and both of those points are likely to be met around that time. This will happen in ways that you cannot foresee right now, though you must be mindful of clues when you get them. You will be able to see some glimpse of the future if you read the tea leaves and listen to the wind. Ease back a little on your competitive nature, and engage the world in the most harmonious forms of collaboration you can muster.

Leo (July 22-Aug. 23)

You do not need to push or reach for an answer, or for understanding. It is gradually coming toward you. Your state of mind is shifting, and you're experiencing knowledge that comes from within rather than asserted from outside of yourself. This is happening as surely as a comet that has reached its maximum distance from the Sun gradually makes its way back toward its source of heat and light. It's not an immediately obvious change, though it's real and observable. The 'making its way back' piece describes movement in your understanding and acceptance of who you are. Have the courage to make contact with the underlying perfection of your existence. Set aside your judgments and even your ambitions, and take a moment to feel the potential that you have. Notice the options that you have available to you. Notice who is in your life. If you set aside your anxiety, you may notice your vulnerability. That is nothing less than the feeling of being open

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sep. 22)

One of the fundamental struggles of your life likely involves the quest to be who you are when you're in the midst of an intimate partnership of some kind. You allow your boundaries to dissolve not only to feel the other person but also to experience and discover yourself. This is a powerful tropism, like a plant reaching for light. Yet that can only go on for so long, if you lose contact with the core elements of your identity: of what makes you personally you. You are now at the part of the cycle where you wake up inside the intimate situation and remember or discover something about yourself. You don't need to fight your way out of a situation to have that something about you be real. Rather, it would seem that the necessary part of the journey is existing as you are within the situation, and exploring the relationship from that perspective. Relationship is not about total merging or alternately, confrontation. Hold some tension in your awareness, long enough to relax into it.

Libra (Sep. 22-Oct. 23)

Late this week, Mars stations direct in your opposite sign Aries. This has presented some unusual challenges through the second half of the year. Yet you might notice that each and every one of them has taught you a little about how to handle yourself, how to negotiate, how to establish mutually beneficial relationships with people. If I may propose a takeaway from the many events of this year: people are only open to what they want. Even if someone says they don't want something, observe the choices they make. If you can

tap into the power of what others desire for themselves, you will have a lot easier time relating to them, and working with them. Listen for statements of affirmative desire. Observe their choices. Find the ways they are open to being supported, and to offering their support. This does not need to feel like a dental exam and cleaning. Take a step back and notice what is in the environment to notice. If someone likes to dance, you will go a long way together by dancing, even if it's not necessarily your thing.

Scorpio (Oct. 23-Nov. 22)

Your traditional ruling planet Mars stations direct this week, which represents a release point of some kind. It's as if an energy well of some kind has been blocked, or perhaps you have turned things down so that you could take care of some personal maintenance. Now that flow is about to return, first slowly, then gradually, then finally up to full capacity. This is about many things: working well, taking care of yourself, and making sure that you have a wholesome environment for the part of the day devoted to business. As that happens, Jupiter makes a conjunction to your modern ruling planet Pluto. This is a reminder that the ideas of the past, and particularly of your childhood family, have served their purpose. You need a more creative approach to existence than those old folks ever had. You need more passion. And you will benefit from allowing curiosity to lead you rather than preconceived ideas. You will recognize curiosity by the delightful sense of not knowing, rather than the one that feels intimidating.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 22)

You have what you need. If the events of this week tell you nothing more, that is the gift, that is the lesson, that is the state of being that is available. Therefore, you don't need to be driven by what you feel you don't have, but rather by who you are and what you want to create. Ideally, for you, life is a journey from one creative experience to the next, that is, where you make yourself and make your world. Yet to do this requires a reservoir of energy and a modicum of stability. You have this now; you've been working toward this for a while. For comparison, think back two years and remember where you were at. It's easy to forget about all the progress you've made as you strive for the next objective, or some new concept of perfection. However, I suggest you stop exactly where you are, and as you are, and hang out with how far you've come in the past 100 to 150 weeks or so. Remember some of what has happened. Mark that phase of time as one long transition. You are about to go through another, and the portal is right here, right now.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)

You've experienced a diversity of mental and emotional experiences this year, not all of which can properly be called wholesome. You've been down a few dark roads, and have experienced confrontations with facts that seem difficult to accept. Through this, have you felt your deeper connection to existence? The weather is only turbulent on the surface. When you turn inward toward yourself, you may notice that your experience is calmer and you feel more stable. Normally, it's important to gather a lot of information from your environment. At the moment, however, the pearls of wisdom and understanding are scattered in your inner world, and that is the place to focus. You have plenty going on, and it will be too easy to project this into relationship situations or circumstances where it does not really exist. It's important for you to learn the difference between fear and insecurity. Most of what you experience as fear is really uncertainty about yourself. That is

pretty easy to resolve.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 19)

Over the next six weeks, there is much that will be revealed to you, though the events of this week in particular are crucial. The essence is being honest with yourself. To do that, you must tune in and pay attention to your full thoughts, feelings, emotions and the calm, quiet voice that is your inner authority. One of the huge dramas of 2020 is people by the millions surrendering any semblance of their power and handing it over to external circumstances. It is critical that you establish something coming from outside of you as true before you accept it as such. There is vast room for error here, and mistakes made now are more costly than usual, particularly if they are based on false information. Therefore, you must learn to listen to yourself, and trust yourself. This includes verifying the results of your observations against experience. This is the part that calls for the deepest honesty. Your life is not about what people think of you, or believe about you. Your life is what you discover to be true about you, through a long process of experimentation, discovery, and elimination.

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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The Vashon Loop, p. 8 November 12' 20

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