

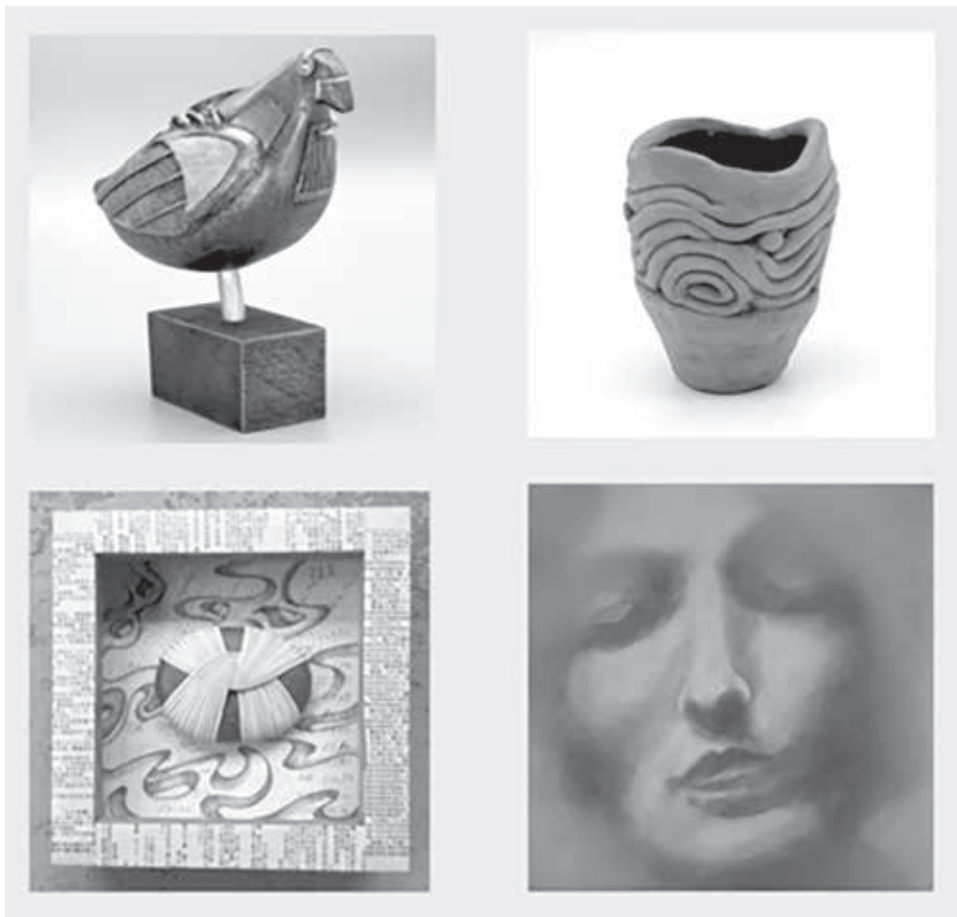
VCD's The Nutcracker Pastiche!

A holiday tradition at VCA, The Nutcracker has been beloved by island families and celebrated in our community every holiday season for decades. With The Kay stage shuttered for now, the staff at VCA have been hard at work to bring The Nutcracker to life and sprinkle a little holiday cheer to dancers and families in the only way possible – streaming a virtual Nutcracker medley! More than 20 years of The Nutcracker videos have been edited to assemble a pastiche of footage into a single performance! Don't miss this amazing compilation on December 12 at 7PM featuring Vashon dancers from across the years.

Saturday, December 12 at 7pm
Streamed on The VCA website and Facebook Page
VashonCenterForTheArts.org
\$10 suggested donation



The Miniature Show



For its 14th consecutive year, Vashon Center for the Arts presents their annual Miniature Show.

This year's show is one of the largest miniatures show presented by VCA with 89 artists from Vashon, Seattle, Redmond, Mercer Island, Portland, and Edina, Minnesota. The collection is as varied as the artists participating.

These special original pieces are perfect for a holiday gift or that special nook in your home, with prices starting at \$35 and up. The art is available to take home once you purchase it, just in time for your holiday giving.

In compliance with new safety protocols, we have extended gallery operating hours in Friday December 4th: 12noon – 7:30pm, but no First Friday event.

New Gallery hours:

== Friday - Sunday: 12noon – 4:00pm

== Thursday by appointment.

== Open Dec. 23 & 24: 12noon - 4pm.

We are also offering personal shopping services by phone, FaceTime or Facebook. Call Gallery (206) 259-3002 for details.

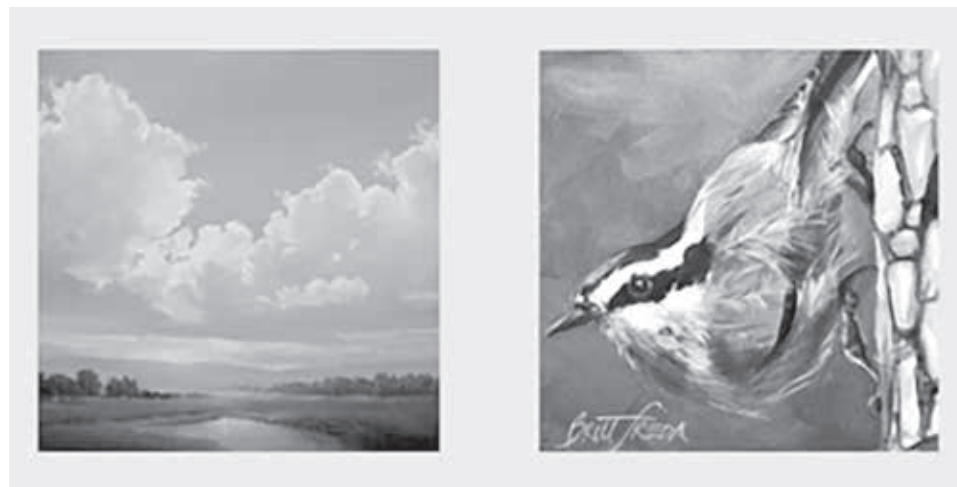
The style of the miniaturist is as unique as the artist and includes all the elements of art forms: line, composition, color and balance - plus the challenge of executing it in only a few inches. The only rule - all are must be at most 36" square inches and with three-dimensional work no larger 36" cubic inches.

Come see the breadth of artistry in a small form.

The Miniature Show
Vashon Center for the Arts
December 4 - 24

Friday, Dec 4: 12noon - 7:30pm

Gallery hours: Fri - Sun: 12pm - 4pm



The Road to Resilience

Bridging the Divide

I recently read a story about a man who had been judged to be in perfect health after a checkup and died two weeks later from what the doctors diagnosed as COVID 19. Apparently, while still able to speak, he refused to believe that he was infected by a hoax virus. According to this story, this particular instance is not unique. The ability of belief to persist even when your death is disproving it is truly amazing. If proof on that order is unconvincing, it is hard to conceive of anything that would suffice.

This brings me to considering the task we have before us of reconciling the alternate realities that we and our fellow citizens inhabit. If the above example fails to convince, how are we going to arrive at a consensus on the climate crisis, much less establish that we have a crisis at all? I am genuinely baffled when I see what appears to be a sane, intelligent person dispassionately express appreciation for the fine job that President Trump has done. Would anybody allow, much less approve of their child acting like our president? I think everybody has a built-in integrity meter, and I simply am baffled by the loyalty and support that anybody could have for this man.

Yet, as I say, these folks that I can't understand are half the country, and we will have to find some common ground to move forward. In marriage or friendships, we can simply accept irreconcilable differences and walk away. We could create two countries, but we know what that cost the last time it was tried. Nobody wins in a war, and the terrible waste and destruction at a time like this is unthinkable. Reconciliation is the only viable alternative. I have to think that there is some logical reason for people to distrust each other at such a fundamental level, and that sitting down together, we might begin to establish some kind of mutual trust and

By Terry Sullivan,

respect. In fact, we have to.

In saying that, I'm not talking about a compromise or an abandonment of ideals. The present frame in which we see each other truly is irreconcilable, so we need to find a new perspective or frame through which we can all see a way forward, at least on some things.

I was surprised to read someone saying that the evolution of individual freedom was at the heart of our problems. Until now, there has been enough space and resources for disagreeing parties to go their separate ways. Now, it is all too apparent that we are on the same small boat and we either find common ground or violently suppress one side, and, if we do that, we will need a dictatorship. This dilemma is playing out right now as mutual accusations are being made that the other group is putting party before country. As we reaffirm the importance of democracy in this election, we need to reconsider the importance of balancing our individual freedom with our collective responsibility.

If we consider a beehive or ant colony as a scary model for a human collective, consider for a moment that these collectives have no leader or any separate body that enforces conduct. The queen is not a ruler; she is a servant of the hive. It is the hive itself, through the collective predominance of chemicals exuded by each individual, that decides when to swarm, where to live, where to find food, assignment of duties, protection of the hive—every aspect of life. And, although bees don't think or act on individual impulses, they nevertheless all participate in the group decisions. We are not exclusively collective animals like these, but we are collective beings, especially today, and we must learn to cooperate.

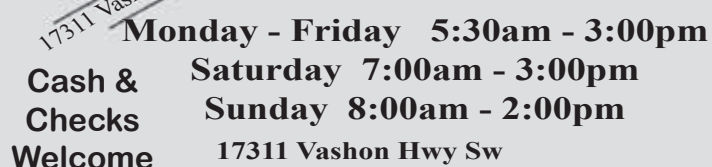
Continued on Page 6

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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
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Barbara Drinkwater Legacy Lodge for Dogs

At VIPP, we believe in the power of people coming together to inspire each other and to make good things happen. We see first-hand how important community and collaboration is, and we could not do what we do for pets in need without good people like you standing up to help.

We recently shared the amazing news that VIPP finally has its own place to care for our dogs: we are now leasing the NW Canine Connection property off Vashon Highway on Cemetery Road. It is here that we are creating a warm, home-like environment for our pups, giving them the love and care they do deserve.

We are writing today to officially introduce you to the Barbara Drinkwater Legacy Lodge for Dogs, and to ask for your help.

Barbara founded VIPP more than 40 years ago and, while she did not live to see it come to fruition, Barb long dreamt about creating a dedicated space to care for the island's lost, abandoned, abused and orphaned dogs. We are truly over the moon about the "Lodge" and our new dog care model. But we can't do this work alone!

Will you help us make the Lodge a success by joining us as a VIPP Dog Program volunteer?

We are looking for volunteers to:

Walk and exercise VIPP dogs. The Lodge has several fenced play areas and is also close to pedestrian-friendly trails.

Spend TLC time with VIPP dogs in one of our "Love Rooms," where you'll find comfortable seating to read or watch TV, all while having a pup snuggled at your feet or by your side.

COVID-19 safety protocols are in place, and only a small number of people will be allowed in the Lodge at any time. Masks will be required.

Are you ready to help VIPP dogs? Click here or the button below to fill out our Dog Program Volunteer Application! Have questions or want more information? Please send an email to dogs@VIPP.org

As always, thank you for your support and being an important member of the VIPP family.

Woof!

The VIPP Dog Program Team

Make a date with Vashon!
www.VashonCalendar.com
Vashon Library Events
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Submit your Event on line at
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Next Edition of *The Loop* Comes out Thursday December 17

Deadline for the next
edition of *The Loop* is
Saturday, December 12

*No puede dejar de
beber Alcohol?*



ALCOHOLICOS ANONIMOS

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ACA sign up coming to Vashon

King County will be here on Vashon twice to renew or sign-up 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.

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Taylor Made



By Sean Malone and John Sweetman

Mike Kennedy and I stepped back as the door to the teacher’s lounge opened and great clouds of blue smoke uttered forth. The outline of Mr. McLaughlin appeared bigger than life as Mike and I winced from the stale cigarette smoke that was hurting our eyes. “Mr. McLaughlin, could we have the keys to the volley ball locker,” we asked?

Mr. McLaughlin never smiled and he wasn’t smiling now, as he passed the keys out with a “puff of blue smoke.” A “smoke break” from the “likes of us,” was an absolute part of schooling in the 1950’s and we secretly liked knocking on the smoke room door just to see our teachers lighting up.

Stealing cigarettes wasn’t hard, because some people smoked 20 cigarettes a day and couldn’t be held responsible for where they laid the last pack down. We couldn’t tell one cigarette from another, though obviously, older people could, as Mom smoked Camels and her Mother smoked Chesterfields and Aunts Pat and Aunt Verna smoked Raleigh’s, though their taste in cigarettes may have been dictated by the prizes they won for saving 100’s and 100’s of Raleigh coupons. Kit Bradley’s mother smoked Herbert Tareytons, probably because the extra length of the cigarette added to Betty’s “dignity.”

Growing up at Cove, I always thought that smoking a “taylor-made” cigarette meant that the cigarette had come from a factory and was not “hand rolled,” and therefore of a higher quality, though some of the old hands would disagree with you, preferring the tobacco that was sold for home use, such as Bull Durham which could be used to clean a greasy windshield, before cars and trucks had window-washers.

Here are John’s memories of his early experiences with tobacco:

“My grandfather’s rolling machine was ‘Taylor’ made and quite large with fancy handles and gears.. it was years later that I figured out that those cigarettes were not custom or ‘tailor’ made but just made on a machine built by a company with that name.

One summer I was farmed out to work with one of my grandfathers supervisors who flew into jobs in a two-seater piper cub with windows that folded upwards in two parts. The first trip I took in that plane from Port Townsend to one of the San Juan Islands was where learned why the side of the plane was covered with brown streaks. I thought it was a peculiar and odd kind of stain but I figured it had something to do with oil leaks. I was going to ask

the Swede about the stains but after doing my basic ‘go-for’ job of stowing tools, I forgot to ask and just strapped into the plane. We took off and settled into altitude. Sitting in the back seat I flipped the bottom part of my window up at the same time the tall Swede pilot flipped the top part his window down. All mysteries suddenly became clear. He let loose with a giant spit of snooze out of his window, which promptly came back with the airstream through my open window and smacked right into my face... I never did have to ask the Swede about the mystery of the stains on the side of the plane. We flew other times and I was careful to use the window on the opposite side... the side of the plane with no brown streaks.”

Seán relates how Harry Larsen hired him for \$75 cents per hour to sweep the floors at Skippercraft on the dock at Cove, where the half dozen boat builders couldn’t smoke because of the fire danger. They all chewed Copenhagen or “snooze.”

“I was 13 years old and swept floors for months before Harry would even let me touch a front deck to rub in the rich Mahogany stain that was the earmark of his 14 and 16 foot “kicker” boats. In the meantime, one of the carpenters gave me some Copenhagen or “snooze” to chew and I lost his chew on the floor upstairs. This prompted me to pursue the habit of chewing by investing in tobacco with less kick. I looked in the display window at the Cove store and saw a cellophane wrapped package with the image of a mule “in full-kick” on the front side, where it said, Brown’s Mule. I read further that the tobacco leaves had been soaked in honey, which made the tobacco “plug” sound more like a Butterfinger candy bar than real “snooze.” I bit off a corner of the plug and was hooked on tobacco for the next 60 years.”

“Chew tobacco, chew tobacco, spit, spit, spit. Cheney, Cheney, knit, knit, knit,” was my Grandmother’s fight song at Cheney high school. She smoked her last Chesterfield at 75 years-old.

KVSH

101.9 FM

Vashon’s Own
Community Radio Station

Spiritual Smart Aleck

By Mary Tuel

Trumpster Fire

Remember when Hillary Clinton won the popular vote and Donald Trump won the electoral vote? Remember how his supporters told us, “You lost. Get over it.” Has anyone said, “You lost, get over it,” to Trump believers since Joe Biden was elected president? They probably would not see the irony. Or the hypocrisy.

I come from a family of Trump-lovers. Here is a quote, part of a long piece, posted on a Trump-loving relative’s Facebook page last week:

“The Democrats are right, there are two Americas. The America that works and the America that doesn’t. The America that contributes and the America that doesn’t. It’s not the haves and the have nots, it’s the dos and the don’ts. Some people do their duty as Americans, obey the law, support themselves, contribute to society and others don’t. That’s the divide in America. It’s not about income inequality, it’s about civic irresponsibility. It’s about a political party that preaches hatred, greed and victimization in order to win elective office. It’s about a political party that loves power more than it loves its country. - Lou Holtz, football player and coach.

Coach Holtz aims to vilify Democrats, poor people, and people of color, but he has described Republicans when he talks about the party that preaches hatred, greed and victimization, the party that loves power more than they love their country.

Perfect clueless projection, Coach. It is easy to tell people, “If you work hard enough and contribute, America will reward you.” I’ll bet you attribute all your success to your own efforts.

It is unforgiveable not to acknowledge and respect the hard work of people who do not have enough but contribute to society all the same; who, in fact, do the hard work that keeps the society going.

Usually when people passionately condemn behavior, the behavior they vilify is exactly what they are doing.

Hence: Trumpsters are sitting on their pity pots whining that the election was rigged. Claiming that they are patriots, and the rest of us are Socialist scum. Some are Evangelical Christians who feel superior because they know they are going to heaven and they know who is going to hell: everyone who did not vote for Trump, plus anyone who does not believe and think exactly as they do.

They call themselves Republicans, but the Republican Party is no more.

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It has been destroyed from within for the sake of protecting the wealth and privilege of the ruling white class. There are former Republicans who have been working to save the country from the madness of King Donald. Perhaps they should start a party called “Real Republicans.”

The murder of George Floyd was only one of the millions of murders of black people in this country, but that particular murder lit a spark that caused a conflagration of protest and demands for equal rights, respect, and the simple ability to stay alive when minding one’s own black business. Trumpsters reacted by painting protestors as violent socialists, looters, and thieves, and then said with their bare faces hanging out that “conservative protesters are peaceful.”

Right. One word: Charlottesville. A few more words: yeah, those Proud Boys and Nazis and Qanons and other white supremacists are a peaceful lot.

Dare I suggest that they are civically irresponsible?

Some white people believe they are losing the superior position they have always had.

They are correct. They are not taking this shift of power graciously. Like their inglorious leader, they do not care how many people die or suffer as they pursue their goal of white supremacy and control in America. People of color are coming on strong in this country, and soon and very soon, white people will be the minority population.

Tick tock. Pause. Deep breath.

It is easy to have some snarky laughs at the expense of people, who, with all due respect, are delusional. Snarky laughs are a good way to vent some of the anger I feel at the criminal, heartless, indeed, murderous behavior of Trump and his followers (273,709 Americans dead from Covid 19 as of November 30, 2020).

I do not know what it will take to bring us all to our senses if Covid 19 has not. Is there some threat that will wake people up and make them think, gee, we need to pull together? Evidence would suggest not.

Let us not slump back into the business-as-usual government of the pre-Trump era. We must call those who govern to account.

Stay awake, dear hearts. We shall be dealing with the delusional citizens of this country and their behavior for a long time. We are joined to them ineradicably. They are our family. They are us.

Let us try to make the family better. Well, not me, maybe. I might be too snarky.

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Island Life Picture This

By Peter Ray
pgray@vashonloop.com

Sometimes I come around to these things a little late. Other times I let stuff pass because it really didn’t seem to be worth the time and energy to pursue. What I am vaguely hinting at here is the pretense or presence of opportunity. I often find myself stuck somewhere off in limboland without the slightest hint of a clue as to what I am doing or why I am doing it other than it seemed like a good idea at the time. Art and art things seem to fall into this general life space for me. In listening to and observing other people “in the arts”, I get the impression that many who are there really don’t know where their art comes from, they just get these messages and suggestions from the ether and then write or paint or nail them down. What it comes down to is that voice or that nudging that pushes you to pick up that tool of creation and then do something with it. I have piles of stuff that are the direct result of that nagging voice- I’m just never sure what to do with what I have, if anything at all.

A few years back I did what turned into a series of photographs that I shot at night. Although I had been doing night photography at various times in the past, I do recall the image that stood up and said, you should probably do a series of night photographs made with only long enough exposures to capture light reflected off the objects in your composition that comes from existing, available light. It was and is a photograph of the reader board on the south wall at the Vashon Theatre that I shot on the way in to see a movie back in those times when you could. When I sat down to review the image, I realized that it wasn’t quite what I’d hoped for, and so I went and shot it again- this time with a tripod instead of a monopod so that the camera had no motion, and I probably tried some different camera settings for greater depth of field. I don’t think that it was that moment that I realized I should go ahead with this set of parameters for a so-called body of work. But it did plant the seed of an idea that grew into the night photos concept.

I believe I noted at the time, as the collection of photos in the dark continued to grow, that this was the first time I had started out with a basic premise that would guide the making of that group of photographs. In the past, my body of work had included randomly found images from all over the place. For this endeavor however, the shores of the Island served as one parameter, or maybe perimeter, that focused my efforts. The other was an existing, not added, source of light next to an object or objects of interest- it did not really matter how bright the light was- the function of time over the length of an exposure was the main factor in determining what I spent time recording it. In some ways, it was a step back to a time when photographs made even in daylight required long stretches of exposure time. There was also a similarity in the surprise factor of not really knowing what might show up after the shutter had closed. The big difference was that I could now, through the magic of digital imagery and LCD screens, nearly instantly review what I had just taken, and either make the necessary camera settings adjustments or move on to hopefully more fertile, visual territories.

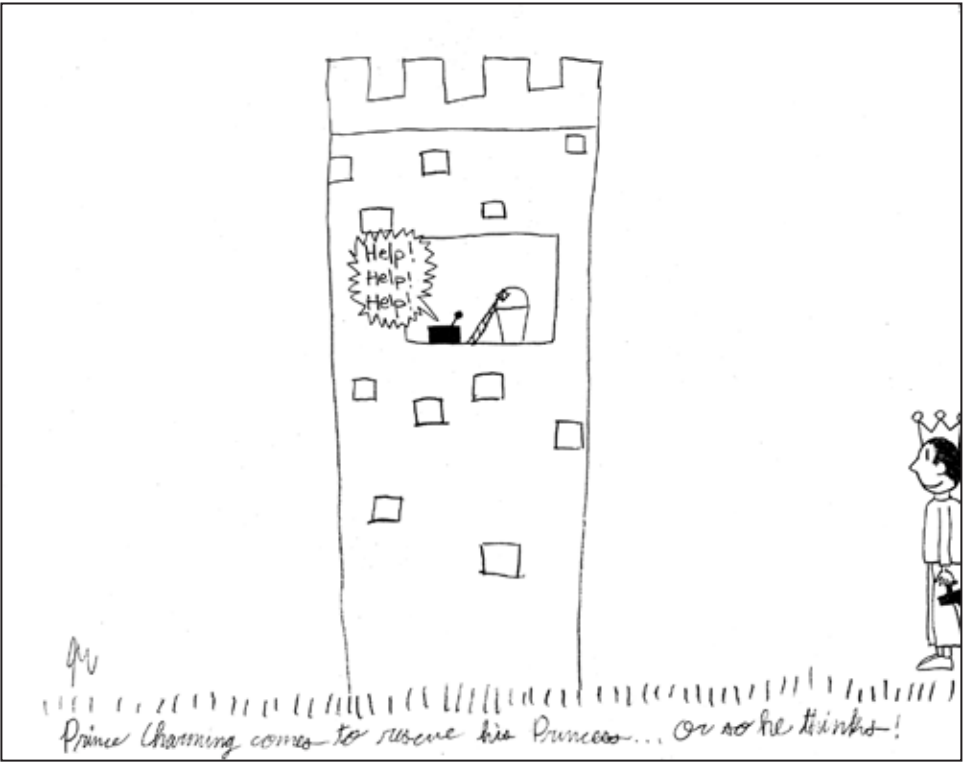
At the time, I also happened to be going through family crap involving lawyers and a rogue sibling, and I was not sleeping. And so it soon came to me that instead of tossing and turning while imagining misfortunes befalling certain individuals, I decided to get dressed and go outside with my gear and hope that some place I had noted on the Island earlier that

day or week was as interesting at night as I had imagined it during the day. Also, there was the wish that I wasn’t taken to be some sort of peeping weirdo with a camera and carted off by a skeptical constabulary. Somewhere along the way- perhaps more towards the end than the beginning of the process- I came to realize that there was a certain amount of symbolism in these nighttime photos and their creation. In conjunction with the dark times I was going through with what was left of my family and where I saw relatively little hope of any light coming out of that any time soon, I was at the same time making these pictures with light seemingly coming out of the darkness- not necessarily turning darkness into light, but hopefully at least finding something beautiful where darkness prevails. I had no intention of transferring this intention to my family situation, but I liked the fact that I was otherwise turning a bad situation into a visually productive one.

Fast forward three or four years to yet another dark time. As the plague settled in and everything else stopped, I did feel quite lucky to have a large yard that was more than a social distance away from everyone else. The pets were happy for perpetual company as well. And soon I came to be aware that there were plants out there wanting to be photographed. We had been moving some things around and actually doing some gardening for the first time in years, and along the way I kept noticing more and more plants that needed to be recorded. To be truthful, to some degree I had been doing this plant photo thing from back in nursery times on up through the present. But with plague time dictating how the clock was running wild with no particular place to go, it soon became a habit of mine to head out the front or back door everyday and seek out the



new botanical spectacle that needed to be ogled with a 100mm macro lens. Having been to more than my share of gardens over the years, I can safely say that what we have here is not a showplace- yet. A lot of stuff had basically gotten way out of hand- the litany of northwest weeds, morning glory, blackberries and the like. And since it has been nearly forty years that I’ve been here, there has been the basic growth and expansion of biomass that all needed attention. A lot of what we have done in the yard/garden over this past year has been cleaning and clearing, and cleaning again. I am not ready to pretend to proclaim the presence of a garden here at this time. I do not really like the term ‘bones’ as a description of basic garden



structure, although there is some structure around. It is perhaps because of this lack of classic garden scenes and vignettes that I decided to go up close to the various flowers and leaves around the yard to see what I could see. I have continued to be amazed at the magic of the digital camera and all that it is capable of revealing. It is all the more amazing when one gets in close and sees the details of the botanical wonderment. As with the night photographs, I believe I can point to the photograph that got me to thinking of a series and that elusive body of work thing. It was a picture of a columbine flower that suddenly got something stirring in me. To carry on from that garden scene disclaimer from above, the photo in question here was framed to hide the fact

that the plant that this flower was attached to had been recently transplanted with it’s three foot tall stalk staked and tied so that it would not fall over. It was a gangly mass of disheveled foliage with some really nice flowers way up at the top. By the time I got over there to photograph it with my tripod, the sun that had been illuminating it through the firs above had moved on, so that there was only ambient and reflected light when I tripped the shutter. When reviewing the pics of that morning, I came to this particular shot again and was struck by how old it looked. If one squinted, this could have almost been passed off as an old, hand-tinted print from ancient times, and while that was not necessarily the look I was going for, it seemed that there could be more to be mined here in just focusing on very small parts of the garden. This gathering of images would not have to be just about flowers, since for years I was of the opinion that foliage was the key to a garden composition. And so, as I wandered around each day, and spring progressed as it does, I would find things here and there around the front and back yards that definitely needed recording. It became a habit and a bit of an obsession to the point where I now have a bunch of stuff in the form of digital images that needs somewhere to go. With three high school classmates coming out with books this year, it only seems right that I give that possibility a go. It will of course be pictures of flowers and leaves and parts of plants. But it also needs some words to tie them together and to relate some of the things that were going on when I aimed, focused and tripped the shutter. And since I’m tired of hearing and thinking and sometimes writing about what is going on outside these confines, I will endeavor to stay small here for a while and write about all I have seen throughout this microcosm. That seems like a good idea to me.

Story Needs A Home

I don’t like cats. That’s my story, and I’m sticking to it. However, I LOVE people, and since you’re reading this, I bet you love cats. I’m looking for an indoor home where I can adore people without competition. If you’d like to have a furry friend sitting next to you while you watch TV or read a good book, I’m your girl. Maybe we can write our own story in which we live happily ever after!



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

Island Epicure



By Marj Watkins

Turkey Revisited

This column will reach you a bit too late for presenting ideas for stuffing a turkey, but just in time for ideas on what to do about the leftover meaty carcass.

First, I pick off all the meat bits the Thanksgiving feasters left on it. I freeze them in plastic packets. Then I break the remaining meaty skeleton into at least two or three plastic freezer bags full of turkey parts.

Later I make Turkey and Peas in Cream Sauce, Turkey Tetrazzini, or a Spanish whole meal in a pot called Pote Gallego. My cream sauce is enlivened with chopped green onion and parsley and tarragon. The Turkey Tetrazzini is a Turkey and noodle dish finished off in the oven. I given that one in this column last year

- TURKEY BROTH
- Turkey carcass, or part of it water to cover
- 1 bay leaf broken in bits
- 12 peppercorns or several fresh grinds of pepper
- 2 teaspoon dried tarragon
- 2 whole cloves
- 1 to 2 teaspoons sea salt
- 1 yellow onion, chopped

- 1 long carrot, sliced
- 1/3 cup minced fresh parsley or 2 Tablespoons dried parsley
- Bring all the ingredients to a boil, reduce the heat and simmer about 2 hours, or until what meat was left on the bones has fallen off. Store in sterilized jar, tightly capped. Refrigerate. If not used within 4 days, reboil or freeze leaving 1 inch space at top to allow for expansion.

- POTE GALLEGO
- Serves 4 to 6
- 1 15-ounce large white beans
- 1 to 1 1/2 cups diced turkey or chicken meat
- 1/2 cup diced smoked ham
- 6 garlic cloves
- 1 onion, quartered
- 2 cups coarsely shredded cabbage or kale
- 4 potatoes cut in chunks
- 3 turnips, diced
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ to ½ teaspoon coarse black pepper
- Water or turkey broth to cover

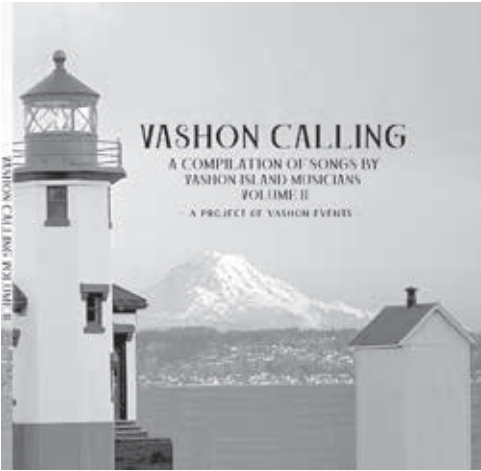
- In a large saucepan or stove-to-casserole, put the above ingredients. Cover with cold water. Bring to a boil. Cover, reduce heat, and simmer gently 30 minutes, adding boiling water as needed to keep the level the same. Taste and adjust seasoning. Before serving stir in:
- 1 Tablespoon Vinegar + 1 Tablespoon Olive Oil
- Chopped Fresh Parsley or Dried Parsley.
- Strain cooking liquid into soup bowls. Garnish with chopped parsley or green onions.
- Serve the vegetables, meat, and beans as a second course.
- A salad of leafy, green lettuce and diced fresh orange, plus wholegrain bread and butter complete the menu.

Vashon Calling series, CD

Vashon Events has done it again! The nonprofit organization just release the second volume of their popular Vashon Calling series, which is an annual compilation album of songs by local musicians. Vashon Calling II includes the following songs by local musicians:

1. Ode to Blue * Julia Hanowell
2. Great Northern Rains * Steve Itterly
3. Beulahland * Camille Reeves
4. Too Much Dear * The FieldHands
5. Rhythmic Soul * Subconscious Population
6. Rodeo Song * Bob Krinsky
7. Gallows Lane * Gregg Curry
8. Born * Ara Lee James
9. Live Like A Baby * Caspar Babypants
10. Rising * Joe Panzetta
11. Feelin Down * Jennifer Stills
12. If * Chuck Roehm
13. Island Song * Kevin Joyce

Vashon Events is immensely grateful to the artists who participated in this project by donating their songs. This album was made possible in part by the generous donations of the following album producers: David & Sherrie Littlefield, Heidi L. Grimsley, Chris



Ballew, Heather Russell & U.S. Bank, Trigg Insurance Agency and Chuck Roehm. Cover art by the amazing Terry Donnelly.

All proceeds from the album benefit Vashon Events, a nonprofit organization whose mission is to create, provide, and expand positive life experiences through music and art for all. The new volume is \$15 or you can get both volumes as a bundle for \$25. It makes a great holiday gift that will be shipped right to your front door! A great way to support Vashon Events and cross some people off your holiday buying list! They are a limited edition, so get your while supplies last at www.vashonevents.org.

Ranger and Yogi Need a Home

We’re brother and sister kittens looking for an indoor home together. Because we didn’t get much human attention when we were tiny, we enrolled in VIPP’s charm school. Guess what, we graduated with honors! Nowadays, we like to be picked up and held by people we’ve gotten to know.

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Ranger and Yogi

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Road to Resilience

Continued from Page 1

I see a few possibilities for agreement. Nobody likes that the wealthy corporate interests run the country and concentrate all the wealth. Rebuilding infrastructure will directly and indirectly create jobs and prosperity for all. Regenerative farming is surprisingly very popular in the vast conservative rural hinterlands. All of these can positively impact the climate crisis without having to say so beforehand.

It will certainly help to be rid of someone as divisive and disruptive as Donald Trump. He has shown us how susceptible we are to being ruled by our

baser instincts (and, although I naturally see the other side more to blame, it is apparent on both sides). To bridge the divide, we will first have to agree that the collective is more important than the individual. We will also need to find new words (or at least new definitions) and new concepts that we can forge together to define a reality we can both agree on, based on mutual respect. It may take a while, but we can begin to see a way to the peace, security, fairness, and happiness that we all want. It could lead to the understanding that defines the new paradigm that needs to be born.

Comments? terry@vashonloop.com

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Aries (March 20-April 19)

It must come with tremendous relief that the Sun has taken up its journey through your fellow fire sign Sagittarius. You are one of those with access to the most visionary qualities of this sign, which can reach you in a direct way. Be aware, though, that matters of Sagittarius and the 9th house, where it falls in your chart, can get caught in the realm of belief. Once someone is involved with belief, that is a block to knowledge and understanding. The thing to observe in yourself is the difference between belief and knowledge. As the month progresses, you are likely to have some of your ideas challenged by what you learn, witness or otherwise encounter. The question is, will you be flexible about that? Learning changes you. Learning changes everything. It is for this reason that it is so unpopular. Direct confrontation with the truth is another kind of challenge. Most people will deny any encounter that they cannot explain based on their previous references. However, if you can get past that, great things are in store for you.

Taurus (April 19-May 20)

One of the most poignant qualities of Taurus is its inherently spiritual concept of sex and sexuality. Yes, Taurus is often cast as the most physical sign, invested in appearances and also in having nice stuff. Not necessarily expensive, but things that feel good and are useful. However, there are other dimensions to you, and one of them is how you access your connection to the divine and the ineffable through your physical being. In truth, divine is the divine erotic. Nothing is merely physical; your body is the intersection of the cosmic and the mundane. This dimension is opening up for you now. You will have, in the coming weeks, many points of access to experiences that teach you who you are, and what relationships are about, and what it means to connect to another person. One beautiful thing here is that you don't need physical contact to have an erotic connection. Neither do you need to consecrate anything as spiritual to have it be so. You merely need to allow what is true to be true.

Gemini (May 20-June 21)

You live in a very, very large world — larger than you may know. Your sign is, however, the source of the concept “think globally, act locally.” Yet you can see and feel a world so vast that you're likely to want to lean in on the local, skimming the power of the global or the cosmic. Now, however, the flow is about to open up. Or said another way, you may feel like you've been transported to a world with different properties from the one you knew yesterday or last year. Yes, there is an overwhelming amount of inflow at the moment. The Earth seems to be in complete chaos. Yet beauty and mystery abound. This is the time to remain open, despite any pressure you may feel to shut down, hide away, or avoid witnessing what you see. There are people in your life who will help you with this, by providing a stabilizing force. Connect with them, as such points of contact are the vehicle through which many of the best things in your life will flow. Rather than striving for any form of perfection in your relationships, appreciate the moments of contact that you have.

Cancer (June 21-July 22)

One of the ways you connect with life is through the purpose you find in your work. Your solar chart — the astrological mandala — places Sagittarius on your 6th house. That is where you do your everyday work, and where you seek your wellbeing.

This is where you can “let the power flow through you.” You don't need to aspire to much, though you do have that gene. And if you choose to exercise it, if you elect to do great things, do so under the influence of Chiron, who is content to be known for his tradecraft and his contribution rather than being known for his own sake. You simply don't have to go there, nor do you have time. But mostly, the activity you're involved in is proving to be so rich with possibilities that it's all you need to focus on. Stay in the moment. Be present for the task at hand, and also be present to its connection to your wider mission. If you experience a blockage or frustration, do not invest yourself in the negativity. It would be better to put something on the back burner than to encounter static as you work for a solution. Stay with the positive flow at all times.

Leo (July 22-Aug. 23)

You are a person of boundless creativity. Yet it's possible you were convinced otherwise. Most adults don't think there's anything practical about what they think “creative” means, though perhaps I can clarify. There are three primary qualities of energy on this plane of existence: creative, destructive, and stuck. This is not about art, music, painting, theater, or synchronized swimming. Rather, it's about being open to the universal source of all ideas, so that you may design and enrich your life; so that you may solve problems; so that you may have fun; and so that you may correspond with all that is beyond what you currently know. If this feels risky, that's because it is — to the aspect of consciousness that feels limited, afraid or smaller than you truly are. So yes, to actually feel your potential takes guts. I suggest you muster up all the courage you can get, so that you can become this person you want to be and in truth, know you are. Your life is not about being right or being perfect. It's about the grand experiment known as going for it.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sep. 22)

Does it ever feel like if you move the coffee table and peel back the carpet, you would be looking out the window of a spacecraft? That's how your chart describes your psychic makeup. You “ground” yourself in universal truth, or what you may think of as the mystery of existence. Yet you might not be aware of this all the time. You have the kind of mind that likes to keep busy, even if you're not sure why you are doing so. Yet you can feel the vast opening below, like some people can feel both the planet they stand on, and how the cosmos is beneath it. This is your actual source. This is your point of contact with existence. Yours is the sign of the Goddess, and though we may think of her as one who helps make the harvest fruitful, an expanded concept is that the universe itself is made of Her: of mater, matter, mother, which is another way of saying energy. Events during the Sun's transit through Sagittarius will make this more real to you than ever. Though I do suggest you move the table and roll up the rug, because the view is truly inspirational — as are you.

Libra (Sep. 22-Oct. 23)

You have lived in an earthquake zone for the past decade or more, a time comparable only to 1993 when something similar but much more modest occurred. You have become so accustomed to instability it's all you can do not to live out of a tent and a backpack. That, of course, is not your style, so these years have been challenging. However, you are getting ready to stabilize in a new place. Before that happens, you may feel like someone

has turned up the Richter scale by a few degrees, or that the tremors just keep coming, even if they are small. They're a constant reminder of this old instability that you have endured so long. Stabilizing on a new level means harmonizing with your own mind. You rely too much on your emotions for your sense of being. You may also underestimate your intelligence, on this basis: the things I think are so real and so vast, how could they possibly be true? Well, that is the nature of true learning: discovering that something is possible. However, you are given to take it one additional step. You make your ideas real by expressing them. Practice, practice, practice..

Scorpio (Oct. 23-Nov. 22)

Sometimes you go out of your way to seem superficial, which is funny. It does not work. We all know how much you possess, in the way of understanding that comes from beyond you. However, because of this, you struggle to take ownership of all that wealth. Like any inheritance, you must claim it, so that it will be your own. As you may know from any association you have with people who have large trust funds, they can wreak havoc if they are not taken possession of. Yet the challenge is the notion that “it's not really mine.” So what exactly makes something yours? At best you're a steward of your mind, your life, your possessions. Possession is more about responsibility than it is about having, and therein may lie the central matter. For you to take possession of what you know implies your duty to use that knowledge for the betterment of humanity, starting with your own. Once you know something, you cannot unknow it. There is a way to resolve this tension. It's easier than you think.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 22)

The Sun is making an epic journey through your sign. Yet this is merely a fanfare for a nearly quarter-century phase of history that ends the day that the Sun enters Capricorn. You may be noticing a swirling sensation, or the feeling of walking alone, on the edge of a high cliff overlooking the sea and the stars. You are a vehicle for something happening now that you cannot control or influence. It's happening to you, and the people around you, and to all of us. Your part is to be open to “the all that there is,” sometimes called the nagual. This word has a more commonly known meaning, which is: a human who has the power to shapeshift, and to work alchemical magic. It is this that you must be cautious of, because you do not personally know the whole plan. Keep this bit to yourself for now. You want to avoid applying the power to which you have access in a misdirected way, due to not having the whole picture in mind — even if you think that you do. Therefore, stick to mediating on all that there is, and celebrate knowing you can only perceive a small element of the picture. There is so much more.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)

You must have the confidence not to allow others to define who you are. We could also frame this in the positive: the confidence to be who you are. Both matter, in order. You are too easily imposed upon, particularly by your family, to imagine that you're the person others think you are — or want you to think you are. That is the part that must stop, and it stops inside of you, not them. What's happening is that people are acting out their insecurities on you. You are merely consumable, like a tire, or bottle of milk. And you make a convenient mark, as you have this rather strong tendency to both take personally and to take on what is pushed in your direction. Once you claim the territory of your I AM, the noise stops. You may be angry, but push past that quickly and get to the part where you can

feel the pleasure of open inner space, of silent and spacious consciousness, and slip in. That is all you need, because it makes everything else possible.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 19)

You must be going through some unusual stuff now, with Jupiter and Saturn just on the edge of bursting into your sign. Tell me if you can relate. Maybe you've had a deep splinter or metal shard in your skin, which heals over and leaves the shard embedded. Then you forget about it, and over some months or a year, it slowly works its way to the surface, finally breaking the skin to come out. It hurts, but it also feels good, because your body is pushing out this thing that does not belong there. The metaphor holds only partly, though: Jupiter and Saturn belong in your sign, which is where they are headed in about three weeks. There will be much fanfare and energy moving on the way to their arrival (see the Sagittarius reading and the article connected to this horoscope for more clues). Take the ride. Let go of your mind, and allow your spirit to guide you. This is a moment that's been approaching all of your life, and it's soon to arrive. Notice what happens in these unusual weeks, and remember what you learn.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20)

Everything is on the edge right now. How are you doing? Are you thriving on this energy, or is it wearing you down? If you're feeling worn out, you can help yourself considerably by determining now that you're done believing lies. Whose lies do not matter: whether it's people around you or the government or yourself or anyone. Commit to the truth. Commit to understanding. Commit to learning, and then be open to doing so. Most of the friction and smoke is coming from resistance, and from what is sometimes known as cognitive dissonance: trying to hold two competing realities in your mind at once. It seems popular for people to say, “We will never know the truth,” or “The truth is different for everyone.” Well, no. Truth is knowable, and the difference is in perception, not the underlying ground of reality. You are an intelligent person, aided by forms of understanding not generally recognized by the world. To actually draw yourself closer to what is real and valid, put the two together, and then observe with your eyes, listen with your ears, and feel with your heart

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