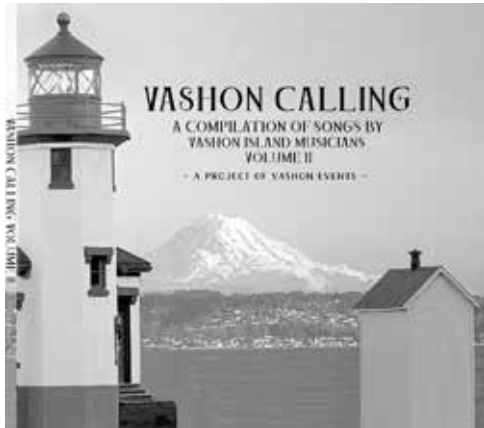


Vashon Calling series, CD

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 Baby pants
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.

Open Space for Arts and Community Announces Literary Project

Open Space for Arts and Community announced a new initiative to hire writers to create public art. “The Literary Project” is a literary flash fiction/prose poetry project by Island writers. The goal of the project is for participants to create individual works of fiction, forming a collection to be presented to the community. Eligible island residents are invited to submit works for consideration up until the January 15th deadline. At that time, a jury/panel will review submissions and contact the writers whose works have been selected.

The theme of the project is “Close to Home.” Writers are asked to incorporate elements of hope to light a path of positivity and ingenuity to fuel community strength. Artists must live on Vashon Island and must have financial need, such as the loss of a day job or reduction in hours, loss of traditional opportunities for income from writing, or loss of a job by a partner or spouse within their house hold. The completed works of fiction will be distributed to the public through a variety of ways, which may include weekly digital releases, radio broadcasts, and podcasts, with more possibilities in the works. The “Literary Project” is organized by Open Space for Arts and Community in partnership with Vashon artist and writer Sharon Shaver.

Open Space executive director Jiji Saunders spoke to the goal of the project, stating, “Investing in public art now will put food on artists’ tables, create public art for all islanders, and send a message to the future.”

“The Literary Project” is the third project of !Attention! Artists at Work(AAW). AAW is a jobs program led by Open Space for Arts and Community in partnership with local nonprofit organizations. The goal of the program is to hire artists during the challenging economic environment that began last March due to the pandemic. Thanks to



Vashon writer Sharon Shaver is sharing her creativity and direction as a writer to coordinate this !Attention! Artists at Work project.

generous donations from the community, Open Space for Arts and Community has so far invested \$40,000 and commissioned 60 Vashon artists and artisans to make free public art since Spring 2020 as part of the AAW program.

The AAW program is comprised of a series of public arts projects. Other projects of AAW include “The Mural Project,” where 21 Island artists created works for a large mural that now resides at the Open Space for Arts and Community building, and “Distance Dance”, which was an ongoing series of physically distant pop-up appearances on the island this summer. All projects sponsored through AAW are for the public and designed to be easily accessible to anyone on the Island. To learn more about the program, apply, or donate, visit <https://www.openspacevashon.com/attention-artists-at-work/>

The Road to Resilience

Silent Night

By Terry Sullivan,

Silent night, holy night, all is calm, all is bright. This Christmas carol is a Christian interpretation of the far older import of the darkest time of the year, the winter solstice. I don’t intend to dishonor this Christian holiday, but to put it into the natural context in which it was placed. It is a time of endings and beginnings. For Christians, the end of the old covenant and the beginning of the new with the birth of the Messiah. I’m sure that most Christians appreciate, as well, the broader context of the Earthly rhythm of the seasons and the promise of light and new growth. For many of us, it is a mysterious and deeply spiritual time.

This is especially poignant for us this year as we appear to be at not merely a yearly turning point but an epochal one with implications of cycles lasting hundreds of years, thousands of years, and even millions of years. In keeping with the extraordinary confluence of epochal transitions, it is also an exceptionally dark time.

Political and economic cycles with frequencies of hundreds of years are ending and possibly giving birth to a new era of real political and economic democracy, respect for all life, the end of patriarchal capitalism and the rise of equality, opportunity, and cooperation.

Cultural paradigms going back tens of thousands of years, i.e., agriculture, cities, hierarchical structures based on force whether it be monarchies, priesthoods or patriarchy leading to the modern nation-state might be overturned for more enlightened, sustainable, and egalitarian structures.

On the scale of millions of years, there is a recognition that we are seriously out of tune with the symphony of life that we so lately joined as a species. We have the choice of destroying our life system,

slowly evolved over those millions of years, or instituting a new era where human awareness and consciousness could orchestrate the creation of the most abundant synthesis of life energy ever seen in that time span. It is much bigger than humanity yet something that only we, the species that can plan and implement plans, can create or deny. In our immaturity, we used this trait to create the deathtrap we have today, but we have the opportunity to turn that around due to the miraculous healing power of nature. It is not to say that nature can’t heal itself without our aid. I believe nature will eventually rebound from even the worst we can do to it, but we humans might be another failed experiment to be discovered as fossils in the future should another species like ours evolve.


Believe it or not, all of this is focused here and now, and we who are blessed with being alive at this time can be a part of it! I still feel that the pandemic is a cosmic slap upside the head to focus our attention on this moment. If we were in business as usual, we would be distracted by the shiny ornaments of our consumer culture. Such is the power of our distraction that, if we manage to defeat this virus in a year or two, we may just return to the way we were, anyway – messing our nest, driving gas guzzlers, flying everywhere on a whim, making war for profit, competing instead of cooperating, not minding the quality and provenance of our food, and on and on.

Let’s face it. We have polluted and overrun practically every square inch of this planet. We have used and depleted its resources as if they were infinite and they were all ours for the taking. We

Continued on Page 6



“The Mural Project” (pictured) was the first project in !Attention! Artists at Work. It hired 21 artists to create 45 panels, which now are part of a public mural at Open Space for Arts and Community. Photo by Michelle Bates



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

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*The Loop's soy-based ink
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**Lodging
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**Visit the Vashon Chamber on line
at www.VashonChamber.com**

January – A Free Audubon class on riparian habitats

Birds love salmon. Trees love salmon. Ecologist Jim Evans will explain these loving relationships in a free, two-session Audubon webinar via Zoom on the streams, riparian habitats, and wetlands of Vashon Island and Puget Lowland – and their importance in supporting bird life on the island.

Participants will learn about riparian zones, the key plant and animal species that inhabit them, the adverse effects of human activity and how the zones can be repaired.

Zoom sessions will be held on January 14 and 21 from 6:30-8:00 pm with a limit of 12 participants. Participants can extend their learning with an optional field trip, limited to six per session, on January 16 or 23.

To register, email Sylvia Soholt at sylvia@sylvansanctuary.com

Fire District Levies

It is disappointing to see how the Beachcomber and many in the community are falsely accusing the Hospital District of decimating the Park District budget.

The bottom line is there is plenty of money for both the Hospital District and Park District. Unfortunately, it is in the Fire District savings account and has been there throughout 2020. At the end of 2020 there will be \$3.8 million in Fire District reserve accounts and this will balloon to \$4.8 million at the end of 2021. While I would agree the Fire District should maintain reserve accounts for equipment, facilities and the fleet, the lion's share of these reserves are operations and general reserves - \$3.6 million for 2021, an increase of \$875,000!

Keep in mind, the Park District only has a \$132,000 hole in its 2021 budget. You cannot tell me the Fire District could not afford to maintain its current levy rate so the Park District could have \$67,000 for operations, while only \$808,000 would go into the Fire District reserve account.

How did this happen? When the Fire District levy was proposed, it included a proviso to allow a 5% annual increase, in addition to the 1% allowed by law. At that time in 2017, the fire commissioners stated this 5% increase would only be used if "needed" to maintain services. Even though there has never been a "need", they voted to increase the levy three years in a row. This increased the original levy from \$4.3 million to \$5.0 million annually. It should be noted, that back in 2019, on the night the fire commissioners approved the 2020 budget, they were asked whether it included the 5% increase. They stated they did not know!?! It was confirmed after the meeting the increase indeed was in the budget.

Contrary to the fire commissioner statements in the Beachcomber that these exorbitant levies are for public safety, the issue is the commissioners are over compensating for previous fiscal mismanagement. However, it is totally unneeded. Despite the mismanagement, not a single life has been lost or home destroyed as a result of inadequate resources. Today, the Fire District has a well-maintained fleet, a full, well-paid staff, with state-of-the-art equipment and training and the highest reserve accounts in its history.

When the original levy was proposed in 2017, Fire Chief Krimmert stated he wanted the highest dollar levy because he was "greedy". During a Fire District Board meeting this month, he again stated he was proposing the highest levy increase possible because he was "greedy".

The fact is we are paying more and getting less. Fire District calls in 2019 and 2020 are down from 2018, while inflation has remained near zero. However, that will not stop the "greedy" commissioners from sticking it to the community next year. Given their actions when the community really needed them to step-up this year, you can be sure they will increase are taxes again next year so they can add another \$800,000 to their bloated reserve.

Scott Harvey

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Art, Event,
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**Send To:
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Next Edition of *The Loop* Comes out Thursday January 7

Deadline for the next
edition of *The Loop* is

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*No puede dejar de
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A Catnip Christmas



“Mom, the boys are eating all the popcorn,” as Mike and I grabbed another handful and ran from the room. “If you boys can’t behave, you’re going outside, do you hear?” Mom yelled from the kitchen. We were supposed to be helping Molly string popcorn for the Christmas tree, which we had gotten from our Grandfather’s property down at Dilworth. Dad was really fussy about his Christmas trees and they had to be just right. As we walked around the 40 acres, Mike called out, “Here’s one Dad, and it’s just the right height.” “Not full enough,” was Dad’s reply. Which meant the tree had to have many branches spaced just right? Mom had a silver star for the top which must have come from her Mothers; it was so old with five blue lights for the five points of the star. Anyhow, we strapped the tree to the top of the Super 88 and drove home where Dad built a three legged stand out of 2x4’s and squared off the bottom of the tree to fit the stand. While Molly was stringing popcorn and cranberries for the tree, Mom was in the kitchen preparing the molds for the plaster of Paris we were going to dunk our hands into. When water was introduced to the dry powder and mixed to get all the air bubbles out, it heated up and made Mike complain when he put his hand in the white goo. “It’s burning me, my hand hurts, can’t I take it out?” “Not for another five minutes,” Mom replied. When it was all done and Mom had us wash our hands, we each took the pen and wrote our names across the bottom of the plaster hands. She then poked a hole in the top of each cast and strung yarn through it so it could be hung on the tree, which was starting to look beautiful as Dad showed us how to hold the aluminum rain across our extended fingers and carefully hang it on each branch using the other hand, one or two strands at a time, as if that were possible to make all the rain uniform on every branch. Mom had two cats named after two Siamese kings, Miko and Chakri and Mike and I liked them not because of their supercilious attitudes. Every Christmas, Mom gave Miko and Chakri catnip mice, which they promptly tore apart for the drug in the catnip that made them, go wild. Mom’s intent was to give her cats the same excitement we had as the many colored packages were placed under the tree. Molly screamed from the doorway to our living room: “Mom, Miko is chasing Chakri up the Christmas tree.” Hence, the tree fell with a mighty crash, scattering the lights and rain and breaking the glass bulbs that were hanging on the branches. So much for Siamese cats!

Christmas was a lot different those many years ago. John relates one Christmas where he pulled his sister aside and whispered...”guess what I found!” He then checked for parental eyes, and finding Mom was safely in the kitchen making sticky popcorn balls.. He led his sister to an oddly shaped door under the stairs. The door was triangular on the top part and somehow a brick chimney was visible in the unlighted narrow space.. But SOMEONE.. had built a little shelf in the narrow recesses of the unused space. “See! Said John! Pointing up to the shelf where some red and green Christmas packages were barely visible..!” “I wonder what’s in them?”, Johns sister asked. “Well they can’t be from Santa” John responded.. “Must be Mom and Dad. “ John and his sister were, even at that tender young age.. Wise to the ways of Santa, knowing that Santa did not wrap up packages. We knew that because we had surreptitiously seen mom wrapping things up when the bedroom door was open a crack and she asked for someone to bring her the scissors or take out the wastebasket to the burn barrel. John and his sister were wise beyond their years as they knew that Santa stuffed their stockings and pretty much left the presents under the tree to Mom and Dad and grandparents. They knew this because presents were opened on Christmas Eve and Santa came later after the wrapped up presents were opened. In those days one cut a tree and dragged it back to be trimmed and have a base made for it out of scrap wood. John’s family had a stash of real lead foil probably dating from the 1920’s that was used over and over again. The lights no doubt consumed sinful amounts of energy and were never left on all day as the heat alone would dry the tree out. Christmas ornaments and lights were carefully put away for next year. The same could be said for present wrappings. The best wrappings were carefully folded and used in succeeding years. This rule of ‘saving wrappings’ did not apply to presents intended for children, for obvious reasons. One year John and his sister stayed up to wait for Santa. A careful watch was maintained well past normal bedtime as they sat together in an oversized armchair. All of a sudden a tremendous clatter awoke them and in the dim light the Christmas tree swayed and the lights blinked! “It’s Santa”.. John and his sister exclaimed! Just then the Siamese cat leaped from the middle of the tree to the drum table ... with a paper ornamental bird in her mouth.

Spiritual Smart Aleck

By Mary Tuel
2020: Variations on Journal Entries

It was impossible to get 2020 into 800 words. Get comfortable.
March 3, 2020 – Everyone is in a panic about the coronavirus now that there are deaths in the US. The first deaths are here in King County, at a nursing home in Kirkland.
Today is Super Tuesday, a day when several states have their primaries. Suddenly Joe Biden is considered a front runner.
March 4 – What with the coronavirus, the Trump virus, and the cowardice and hostility of both the Democrats and the Republicans, these are not happy times. I cannot understand why so many people are so happy to throw themselves off a cliff. So they can laugh at their perceived enemies on their way down?
March 13 – Self-isolating since Tuesday, and a boring business it is. The novel coronavirus has been declared a global pandemic.
March 14 – Jay Inslee is following China’s model. Lockdown. The state is closed.
March 19 – First day of Spring. Getting out of bed did not work for me today.
April 1 – Velvet called me about 10 a.m. to tell me that her eldest son, Troy, has died. It was sudden and unexpected. Note: a few weeks later Velvet tells me the coroner reported that Troy tested positive for the coronavirus.
April 29 – Wednesday morning. Reading a lot. Dusted off my kindle because the library’s closed.
May 13 – Headline in today’s Seattle Times: “Health experts warn of resurgence.” What? I thought we were still in “surge.”
May 14 – My Joseph’s Coat rose is blooming in the middle of May. In case I doubted climate change, which I did not.
May 25 – An African American man named George Floyd was killed today, by a policeman named Derek Chauvin kneeling on Floyd’s neck for almost nine minutes. The country is not taking this at all well. Note: All of June and early July, and the rest of the summer, were taken up by a racial reckoning: Black Lives Matter protests, followed by police riots, vandalism, and arson. It is most of what we hear about these weeks. You can look it up.
July 19 – Drove down to Dockton Park last night at 10 o’clock to see the Neowise comet. Cloudy, but we hoped. After a while I saw what looked like a strange light in the clouds, and aiming my binoculars saw the comet. Way cool.
July 24 – News conference at 10 a.m. with Seattle mayor Jenny Durkan, and Seattle Chief of Police Carmen Best. Durkan said she spoke with the head of Homeland Security yesterday and was told they saw no need to send federal troops to Seattle, and that she and Police

Later John figured that the cat was in ‘cahoots’ with Santa and was just a decoy so he could sneak in unobserved. Proof was that the stockings were filled in the morning, so Santa obviously had been there. John and his sister vowed to have a better plan next year.



Chief Best would be notified if troops were going to be sent. Meanwhile, Federal troops were arriving in Seattle.
August 3 (Monday) – Becky called me a little after six this a.m. to say she was up all night with chest pains. She does not want to call 911. Should she have Roy drive her up to the fire station? Well, YEAH.
(pause) Heart attack. By eleven this morning she had a brand-new stent or two in her left anterior artery. Recovery will take a while, but she’s ALIVE, and she will recover. Whew.
August 6 – coronavirus test.
August 10 – coronavirus test came back negative.
August 12 – reheated yesterday’s coffee. Drank it all. It did not have a dead fly in the bottom because I covered the mug with a Kleenex overnight. Only takes one fly to learn that lesson.
The noise of the political campaigns is constant and unbearable.
August 29 – Second coronavirus test. Pre-admit test at Swedish. Having an angiogram on Monday (test came back negative).
September 2 – “You have the arteries of a 20-year-old!” my cardiologist enthused. I think he was exaggerating, but still, cool.
September 11 – The whole West Coast is on fire. The air is unbreathable. The pandemic rages on. The protests go on. With the internet, I feel like I am in a comfortable solitary confinement.
September 17 – Some people want everything to go back to the way it was after we have a vaccine. That will not happen. Some of the changes we have been forced to make have shown us that there are better ways than the way we have always done it. I am loving telemedicine. How much easier is it to have a phone call or a zoom session than driving into Seattle?
Then there are the terrible changes: people losing their jobs, and then their homes, and people getting sick and dying with Covid-19. Everyone is stressed out. There is talk of mental illness and the need for suicide prevention.
Here is the National Suicide Prevention Hotline: 800-273-8255. They are there 24/7. Write that down. You might need it.
As an introvert, I thought this isolation thing would be a snap. Not a snap. Sometimes I get squirrely, gasping for human contact and for singing harmony. I pick myself up and go on, and as crazy as the whole world and our country have become, I still have hope. But I will say that when Pier 58 on the Seattle waterfront collapsed, I thought, that’s it, this is the apocalypse.
September 18 – Ruth Bader Ginsburg has died.
October 4 – Trump is in the hospital with Covid 19.
October 6 – Trump was released from the hospital yesterday and said Covid-19 was no big deal. People are dying for his sins.
October 15 – Cousin Charlotte texted me at 4:30 a.m. to tell me to pray for Amy. Amy Coney Barrett, that is, Trump’s nominee for the Supreme Court. The idea is to pack the Court with conservatives

Continued on Page 4

Island Life Stop/Motion

By Peter Ray
pgray@vashonloop.com

Back in the day, when I was aspiring to be a garden photographer, I found myself holding my breath a lot. In part I found there was a practical reason of sorts for doing that, even though in the end the lack of breathing did not have any real impact on the final outcome. It was kind of a subliminal response- it was both a sign of worry or concern about getting the shot, and it was an act intended to help reduce any airflow around the subject to a speed of zero. This was in the time of high quality and low speed color film- the slower the film, the finer the grain and the crisper the shot. Many times I would head out in the morning just before sunrise in summer because that was when there was generally little or no wind. With only the diffuse light of the unrisen sun, we had not gotten into the time of uneven heating and cooling of the earth’s surfaces, which is what is generally attributed to wind creation. The reason we did not want any wind was because it wasn’t bright enough at that time of day for the higher shutter speeds that might minimize any blurring motions that might result. We also had to slow the shutter down even further because of the higher f-stops (smaller openings) that

allowed for greater areas of the photograph to be in focus.

There was another reason for shooting early in the morning or late in the evening, and that was because, without direct sunlight, there were fewer shadows and more of things were in view with less contrast. You can get a similar effect on cloudy days, but then you run the risk of getting rained on, as well as getting your stuff blown around as a rider on the storm. In the mornings and the evenings, the sunlight is actually passing through more of the atmosphere, which tends to create a warmer light that helps to intensify colors, while the brighter sunlight later on serves to wash things out. Another realization that came to me at this time was that I was no longer the steady, holder of cameras that I used to be, although I was never able to hold one still at the quarter or third of a second or slower that these exposures often required. This meant one had to rely on a tripod for a rock solid base, and a shutter release cable so one did not jiggle the camera by directly pressing the shutter button. We will not get into locking up mirrors or setting self timers- instead we just held our breath and pressed the plunger of the cable.

One of my favorite t-shirts these days is the one that says: “Everyone is a photographer until M”. If you don’t get it, don’t worry about it, until, of course, M. For the most part, with a modern day, digital point and shoot camera, the Auto or



2020: Variations on Journal Entries

Continued from Page 4

who will roll back Roe vs. Wade, and put an end to the Affordable Care Act, thus depriving millions of people of health insurance.

I’m praying, all right. Why are all my family members Trump supporters?

November 3 – Election day. I have been ignoring the news all day. Cannot bear the monkey chatter and meaningless speculations. Have a Hallmark movie on. Eating cereal and potato chips.

November 7 – Becky called at quarter to ten this morning and said, “Turn on the TV.” So I did.

The election has been called for Biden by the news networks, including Fox News. People are dancing in the streets.

Trump refuses to concede. Goes on TV to say he won. Big.

November 26 – Thanksgiving. Had a wonderful Zoom visit with my grandson, his dad, and his stepmom. A benefit of Zoom Thanksgiving: I did not have to wash every dish, bowl, and piece of silverware afterward.

December 3 – My older son called last night to tell me that one of his closest

high school friends has died. Alcohol poisoning. This is a community sadness. Another island kid gone.

December 12 – Donald Trump is filing lawsuits to overturn the election, which does not seem to be working, but his followers are enjoying throwing their weight and automatic rifles around. We seem to have a cold civil war now, which is bad enough. If it becomes a shooting civil war, we will all learn firsthand what real tragedy is. As if the coronavirus is not killing people fast enough.

A vaccine has been approved and is coming this week, says the Seattle Times.

My microwave oven has died. Damned unsporting of it, in my opinion.

December 14 – Well, dear hearts, that is it for this year - so far. I close with the best wishes for however you do or do not observe the darkest days of the year and the return of the light as we roll around the Sun.

Special prayers for everyone dealing with cancer. I know so many of you.

Blessings, love, virtual hugs, grace, and peace be with you all. See you in the New Year, God willing.

Program settings on the mode selector dial will allow one to take photos of amazing quality. One might say that this is one of the good things about technology that borders on the magical. That’s at least how I see it. In truth, the main reason for getting a point and shoot, of which I have a couple, is so that one can relax when snapping away at the world that is passing by, and still be assured that the photos you get are more than worth looking at. I will admit though that for a long time I hesitated when it came to using a video function on a still camera. For me, that was a bridge too far. That would be like checking your heartrate on your watch, or taking a self portrait with your dog with your phone. And so we move on into this twenty first century.

I can’t remember, but I think it has come up in this space previously that the reason I have been shooting a lot of plant portraits this year may have come from a cultural and situational inspiration rather than an artistic choice. We could be talking subliminal messages here, but I think in the end the reason I became fascinated with the small worlds and environments around pieces of plants was because the field of view involved was so contained and constrained. With everything else all around going to complete, less-than-holy hell, there was a degree of comfort in standing out in the open air whilst focusing on focal plane passing over a plant part and revealing only a fraction of what was there. There was a found truth where things were in their sharpest focus- the rest didn’t really matter. In some ways, that was the essence of what I was looking for, in others that wasn’t quite true. Sometimes I would find that something in the far distant background was so out of focus that it became an object of light or texture that added to the composition, not because of what it was, but because of what it wasn’t. Some of the blobs of what seemed to be light where actually leaves reflecting the sun or the sky from another angle. Amorphous bits of color might have been flowers too far away to reveal their true identities, or glimpses of sky that were not washed out by a brighter sun. Parts of the same plant sometimes trail off into a disguising blur, either allowing one to ignore their escape, or to force one to extrapolate out as to what their true shape might have been if I hadn’t been restricting its true form by leaving the f-stop open as wide as it would go.

It was this jumping around in the focus game that caused me to think about the possibilities of using the magical touch screen on my newest camera to be used as a focus puller in a short video. In the big boy land of filmmaking, you have the guy or girl with their eye on the viewfinder and keeping the action where it should be in the frame, and then you have the attendants who take care of all the other intricacies- focus, zoom, elevation. I decided to try using the 100mm macro lens and camera set up that I had been shooting close up stills around the yard with, and try shooting with it over a distance, first touching the LCD screen on the camera on one side and bringing a far or distant object into sharp resolution, and then hitting a point at the other side of the screen and watching the magic focus-puller bring another thing into equally crisp view. It was a gimmick, but it worked- it didn’t matter

any more that I was violating the sacred use order by extracting a moving vision from a tool formerly designated for capturing the objects that were noble but motionless. It was time to jot this one down as a bit of a success and move on to the next thing out in the garden.

We went back to recording the still and partly visible as items of interest in individual frames. Then it came to that time of year when growy things tend to either give it up or give it a rest. And so it was that we found when we were out on our sort of regular sojourns around the yard that we were coming up with fewer visual objects of desire. There were the colorful leaves and the bright red berries, and there was not much else. And then the Oregon grape hybrid out in the driveway circle began to send up its spikey clusters of yellow flowers. It has seemed like this particular off-season bloom has come on earlier and earlier as of late, or maybe it is just me. With its spiny, dark green foliage and pale yellow flower bunches though, it is a spectacular solo act wherever it might be in one’s yard at this barren time of the year. If that wasn’t or isn’t enough, it is a plant that is treasured, if not anticipated, by our resident pack of hang-around hummingbirds, as it is one of the few natural sources of nectar at this time of year.

I have thought about filming all the feeding frenzy activities there, and perhaps I still will. Even though the bloom spikes began their ascent back in October, they are just now reaching the peak of their bloom. Each cluster has ten to twenty spikes in it, and since this plant is now probably ten feet high and fifteen feet across, it is dotted with numerous bloom sprays on many levels that afford at least two or three hummingbirds adequate food to fuel their all day ballets and aerial battles over who gets what and when. I have been standing out there lately for hours on end, just waiting for the right angle on a shot to manifest itself. While waiting, I have begun to notice patterns of pause and flight and a very soft bit of bird chatter in between. For a while I had been trying to do the deer hunter thing- waiting for the perfect shot and then taking one frame at a time. But slowly I have once again come around to the twenty-first century thing and flipped over to the camera menu place where it allows one to select high speed continuous shooting. We are, after all, shooting on memory cards, so multiple bursts of the shutter are not wasting film, but rather offering one a greater stab at the lottery that claims that somewhere in that clatter one might have captured a shot worth all the wait. By cranking up the ISO and the shutter speed, what can be revealed when the digital dust settles (hopefully not on the sensor) is something Eadweard Muybridge could probably not even have dreamed of. Out of all of that, one gets to see individual wing flaps of what normally looks like a blur. If one clicks through the groups of images even somewhat rapidly, it can look a bit like one of those motion simulating flip books which, I know, tread very closely to having a film come out of a still camera. But like I said, I already did that, so it doesn’t scare me anymore. So with these and other barriers breached, who knows what will come along in this new year that is fast approaching. I can’t wait, can you?

Molly Needs A Home

Good golly, I’m Miss Molly, sure like to purr! I like to be petted, too. When I want somebody to pet me, I roll over on my side just the way I’m doing in this photo. Pretty cute, huh?

Let’s see, what else do I enjoy . . . well, I’m comfortable being around school-age kids so if your family includes some, I’d fit right in. It seems that I like food a little too much, and I’ve been placed on a diet. Maybe I could use a fitness coach. Do you need a life coach? Let me show you how to give and receive affection and live in the moment!



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Island Epicure



By Marj Watkins

Pom! Pom! Pom! Gingerbread Drummers Play

These cookie drummer boys are full of wholegrain goodness and have lower Glycemic Index numbers than cookies made with only wheat flour. Using half gluten-free and half all-purpose flour makes their dough more elastic, thus easier to roll out, than using all gluten free flours. If gluten is a problem for anyone in your family, use only teff and sorghum flours. Teff is extra-high in fiber.

Drummer Boy
Ginger Cookies

Makes about 8
(5-inch tall) drummers
& some 2-inch angels

Preheat oven to 350 degrees
Mix well in large bowl:
½ cup melted butter
½ cup brown sugar
½ cup molasses
¼ cup water
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 eggs

Sift and stir in gradually:
3 ½ cups all purpose flour
or 1 cup teff flour
2 ½ cups sorghum flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon soda
¼ teaspoon clove powder
2 teaspoons cinnamon
2 teaspoons ginger powder
Form three balls of dough. Dover 2 with plastic wrap. On floured surface roll out one ball to 1/8 inch thickness. Cut drummer boy shape with 5-inch gingerbread man metal cutter or by cutting around a cardboard shape with a paring knife or steak knife. Pull extra dough away from boys. Use 2-inch cutters to make small gingerbread kids or angels, or form this dough into another ball, roll and cut again. (These cookies will be crisper.)

With spatula or pancake burner, carefully transfer cookies to foil-lined baking sheets. Decorate with red hot candies for mouths and buttons, or with raisins and currants, or some of each. Bake in center of oven 8 to 10 minutes. When dough dents and then springs back at a finger touch, the cookies are done. Let rest 5 minutes on pan. Transfer to racks to finish cooling. Repeat with the other two balls of dough, or freeze them for baking later.

Paint the boy’s clothes and drum with a mixture of egg yolk and food coloring. A mini-muffin tin offers plenty of little paint cups. Visualize the boy’s round belly as the drum’s top. Position toothpicks for drumsticks. Glue them on with egg white. Paint with egg-yolk and food coloring colors instead of sugar frosting to cut down a bit on the amount of sugar your people take in this Christmas.



Join in on the fun!
Music! Caroling! Moaning! Ghosts!

An International, Audience-participation Zoom Reading of

Charles Dicken’s

A Christmas Carol

Adapted by Deb Pierce McCabe
Co-directed by Melanie Christensen

Saturday, December 19th at 10am Pacific Time
Prepare to have your spirits lifted!
Be there with bells on! (Seriously, bring bells!)

Elle Mae Needs a Home

I’ve heard that 2020 has been a sad year for many humans. It’s been the same for me. You see, my person passed away, which is why I had to come to the shelter. If I could ask for a present this holiday season, it would be a new person to love.

People say I’m friendly and affectionate. It makes me happy to sit next to someone and talk to them. Would you like to hear my stories? Let’s snuggle together and brighten each other’s lives in 2021!



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Saturday, January 2

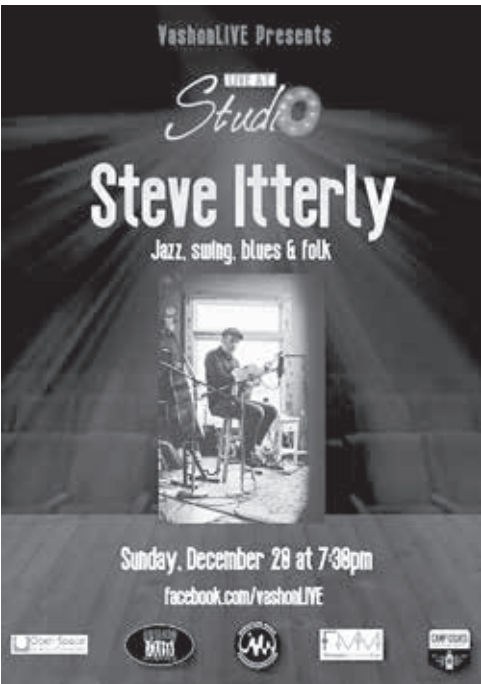
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Steve Itterly Live Stream Concert

Steve is a solo performer creating a unique and distinct personal acoustic experience. His music draws upon the rich tapestry of honest rhythms falling somewhere between early jazz, blues, swing, folk and the tangible comforts of home. Bridging the likes of Woody Guthrie and Piedmont Blues, his lyrics are anchored by the rustic, country texture in his voice. He is a winner of the Telluride Blues and Brews Festival, Blues Challenge Competition, and is also a recognized songwriter from the Telluride Troubadour National Songwriter Competition. His music is compared to the talents of John Prine and with a voice just this side of the gravel he ‘sounds a bit like Bob Dylan’.

VashonLIVE presents:
Steve Itterly
Live at StudioO
Sunday, December 20th, 7:30pm
Live Stream Concert from The Open
Space for Arts & Community

Link to watch: <http://www.facebook.com/vashonlive>



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Road to Resilience

Continued from Page 1

have relentlessly been battling each other to be the sole owners of what’s left and could easily extinguish ourselves fighting over it.

Instead of fighting over what’s left, we can decide to turn over a new leaf, imagine and create a new world. This pandemic has shown us that we really can do with a lot less moving about, a lot less stuff. When we rebound after this pandemic is over, let’s think about how little we can be happy with rather than simply going for more. Just being able to congregate with friends in public spaces is going to be such a boon, maybe we can

do with a few less trips to exotic places. It means many of us will have to transition to new work, and it is the responsibility of all of us to see that all are taken care of while we reorient our economy and our way of life. There is plenty of work for all to do to heal the planet and take care of each other. To pass up this opportunity would be a real tragedy.

Comments? terry@vashonloop.com

Find the Loop on-line at
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Aries (March 20-April 19)
One misunderstanding of ‘spiritual’ is that it involves incense, yoga mats and ideas that sound nice. In truth, spiritual is the confrontation and conscious relationship with existence. This includes a direct engagement with the unknown and the unseen. While this may not happen every day, it does happen – and humans are adept at missing their opportunities. There is a reason for this. To witness something outside of our known reality has a way of compelling a change of mind, of cosmology, and way of life, and that is inconvenient. But there is something more. Anyone who has built their psychic structure on fear is likely to feel it threatened by anything that might contradict that. You are being called to open your mind, and your heart, and learn something new. This means challenging the basis of your fears of negative outcomes, and also the fear of your own potential. Allow yourself to be guided by your own wisdom. Others are counting on your ability to tap into your own wisdom and to be brave enough to honestly live your truth.

Taurus (April 19-May 20)
As long as you feel something is being taken from you, that is how you will live, and that is what you will see as real. And if you approach your encounters with other people as them offering you a gift, that is what you will receive. So much is up to you right now. You will experience the world on the level of density that you choose. Today’s eclipse of the Sun is a potential breakthrough for you, and by that I mean on a lifetime scale. This looks like an opening into understanding your deepest fears, and taking them as teachers rather than as threats. All of this presents challenges, I know. Yet the challenges persist as you resist, and expand toward you letting go into what you’ve come so far to learn in these very days. You are about to experience a boost in what we might call your ‘worldly power’. Yet to be used with meaning and with fairness, your abilities in this world need to be informed by a deeper source and held to a standard well beyond what society usually requires. And that door is open now.

Gemini (May 20-June 21)
You tend to live in a world so large, you get intimidated by the possibilities. You might tune them out entirely, or go into ‘think globally, act locally’ mode. Yet there are times when the appropriate thing is to look as far over the horizon as you can and consider where you actually are, and what you are called upon to do – that is, by your soul’s purpose. To that, many are called and few respond. You are being called. To a degree, you have the choice whether and how to dance with the possibilities. This is not, however, like responding to a job listing, which people have enough difficulty with. You may be summoned to a challenge where you have no concept of how you will rise to it. What you see may stretch your beliefs and your notion of who you are. Allow yourself to be shaken. Allow yourself to be pushed and stretched. Feel your perceptions encounter direct knowledge. Let the filters fall from your brain and your senses. Open the reducing valve of perception. And remember, you are looking into a mirror.

Cancer (June 21-July 22)
This may have been one of the most challenging years of your life, on top of many other events that have compounded since late 2017. Whatever that was, it’s about to come to an end, and something new and different is about to begin.

Remember all that you’ve learned during this meaningful era of your life. Account for what you have gained and what you have lost. Be grateful for some of what has been removed, if you determine that it was not serving your greater good. You are moving on from this era a changed person. Recognize that change, and inhabit your new level of experience and maturity. You will need it sooner than you think. And remember, as you go forward from here, that you are not doing so alone. You are not alone. There are strong, wise and powerful people around you, if you would only open yourself up to their presence and their assistance. It is true that you bear special responsibilities right now and that means having to handle special challenges of a collective nature. Be yourself, no matter what anyone says.

Leo (July 22-Aug. 23)
There are those who are terrified of their own creativity. This may seem like an extreme statement, though it’s a significant part of the madness we see in the world. By creativity I do not mean the ability to paint or play the piccolo. I mean the ability to create. For much of the past three years, you’ve been preoccupied by necessity and have in many ways been on the defensive. Today is the turning point, and this week represents a shift of your momentum in a way that you’ve rarely if ever experienced before. There’s no telling what your outer environment will offer to you, as the astrology we’re experiencing is unprecedented in the modern era. Yet whatever that is, the real ‘change comes from within,’ borrowing a bit from the Zen Master Hot Dog Cart joke (‘make me one with everything’). Tap into your power fearlessly and allow your mind to be blown. Invite in the changes that will expand your consciousness and reveal that you are indeed one with yourself – and everything.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sep. 22)
Yours is an Earth sign though you stand on cosmic foundations. Yes, that is true of every living being. Yet Virgo is oriented such that your connection to yourself and to the world seems to have you floating on the great abyss. Not everyone wants to know this, and it’s easy to allow yourself to be distracted by the state of the kitchen sponges, or solving whatever problems your friends are having. You know there is something more to existence, but life on Earth is so busy and consuming. However, that something more is calling on you to recognize that in truth, it’s your home, the ground of your being, and your only safety. When you feel grounded and safe, that is when you open up to the possibilities and to your own potential. More than that, when you feel safe, your own truth is available to you. Yet you must know how to get yourself there, which begins with handling your anxiety in a deft and clever way. You must be smarter than your fear, which you are – though living that way takes practice.

Libra (Sep. 22-Oct. 23)
You are a person of big ideas, sometimes so big you have no notion of how to manifest them. Yet don’t let that stop you from keeping your mind open, and attempting what may seem impossible. You don’t need to do the impossible all at once; you merely need to have a go at it, and if that does not work out, collect what you have learned and try again. Some would say everything seems impossible till it’s done – and I would add that those are the only things worth devoting yourself to. Devote yourself to what is unprecedented. Devote yourself to what is unfamiliar.

Embrace ideas that you don’t understand, well enough to grok them. Stay on the edge of your consciousness. When you do so, the correct emotional approach is a blend of curiosity and apprehensiveness. Do not be bullish about this. Do not be brazen. Rather, move gently, intuitively and with a touch of wanderlust. New ideas will take you to new places. Learning to understand what seems strange will transform you. Accept nothing less.

Scorpio (Oct. 23-Nov. 22)
Amidst much cosmic fanfare, your ruling planet Mars is still working out the details of the retrograde in Aries earlier this year. The last stage of that is about to come into focus, as Mars forms a conjunction to Eris and a square to Pluto simultaneously between now and Dec. 23. Under normal circumstances, this could be confrontational, aggressive, volatile and even violent astrology. Yet it’s all on the level of personality; it’s on the level of where heads bang rather than where spirits meet or souls engage the deeper work of this lifetime. Two features stand out of this aspect pattern. One is the urgency of bringing your whole nature together as one person, rather than defining yourself by your tendencies, or by your ‘roles’ in life. Train yourself to be the same person everywhere, with everyone, whether you’re meeting the president of the United States, the president of your company, your cousin or helping someone you’ve never met. At the same time, please honor the fact that your work and your service are where you will do the deepest work of finding yourself. In the end, your work is who you are.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 22)
Today’s solar eclipse in your birth sign has wiped the slate of your life clean. Or it will have, if you take the final step and release your attachments to the past, whether ‘negative’ or ‘positive’. This includes assessing your abilities and your potential based on what you’ve done in the past. There are different perspectives on the meaning and purpose of history, whether personal or collective. However, we might suspend that discussion and get right to the point: your future is upon you, now. If you turn away, you will diminish your ability to engage with life and to create yourself into the person you want to be and in truth know you are. Be aware that nothing is going to be handed to you; there are challenges involved, and the most significant one is learning how to think differently than you currently do. When you run into any limitation, consider it first a limitation of thought. In theory, anything is possible. But in reality, nothing is possible if you don’t at least consider that it may be so. And that is all about your thoughts.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)
This week, Jupiter and Saturn leave your sign, ending a three-year phase of your life. Has it been challenging? Has it been difficult? Has it been amazing? Are you knackered after going flat-out for years? Are you a different person? All of the above may be true. While important elements of this growth phase will continue, it’s now time to stabilize yourself and focus your priorities. To do that means to make a heartfelt assessment of what really matters to you. Most people have an idea, and then do their version of putting it off until retirement. It’s now time to live as if this is the only time there is. It’s time to live as if we are not going to be here forever. And that, above all, means making your decisions based on your actual values: on what is on the deepest level meaningful to you, and fulfilling of your purpose. Start by stating that purpose out loud as you understand it today. Keep doing so until you reach an understanding with yourself.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 19)
Jupiter and Saturn are about to crack through the thin shell between Capricorn and your sign. Together, these transits represent the awakening of a lifetime. Together, they will alter the shape of your life. You get creative input on how this happens. You don’t have total control, though you have significant influence. The first thing to do is to loosen up your mind. Recognize your preconceptions for what they are, and allow them to thaw. You have many ideas about ‘how the world is,’ though many of them no longer check out. You can be happy about that, because far greater possibilities exist. Think of Jupiter and Saturn not only as adding substance but also as changing the shape of your psyche, allowing you to take on new dimensions and new forms. Think of Monday’s eclipse in Sagittarius as allowing you access to a much wider world, different people, new friendships and new collaborations. You will attract what is on your vibration level. Keep it positive, and meditate on these words: Healing is real.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20)
Two things are happening at once: you are focusing your aspirations and your life plans, some of which will require you to be much more out front and visible than usual. At the same time, you understand that you must also be a more private person, less exposed to the public. These might seem like competing principles, and you need to take care that they are in harmony with one another, so that you are in harmony with yourself. Above all, that would be an ideal primary goal for your life: inner peace. The radical shift in dynamics of your chart suggests that you will be able to remove yourself from the public fray (whether that means social media, or your duties as TV news broadcaster, YouTuber, mayor of your city, or president of your company). A whole new kind of interior space is about to open up. An era of public contention and controversy is about to end, which will give you more time, space and resources to fulfill your highest callings. All of this depends on your ability to self-regulate, so get good at it sooner rather than later.

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